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MOTION PICTURE

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" Magazine

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MOTION PICTURE
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AUGUST
NSC

Brenda Marshall
Featured with Errol Flynn in
"The Sea Hawk"

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT
VIVIEN LEIGH

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JUL - 2 1940

DON'T WANT TO BE A CAREER GIRL--JOAN FONTAINE

A NEW, TRIUMPHANT, YOUTHFUL MAKE-UP

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▶ If you desire to dazzle, demand an introduction to the new April Showers Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick—harmonized to give you the radiant freshness of youth.

MEET THE NEW FACE POWDER ★ It's a powder with "come-hither"... So "smooth" and light... Won't cake... Brings out the best in your complexion... Will stay on and on—even after the last dance! *Thrilling skin-tones.*

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Regular 50¢ Flacon of April Showers Perfume given FREE with each purchase of Large-size Face Powder.

CHERAMY
PERFUMER

1

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Her "Ballerina" Beach Suit held His Glance —but Her Smile ran away with His Heart!

• *Peppermint candy stripes in a new cotton beach frock with shirtwaist top, flaring "ballerina" skirt.*

68

Never, never neglect your precious smile! Help guard its charm with Ipana and massage!

If MEN beg for an introduction, but never ask you for a date, it may be your smile that's turning love away!

For, alluring and smart as your clothes may be, if you let your smile become dull and dingy... if you ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"... you lose one of the most precious charms a girl can possess!

"Pink Tooth Brush" a warning signal

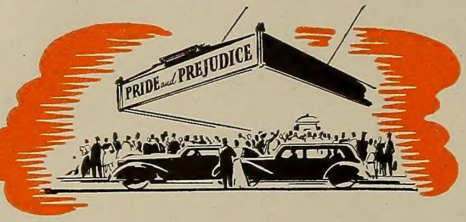
If ever you see "pink" on your tooth brush ... *see your dentist!* It may mean nothing serious... but let him decide! Very likely, his opinion will be that your gums need more exercise... need stimulation they don't get from today's soft, creamy foods! Then, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the gums to health. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that refreshing "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that circulation is awakening in the gum tissues... helping to make the gums firmer and healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. And start now to let Ipana and massage help you to have brighter, more sparkling teeth... a lovelier, more charming smile!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

One of the most famous novels...



One of the most famous plays...

You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

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with

MARY BOLAND · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · ANN RUTHERFORD · FRIEDA INESCORT

Screen Play by Aldous Huxley and Jane Murfin · Directed by Robert Z. Leonard · Produced by Hunt Stromberg

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BRINGING YOU LOUELLA PARSONS

Louella Parsons, the greatest authority on the movies and Hollywood, comes to you in next month's MOTION PICTURE. The first article of a series of six will feature The Great Loves of Hollywood. In it Miss Parsons reveals not only the loves of Valentino and John Gilbert, but will also bring you the present day loves. These articles under the heading of Your Hollywood—and Mine make the most entertaining, exclusive feature ever presented in MOTION PICTURE. Order your September copy now from your dealer. Get acquainted with the Hollywood that Louella Parsons knows better than any living person. The issue will be crammed with headline articles of your favorite stars, plus features that make MOTION PICTURE the best ten cent buy in the movie field.

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX. No. 1 AUGUST, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

"I Don't Want To Be a Career Girl!" .... *James Reid* 22
Paulette Picks Herself to Pieces .... *Gladys Hall* 26
Can Women Be Friends in Hollywood? .... *Leon Surmelian* 29
They Forget He's Married .... *Roger Carroll* 43
Up in the Air With the Stars .... *Faith Service* 44
"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage" .... *Virginia T. Lane* 46

Screen Story

Pier 13 40

Personalities

Her Business Is Fun (Elsa Maxwell) .... *William F. French* 24
Still Pulling Them In (Jeffrey Lynn) .... *Franc Dillon* 34
Would Live, Love and Learn (Ken Howell) .... *Ben Maddox* 37
Sanders—Saint and Sinner .... *Alyce Shupper* 52

Pictorial Features

Rosemary Lane 19
Patricia Morison 21
Herbert Marshall 25
Laurence Olivier 28
Some Hollywood Parties—And Some Heavy Dates 30
Beachcombelles 32
Vivien Leigh 35
Diana Lewis 47

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler .... *Harry Lang* 6
Picture Parade 12
Hollywood's Trick Parties 13
Stars Over Broadway .... *Dorothy Lubou* 18
The Talk of Hollywood 48
Men Behind the Stars: John Stahl 77
On the Sets With the Stars 79
Between Ourselves .... *Larry Reid* 92

To the Ladies

Motion Picture Fashion Spotlight .... *Candida* 11
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips 15
Pickin' Cotton .... *Candida* 38
Day Dreams 50
Sand Witches .... *Denise Caine* 54
Ten-Minute Meat Treats .... *Mrs. Christine Frederick* 56

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

You who have missed Helen Vinson will be pleased to know she's back in screen circulation, having one of supporting roles to Cagney and Ann Sheridan in *Torrid Zone*

IF A fortune-teller can guess right twice in the same family, then Olivia de Havilland will be somebody's Mrs. by about the time you read this . . . ! But the fortune-teller won't say WHOSE Mrs. . . !

You see, weeks before Olivia's sister, Joan Fontaine, had ever even met Brian Aherne, a certain Hollywood seeress looked at the stars and the crystal ball and whatever else movieland's prognosticators look at, and came up with the startling prophecy that some day Joan and Brian would be married. And darn-if-they weren't . . . !!!

And so now, the self-same fortune-teller wants the world to know that she's peeped into the future again, and that by the middle of this year, Olivia will be married, too.

Meantime, as this is written, Olivia and Jimmy Stewart are still stepping out together—but neither of them will even admit they're engaged, much less headed for midsummer matrimony. Only thing Jimmy'll say definitely is:

"If I ever DO get married, I'll not elope. Why in heck go out of town to get married?"

So it's a cinch they'll elope.

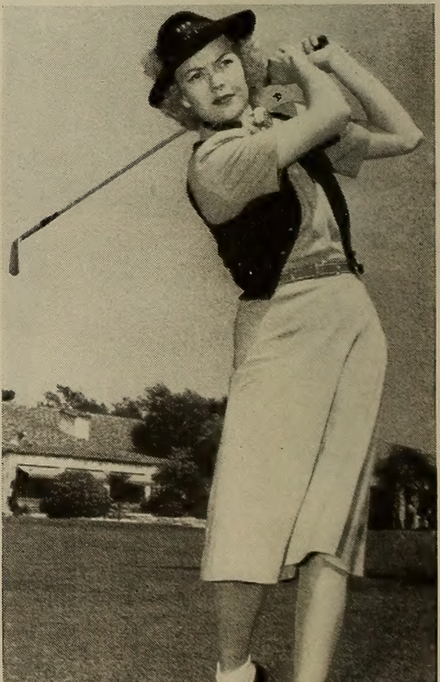
■

TALKING about elopements, did you see what Mary Martin up and did?

When she sang: "My heart
Belongs to Daddy,"
Hollywood wondered:
Who IS the laddie?
She answered with
A marital quickie—
And now her heart
Bel-o-o-o-ongs to *Dickie!*

And the "Dickie" who's standing in

[*Continued on page* 8]



Displaying fine form in the follow-thru, Jane Wyman strikes a pose worthy of Sam Snead at his professional best. Jane, wife of Ronald Reagan, is in *Flight Angels*

MOTION PICTURE FASHION SPOTLIGHT

Candida, Motion Picture's Fashion Editor, calls your attention to the important fashion trends in the clothes worn by the stars in this issue. Use this column as an index—turn the pages of the magazine with her, study the clothes and accessories that Hollywood, U. S. style setter, is promoting, and adopt them for your own.

Junky jewelry is smart, beach jewelry is new. And Rosemary Lane (page 19) is all up in the air over her "peppermint drop" bracelet and necklace in contrasting colors. Wear some yourself, in white, or shades to match or harmonize with your swim suit for femininity at the beach.

For an added note of security and smartness—try the buttoned-up-the-side effect of Pat Morison's checked gingham casual frock (page 21). The more buttons the merrier this season, so haunt your notion counter for new and different ones to dress up a plain dress. . . .

It may be the effect of naval battles, or just because they look so neat and youthful that sailor suits are all the rage this summer. Joan Fontaine (page 22) joins the Navy with her fresh sailor suit blouse, you might too . . . Smart Girl, Joan, she knows that pearls are "in" again, wears them to dress up a simple cardigan-necked jersey dress (page 23). They're good with sweaters, too!

Hoods still look new (remember Hedy Lamarr started them with her role in *Lady of the Tropics?*), and so do the shirred sleeves and bosom of Paulette Goddard's dinner dress (page 27). You can copy *them* —even though her "wheat sheaf" jewelled clip is beyond most purses!

For that crisply feminine look, pick lingerie collars. Bette Davis (page 29) chooses notched pique revers (and lotsa buttons) in a simple sports dress. And adds dash with a smart, chunky link bracelet.

Turbans this year are backside-to, with fullness low in back, bow accent. Rita Hayworth's polka dotted number (page 30) picks up the spots of her blouse—a honey of an idea!

Prints aren't just garden flower variety this year—they must have a background, Persian, Mexican—anything out of the ordinary! This puff-sleeved dinner dress is fit for a Persian princess as well as Annie Sheridan (page 31) . . . If you prefer simple things, check Ilona Massey's jumbo-plaid dinner dress (same page) with demure, girlish collar, for summer evenings.

Cavorting at the beach? Tie a square of material (to match your play clothes) turban fashion as Sonja Henie does (page 32) . . . And have at least one plaid lumberjack blouse like Connie Moore's to wear with plain shorts or slacks. Plaid, checks, stripes and polka dots look smarter, newer than floral prints for play and sports. . . .

A stripe tease, sure enough, Lynn Bari's jersey frock (page 40). The low, wide neckline is new and flattering, too—look for it in sheer summer daytime and evening dresses.

We hope you like these inside notes on "starred fashions." Look for MOTION PICTURE Fashion Spotlight next month —we'll be back with more chat about new styles pictured in the magazine.

Candida

More Women prefer Mum—
Saves Time . . . Clothes . . . Charm!

Mum is the first choice with nurses. Quick to use, on duty or off. Safe, sure, dependable!

Leading favorite with business girls, gentle Mum won't harm fabrics or irritate skin.

Wives, girls in love, make Mum a *daily* habit. Mum guards charm—*popularity!*

Mum Every Day Guards Against Underarm Odor!

TODAY, when there are so many deodorants—how significant to every girl that *more women choose Mum!* In homes, in offices, in hospitals, in schools . . . Mum is used by millions of women. For nowadays, it isn't enough to be pretty and smart. A girl must be *dainty,* too . . . nice to be around at *any minute of the day or evening!*

Don't expect your bath alone to give you that *lasting* charm! A bath may remove *past* perspiration, but *Mum* after your bath prevents risk of *future* odor.

Thousands of men, too, are using Mum . . . it's speedy, safe, *dependable!*

QUICK! Mum takes only 30 seconds—can be used before or *after* you're dressed.

SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to any kind of fabric. *So safe* that it can be used even after underarm shaving!

SURE! If you want to be popular—make a *daily* habit of Mum. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has ceased to be effective, Mum will go right on guarding your charm!

* * *

MUM FOR SANITARY NAPKINS— More women use Mum for Sanitary Napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is safe, gentle . . . guards against unpleasantness.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I LOVED A PLAYBOY!

HERE is the poignant confession of a girl who longed to be a part of the society set around her. All her life she had envied the glamorous rich, with their magnificent estates, their wealth, their gay times—until she learned, through bitter heartbreak, how cruel and hard and unhappy these people can be.

"I LOVED A PLAYBOY" is only one of the many thrilling true stories in the August issue of this big magazine. In addition, TRUE CONFESSIONS presents another exciting chapter in the "LIFE AND LOVES OF A WOMAN SPY" by the beautiful Dorothy Waring, Secret Agent 89.

FREE! The August issue includes, absolutely free, an exquisite color portrait of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in a romantic pose. This portrait is printed on heavy paper, entirely free of type. Get your copy today!

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PICTURE PARADE

OUR TOWN—AAAA—

Thornton Wilder's play, *Our Town*, reaches the screen without losing any of the qualities—artistic, dramatic or nostalgic—that won the Pulitzer Prize for this original and charming study of a small American town and its neighbors—the *Gibbs*, the *Webbs*, the *Newsomes*, the *Crowells*, and others. It's a simple story of simple people and their life in Grover's Corner, New Hampshire, just over the line from Massachusetts, from 1906 to 1940—or vice-versa. Its emotional appeal lies in the fact that Grover's Corner can be any corner in America—yours or ours. Sam Wood, who won accolades for his direction of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, handles this, too, and with all the feeling and sensitiveness that won the Academy Award for his *Mr. Chips*. As to the cast—Martha Scott and Frank Craven, from the original Broadway cast, repeat their roles of *Emily Webb* and *The Narrator*, with tremendous success, while William Holden, Fay Bainter, Thomas Mitchell, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee and Stuart Erwin lend their splendid talents to this human document of small town life in the roles of *George Gibbs, Mrs. Gibbs, Dr. Gibbs, Mrs. Webb, Editor Webb* and *Howie Newsome*. You won't regret visiting *Our Town*.—*Sol Lesser-United Artists.*

EDISON, THE MAN —AAA½—

Thomas A. Edison, the man who gave the world some of its greatest inventions—the talking machine, the incandescent lamp, the movies—was a painfully modest man. The story goes that when Edison was complimented on his creative genius, he would reply modestly—invention is 99% hard work and only 1% inspiration, but you *must* have that 1%. We believe, that if anyone walked up to Spencer Tracy—he plays the Wizard of Menlo Park—and complimented him on his great work—wait until you see him in this role—he would answer similarly. For remember, last year, when Spence was presented with an Oscar for his performance in *Boys Town* he accepted the dearly-prized statuette for Father Flanagan "to whom it belongs." And so it may be due to this common characteristic that Spencer Tracy has caught the very spirit of *Edison, the Man*. And the result is that the picture is not a documentary film about Edison, the scientist, but a human and dramatic story about Edison, the man. Spence receives excellent support from Rita Johnson (Mrs. Edison), Lynne Overman, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Henry Travers, Gene Reynolds.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page 14*]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

MEANEST party-trick of the month—was played on Carl (Don Juan) Laemmle, Junior, when his friends got together for a surprise birthday party when he became 32 . . . The dirty trick was this: They invited to the party EVERY GIRL Carl had dated out in the last six months . . . And they all came . . . And what could a poor guy do in a spot like that? You should have seen Junior trying NOT to play favorites!!! . . . Here's how they give a party for a western hoss-opera star:—For no particular reason, a group of friends gave a dinner for the Gene Autrys . . . But NOT at a wild-west barbecue joint, as you might expect . . . Nay, nay—this was at Perino's, one of the swankest, chrome-and-crystallest, snooty-waiterest places in all Movieland . . . However, to keep the party Autryish, these things were done:—Each guest got a "genuine Gene Autry bandanna" . . . And the guests all played Cubaletta—a Mexican ranch dice game . . . And for the grand dessert piece of the dinner, the waiters carried in a huge model of Gene's horse, Champion—made in vanilla sherbet!

COLORFUL party—was the benefit tennis party for the British War Relief Fund, given at the Ambassador Hotel courts. . . . Features: Swaggering onto the court after an announcement that the world's champion placement-serve artists would now demonstrate, came Mickey Rooney, with a strut of struts—and promptly served six perfect shots INTO THE NET. . . . It wowed the gallery. But to prove he CAN play, Mickey then teamed up with Bill Tilden—and defeated Les Stoeffen, teamed with Rudy Vallee. . . . In the referee's chair was Doug Fairbanks, Jr. . . . Other players were Judy Garland and Paulette Goddard. . . . Laugh highlight came when Sophia Pattheball and Wilhelmina Shovelshot played a furious contest. . . . In wigs, outlandish tennis costumes, and violent Westmore make-up, Sophia and Wilhelmina turned out to be Stoeffen and Tilden! . . . Most colorful feature of all was the gallery: Charlie Chaplin and his two sons, rooting for stepmama Paulette; Alan Mowbray, C. Aubrey Smith, Paul Lukas, Ronnie and Benita Colman, Boris Karloff and the British consul general.

GREATEST surprise birthday party of the year came to Wally Beery, just turned 55—count 'em, 55!! Never a social lion, Wally has never gotten used to being wined, dined and feted . . . The social whoopla of Hollywood has passed Beery by . . . He's never been a jolly fellow, and there haven't been many who'd go out of their way, in past years, to make a social gesture at Wally . . . But something has changed about Wally lately and Hollywood is finding out that with advancing years, Wally's being less taciturn and more of a regular guy—and, Hollywood-like, they want to show they appreciate the change . . . So Wally got a call to hurry up at noon sharp to Louis B. Mayer's office, the other day . . . Now, when LB calls for a sharp appointment, even Wally Beery has to be there . . . So he was—but imagine his chagrin when for minute after minute, he was kept cooling his heels . . . A half hour passed, and Wally was furious . . . When LB finally strutted out of his sanctum, Beery was almost ready to rip up his M-G-M contract . . . Not appearing to notice the rage, Mayer said: —"It's too near lunchtime to talk business now, so let's go over and grab a bite of lunch." Fuming, Beery trailed after the big shot, to the studio restaurant . . And there, he got the surprise of his life—for lined up at long, decorated tables, screaming Happy Birthday, were all the male big shots of the M-G-M lot . . . Beery won't tell yet how he felt when he saw the whole thing was just a rib by men who like him—instead of just LB trying to upstage him . . . Gift of the luncheon was a naval sword—because Beery is a lieutenant commander in the U. S. Navy's air force reserve. It was engraved: "To Wally From His Pals at M-G-M." . . . But even that studio birthday luncheon wasn't the day's highlight to Wally . . . The real celebration came when he got home that evening and found that little Carol Ann, with her own hands, had decorated the Beery dining-room, set the table with the best crystal and china and silver, and placed a gigantic birthday cake in the center—and had a handful of the Beery intimates in for the party.

WHAT hot dance Eleanor Powell does when she gives a dance party at her home—she teaches her guests how to do, of ALL things, the old-fashioned SCHOTTISCHE! . . . That's what happened when she had a bunch of friends in, the other night. . . . With Merril Pye, she gave a schottische and polka exhibition—and then all the guests joined in. . . . "I think America should turn back to those good old dances," vows Eleanor. . . . Off-with-the-old-and-on-with-the-new—was the theme of the housewarming party given by Cameraman Pev Marley. . . . The guests—including Linda Darnell, Bob Shaw, Ray Sebastian, the Hector Doods—were invited to the Marley home which they've always known. . . . They arrived—and found the house dismantled, save for some suitcases and stuff on the bare floors. . . . "Pack," commanded Pev. The guests turned to, packed the junk into the bags. . . . Then Pev piled them in cars—and drove them to Pacific Palisades—where he led them into the brand new Marley home, for a real housewarming. . . . Most outlandish party—was the Japanese suki-yaki dinner given by Bette Davis and her ma. . . . The guests were invited to the Davis house, but no sooner arrived than they were ordered into waiting limousines, and driven without a hint of destination, down into Los Angeles' Japanese section. . . . There, in a real Japanese restaurant, Mrs. Davis had rented an entire floor. . . . Japanese style, all the guests had to leave their shoes at the door, sit cross-legged on the floor before little tables from which they ate suki-yaki and other Japanese dishes. . . . They wore kimonos and sandals, which were given out by pretty Japanese girls. . . . Geisha girls twanged Japanese harps, sang Japanese songs, danced Japanese steps.

"Thrilling"—say Lovely Women of New Camay!

● "New Camay is so mild," writes Mrs. G. D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y. "A perfect beauty soap to help keep my skin soft and radiant."

A BEAUTY soap so different, so wonderful that women everywhere are thrilled . . . so wonderful that thousands are switching to new Camay! Again and again they speak of new Camay's mildness—its unusual lathering qualities—its enchanting new perfume!

Let new Camay help you, as it is helping other women, to look your loveliest. Put its gentle cleansing to work for you . . . helping you in your search for a lovelier skin!

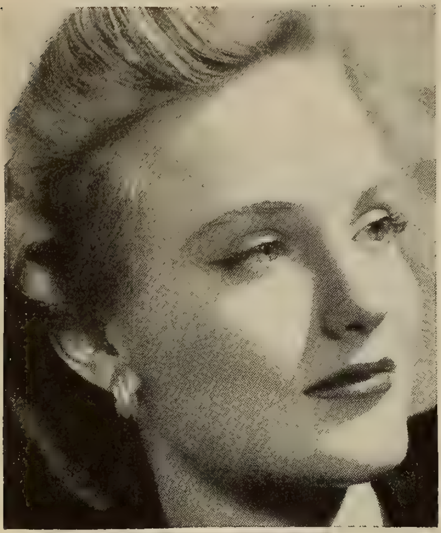
Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps Wins Women Everywhere!

At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!

● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay," says Mrs. T. J. Moriarty, Plainfield, Ind. "I take particular care of my skin, so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so wonderfully mild that it really seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And what a marvelous new fragrance it has!"

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

BE YOURSELF
BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself . . . Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother ...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee . . . its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself...Be Natural

TANGEE
Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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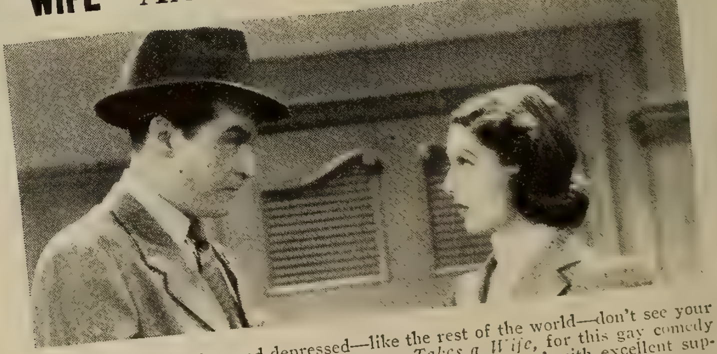
PICTURE PARADE

MY FAVORITE WIFE —AAA½—

If our reviews influence you to any degree at all, then we're sure you must have gone to see *Too Many Husbands* after reading our opinion in the Picture Parade section of June MOTION PICTURE. If you did, and enjoyed it as much as we predicted, then you're going to enjoy *My Favorite Wife* every bit as much or more. For *Too Many Husbands* and *My Favorite Wife* are built on the *Enoch Arden* idea. In the former, Jean Arthur has *Too Many Husbands*, in this, Cary Grant has one wife too many—Gail Patrick—when his first and favorite wife, Irene Dunne, after being pronounced legally dead by drowning, chooses to return home after an absence of many years on her benedict's nuptial day. While the situations are practically identical, though in reverse, don't let that prevent you from seeing both pictures for you'll enjoy one just as much as the other, they both being splendid farces. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are a marvelous team and Gail Patrick and Randolph Scott lend excellent support. No small credit is due Garson Kanin for his splendid direction and the Spewacks—Bella and Sam—for their grand script.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE—AAA½—



If you're feeling low and depressed—like the rest of the world—don't see your doctor, take our advice and see *The Doctor Takes a Wife*, for this gay comedy with Loretta Young and Ray Milland in the title roles and with excellent support lent by Reginald Gardiner, Gail Patrick and Edmund Gwenn, among others, is just what he (the doctor) would prescribe. Having won fame and fortune glamorizing America's spinsterhood in her novel, *Spinsters Ain't Spinach*, *June Cameron* (Loretta Young) is on the verge of losing it all when hurrying to New York—as *Dr. Tim Sterling's* (Ray Milland) unwelcome passenger—their auto becomes mixed up in a wedding party. Being a bride won't help the sale of her book, her publisher (Reginald Gardiner) realizes all too soon, but neither will denials help as the doctor has compromised *June* by falling asleep in her apartment after taking out her share of the expenses for the trip in liquor. One hilarious situation leads to the next, but we're not going to tip you off to the final cliche because we know you're not going to miss this sparkling comedy.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 72]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

EITHER Dorothy Lamour *likes* sarongs or she knows a good publicity stunt when she sees it . . . Whatever the reason, Dottie sailed for the Hawaiian Islands the other week carrying a wardrobe that fairly blossomed with costumes of native floral prints, and an after-dark gown designed by herself along sarong lines . . . I'll tell you about that evening gown—but I warn you, it takes a Lamour to wear it . . . So don't be disappointed if you copy it and then find you look like less than nothing when you get it on . . . Made with a separate bodice and skirt—with nothing but skin in between—the gown is of flame-colored crepe, printed with huge white magnolia blossoms . . . The bodice, draped in the true South Seas style, is strapless . . . The floor-length skirt is caught up on one hip, the material falling in a modified train at that side . . . Hardly a style for the average gal, would you say? But here is one idea you *can* copy, and I say it's the neatest-trick-of-the-month for those of us who like to make our clothes do double duty . . . The play suit is made of turquoise blue silk jersey, about the only un-printed outfit Dorothy took with her . . . The full-cut blouse is worn with a "deck skirt" (knee-length, to you) for sunning and active sports . . . After dark—and here's the trick—the deck skirt is replaced by a full dinner skirt, a soft girdle is twisted around her waist, Dottie winds one of her *Typhoon* turbans around her head, and with a minimum of effort, she is ready to go . . . These *Typhoon* turbans are scarves which Dorothy has had designed for her in New York and which can be draped around her head in a variety of ways . . . Neat thing about these, is that they really *can* be worn as scarves to pep up a plain-colored sports dress.

SPEAKING of sports dresses, coolest looking one I've seen for a long time was worn by Anna Neagle t'other week-end up at Arrowhead Springs . . . Anna's dress was just a very simple white linen shirtmaker trimmed with enormous patch pockets on the skirt . . . The pockets were embroidered in vivid blue, gold and red . . . And it just struck me that it would be the easiest thing in the world to take that old tan linen of yours, embroider yourself some pockets, and you'd be definitely up to the minute . . . Or you might take another tip from Anna and embroider some vivid Tyrolean suspenders to wear with your play suit . . . Anna wears hers, gaily embroidered with red and white hearts and flowers, with a full skirt of ink blue poplin . . . Her blouse is white batiste trimmed with white eyelet embroidery, which gives the little-girl look that Hollywood is going for this season . . . I don't know what causes it—Spring, I guess—but every time hot weather and vacations come around the movietown gals start designing play outfits along grammar school lines . . . Remember the pinafores I told you about last month? . . . Elaine Shepard has now adapted them to active sports clothes . . . Over shorts-and-blouse of blue and white print gingham, Elaine wears a pink gingham pinafore, tied in the back with a big bow and trimmed with a ruffled edging.

BUT it isn't only the play clothes that the Youth movement has invaded:—Lunching at the Brown Derby the other midday, I saw Barbara Read wearing a brown linen dress with a Buster Brown collar of stiffly starched white linen . . . A typical Buster Brown hat of brown straw completed the juvenile mode . . . That night at Ciro's Gail Patrick was dancing in a white organdy dinner frock, made with a very full skirt, round childish neckline and long, full sleeves . . . Thro' the eyelet lace which trimmed the waist, neck and sleeves was run a narrow black velvet ribbon . . . Yes, just the way your mother used to run pastel-colored baby ribbon thro' the ruffle on your petticoat! . . . But the gown that really attracted all eyes that night was far from childish and was worn by Carmel Myers . . . If you remember Carmel as a star of the silent days you will remember that she didn't *need* talkies to put the idea across . . . As lovely as ever, Carmel was wearing a beautifully draped gown of moss-green silk jersey . . . And I'm not kiddin' when I say that more than one pair of feminine eyes turned the same color when they saw her . . . But after listening to a round of compliments, Carmel finally broke down and told us it was a *night gown*!!! Someone sent it to her as a gift. She thought it so smart that she put it on, added a few choice pieces of costume jewelry and went forth to astound the fashion wise of Hollywood!!! Binnie Barnes was another gal getting a lot of attention that night . . . I meant to tell you last month that Binnie had her phone number on her fingernail, but I was so busy trying to figure out why, that I forgot . . . But now Binnie has gone patriotic, and instead of the phone number her nail is adorned with a replica of the British flag . . . This fingernail painting isn't just an idea of the Barnes gal alone, tho . . . A lot of Movieland girls are having their nail polish put on so it leaves white places in the form of their initials . . . A bunch of us were talking to Zorina at Ciro's and she told us that she always puts a few drops of rubber cement in the heel of her slipper before she puts them on for one of her difficult ballet routines . . . I don't see why it wouldn't be a swell idea to do the same thing to the heel of some of your sport clogs which are so hard to keep on . . . Before I sign off for another month of snooping, here's a couple of ideas you might like to try: Rita Johnson has a new white linen pill-box hat which has an open place in the crown . . . Rita brushes her bangs up, pokes them thro' this opening and lets them fall in soft curls over the top of the hat . . . And if you still drop your gloves every time you get up from a chair, take a tip from Maureen O'Hara and have a large spring clip put on one side of your hand bag . . . It will hold your gloves or hanky securely —and be a big relief to the boy friend to know there'll be no more hands and knees crawling in dark theatres to retrieve the things you've dropped.

Mlle. Chic

IT'S SO GOOD . . . SO LONG

because in the Beech-Nut kitchens the finest flavors are mixed through and through so that you may enjoy each piece of Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are 7 delicious varieties:

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CHECKS *BOTH* perspiration and odor safely... effectively.

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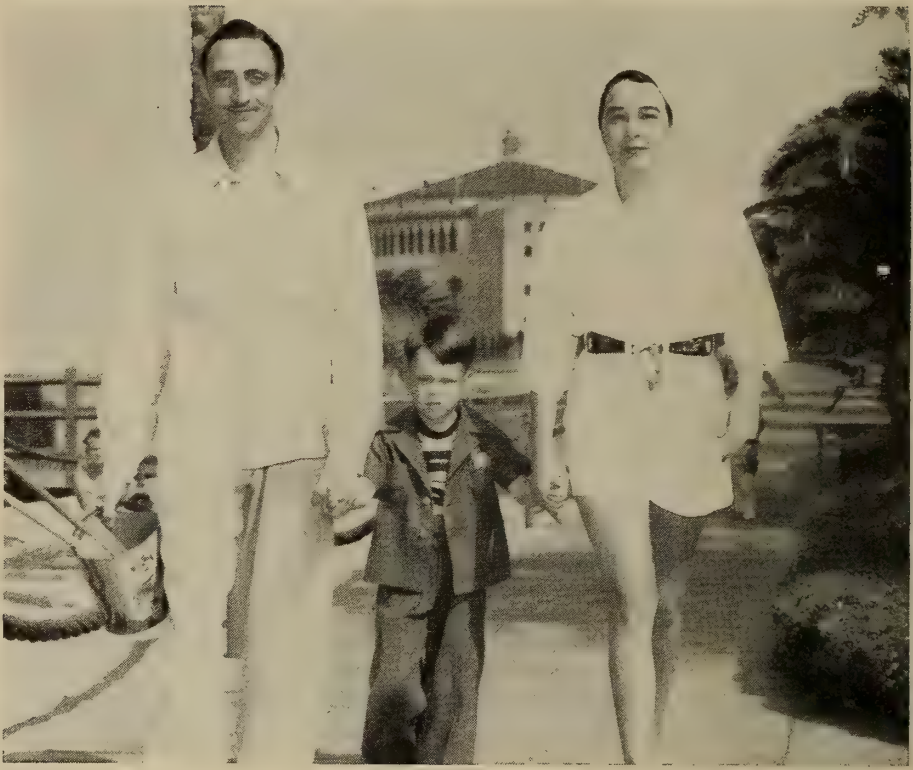
There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI** *— at drug and department stores.*

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]



The candid cameraman finally catches up with the Auer family. Here are papa Mischa, son Tony and mama Norma on their way to the beach at Catalina during recent vacation

Seems that in the middle of a celebration of the Kentucky Derby, or something, Arline and Bryant announced to reporters that they'd just been married. Next day they said it was all a "gag" and that they weren't married at all. And then they posed for press pictures at the home bar where the whole thing seems to have been born. And even

Mrs. Buck Jones in striped blouse and upturned sailor, joins her son-in-law and daughter, Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones (newlyweds) at Newhall-Saugus rodeo

Hollywood reported a few cases of nausea at the performance.

■

MEANWHILE Arline's ex-hubby, who paid her $200,000 when he and she were divorced, doesn't seem to be doing so well with Sonja Henie . . . Sonja's been stepping out with Pat Di Cicco, and when Pat goes to work on a gal, it's gonna take more than $200,000 to give him a race!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
With 'Rhetta Young and Tommy Lewis,
Young Danny Cupid is raising the dewis!

■

QUAINTEST love-arrangement in Hollywood is the set-up that John Howard and Kay Griffith are trying to work out.

Seems that although they're oo-and-uh-huh about each other, neither of them feels the time's right to get married. So here's what they're doing: Each time they have a date together, they each have to go out TWICE with somebody else before they date each other again. Anyway, that's what they say. Try THAT on your boy friend, and see what happens.

■

LOOKS like Jackie Coogan's ex-wife, Betty Grable, has herself a real matrimonial prospect now. All Hollywood is watching her progress with Alexis Thompson, young Canadian socialite with bags of shekels, who's been stepping out with curvacious Grable plenty, lately.

Meantime, Thompson's wife is in Reno, as this is written, getting a divorce to clear the way for Alexis to become the second Mr. Betty Grable, succeeding young Coogan —IF.

■

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—Lynn Bari and Hubby Walter Kane are having a nursery built onto their house.—For the third time in a year, Virginia Bruce is a godmother, this time for M-G-M Script Clerk Stan Briggs' new baby—La Bruce also godmothered their first child, born less than a full year ago; second godmothering venture for Virginia was for Virginia Fujii—yep, the Jap-doll baby born to her Japanese housekeeper.—Don Ameche is certainly working at building up the population.—Joan Blondell's ex-hubby, Cameraman George Barnes, is a daddy again.—William Henry and Grace Durkin have picked "Duke Michael Henry" as the name for their seven-pounder.—Not clicking with a girl baby of their own, the Bing Crosbys are now thinking about adopting one on account of they figure their troop of boy scouts ought to have a sister.—The Lloyd Nolans have made a November date with Ol' Doc Stork.—By the time you read this, Kent Taylor'll be a pappy.—And talk-of-town is the rumor that Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, who haven't any of their own after several years of mrandmrs-ing, are going to adopt a youngster . . .

■

HOLLYWOOD'S two Brendas—Joyce and Marshall—are still altar-headed. . . . Brenda Marshall, readying her divorce from Richard Gaines, of the New York stage, insists that she'll become Mrs. Bill Holden just as soon as she's free.

Brenda Joyce, whom Hollywood hasn't swerved one iota from her devotion to Accountant Owen Ward, has promised 20th-Fox that she won't get married right away—UNLESS! The "unless" hinges on whether or not America gets tangled up in the war. Ward is a reserve lieutenant, and if this country went to war, he'd be called into service at once—"and then I'd marry him immediately, studio or no studio," says Brenda.

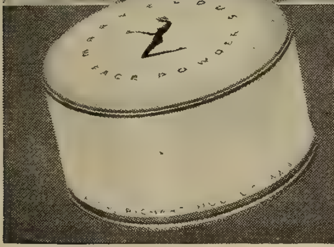
■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hal Roach Junior and Dolly Hunt
Are now all set for that altar stunt!

■

NOW let's see if we can get this straight—seems that Pat Dane and Rudy Vallee are definitely NOT a twosome any more, on account of Pat Dane is that way about Ken Murray now, and even says she may marry him, and while she and Ken sit at a Bev-Tropics table, in pops Rudy with Priscilla Lawson, but that doesn't seem to

[*Continued on page* 80]



That modern natural look is what men like!

Says VIRGINIA YOUMANS, SOPHOMORE AT VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

The glorious *naturalness* of gay, young "collegiennes"—that's the *modern* trend in makeup! And Richard Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the exciting new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

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So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, it's easy now to find the shade that's *right* for you! Just ask for Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the pure, fine-textured powder that you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

You'll love the way Marvelous Face Powder goes on smoothly . . . the way it clings for *hours* . . . agrees so well with even the most sensitive skin! Try this wonderful face powder today! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)

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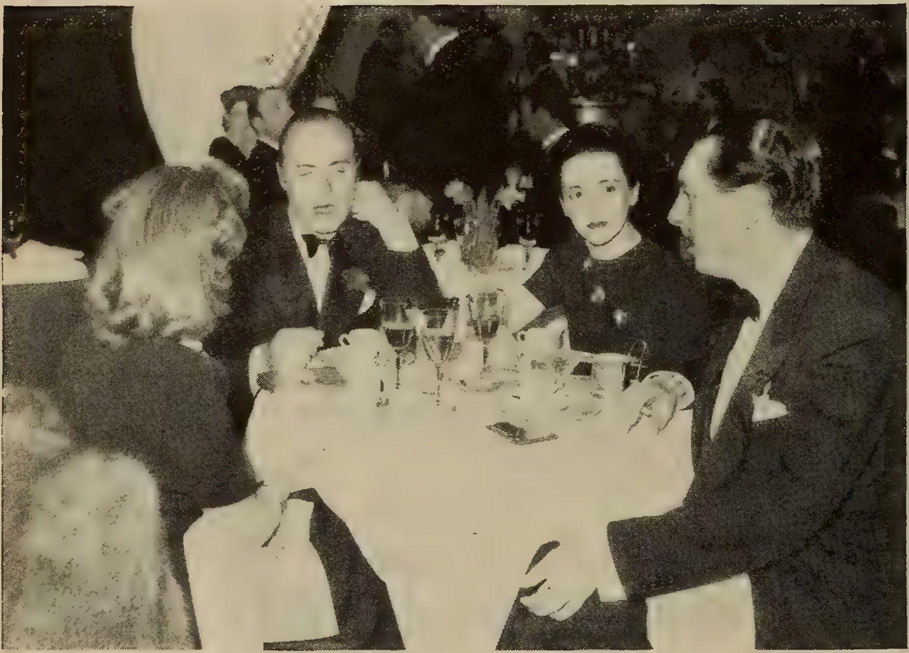
STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

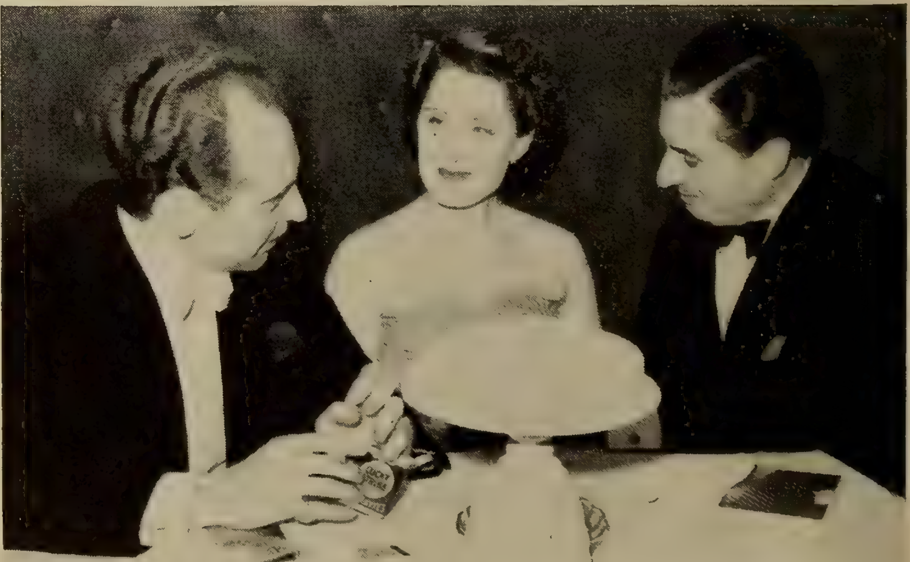


Mr. and Mrs. Charles Boyer (Pat Paterson) visited NYC recently to meet his mother just over from France. The Boyers are partying with Mlle. Eve Curie and Reginald Gardiner at Monte Carlo

TOO BAD: The Bard put the brakes on that too, too in love Olivier-Leigh pair. Lunt and Fontanne's throne isn't threatened and Maurice Evans was the actor who wasn't there but should have been . . . *Romeo and Juliet* isn't anything to be tossed off on a rainy night . . . The huzzahs that have greeted the cinematic chores of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier and their own great love may have intoxicated the talented pair somewhat . . . Olivier took delight in being producer, director, star and even "angel" of the Shakespearean production . . . Vivien is slight, adorable, charming and altogether lovely as Juliet . . . Small wonder that they were blind to the glaring defects in their acting technique . . . They seemed to have been playing to and for each other rather than their audience . . . The critics unanimously recalled the more mature *Juliets* of Ethel Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, Jane Cowl and Katharine Cornell . . . Less appealing optically, but possessing a greatness that the inexperienced little Leigh girl has not achieved . . . This ambitious effort, while an artistic failure, will in no way affect the future plans of the couple . . . They'll do more Shakespeare they say, until the critics cease to regard them as just another movie couple trying to be arty . . . They adore the theatre . . . They find fun even in failure . . . Opening night they took fourteen curtain calls, which just goes to show you . . . The town's Olivier-Leigh mad . . . *Rebecca* broke box-office records at the Music Hall after a six-week stay . . . *Gone With the Wind, Waterloo Bridge* and *Twenty-one Days Together* are currently playing on Broadway . . . The latter film has Larry and Vivien sizzling . . . It wasn't considered good enough for American release prior to their Hollywood successes . . . It is the picture that brought them together . . . You can imagine the exploitation angles! Merle Oberon Norma Shearer, the Fredric Marches, Noel Coward and Gertie Lawrence were some of the first nighters . . . Another *Juliet*: Beverly Bayne's reappearance in the public eye at this time, at a benefit sponsored by Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson, brings to mind the thought that the Olivier-Leigh romance almost parallels that of Bushman and Bayne (or don't you remember?) . . . Beverly is the wife of a business man now, and son Richard Bushman is a great big lad . . . . But she enjoyed recalling that she, too, had played *Juliet* . . . Olive Borden and Viola Dana are also looking the town over . . . Viola is happily married to Jimmy Thompson, the long-hitting golf pro . . . Olive was the Dorothy Lamour of the pre-talkie era . . . . Temperament and wrong advice wrecked a promising career.

GOTHAM GADDERS: Maureen O'Sullivan will summer in Canada where husband director Johnny Farrow is in the service . . . Melvyn Douglas had Washington waitresses, accustomed to famous names, all fluttery . . . He was a guest at the White House and flew into town with Mrs. Roosevelt . . . His work for the betterment of social conditions in California has the active support of Mrs. Roosevelt and the President . . . Gaylord Hauser is around, minus Garbo, talking a book he will publish . . . ZaSu Pitts flew down to Louisville for the Derby with Arline Judge . . . Her marriage seems to have come to an end . . . Charles Boyer spent a week in town waiting nervously for the arrival of his mother on the Washington . . . Though he and Pat Paterson attended all the shows and gayer spots, Boyer has visibly saddened since his last visit . . . The grave turn the European war has taken leaves him subject to recall in the army at any moment . . . Norma Shearer planed in with the Alexander Kordas and

[*Continued on page* 69]



Norma Shearer was a recent visitor in New York, where she was seen shopping, attending the shows and night clubs. When she went to Fefe's Monte Carlo she was joined by Alfred de Liagre, man about town (left). Right, proprietor Felix (Fefe) Ferry

PATRICIA MORISON

Patricia Morison has Judy her pet dachshund in arms now, but in next picture, *Rangers of Fortune*, she's in arms of Fred MacMurray

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A

ACCLAIMED ON ALL SIDES FOR HER MAGNIFICENT PERFORMANCE IN "REBECCA"—WHICH MADE HER FAMOUS OVERNIGHT, JOAN FONTAINE WOULDN'T CARE IF SHE NEVER MADE ANOTHER PICTURE. IF THIS SOUNDS INCREDIBLE IT'S BECAUSE JOAN IS AMAZINGLY FRANK AND HONEST WITH HERSELF

"I WOULDN'T care, really, if I never made another picture. Really I wouldn't!" Joan Fontaine had a twisted little you-probably-can't-believe-it smile on her face as she said it. Her hazel eyes had a mischievous glint. But the tone of her voice was emphatically serious.

This was her answer to the question: What now?

She was up and about, safely convalescent from her dangerous operation of last March, even though she still had the careful walk and the hunched shoulders of a person with a recent incision in the mid-section. She had missed the night of her greatest triumph; lying in a hospital bed, only half-alive, she had missed the premiere of *Rebecca;* she hadn't yet seen the finished picture herself.

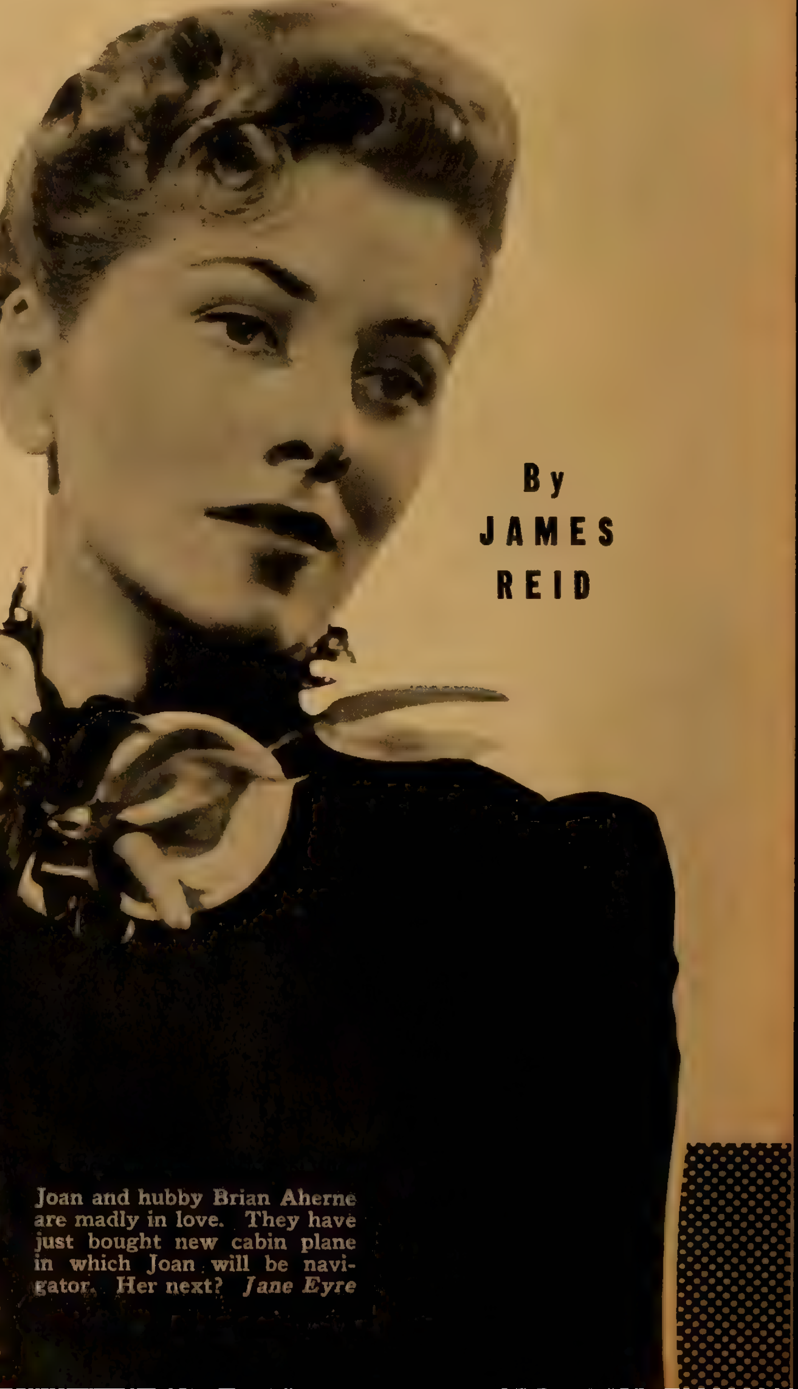
But she couldn't help knowing—just by reading the papers—that, as wistful *Mrs. de Winter,* she had made one of the hits of the year. She was famous now, acclaimed on all sides. She was, suddenly, a star. The future offered everything that stardom could bring to a 22-year-old girl.

And she was saying: "I'm not sure I want any of it."

This was incredible. This sort of attitude just didn't happen in Hollywood—not seriously. But Joan wasn't joking. Indeed, she wasn't. Neither was she talking airily, trying to create an effect. Mrs. Brian Aherne was in earnest.

She gestured toward the sunny back lawn, bordered with flowers, beyond the

By JAMES REID



Joan and hubby Brian Aherne are madly in love. They have just bought new cabin plane in which Joan will be navigator. Her next? *Jane Eyre*

CAREER GIRL!"

brick terrace. "All this seems so good to me. It seems so good just to be alive. I want to live. I don't want to be a career girl and work. I don't want to be separated from Brian a moment I don't have to be.

"The money is no attraction. Brian earns enough to supply us with everything we'll ever need. And anything I make only shoots us up into a higher income bracket, where taxes gobble up whatever I make. So the money doesn't tempt me.

"The glory of stardom? It's such a shallow, transitory glory. I can't think of it as important. There are other things so much more important to me—to any woman in her right senses.

"Do you know a single woman in Hollywood who has been made happy—genuinely, permanently happy—by a career? I don't.

"The first rush of success may be exciting. Climbing the Olympian heights may be a very heady experience. But, as some old Roman said, 'easy is the descent into Hell.' There always comes a day when the descent has to be made. One by one, those on the heights are pushed off, to make room for others coming up. And being pushed into oblivion, if you've developed a taste for Olympian heights, must be a ghastly, unbearable experience.

"I'm not kidding myself for one moment about why I happen to be the recipient of critics' acclaim in *Rebecca.* It's the first time they have seen me carrying a big role. I am young and new, playing opposite an established star. There is something about critics that makes them ever willing to look for a beginner to take attention away from an old hand. They're always on the side of the underdog. Today *I* am a 'find.' Tomorrow, other people will be newer—and they'll get the acclaim. It always happens that way."

Joan smiled [*Continued on page 70*]

Joan was too ill to be at premiere of *Rebecca.* She made a year's tests as *Mrs. de Winter,* a woman she understood and knew exactly just how she felt

HER BUSINESS IS FUN

By

WILLIAM F. FRENCH

BUT ELSA MAXWELL, WORLD'S CHAMPION PARTY-THROWER, WRITER, MUSICIAN, FASHION ARBITER AND MOVIE AND RADIO STAR, FINDS TIME TO DEBUNK AMBITIOUS "DEBS"

BEAUTY—sex appeal—glamor! Anybody will tell you that's what it takes to get there in pictures—that without it you haven't a chance, not a look in. Consider Elsa Maxwell, for instance. And you'll have to consider her if you're in Hollywood. Because she's all over the place; and there's something about the bouncing Elsa that catches the eye. To use her own expression, she carries a lot of weight.

But without glamor, beauty and dainty grace, what could she do?

She could get a contract to write and star in her own pictures at two different studios; be the most sought after female in Flickerville; blossom out with her own radio program; have the biggest magazine editors in the country pursue her for interviews and series of articles of her own writing; publish a book of memoirs; rate as an international authority on clothes and on society—and see the funny side of the whole thing.

Seeing the funny side of anything and everything—especially herself—is this woman's specialty. In fact, "many, many years ago," as she puts it, a sense of humor and the ability to play the piano was every "stitch" she had to her back.

And where would that get a girl? Into vaudeville, of course. Into vaudeville, into the hearts of her fellowmen, into all sorts of mischief, into society and, finally, into the Hollywood studios for a fancy salary. Which is some accomplishment.

"Give a girl a real sense of humor and an understanding of human

[*Continued on page* 68]

Elsa Maxwell has many rules to become popular and get fun out of life. One is learning to understand people. Another is to give your sense of humor a chance

HERBERT MARSHALL

In *Foreign Correspondent*, directed by Alfred Hitchcock of *Rebecca* fame, Herbert Marshall plays peace leader, with Joel McCrea, Laraine Day as romantic leads

PAULETTE PICKS

Paulette has a neat figure, sets it off well in sarongs, sweaters and swim-suits. Her next is *The Ghost Breakers*

HERSELF TO PIECES

WHEN A WOMAN FACES HER MIRROR SHE DROPS ALL PRETENSES AND TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HERSELF. SO IT IS WITH PAULETTE GODDARD IN THIS INTERVIEW. FACE TO FACE WITH HERSELF SHE TELLS EVERYTHING BUT WON'T AFFIRM OR DENY THAT SHE'S MRS. CHAPLIN

By GLADYS HALL

PAULETTE was sitting in front of the pier-glass in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot, between scenes for *The Ghost Breakers*. Now, when a woman is facing her mirror, and no matter how innately secretive she may be, pretenses drop away and she usually tells the truth about herself. For there she is, face to face with herself, *as she sees herself* . . . and if she is an analytical woman, as Paulette is, she usually goes deeper than a skin-deep appraisal of herself. So it was that before mid-afternoon dimmed to twilight which brought out the rich russet of the Goddard hair, the sapphire blue of the Goddard eyes, that dressing-room of hers became a confessional wherein more than the secrets of the dressing-table were revealed. . . .

It all began with a skin-deep appraisal, so to speak—with Paulette telling me how tired she gets of her face. Then, as one word led to another, the complex character and temperament, the faults and virtues, the hates and tendernesses of Paulette tumbled out, in somewhat confusing profusion. . . .

"Great Heavens," she said, after we'd got through the preliminary how-are-yous and were settled down to coffee and cigarettes (couldn't help noticing all the smart gadgets . . . nail-studded huarachas on her feet, trick knitting-bag, portable radio, things like that) "Great Heavens, I get so tired of seeing this same face all the time. I look at myself and think, do I have to look at that *again*? It's very true in me, it's a very deep reaction, this feeling of boredom I have at the monotony of always seeing the same face.

"I'd have arranged things differently if I'd been doing it," laughed Paulette. "I'd have allowed for seasonal changes of face or exchangeable noses or chameleon eyes or something various. A sort of a lending library of faces! (Never-A-Dull-Moment Goddard, her friends call her.)

"I abhor monotony . . . things happen to me. My life has been so hectic and so varied that I never had to linger long over any one phase of it. Even as a child, you know, I never stayed long in any one place. My mother's business necessitated constant traveling and until I went to Mt. St. Dominican, the convent school in

[*Continued on page* 90]

Paulette has always been unconventional, is not the type to follow customary, obvious routines. Here she goes barefooted while boating with Charlie Chaplin

LAURENCE OLIVIER

The future husband of Vivien Leigh now plays Romeo to her Juliet on stage after completing new film *Pride and Prejudice*

CAN WOMEN BE FRIENDS IN HOLLYWOOD?

WHAT'S THE TRUTH ABOUT THESE FEMININE FEUDS? CAN WOMEN STARS WORK HARMONIOUSLY IN THE SAME PICTURE? CAN THEY EVER BE FRIENDS? BETTE DAVIS KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS

By LEON SURMELIAN

THE greatest concentration point of the modern Scheherazades and houris in the world is Bagdad-on-the-Pacific. Here, in what is surely Allah's sunny paradise for contemporary women, the elemental sweethearts of the race are congregated in great potent numbers. The rest of toiling, warring, repressed mankind hang cockeyed from the honeyed lips of our cinematic charmers as they tell one thousand and one variations of the same old siren song—a song that Hollywood sings lustily.

"The best thing I have seen in America is the American girl," said Count Keyserling in a long lament on the decline of the male sex in the New World. The bearded old philosopher was fascinated by our flappers. Europeans are struck by the all-around superiority of American women as compared to the males. Women rule America, they say. Danielle Darrieux, Isa Miranda, Miliza Korjus, and other imported glamor girls have told me of their amazement in discovering the roles of the sexes entirely reversed in America.

And the extraordinary phenomenon that is the American woman has reached her highest development and independence in Hollywood. If women rule the rest of America more or less, here they enjoy dictatorial powers. Hollywood is a women's town any way you look at it, and the real fight here is among women.

Our screen is a feminine monopoly, in every way. Women make or break the stars of both sexes. Your average woman star is a stronger personality than your average man star. She has more dash and individuality, is better informed, reads more, talks better, has a more inquisitive and tolerant mind, and in physical vitality is more than a match with men. If it weren't [*Continued on page* 88]

...n for each other, ...ona Massey keep a ...ro's. Love vs. food

Forrest Tucker and Helen Parrish are town's heaviest dates. She wears diamond, may elope

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes

SOME HOLLYWOOD PARTIES

Rita Hayworth, Basil Rathbone, Phyllis Brooks wait on Ralph Daigh, Fawcett managing editor, at Derby party

The John Hubbards, Carole Landis and Willis Hunt do rhumba at Roach party. John and Carole add boops-a-daisy

Flanked by John Hubbard, Rand Brooks, Ann Rutherford pins carnation to editor Ralph Daigh's lapel at Roach party

tar play these nights.
here are the George
hern, Roger Pryor

Ralph Daigh, Fawcett managing editor, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell laugh at fast one told by Frank Fay at Ciro's

Sonja Henie and new love Dan Topping have her brother Leif and his wife as guests at Roach *Turnabout* party

Ann Sheridan is dated these days by George Brent. Gossip says it's nothing serious but who can tell?

. . . AND SOME HEAVY DATES

It's a job keeping up with Edgar Bergen's dates. He was sort of partial to Margaret Roach at her Dad's party

If you're looking for Marlene these nights you'll usually find her at Ciro's where she's dated by tycoon Tim Durant

Norma Shearer and George Raft date most of the time—may make a marital date soon. Like to dance at Ciro's

Hot and heavy is romance between Bill Lundigan and Margaret Lindsay. They may be making wedding date at Ciro's

One romance to come out into the open finds Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye at Ciro's—plotting their big wedding day?

Carrying heavy torch for each other, Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey keep a heavy date at Ciro's. Love vs. food

Listing to port, Constance Moore grabs pier-head, keeps even keel

The sun is all set to give Peggy Moran some Vitamin D—even unto a mean mite of the midriff

Odd this Hollywood. No beachcombers to pick up beachcombelles. So Nell O'Day, Marie Wrixon turn on a smile for candid camera

How do you like Sonja's trimness in two-piecer?

4 BEACHCOMBELLES

Phyllis Brooks makes news. She really goes in the water

Ann Rutherford enjoys contrasts. Is in white suit, the rest is—er-nut-brown mahogany

Dress lightly and don't think about the heat is summer advice lived up to by Judith Barrett, who goes down to the sea in stripes—and mahogany tanned from down here to up there

STILL PULLING THEM IN

By FRANC DILLON

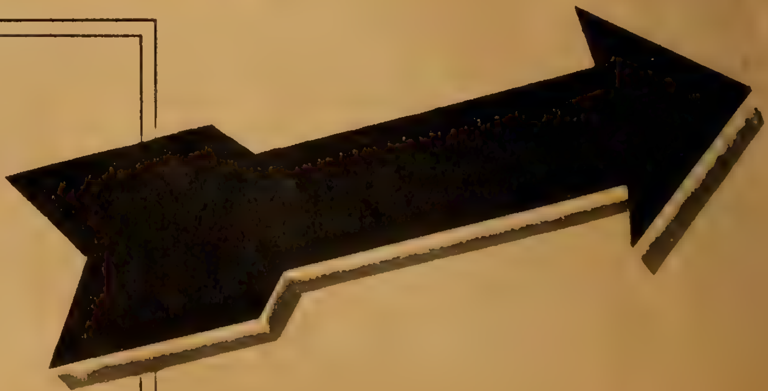
JEFFREY LYNN ONCE PULLED IN CROWDS AS DOORMAN AT MOVIE THEATRE. NOW HE PULLS THEM IN AS POPULAR HOLLYWOOD STAR

DURING the fall of 1936 and early months of 1937, there were frequently groups of amused people loitering in front of the Embassy, a newsreel theatre, in New York's Duffy Square—the theatrical heart of Broadway. Attracted by the strange Oxford accent of the doorman out front, the crowds remained to chuckle at the appearance of the tall, self-conscious young man so earnestly crying the highlights of the show inside.

"I was so funny that I think the crowds preferred to stay outside and listen to me than to go inside and see the pictures," Jeffrey Lynn told me. Yes, difficult as it is to believe, that busy young doorman was the smooth actor who has been cornering compliments in Warner pictures.

It is quite a step from the job of doorman to the status [*Continued on page 62*]

The sensational *Scarlett* of *Gone With the Wind*—Vivien Leigh—joins our gallery of exclusive color portraits. No star has jumped into such popular favor as the English star who won the Academy Award as best actress of the year. Her last picture is *Waterloo Bridge*. Next month, MOTION PICTURE presents the twelfth in this series of gorgeous color portraits—the popular Cary Grant



Would Live, Love and Learn

KEN HOWELL looks naive but he isn't. He has had to establish his spot in Hollywood the hard way. He had no money, no encouragement, no contacts.

He is more than young, blond, and the eldest son of the movies' popular *Jones Family*. He isn't the boy next door; he's the boy who should be there. He's incredible! For if there's anything exciting he hasn't done yet, if there is a girl in his vicinity he hasn't dated with a surprisingly successful technique, you can swear to this—it will soon happen.

Young as he is, he has already lived a lot. He is far removed from the everyday rut. We have a mob of juveniles in Hollywood, and all of them but Ken react according to a routine formula. They are obviously immature and inexperienced, and thus none too interesting off-screen. Ken, though, can't be dismissed as average.

Up against the usual obstacles that block most young people, he's found his way over the hurdles. Today he's the romantic member of a film family which theatre managers rate in the same box-office class as Hedy Lamarr, Ronald Colman, and Charles Laughton. Today Ken has a beautiful home. Plus chances for glamorous fun. You can top off his record with the revelation that he even has a past that's taught him plenty!

He is blue-eyed, smart-looking. He has a life-guard build for his height. There's a great deal of charm in his wide smile, but it's his enormous enthusiasm and vitality that put him over. A quick thinker, he's never let a complex cramp him. He avoids the trite by concentrating on whatever promises to be fascinating and different.

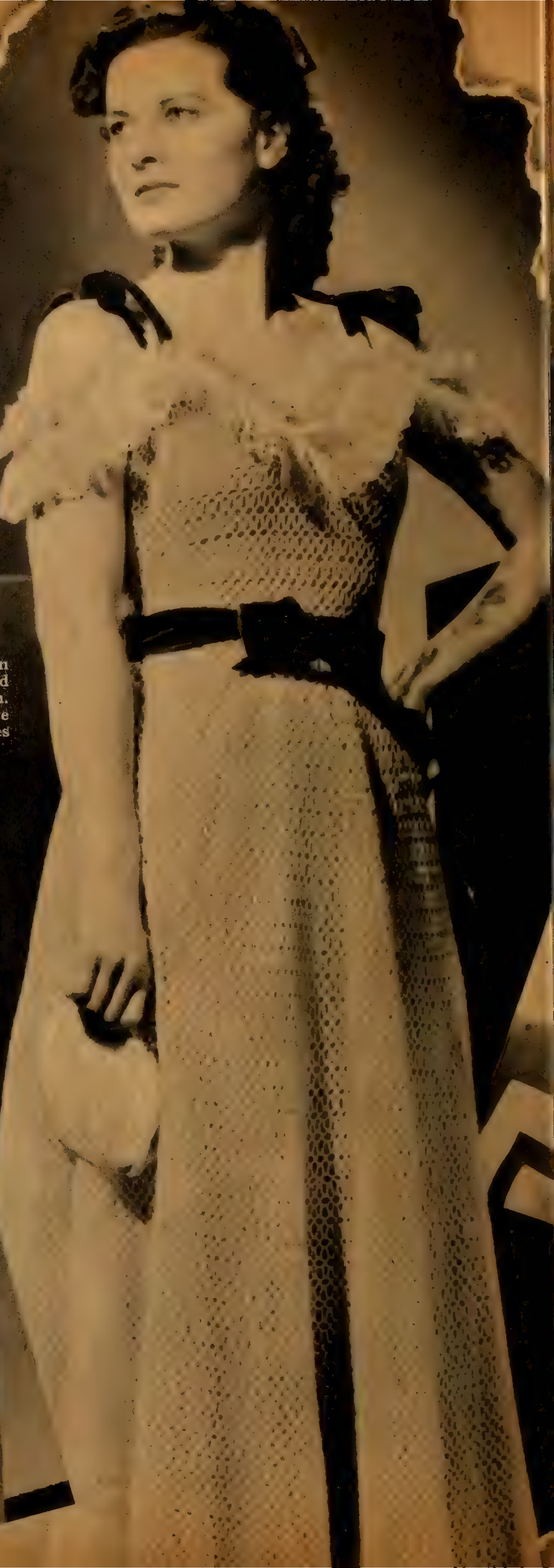
He began to experiment early in life. The son of a Los Angeles ear specialist, Ken became aware of adult difficulties when his parents divorced. Both remarried and he tried living with both new families. Avid for knowledge and thrills, he made the most of each episodic change in his formative years.

Ken con- [*Continued on page* 74]

By BEN MADDOX

EN HOWELL, THE ELDEST SON OF THE POPULAR JONES FAMILY, IS NOT MISSING MANY TRICKS IN HIS YOUNG LIFE. HE'S ABSORBED WITH LIVING, LOVING AND LEARNING IN A BIG WAY

Cotton up to cottons, and you'll be smart *and cool* this summer. Crochet these frocks or sweater of Spool Cotton from our easy to follow directions. Top off your evening sweater with a red daisy necklace, your Crown Zippered shirtwaist dress with plastic jewelry in crochet pattern, both from Charlotte of Paris, and at Bloomingdale's, New York; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; and The May Co., Los Angeles. Go dancing with the pearl trimmed Leading Lady evening bag, shopping with the homespun envelope. At G. Fox & Co., Hartford; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; H. C. Capwell Co., Oakland, Calif. Or vary your costume with the white washable leather Mam'selle Bag —at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's, Chicago; or the Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles



It's an old Southern Costume, this hand crocheted gown. Maureen's bags are for Leading Ladies

Maureen O'Hara, star of *Dance Girl, Dance,* picks cotton for a cool, evening sweater. Note daisy necklace

By CANDIDA

PICKIN' COTTON

Maureen zips into a handmade dress for market. Charlotte of Paris thought up "crochet" jewelry

To top off—Venuta Swagger hat, new Yearounder; Gimbel's, NYC, Phila.; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; May Co., L.A. Mam'selle Bag of white or colored calf. Paris Fashion's pugtoed "spectators" and Multi-Strips Hi-Wedgie, at Namm's, Bkly'n; Wm. H. Block, Indpls.; Vanity Slipper Shop, Hlyd. "Summertime," Hansen's glove of mesh and fabric, at leading stores. Kimball Zodiac hankies read your lucky stars. McCreery's, NYC; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; Marshall Field, Chicago

FREE DIRECTIONS for crocheting these summery fashions are yours for a stamped, return-addressed envelope sent to Candida. Enclose a 3-cent stamp for each pattern. Look for the accessories in your department stores, or write for further information on price, color. The address: Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

PIER 13

"Hey, you. You're under arrest." "What for?" Sally asked coyly. Danny laughed. "For being irresistible to an officer

CAST

Danny Dolan	**LLOYD NOLAN**
Sally Kelly	**LYNN BARI**
Helen Kelly	**JOAN VALERIE**
Skipper Kelly	**OSCAR O'SHEA**
Johnnie Hale	**DOUGLAS FOWLEY**
Al Higgins	**ADRIAN MORRIS**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Copyright, 1940, by 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Inc.; original screen play by Stanley Rauh; directed by David Burton

THERE was a smell about the New York water front that Danny Dolan liked. For one thing it meant he was back home because he'd been raised in this section. For another thing, it was a swell place for an Irish cop—especially one new in the ranks.

Yep, right here on Pier 13 you could pick up practically anything—from a strain of *Pagliacci,* warbled soulfully by a tattered tramp to a couple of bananas off Tony's fruit stand. Only thing was, at least five people this morning had commented on his being "new around there." Well, what of it? A fellow could be new and still have good sense and an eagle eye, couldn't he?

He was strolling along the pier, thinking of such matters with just a shade of resentment when all at once there was a crushing sound. A baseball had broken a warehouse window. Danny looked around. Well, begorry, if it wasn't those kids over there, causin' a disturbance with their baseball game.

He was after them on the run. They scattered in all directions and Danny concentrated on one of them. The lad was a marathon runner in the making, for he gained yards on Danny, then disappeared into Kelly's waterfront coffee shop.

Danny burst into the place, then stopped short. At the counter was a girl who would make any man's heart beat faster. She had sunlight in her hair and her eyes were a fine navy blue. "I'm lookin' for a little, short, black-haired kid."

Her small nose twitched. "We're all out of those today."

"Fresh, huh?" He looked around the place. "I saw him come in here. He busted a window in the warehouse."

"Tsk, tsk," she mourned. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, playing tag with a little boy? You ought to get smart and go after the big shots."

He blinked and flushed. "So I'm a dumb cop, eh?"

"I didn't say that but you're getting warm."

"I'll remember that crack." He sat down at the counter. Might as well have a bite long as he was here. Besides, if he left now, she'd think he was scared of her. "Give me a cup of coffee and make it hot."

She yelled, to an invisible assistant, "One cup of coffee and make it hot for him." She turned back. "You're new here, aren't you?"

That was all Danny needed. He burned. "Brand new," he snapped. "And for your information I was raised in Brooklyn, vaccinated below the Mason-Dixon line and shellac is my favorite color." She grinned and he warmed to her again. "You know, things look pretty good to me around here." He leaned over the counter. "Duchess, nature did all right for you. You're the best example of streamlined construction I've seen around in a long time."

She said, soulfully, "You carry me away but not far enough. And my name isn't Duchess. It's Sally."

Danny made a mental note of it. Sally, eh? Pretty cute.

His coffee arrived and he reached over and took two cigars to go with it.

"That'll be twenty-five cents."

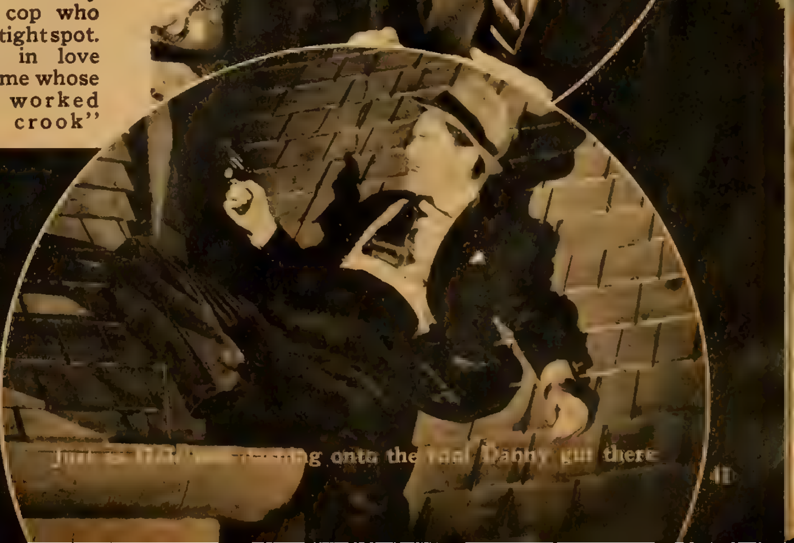
He handed her the quarter. "Better try it. Maybe it's lead."

She banged it down. "Doesn't ring so good at that."

"Who threw that bottle out the window?" Danny roared. "You're asking me," Sally mocked him. "Why I thought *you* were the detective"

Danny ran into Al Higgins, a plainclothes man, on Pier 13. He was out to get Johnnie Hale. Danny made up his mind quick

Danny was saying, "I read a story about a cop who was in a tight spot. He was in love with a dame whose sister worked with a crook"



Just as Hale [illegible] onto the roof Danny got there

13 an unlucky number? Why, here on Pier 13 Danny had found all kinds of luck—fame, fortune and Sally

His shoulders lifted in a shrug. "What do you want for a quarter? Christmas chimes?" What a dame, he thought. Always trying to make an issue out of something. She should've been at least a lawyer.

He finished his coffee and sauntered back to the pier again. Then he spied Al Higgins outside. Al was a plain-clothes man, and Danny often wondered how he'd done it. The guy had enough to do figurin' out his left foot from his right, let alone a crime if it should ever come up. But he was a nice fella. "Hello, Al, what're you doing here?"

"The Captain got a tip. Johnnie Hale's supposed to be on that boat that's docking now," Al explained.

"Johnnie Hale? Who's he?"

Al looked around furtively. "The guy that blew out of Denver two years ago with fifty thousand bucks' worth of jewels. Used a police car to make his getaway."

Danny was shocked. Police car. Gosh, that was a sacrilege. "Know what he looks like?"

Al brought out a picture. "It sure will be a feather in my cap if I pick him up."

Now the ship was in and the gangplank lowered. Passengers began disembarking and Danny stood there as Al scrutinized each one.

Well, seemed like Al wasn't going to get his man. There wasn't anybody there looked like Hale. "So long," Danny said commiseratingly and walked away. Suddenly his eyes focused on a figure. It was a steward carrying a couple of bags. And he was getting into a roadster. Another fellow was at the wheel.

Then it clicked in Danny's mind. Say, that steward was Hale. "Hey, you . . ." He sprinted for Hale's roadster and jumped on the running-board. Then his hand shot inside and he tried to turn off the ignition.

But a neat clip on the jaw suddenly sent him to the ground right in a puddle of mud. A little dazed, he looked around. Wait, he'd commandeer that auto at the curb. "Hey," he yelled to the occupant, "follow that car."

The man cupped his hand to his ear. "Eh?"

Danny yelled, "I said follow that car."

"What's that? I'm a little hard of hearing." But, as Danny glared at him, the man said angrily, "I'll report you to headquarters for this . . . jumping all over my car and everything."

Danny gave up in disgust. Well, there was nothing to do but report to headquarters, and a little while later he and Al stood in front of the captain's desk.

Captain Blake had a pretty sour puss on him as he spoke into the telephone. Evidently, the Commissioner was giving him plenty, and when he hung up he turned to Al in a nasty temper.

"Mr. Higgins," he snorted, "what do you suppose you were sent to Pier 13 for?"

Al looked at his feet. "To get Johnnie Hale. But how would I know he was comin' off the boat as a flunky?"

Danny stepped in to defend him. "Al wasn't entirely to blame, Captain. Hale had his cap pulled down over his eyes."

The Captain barked, "But *you* were smart enough to recognize him."

"Yeah," Danny grinned and fingered his mudstained trousers. "But look at my uniform."

"Don't worry about that." The Captain rose. "You won't be needing it any more. I'm going to promote you. From now on you're a detective."

"What!" Danny's pulse did a somersault. "Gee, thanks, Chief." A detective. Boy, what a promotion! He saluted dazedly and reeled to the door.

HE HAD just finished buying a new derby to go with his plain clothes the next morning when he ran into Sally. He smiled, tentatively. "Hello, Duchess."

"Oh, it's you." Two dimples came and went. "I didn't recognize you, disguised as a gentleman."

He patted his suit. "Pretty nifty, eh?"

"Where's your [*Continued on page* 58]

They FORGET HE'S MARRIED

By ROGER CARROLL

WITHOUT ENCOURAGEMENT FROM FRED MACMURRAY THE GIRLS DO GO FOR HIM, ON OR OFF THE SCREEN. MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S "JAKE" WITH THE MEN

A WHILE back, when Fred MacMurray was trying to make up his mind whether he should or should not put in a swimming-pool, a friend backed him into a corner and said to him, "Don't do it. Don't spend all that money for something you can enjoy only a few months a year. You can join a beach club—an exclusive one—and have the whole ocean to swim in, for what it would cost you to keep fresh water in a pool. Come on down to my club next Sunday and look the place over. I can't be there myself, but you'll see people you know. I'll get you a guest card."

Now, Fred couldn't have a name like MacMurray without having a few globules of Scotch blood. He's open to suggestion about how to save his hard-earned money. So, come Sunday, he and Lillian (Mrs. M.) piled in the roadster and drove down to Santa Monica for a close-up of a beach club.

Come Monday, his friend buttonholed him and wanted to know, "Well, when are you joining?"

"Uh," said Fred, "uh, I haven't made up my mind yet."

"Why the hesitation? Didn't you go in swimming?"

"Yeah," said Fred. "Sure."

"Didn't you have lunch in the club dining-room?"

"Good food," said Fred.

"You met people you knew, didn't you?"

Fred nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

"I've got to think it over," said Fred. "I can't under- [*Continued on page* 57]

UP IN THE

By
FAITH
SERVICE

Fay Wray is a pioneer at traveling the skyways. She even models a slack suit designed expressly for flying

Training stewardesses for cross-country hops is not very different from training young players to watch Spencer Tracy (a skyway commuter) act

STARS WHO TRAVEL THE SKYWAYS ARE SERVICED BY STEWARDESSES WHO HAVE TO BE WELL-TRAINED, TALENTED AND PHOTOGENIC TO HOLD DOWN THEIR JOBS

AIR WITH THE STARS

"WE HAVE to start out prepared for everything," said Mary Lou Williamson, Frances Kyser, Ruth Davis, Thelma Fuller, Dorothy Travis, the American Airlines stewardesses with whom I flew, luxurious round-trip, across the country and back. And every one of the girls as photogenic as a movie star.

As I talked with them I was impressed, but forcibly, with the similarity between their work, training, talents, figures and looks they must have in order to hold down their jobs, and the training, talent and looks the picture stars must have in order to hold down their jobs. For these girls are the stars who work close to the planetary stars while servicing the picture stars.

There is a stellar cast on these planes—the captain, the first officer and the three stewardesses per flight. To the captain and the first officer fall the mechanics of operation; the grave responsibility of making the "happy landings"; to the stewardesses fall, not one role, but innumerable roles.

They have to start out "prepared for everything," as they said. They must be prepared for all kinds of moods. And moods, temperaments, personalities are heightened and emphasized in the air, they told me.

They must be prepared for people on death calls, in which cases they must play the role of sympathizer; they must be prepared for people who want to talk, be amused, be gay. They must also be prepared for people who don't want to talk at all, so that in one section the stewardess must be genial and talkative and in the next section, silent and unobtrusive.

They have to be prepared for major emergencies and for high-carnival spirits who must be diplomatically quieted lest they disturb other passengers. They must be prepared for illness of all kinds. They must be prepared to talk on the radio at any moment, without any preparation whatsoever, no script, no rehearsal. They also have to pose for pictures with all kinds of people, from Mrs. Roosevelt to a Hollywood extra girl.

Yes, the roles these girls play, with courage, tact, sympathy, firmness, humor—the knowledge they must have, first of human nature and then of anything human nature may demand, need or want, from a scientific discourse on the terrain over which they fly to the brewing of a cup of tea, would strain the capacities of Shearer, Garbo, Davis and Leigh combined.

Registered nurses, every one of them, they must also be diplomats, pillow-patters, play-fellows, psychiatrists, waitresses, raconteurs, detectives, partners at bridge, sisters, mothers, friends. They must meet major emergencies and whilom whims alike imperturbably, [*Continued on page* 53]

Ty and Annabella are too absorbed in each other to need more than routine attention

The Glendale Airport is just a hop from Warner studio. This makes it easy for air-minded stars like Rosemary Lane to board a sleeper for New York

Most stars, like Ray Milland, take things in stride on air flights. On occasions they are given special permission to carry their pets

Doris Davenport, who had left Hollywood to be "discovered" in New York, and who fooled movietown into giving her a chance, gets it opposite Gary Cooper in *The Westerner*

Warner's Irish importation, Geraldine Fitzgerald, who has delivered fine performances with Bette Davis and others, has delivered an heir, Michael E., to hubby Edward Lindsay-Hogg

The Talk of Hollywood

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Do They Slay You?

■ Hollywood Repartee, as exemplified in a colloquy between Harry (Vitriol) Ritz and Groucho (Dynamite) Marx:

To Groucho says Harry:

"I hear you guys are gonna make personal appearances at the San Francisco Fair—and they're gonna charge ten cents to let the freaks look at you guys!"

To Harry back-cracks Groucho:

"Well, a dime isn't going to break you, [illegible]

Charlie For a Nickel?

■ Talk of Hollywood is the rumored plan of Edgar Bergen to go into producing for himself and Charlie McCarthy. It's not Bergen's idea to make feature pictures, though—instead, he plans to run off 16-mm films, to be used either in the much-ballyhooed nickel-in-the-slot talkie machines that are going to flood the nation, or in home talkie machines.

Imagine hopping into your favorite beer-joint for a beaker of brew and some [illegible]—It'll raise hell [illegible] nter . . . !

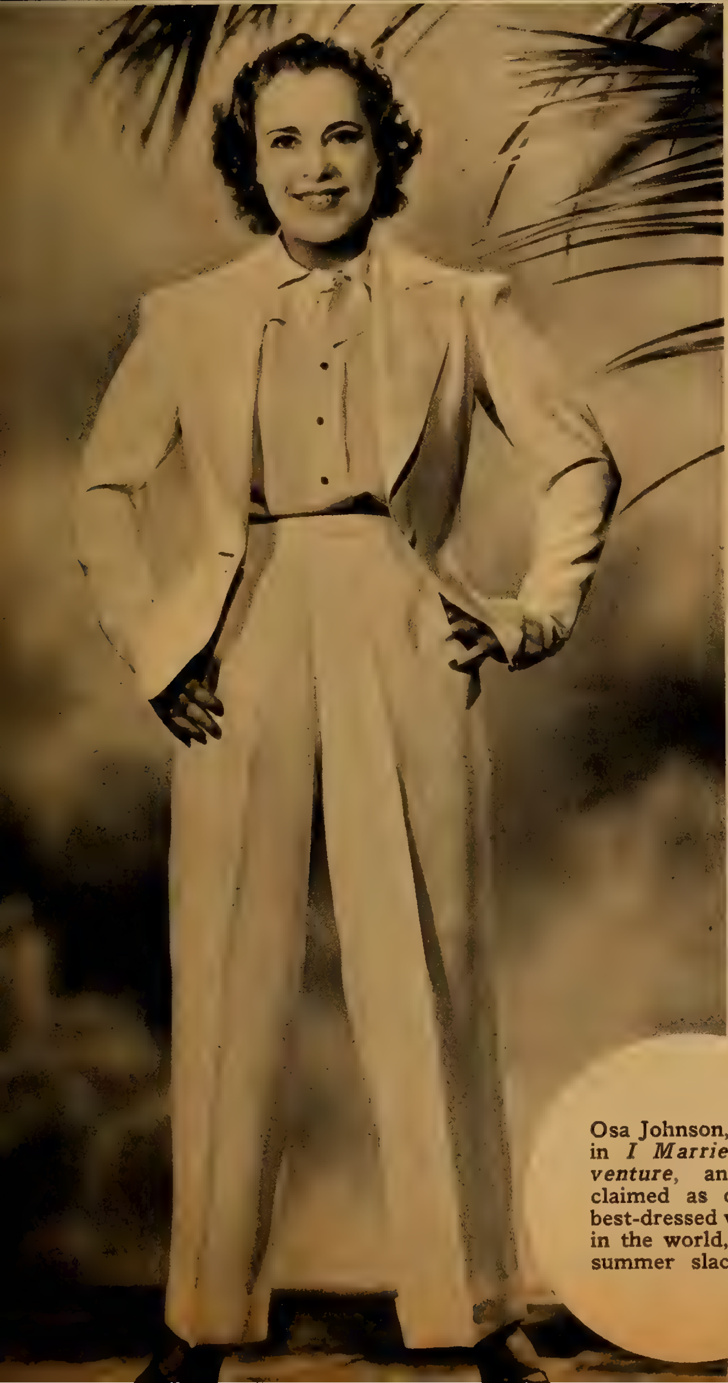
Hamburger Jane

■ Jane Withers has gone into her fifteenth year and business, at the same time. . . .

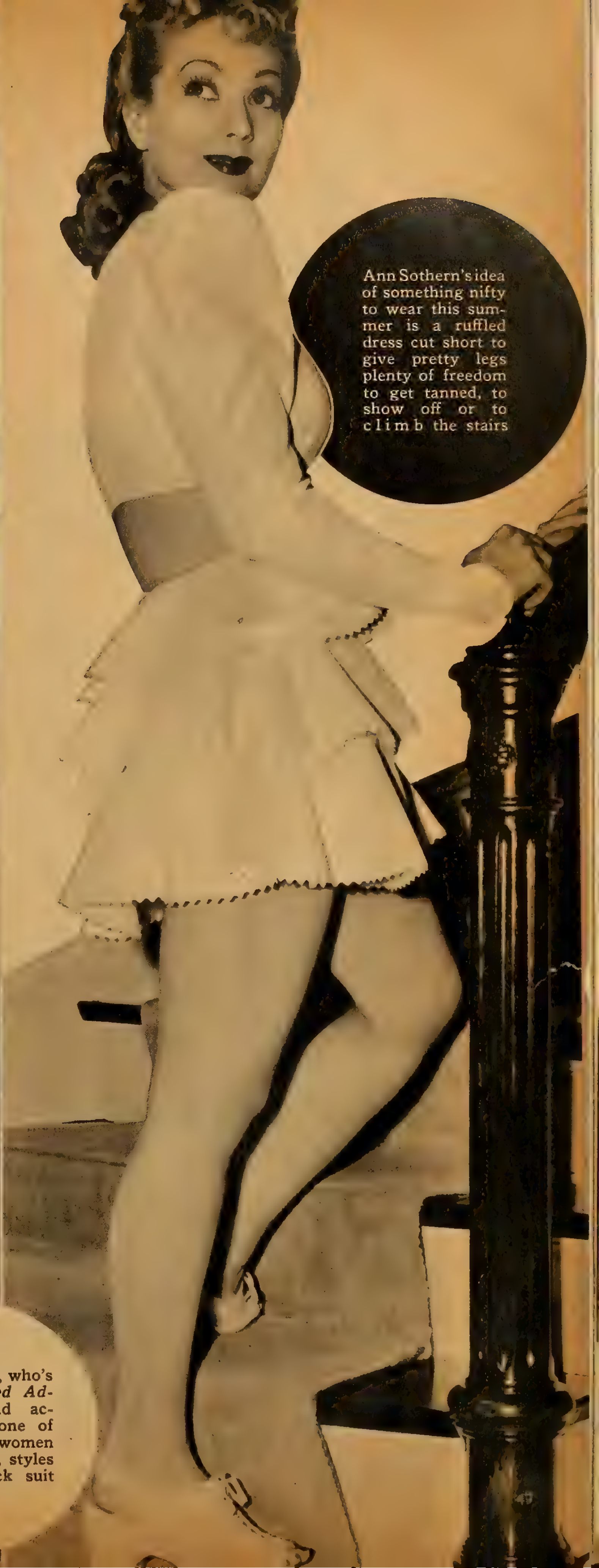
Her ma gave her, for her fourteenth birthday, a check for $1,000—to invest in a business enterprise of her own choosing. Jane had the choice already made: in partnership with Johnny Pirrone, 17 year old actor, she is opening a hot-dog and hamburger joint in the San Fernando Valley, back of Hollywood. Pirrone will do the actual job of running the place; Jane [*Continued on page* 66]

here's plenty of horsey action for Jean Arthur and Bill Hold- n in *Arizona*, laid around the desert and cactus country of that ate. Jean, who rides well, strikes a pose on pinto hoss

Alfred Hitchcock, who directed the memorable *Rebecca*, is now directing Walter Wanger's production, *Foreign Correspondent*. With Joel McCrea and Laraine Day as leads



Osa Johnson, who's in *I Married Adventure*, and acclaimed as one of best-dressed women in the world, styles summer slack suit



Ann Sothern's idea of something nifty to wear this summer is a ruffled dress cut short to give pretty legs plenty of freedom to get tanned, to show off or to climb the stairs

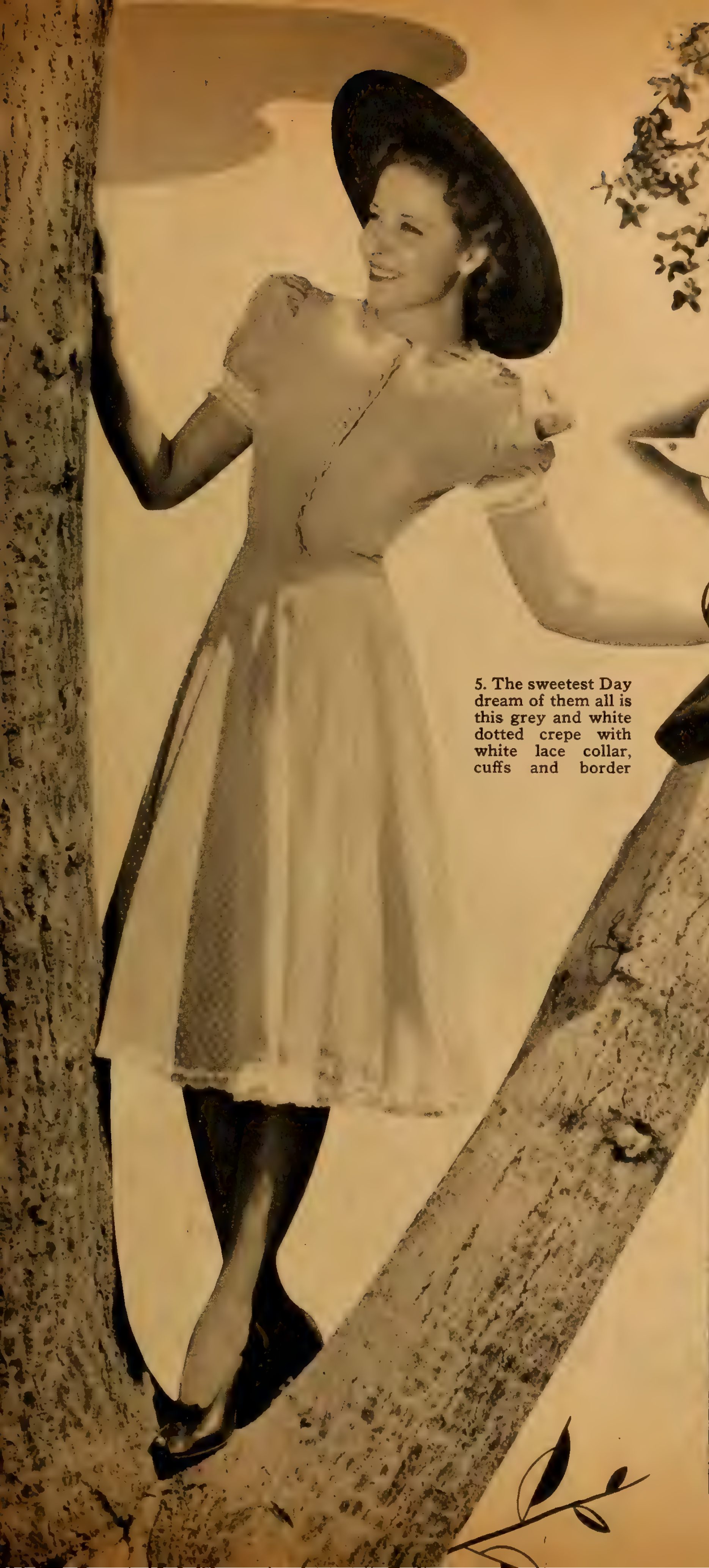
Day DREAMS

1. Day dreams are charming but night dreams are more exciting. Particularly, Laraine Day's green and black print with its graceful sweeping skirt

2. Instead of the traditional skirt and blouse Laraine selects a beige wool dress, pleated front and back, as a complement for her tweed jacket

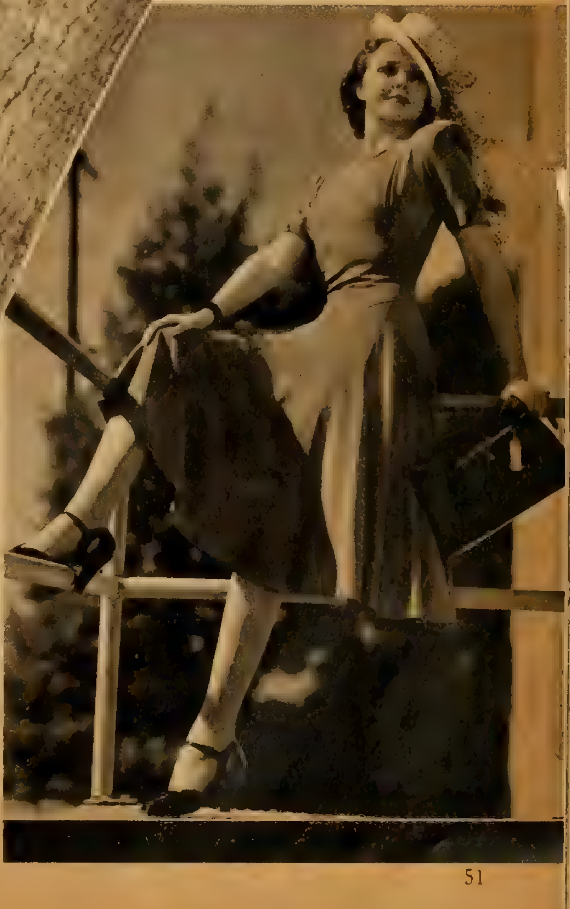
3. A navy blue "Princess" faille dress with a beige oatmeal tweed topcoat is Laraine's favorite day costume. Its smartness lies in its charming simplicity

4. What a lovely Day dream is this two piece navy and white reversible crepe print. The fitted bodice and flared skirt are definite "Day" trademarks



5. The sweetest Day dream of them all is this grey and white dotted crepe with white lace collar, cuffs and border

6. This long-waisted bodice that fits down into a V on the gored skirt makes Laraine's waist disappear. It is made of soft green crepe



Sanders--SAINT AND SINNER

By ALYCE SHUPPER

GEORGE SANDERS, WHOSE TEUTONIC TIDBITS WOULD EVEN MAKE HITLER CRY "COMMAND FUEHRER, WE FOLLOW!" IS AS GOOD IN SAINTLY ROLES AS WHEN HE'S PLAYING SINNERS

SINCE George Sanders' name was added to the roster of the slowly-fading "Hollywood Eligible Bachelor" list, and this being Leap Year, I thought it high time to find out more about this reputed recluse, and pass the information on to his fans.

As my poor old Chevy coughed and pushed its way up the hills to the "Saint's" home, I faltered for a moment. It is common gossip here that George loves nothing more than his sleep, spending eighteen or twenty hours, on non-working days, in the arms of Morpheus.

Though the publicity director of RKO had assured me that two o'clock in the afternoon would be okay, I wondered if it would not be wiser for me to turn around and take my car into the service station close by, to find out what they would allow me on a "trade-in." A little more thought brought the realization that with "no story" there could be "no-trade-in."

With a final spurt the Chevy stopped before the last house on the hill. There, at the foot of a large mountain, was Sanders' home, which, but for his man-servant, he occupies alone.

The first impression, on meeting the "Saint," is that he is much larger and taller than he appears on the screen. There he stood completely framed in the doorway. For the moment his strictly British "hello" startled me. Perhaps I had, subconsciously, expected to be greeted in that German accent that is so well known to those who have seen him on the screen. There have been so many rumors that Sanders is part German because of his perfect interpretation when playing a Teuton. On questioning George on this hearsay, I found that he was half-Russian and half-English, having been born in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1906. However, he was born under the protection of the English Embassy, making him an English citizen.

His earliest and sharpest memory is the horror of the Russian Revolution. With his father, then a hated capitalist, he made a thrilling and never-to-be-forgotten escape across the ice-covered rivers, fleeing madly from the anarchists who threatened to behead his father.

George's sister, married to [*Continued on page 76*]

Up in the Air With the Stars

[*Continued from page* 45]

taking everything in stride, from finding the right shade of lipstick for a movie star's lips to handling a man gone berserk.

They know that Miriam Hopkins always has her berth made up before she boards the plane, that she takes a sedative and seldom likes to be disturbed from coast to coast, that she doesn't like lamb chops so that, if she does call for dinner en route, she —well, she doesn't get lamb chops!

They know that Jock Whitney, clubman, horseman and financier, always buys one whole section on a plane so that he can use both berth mattresses and all four pillows. They know that Lawrence Tibbett's friends usually send him a dinner, from the Brown Derby or Sardi's, before he takes off from Glendale. They know that Norma Shearer is nervous in the air and are prepared to distract her with scientific explanations of flying, together with geographical and topographical facts, knowing that there is something soothing about cold, unhysterical facts.

THEY know that men who pilot their own planes, such men as Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Wally Beery, are apt to be nervous in flight where laymen, who don't know a wing from a propeller, are not. They know that Victor McLaglen usually sits up all night because he's too long for a berth. And they are prepared to handle all of these demands, idiosyncrasies and special requests—as well as any major emergencies.

"A man got on at Glendale Airport one day," stewardess Ruth Davis told me, "and the instant we took off I felt strange about him. I thought he acted queerly. But I couldn't put my finger on why I thought so. He wasn't noisy. He was obviously NOT drunk. I didn't know what was the matter with him but had a feeling in my bones that something was.

"We hadn't been off the ground half an hour before he called me to him and said, 'stewardess, *I'm going to pilot this plane!*' I told him that that was impossible, that passengers are not even allowed to enter the control room. He repeated, still quietly and very matter-of-factly, 'nevertheless, I am going to pilot this plane!' I again told him that it was out of the question, that he could not enter the control room. And then he said, 'but I can *shoot my way in!*'

"I knew then, that I was up against something. Not wishing to alarm the other passengers I suggested to him that we go into the sky room, which happened to be vacant, and talk it over. He followed me very quietly. On the way I rang for the first officer. The first officer joined us in the sky room, took charge of the situation, telling our passenger that he would have to restrain him forcibly if he even said anything further along this line. The man kept quiet until we came down at the next stop. There an ambulance met the plane. Two white-coated attendants removed our passenger. The ambulance was from the neighboring insane asylum: *The man was insane!*"

On another occasion, Dorothy Travis told me, a little woman boarded the plane at Newark Airport. She went directly to bed and in the general activity of the take-off, getting the passengers settled in their respective seats, supplying them with evening papers, removing their wraps, etc., the stewardess did not pay any particular attention to the little woman beyond seeing that she was comfortable in her berth.

By the time the second stewardess of the flight came aboard the woman was very ill. She spoke very broken English and so it was difficult to diagnose what was wrong with her. She sobbed so constantly that she was even more incoherent than she normally might have been. Midway across the country she did manage to blurt out to Miss Travis, "Me, I am sick with the child!" "When?" asked the stewardess. "At any instant it will be," moaned the little woman. So that there, nine thousand feet above the earth, Miss Travis was faced with the imminent necessity of delivering a baby! That she was delivered from the delivery, that they reached Glendale Airport in time, though only just in time, still gives Miss Travis cause for thanksgiving. . . .

Stewardesses of American Airlines are photogenic enough to work with Dennis Morgan in *Flight Angel*. Left to right are Peg O'Grady, Marguerite Bladow, Marjorie Schneider, Morgan, Doyle Derry, Anita Stanfill, Thelma Fuller, Jacqueline Zinn

Not that she couldn't have handled it. That's why only registered nurses can become stewardesses. Not only must they be registered nurses with a year or two of practiced nursing behind them, but they must also be girls of proven stability of character, resourcefulness, gameness under any kind of "fire."

More, their memories must be prodigious. Once fly with a stewardess and she has you down, a butterfly impaled on a pin, forevermore. She knows what you eat and don't eat, whether you are nervous or phlegmatic, just a complete plot of your background and character!

THEIR versatility would more than do justice to any virtuoso of stage, screen, opera or circus . . . for they can turn from a nerve-tingling piece of "business" as mentioned above to humoring Frank Morgan who spends his time in flight in bed, and that every hour or so during the entire trip he sticks his head out of the curtains and asks, "When do we eat?"

They know that the Hollywood producers when they travel by air—and most of them do—usually play bridge—and bridge with high and heated stakes.

They can turn from "putting down at Dallas" a gentleman who had a phobia for ringing door-bells and, his phobia widely awakened by the altitude no doubt, proceeded to run from section to section ringing all of the passengers' bells for the stewardess, to taking care of Joan Bennett's dog which, against all precedent, Joan once brought with her aboard the flagship Mercury. She had bought the little "man's best friend" in Europe and when she boarded the plane at Newark Airport, the small Spaniel accompanied her.

Catering to a canine was just another little chore for the stewardesses on that flight. They can turn from the problem of wrestling with a Herculean gentleman who took a fancy to "bail out without a parachute" to considering such facets of human nature as that Don Ameche "bubbles all the time he is in the air."

"First thing you know," said Miss Fuller, "he has all the people in the plane talking together and friendly." Miss Fuller also told me that one morning some months and flights ago, she went into the men's wash room one morning and discovered a gentleman, shirtless and shaving. He greeted her cordially, saying: "Could I come back and help you wash the dishes?" Miss Fuller explained that she didn't wash the dishes and although she appreciated the offer, which she had never had from passengers before, either male or female, it wouldn't be necessary, thanks very much. A few minutes

[*Continued on page* 78]

SAND WITCHES

By DENISE CAINE

ANN RUTHERFORD KNOWS HOW TO ENJOY THE SUN, THE SAND AND THE SEA WITHOUT SPOILING HER GOOD LOOKS. LEARN ART OF SAND WITCHERY FROM HER

THERE can be something pretty witching about a girl on a sunny beach, as these pictures of Ann Rutherford, M-G-M starlet soon to be seen in *Pride and Prejudice,* should tell you if you've half an eye! That big hat of Ann's looks mighty fetching, doesn't it? But it's just as useful as it is becoming.

You see, Ann doesn't believe in letting a *sun*-day at the beach spoil her good looks—either then or the next day. She starts out without the hat, then, when she's taken the sun for about a half hour, she slips it on—to protect her shoulders! *You* should know by this time that they burn much more easily, and twice as painfully as your legs or arms. You can sun those extremities for another half hour before slipping on a voluminous beach coat, as Ann *always* does, or retreating to the shade of your umbrella. The hat protects her hair, too, keeps it from drying out or becoming over-oily. All this *besides* being flattering!

I hope you're not the type that thinks a day on the beach means going completely natural, without lipstick or powder! You'll surely disillusion that lifeguard! Ann knows that powder patted lightly over the nose won't prevent her acquiring a light tan—and it should cut down on the burning somewhat. She uses a protective powder base, first, though, one that keeps her make-up on evenly while she's swimming, and helps keep her pert nose from freckling or peeling. Lipstick is a big help, too, because it keeps lips smoothly soft, prevents their burning (yes, they can be sunburned to the blister stage)! or chapping. And a clear red or bright pink is attractive as all outdoors with a sun tan.

DO GO NEAR THE WATER

In your new beach make-up. Denise Caine can tell you what make-up to use, and how to apply it so it will stay on smoothly through your swim. Ask her about it, and about any other special beauty problems that may bother you. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

And please don't think that you've got to go without eye make-up just because you're sunning and swimming. A bit of creamy eyeshadow spread lightly over your lids will glint nicely in the sun, and help protect the tender skin from drying out or burning. Or if you think that's too artificial in the sunlight (but I wish you'd try it before you condemn eye make-up as theatrical) try spreading a bit of lubricating or cold cream around your eyes. That does the trick and is more natural looking.

You needn't be afraid of mascara, even for beach wear, if you apply it correctly. And by that I mean sparingly. Don't fill your brush to overflowing with mascara, and slather it over the lashes. How can it help smudging off, or running down on your cheeks in a great streak? Instead, use the least bit, then brush up on the lashes, lightly pushing on them to make them curl winningly, until each tiny hair is coated—but thinly. Now take a *clean* brush and separate the lashes with short upward strokes. That leaves just enough of the mascara on the lashes to darken them—but not enough to give a beaded, artificial look. And mascara applied by this method stays on much longer, because it doesn't make your eyes feel so heavy that you'll always be rubbing them! I always apply mascara in this way—and my eyes look pretty nice, even after a briny bath!

Please notice that little Miss Rutherford isn't hiding her pretty legs under a beach towel or the sand. She doesn't have to, because she takes good care that no superfluous hair spoils their shapeliness—nor disfiguring corns mar those cute tootsies. She's smart enough to choose shoes the right size—there's nothing worse than a shoe that pinches in the summertime! So when she gets out on the beach she can keep her limbs out in the open where everyone can see them. And she calls further attention to their prettiness with a pink nail polish matching that she's wearing on her fingers. You can bet your last cent, too, that her nail polish will harmonize with her lipstick—even though it's not precisely the same shade!

AN AWFUL lot of you bathing beauties seem to think that, because you're in and out of the water all summer long, you won't need to bathe so often at home. Whatever gave you the impression that just plain cold water would remove anything more than the top layer of perspiration and dirt? And sometimes it won't do even that. If you've ever swum in salt water you probably know just how sticky your face, body and even your hair feel after coming out! A mere cold water shower won't remove all that brine! And it's the same, to a lesser degree, with perspiration. There's the same salty deposit on your body, combined with other chemicals not half so harmless—and it takes soap and plenty of warm water to remove them!

If one of your vacation beauty problems is finding a soap that will lather quickly even in the hard water you suddenly find yourself up against—and still be kind to your skin—I've the solution. It's a pure white soap that fairly froths into creamy bubbles the minute it touches lukewarm or even cool water. And how those bubbles go to work to remove every smidgin of dirt and perspiration and all the waste matter that collects on your body—or face! You'll feel as clean and fresh as one of these dewy, cool summer mornings—and you'll smell fresh, too. Because this soap is exquisitely scented with one of the nicest bouquet fragrances—I always keep my spare cakes in among my undies, so they'll smell sweet, too. The soap is a favorite of many of the high-salaried girls in Hollywood, but so inexpensive that you can buy three cakes for a few pennies. Take it into your cooling evening tub, use it in your morning shower to refresh yourself completely—and always lather up with it three or four times a day to keep your summer skin as clean and clear as any movie star's! Do be sure to write me for the name.

Fresh on the market, and looking as summery as can be in their pretty green and cream packages, are a fine powder, rouge and lipstick. All three are daintily scented with one of your favorite perfumes—but not so heavily that they'll conflict with any other fragrance you may be wearing. The powder is gossamer fine from its silk sifting process; it gives your skin the flatteringly smooth finish you admire on movie stars. And it comes in six beauteous shades, one of which will surely be just right for you. I liked the suntan shade particularly for this time of year, but there are others that will be equally nice in the fall. And best of all, the powder is really economical—a huge, boudoir size package (that looks as though it costs at least $2.00) sells for only 79 cents. The rouge and lipstick are matched to each other in shade, and in the smart plastic cases you'll be proud to carry in your purse. There are four shades of each ranging from light to dark, with a perfectly thrilling "Wild Rose" fashion color you'll want to eat right off your lips! But you *won't*, I'll wager, because the lipstick is of the creamy smooth type—made to stay on—as well as go on easily. Be sure to apply it generously, then blot off the excess with tissues after the color has set for a few moments. The rouge is of the special processed kind that spreads evenly, smoothly. And if you're one of those people who thinks a good rouge puff is as important as the cosmetic itself, you'll sing praises for this! Both the rouge and swivel-type lipstick cost 49 cents each—and you'll get a generous amount for your money. Going to send for the name today?

Bruce Cabot who gets around, got around to taking Ann Sheridan to Ciro's—where they go into a dance . . . No romance here

WANT to know more about the mascara I use even when I'm going swimming? It's one of the best made, even though you can get goodly sizes of it for as little as ten cents. The manufacturer prides himself on its fine quality, and would never think of putting anything harmful to your precious eyes into it, or its companion eyeshadow. You can get it in either cream or cake form, whichever you prefer. I'll take the cream, because it's a wee touch easier for me to apply, and doesn't need to be mixed with water. I just squirt a little from the tube onto my brush—and I'm practically done! The mascara is so smooth in texture it's impossible to get that thick beaded look you dislike. It coats your lashes so discreetly that they look naturally darker—and longer and fuller as well, because every bit of each hair shows up! Best of all, the mascara stays put—it won't smudge or blur or run! Available in black, brown and blue, in those ten cent sizes, and larger ones at 75 cents. Do try it, and invest another dime for one of the creamy smooth-spreading eyeshadows. I'll be glad to tell you which shade will "glamor-eyes" you best!

This article wouldn't be half complete unless I told you about a fine powder base that will keep your make-up looking fresh even *after* you've been swimming! It's a tinted cream, smooth to apply, and thick enough to hide occasional blemishes, pesky freckles or other minor skin discolorations. Dab it lightly from the wedge-shaped stick over your face, then blend to an even film with your fingertips. A little will go a long way, you'll find—and will keep your make-up looking its loveliest, without caking, for hours. The newest shade is a warm tone that makes your skin look blushingly tanned—it should be grand on the beach as well as under electric lights when your skin needs a bit more color anyway! A quarter buys a good-sized stick. I know you are interested in making your skin look finer textured, so I'm sure you'll want to ask me more about this grand foundation!

Just room to tell you about two summer daintiness hints you'll not want to be without. The first is a fine depilatory cream to keep your legs as hair-free as Ann Rutherford's. It won't remove hair permanently of course, because only the expensive electrolysis process can do that—but it will make the weekly job of getting rid of superfluous hair a quick and pleasant one. Smooth the snowy white cream over the skin you want "cleared," leave it on for a few minutes, then rinse it off. Lo! the hair has gone with the cream! And the skin will be soft and smooth, with nary a trace of stubble. You can get a trial size of the hair remover for 10 cents! Name?

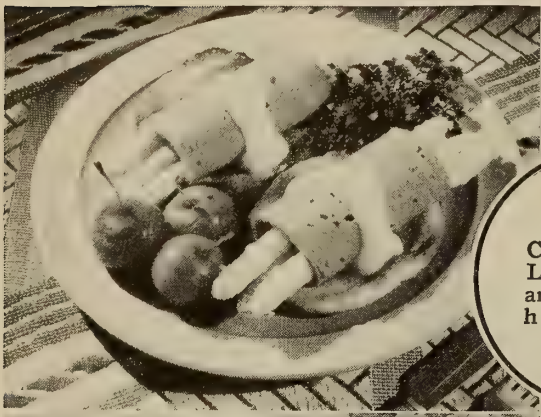
My last product this month is a perspiration check that came into my office in greatly improved form the other day. Creamy smooth, it melts into the skin and disappears completely, leaving nothing behind but a slight coolness, soothing and refreshing in the summer. And even more refreshing is the knowledge that the cream will stop perspiration (and of course deodorize it) from one to three days—depending on your need of it! You can apply the cream while you are dressing, because you don't have to wait for it to dry. It won't harm your clothes, nor injure the skin. And it's a reputation saver if I know one! Priced at 10 cents for a small size, with larger jars at 35 and 60 cents. •

Write me before August 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

TEN-MINUTE MEAT TREATS

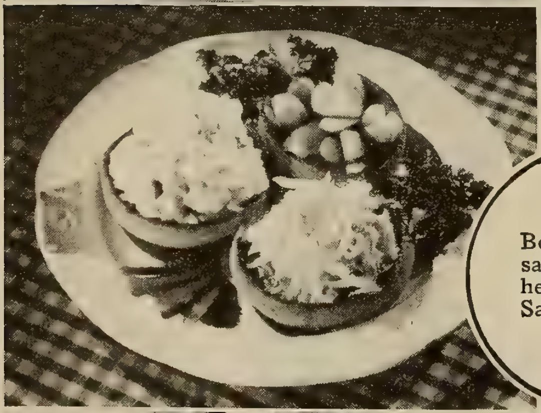
By MRS.
CHRISTINE
FREDERICK

Deviled Crabmeat served in natural shells is a colorful quick-cooking novelty. Grand for lunch or dinner

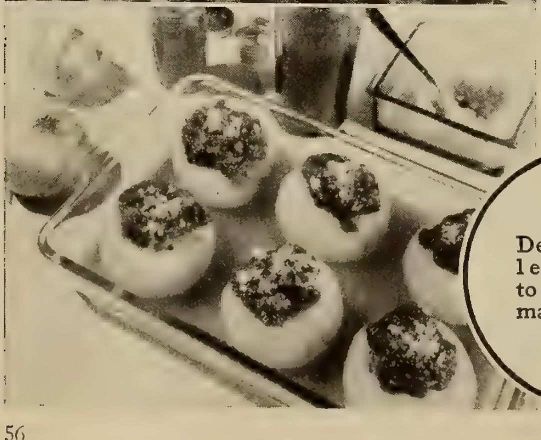


Canned Veal Loaf Rolls are relished, hot or cold

Serve guests platter assortment of spicy sausage with pickle relishes



Bologna sausage cups form hearty base for Salad Special



Deviled Ham lends flavor to vegetable main dishes

IF YOUR FAMILY IS "UNFAIR," IF THEY DEMAND THAT YOU STAY IN THE HOT KITCHEN THIS SUMMER, DON'T STRIKE, STUDY THESE TEN-MINUTE MEAT TREATS. THEY PACK LOTS OF NOURISHMENT

"*UNFAIR TO THE HOMEMAKER!*"
"*STRIKE!*"
"*DOWN WITH HOT WEATHER COOKING!*"
"*OUT OF THE KITCHEN!*"

Many a woman would gladly march under any of the above banners if her family proves "unfair" and demands that she stay in the kitchen cooking heavy meals in midsummer. Of course every family must have its eats, no matter what the weather. But why have "this family unfair to its cook" when a little more attention to menu-planning will prevent such disasters as roasting the cook while she cooks the roast!

Doing a bit of heavy figuring, it would appear that the whole crux of the cooking-in-summer problem resolves itself on the MEATS. It's not the vegetables— they cook in a quarter-hour; it's not the salads which require no cooking whatever; nor of course is it the dessert which so rightfully takes the shape of fresh fruits, melons or their combinations with light cake or cookies. It's the MEAT which usually requires time to cook, which heats the whole kitchen, and which demands the attention and pot-watching of the homemaker. "Ten-Minute Meat Treats" should be the slogan of every woman this summer and here's how to achieve these "Cook's Rights."

First, select a *condensed meat.* Now a condensed meat is one in which is packed a whole lot of nourishment with the least percentage of bone, fat, gristle or other waste. Sausage, especially the "summer sausage" or cold cut, is an ideal example of this condensed, non-cooking, or quick-meat. And speaking of sausage, just how well do *you* know your sausages? Let's take liver, or liver-sausage, not only because it's packed chock-a-block full of vitamins, but because it tastes so good and is SO adaptable in summer menus. Here's only a few varieties:

[*Continued on page* 82]

They Forget He's Married

[*Continued from page* 43]

stand it," said his pal, shaking his head. "I want you to come down again next Sunday. I'll be there. And I'll see to it that you're really sold on the place."

"Oh," said Fred hastily, "I can't make it next Sunday. Lillian's got something planned."

Well, then, they'd make it the week after, his pal assured him. "Yeah," said Fred. But the week after, he had something else to do. And the week after that. And about that time the news seeped out that MacMurray was putting in a swimming-pool.

His pal hot-footed it to Fred. "I want to know something," he said. "You've been ducking my invitations to the club, and I want to know why." He made a point of being sore.

Fred had to tell him. It pained Fred, but he had to tell.

"That Sunday Lillian and I did go down, we got involved in a little party in the lounge," he said. He named the members of the party. He named a certain feminine star last. "I always thought she was a lady. But she was certainly a brazen hussy that afternoon. Acted as if I wasn't married and Lillian didn't exist. . . . I wasn't going to let Lillian in for anything like that again. Or myself, either."

Which is one reason why the Fred MacMurrays have a private swimming-pool.

THIS is an extreme example of how the girls go for Fred, but—they do go for him. To the point where they can forget he's married.

And they do so without any conscious encouragement from Fred. His blue eyes aren't the roving kind. They stay focused on Lillian, even when she is nowhere around. The only time he ever looks aware of another woman is when a script demands it, and then it's an ordeal for him. Even after five years, he still dreads kissing scenes. He is anything but a Great Lover. He isn't a male beauty. He isn't anything but just Fred.

There isn't another actor on the screen who can equal his record for romantic appeal.

When Paramount signed him, he was not only unknown; he was untried. Yet his first role was the romantic lead opposite one of their biggest feminine names—Claudette Colbert—in *The Gilded Lily*. Claudette didn't have to take an untried unknown as a leading man. But she was willing, in Fred's case.

No other actor ever wooed and won the star of an A picture, the first time he ever acted. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, all of them, had to work up to those romantic leads. Even William (What Luck) Holden was in one play before he was in *Golden Boy*.

Fred leaped from a dance band, with which he played the sax and sang, straight into the arms of Claudette Colbert.

No other Hollywood male has been asked to make screen love to as wide a variety of charmers. Run your eye over the list: the aforementioned Miss Colbert, Carole Lombard, Madeleine Carroll, Katharine Hepburn, Sylvia Sidney, Joan Bennett, Gladys Swarthout, Harriet Hilliard, Frances Farmer, Barbara Stanwyck, Jean Parker, Louise Campbell, Ellen Drew, Irene Dunne, Alice Faye, Jean Arthur and now—in *Rangers of Fortune*—Patricia Morison. There isn't one of them who wouldn't be willing to play opposite him again. Carole Lombard, who's particular about her leading men, has been willing to make four (4) pictures with him.

And Fred has done all right as far as the girls in the audience are concerned, too. His fan mail keeps going higher than the cost of living, and you know how high that's going. The number of girls who want his picture on their dressers would stagger you.

The clinching proof of his romantic appeal, however, is this: When he fell in love, pre-Hollywood, the girl he fell in love with couldn't give him up. She was (and is) a beauty. She could have had a career of her own, or she could have had her pick of suitors. But she was interested only in Fred, whose future didn't look as if it would ever include fame or wealth.

The girl Robert Taylor loved in college married the other fellow. When Tyrone Power had a struggle supporting himself, the Santa Barbara girl to whom he was engaged called the whole thing off. The little co-ed Gary Cooper was going to marry, as soon as he had a steady job, couldn't wait that long. She eloped with someone else in the meantime. And only a couple of years ago an Oregon girl testified in court that she once rejected a proposal of marriage from Clark Gable, because she doubted that he could support a wife.

But Lillian Lamont couldn't give up Fred MacMurray.

What is there about this man MacMurray that keeps women interested—without alienating men?

Men don't groan when their mothers, wives, daughters, sweethearts or maiden aunts ask to be taken to a MacMurray picture. They reach for their hats and say, "What time does the show start?" Watching Fred for an hour and a half is a pleasure, even for men.

And right there you have one of the principal secrets of his appeal to the female of the species. Most women don't go for a man whom men don't like. They don't sigh for a ladies' man as they do for a man's man.

This is probably an instinctive hangover from prehistoric days, when the human race lived in caves and the strong men were the only ones that the women of the tribe could depend on to bring home the dinosaur bacon.

FRED is the tallest male star. (He's a half-inch taller than Gary Cooper.) He stands 6 feet, 3½ inches in his oversize socks, is built in proportion. He doesn't go around beating his chest or flexing his muscles, bellowing how strong he is. But he's big. And because he is so big, he represents strength.

Women can't respect a man who is a glorified lap-dog, over-eager to attract their attention, over-eager to submit to their slightest whims. They *can* respect a man who is big, brawny, brusque and independent—which Fred is. His interests aren't the things women are interested in. His interests are fishing, skeet-shooting and more skeet-shooting.

Clark Gable makes cracks about his ears. Fred makes cracks about his whole face. Men can't resent a good-looking guy who doesn't think he's one. And women certainly can't. Good-looking men without playboy impulses are too few and far between.

The instinct of self-preservation has every woman on the alert for a man who would be a one-woman man. It isn't often that they can think of an actor as such a man. When it does happen, it's such a rare and pleasant experience that they hate to think he has already found The One Woman. So they try to forget it. And, quite often, succeed.

FRED is unassuming. He has no conquering-hero outlook on life. He's at ease with men, has no trouble talking their language. But with women, he's shy. Women like that quality in him on the screen. And his leading ladies like it in person. Shyness in a man does something for a woman's ego.

Women have a double standard. They say they like to be treated as equals. What they really mean is that they like to treat men as equals, but they like men to look up to them a little, be just a little in awe of them. Fred's own desirability makes his respect for women very easy to take.

Also, the world is so full of forward men, that when a man isn't forward, he stands out by contrast. He presents a challenge. A woman wonders how long it would take *her* to give him the urge to hold her hand. She wonders if he is shy or just disinterested. Nothing arouses an attractive woman as possible disinterest.

With complete unconsciousness, Fred has the charm of being hard-to-get. The hard-to-get always seems a little more worth having than the easy-to-get.

Also, he is completely sincere. He plays the game the honest way. He has none of the subterfuges of sophistication. He is the epitome of the little boy grown up—the small-town boy who has made good in the big city but still is a small-town boy. And that arouses that well-known mother instinct. What if he should fall into the clutches of some designing female who didn't deserve him? They'd like to protect him from that.

Despite the number and variety of his leading ladies, women have never thought of him as an expert at crushing the heroine in his arms. There have been times when they have wished he would grab hold a little more passionately. But actually, if he did, they wouldn't go for him as they do. They'd have the uncomfortable feeling that he was *too* expert, had been around *too many* girls.

He's quiet. Women like a quiet man—if only because he's a good listener. He has an even disposition. That enhances his dependability. Women feel instinctively that they could rely on Fred not to fly into towering rages over trivialities. Something that props up this instinct is his sense of humor. He has one, even off the screen, where his dialogue *isn't* written for him.

Ever since the days when William S. Hart shot chills up and down the nation's spines, the strong, silent type has had an irresistible appeal. And there is no one on the screen today who looks stronger, or can be more interestingly silent, than Fred MacMurray.

A writer (male) recently asked him how he explained his screen success. The writer was looking for a formula worthy of Dale Carnegie, a formula that would be a possible guide to others. Fred squirmed uncomfortably. "I don't know," he said, finally. "It's just been luck. Pure luck."

But mixed in with the luck, whether Fred realizes it or not, has been the ability of women to forget that he's married.

Pier 13

[*Continued from page* 42]

uniform?" she countered. "Somebody hijack it?"

His face fell. Why couldn't this girl learn to appreciate him? After all, with a little encouragement, he could certainly learn to like her. "Aw, you dames are all alike—uniform bait. I'm a detective now. Got promoted." That ought to do something to her.

She looked him up and down. "Hmm. A detective. Guess they were ashamed of you in the uniform."

He was still smarting from the crack that evening as he walked past the Kelly Coffee Shop. He could hear piano music and singing. Then all at once, a bottle came sailing out, just missing him. That took him into the house and up the stairs two at a time.

He banged on the door and Sally, herself, answered it. She looked as pretty as a picture in a flowered dress. He thought a second. Now what was it he wanted to say? Oh, yes. "Who threw that bottle out the window?" he roared.

"You're asking me," Sally mocked him. "I thought *you* were the detective."

At that moment, Danny noticed a grizzled old man with twinkling blue eyes in a wheelchair. He was Skipper Kelly he explained and, "You see, young fella, we're just celebratin' my daughter's engagement."

Danny's face fell. Gosh, so she belonged to some other guy. "Oh." He backed away. "Congratulations," he gulped at Sally. "I hope you'll be very happy."

"Oh. Thanks, I think she will."

"Yeah . . . " Then he came to. "She? Who's she?"

"My sister Helen's the one that's engaged. She's over there now with her fiance."

The whole world was rosy again. "Say, that's great," Danny said exuberantly. "I mean—it's great she's engaged."

Well, after that, nothing would do but that he stay for a drink. The invitation came from the Skipper but Sally seemed to be seconding the motion with her eyes so Danny said, "Sure," and there he was, a guest at the party.

Things got merrier and merrier and Danny was having a wonderful time when all of a sudden he looked out of the window and saw a face.

Why, the guy looked like Hale. Danny passed his hands across his eyes. Say, Hale wouldn't be screwy enough to hang around Pier 13. Or would he? He looked again and the man was gone. Nope. He must have imagined it. It was probably that third drink.

"Say, Master Mind, just what are you thinking?"

He looked at Sally adoringly. "I think you're a menace to society . . . and that includes me. Say, are you married or anything?"

Her lashes tangled. "Not anything that counts. Why?"

"I dunno." He was having a little trouble catching his breath. "That hair and the way you handle those eyes. Well, I was just thinkin' . . ."

"Don't think too hard," she warned. "You'll blow out a fuse."

Danny shook his head sadly. "There's the promise of heaven in your smile but you've got a heart of pure cement."

She giggled. "That's one to tell Helen." She looked around vaguely. "I wonder where she is. I guess she'll be back in a minute."

"Aw, gee," Danny wailed. "Don't tell her everything I say. Isn't anything sacred to you?"

She smiled mischievously. "Yes. Love, for instance. But you wouldn't know about things like that." He started to protest but she propelled him firmly to the door. "Go on, copper, it's time you were back on duty. Party's over."

For the next two days Danny cudgeled his brains about a couple of matters. One was, how to catch Hale. The other, was how to get in Sally's good graces. Then, he got the answer to the latter question. Heck, there were more ways of skinning a cat than one. And the answer in this case was a dog.

On the heels of the thought, came action. One of the fellows on the wharf owned a nice little brown and white specimen, Bromo, and Danny made a prompt purchase. That day, he met Sally, accidentally on purpose, as she was coming from the Market and presented her with the animal. He had just won it, he explained. And just as he expected, it made a big hit.

For the first time, she really gave him the eye and acted as if he was halfway human. In fact, her smile kind of went to his head and just as they reached her door, he bent down quickly and kissed her honey-sweet lips.

She pulled away. "What's the big idea?"

Danny grinned. Aw, she wouldn't be mad at him for that—not after the dog and their being such good friends and all. "I was a little nervous but I can do better the second time." He bent to kiss her once more, but all at once she gave him a stinging slap across the face. He winced and closed his eyes.

"There," she raged, "when you open your eyes your head'll feel twice as big."

He rubbed his cheek. "Say, what do I have to give you for a kiss?"

"Chloroform!" She opened the door. "Come on, Bromo."

Now Danny was really sore. "Hey. Gimme back my dog."

But for answer, the door slammed in his face.

A few days later though, Danny got up his nerve to go back and when Sally opened the door to him, he quickly stepped into the living room. "Look," he said, "I just came to see the dog."

She tossed her head and whistled for Bromo. "Here's Casanova, Bromo," she said sweetly. "Are you in?"

Evidently Bromo was, for he jumped all over Danny and growled and barked in a most affectionate manner. A few minutes later the Skipper joined them and began to tell one of his tall tales. Finally though, he wheeled himself out saying something very pointed about "leaving the young folks together."

A bit shamefacedly, Danny brought to view a box of chocolates. "I—I won them," he said hastily, fearful she might refuse his peace offering. He looked full at her. "You know, I'm sorry about the other day."

She wasn't helping a bit. "Are you?"

"Yeah." He added bewilderedly, "But a guy don't know what to do any more nowadays. If he doesn't try and kiss a girl she thinks he's slow and if he does, she thinks he's fast."

"We-ell, I didn't mind the kiss." Her voice quavered a bit. "It was just the way you took it for granted. . . ."

Danny almost jumped some hoops. "You mean you liked it?"

"I said—I didn't mind it."

He was squelched. "Oh, I get it." Then he came close to her. "You know, I was reading in a magazine the other day about the science of two people getting together. . . ."

She laughed softly. "You mean you really read?"

"Yeah." He glowered. "And this magazine said that people are like electricity . . . that positives and negatives attract each other and. . . ."

It was Sally's sister, Helen, who broke that up by walking into the room at that moment. "Oh," she said, nodding to Danny, "I didn't think anyone was home. Hello, Mr. Dolan."

"What are you doing home so early?" Sally asked. "Thought you were going to Mary's for dinner and then to a movie."

Sally's fingers were twisting nervously. "I haven't had any dinner. They kept everybody at the shop. It was robbed this afternoon."

"Robbed!" Sally cried and the blood drained from her face.

Danny jumped up, on the alert. Here was news up his own alley. "Any clues, Helen?"

"I don't know."

He started for the door. "Say, I better beat it down to Headquarters." He blew Sally a kiss. "So long, Duchess. Hold everything."

At Headquarters, Danny found that Nickie, Hale's righthand man was already in custody and under the grill. Danny recognized him instantly. Yep, he was the fellow he'd seen at the wheel of Hale's car. But Nickie was denying everything and especially any connection with Hale.

Carefully, Danny went over the stuff that had been found on the man. Then he came to a card and studied it. On it was printed "Pier 13 Garage," The date was June tenth, and it advertised a free car wash with every ten gallons of gas.

Danny showed it to the Captain. "June 10th," he pointed out. "That's the day Johnnie Hale gave us the slip at the dock." He turned the card over. There were some penciled notations of clothes sizes, shoes, shirts and underwear. Those sizes would fit Hale to a T and clearly showed Nickie's connection with the gangster.

Nickie's notebook yielded still another clue—the license number of the car. Immediately, an order was put over the police radio to pick up the wanted auto. But a while later, they had some grim results. A policeman, trying to stop the speeding car had been shot down and killed by Hale. Within the next hour *The Gazette* was offering a thousand dollar reward for the gangster's capture.

Danny was told to drop everything else and concentrate on getting Hale. Elated, he saluted. "Thanks, Captain." His eyes narrowed. "By the way, I noticed in Hale's record that he was raised around Pier 13. That may help. So long."

His first stop was at Sally's. Wow! He'd combine business with pleasure. He burst into the coffee shop at a moment when it was empty, and shouted, "Hey, you. You're under arrest."

She spun around and her eyes dilated. "What for?"

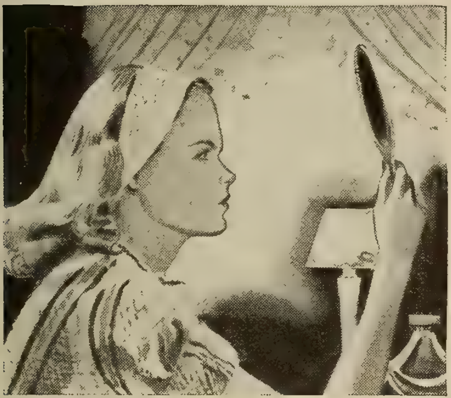
"For being irresistible to an officer."

[*Continued on page* 60]

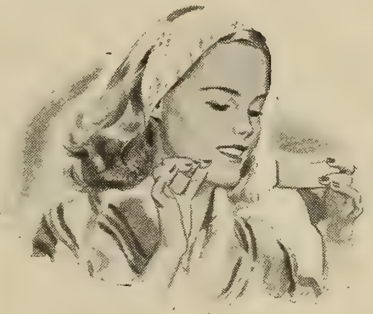
"Some Girls look Older in Summer – & GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

says Lady Esther

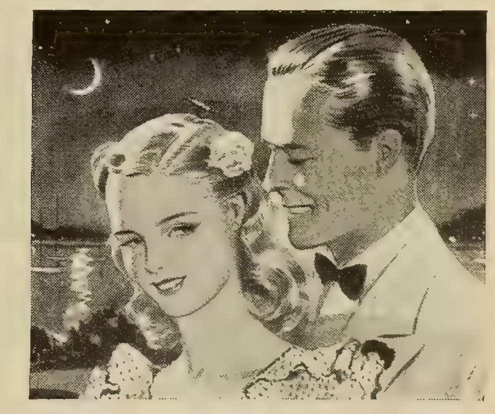
1. Day by day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true, says Lady Esther, that many girls *look older.* The reason may be a shade of powder that was all right for March but all wrong for July—or it may be a face powder that is wrong in texture—a face powder that contains GRIT.



2. Yes, grit in your powder can give your skin a "grainy" look, a "powdery" look . . . often mistaken for an *aged* look and much more noticeable in summer! So beware of gritty powder—test the powder you are using, and do it *right now!*



3. Make my famous "Bite Test!" Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—now bite hard and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit—***for impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many expensive face powders...powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.***



4. But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. My powder is so smooth it clings 4 long hours. Put it on say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older.*

Are you using the WRONG SHADE *for Summer?*

Thousands of women unknowingly wear the wrong shade of face powder in the summer—a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps, but is all wrong for July!

For in summer, the sun has changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today.*

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is most glamorous for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette.

So find the right shade of my grit-free powder—the lucky shade for you, out of this glorious collection of ten, and you will look younger, lovelier—you will be really in tune with life.

LADY ESTHER FACE POWDER

★ 10 shades free! ★

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (58)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME ________________________

ADDRESS ________________________

CITY ______________ STATE ________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Pier 13

[*Continued from page* 58]

Quite visibly, her face relaxed. "That's not bad, coming from you."

Now he leaned over the counter and took hold of her hands. "On the level, honey, didn't I tell you? We're getting married."

"*Tell* me!" she ejaculated, but her eyes were shining. "You didn't even ask me."

"Well," Danny pointed out, "we're two-thirds married now. I'm willin' and the preacher's willin'." He kissed her fingertips. "No kidding, will you marry me, Sally?"

She took a deep breath. "Some girls might want to hear a guy say he loves her. But I haven't any old-fashioned ideas like that. All right, you big lug."

He just couldn't believe his ears, so he did a handspring and came back to her. "Then you will marry me?" The look in her face satisfied his heart's desire. Then he leaned over and kissed her.

Finally, flushed and laughing, Sally drew away. "Whew. After a kiss like that you gotta marry me."

He winked. "That's just a sample." Then he spoke earnestly. "Sally, I can tell you this, you won't have to make over last year's dresses. I'm going to get a promotion."

"Oh, Danny, that's wonderful. When?"

"Well, I'm out to nab the guy behind that Ziegler store robbery, Johnnie Hale." Her eyes shadowed over and Danny chuckled to himself. That was a woman for you. Always scared of everything. "You see," he went on, "he was raised down here. Didn't happen to know him, did you?"

"What?" She faltered, "Y-yes, everybody around here knew Johnnie Hale."

"I got it figured out," he said confidentially. "Ever hear of '*cherchez la femme*?' Find the dame and you got the man. Maybe you can remember some dame he might have been hanging around with when he lived down here?"

She passed her hand over her hair. "That was so long ago, I don't think. . . ."

"Well, try to think. I gotta find that dame." He streaked to the door. "Gotta get back now. So long, Mrs. Danny Dolan."

HE WAS walking on air when he got back to Headquarters. But a little of his ebullience vanished when he heard the latest. Nickie hadn't spilled a thing and none of the telephone numbers in his book made any sense either. One was a pet shop, another a beauty parlor. . . .

But suddenly Danny got an idea. Say, maybe those numbers were all in code. Best way to try first, was to dial 'em backwards. Four numbers yielded no results. Then, on the fifth, Danny knew he had won. In answer to his call, the Moderne Apartments answered.

And Danny remembered that that was a favorite hangout of underworld characters. "Come on," he said to Al, "let's go."

The Clerk at the Moderne immediately identified Hale's photograph, referring to him, however, as a Mr. Graham who had an apartment there. They entered the elevator and were then shown into a lavishly-decorated suite, knee-deep in Turkish rugs.

Danny and Al began going over the room. But there wasn't a clue in a carload. Danny couldn't understand it. There was excitement pumping through his veins and it seemed to be telling him to look—he'd sure find something—and yet, there wasn't a single bit of evidence there.

Al spoke to him from the next room. "Hey," he chuckled, "here's a newspaper clipping. They're havin' a big sale of arch supports down at Lacy's. Maybe if we went down there we could get a lead on Hale."

Dan tensed. Newspaper clipping? "Let me have that." Slowly, he looked at the ad. Nope. Nothing there. Then he turned it over and his pulse almost stopped. The clipping was a large photograph of Sally's sister, Helen. She was holding the green jade bowl that had been stolen from Ziegler's where she worked. Danny remembered now. That bowl was genuine Chinese Tset Tsui, the newspapers had said, and worth $25,000. He called the elevator man in. "Ever seen this girl?"

"Yah, suh," was the reply. "She was up here to visit Mr. Graham."

Danny's heart sank. Helen in this—the sister of the girl he loved? How would he ever be able to work through this?

He was at Sally's door just a half hour later, a big box of ice cream in his hand. "I won it," he explained and Sally laughed although her mirth did seem to be a little forced. He was about to step into the room when he noticed Bromo dashing up the attic stairs. At the top, he stopped and barked like mad. Danny's face tightened. "What's up there?"

Sally's whistle brought Bromo bounding down. "The storeroom," she said. Her color was high. "We—we've had some mice around lately. Bromo's been raising the roof."

Danny let it ride but he began to think hard. The Skipper was in the living room and Helen was reading to him. For a while everybody sat around and talked and ate ice cream.

Then Danny said very casually, "You know, I was reading a magazine story today. It was one of those teaser stories where they leave the ending off and offer a hundred dollars for the best ending. All about a cop torn between love and duty."

"A new slant," Sally put in sarcastically.

Danny looked past her. "No foolin'. This cop was in a spot. He was in love with a dame and her sister was working with a crook. If he could get the crook he'd get a promotion and. . . ."

Sally put in, "That's the way those stories always are. If I were writing it he wouldn't catch the crook and he wouldn't get the promotion. But the girl would marry him anyway."

There was a tension in the room and Danny felt it prickling at his spine. "That would be swell of the girl," he said thoughtfully, "but what about those scales of justice? They ought to be balanced." He turned to Helen. "Don't *you* think so?"

She started nervously. Then, "Isn't it possible that the sister might be the innocent victim of circumstances?" Her chin was high. "Maybe you could put in your story that this sister had been going around with the crook when she was just a kid. And when she found out he was a criminal she broke with him. Then he blackmailed her into helping him with another robbery. . . ."

Danny felt that everything was suddenly clear as crystal. But he didn't dare look at Sally. He nodded. "Maybe you got something there. Still, that doesn't help him capture the crook."

It was getting sort of late and Sally left to put the Skipper to bed.

When the door closed, Danny turned to Helen like a shot. "Listen, kid, I've got to talk to you. If you're in a mess about something with Hale, I believe he dragged you into it."

She jumped up. "Wh-what do you mean?"

He spoke rapidly. "I got your point in the story and I want to help you, but—" He looked at her squarely, "Do you know where Hale is?"

There was a pause. She said quietly, "No."

Suddenly, from upstairs, there came the sound of Bromo's barking again.

In two seconds he was out of the door and up the stairs. He tried the door but it refused to budge.

Then, from below, Sally screamed, "Danny, Danny, don't go in there. Johnnie Hale's in there. He's got a gun."

He sent a fleeting glance down at her. Then he lunged with his shoulder. The door gave just as he heard the smashing of glass. He was inside in time to see Hale disappearing onto the roof through the skylight.

Quickly, Danny went up after him but out on the roof no one was in sight. A sixth sense told Danny to drop down behind the chimney. And a second later, a bullet whizzed past him, and ricocheted against the wall. Now, gun drawn, Danny started to creep across the roof. He could hear a faint crackling sound. Hale had dropped down and was walking along the coping in front of the window below.

Quietly, Danny got to the edge of the roof and onto the ledge. Inside the living room, Hale was facing the Skipper with a drawn gun. Now, the gangster saw Danny. He lifted his revolver and there was a spurt of flame. The next instant though he was through the door and Danny after him.

The men raced down the hall. On the landing, Danny looked into Hale's face, for one brief second. The gangster's eyes bulged and his teeth were bared. Then the guns of both men spoke. Danny saw Hale crumple, roll down the stairs and fall into a heap, a dead man. He felt a stinging pain in his arm.

Everybody was in the Kelly living room the next day and Danny was telling a story to Captain Blake. One arm was in a sling and the other was around Sally.

"Yes," he was saying, staring into space, "I spotted this guy down on Pier 13, see? And the minute he saw me he took it on the run with me after him. I chased him over about twelve or fourteen roofs and every cellar in the neighborhood. . . ."

Everybody laughed at that and then Captain Blake told Danny he was getting the thousand dollar reward for Hale's capture and a promotion besides.

"Oh, Danny," Sally breathed when they were alone. "That's wonderful." She frowned. "And to think the first time I met you I thought you were just a dumb cop."

Danny decided to let that pass. He reached in his pocket and brought out something that glittered. "Here's the ring, honey," he said proudly, "I—er—"

"I know," she cut in, "You won it."

"I did not," he yelled.

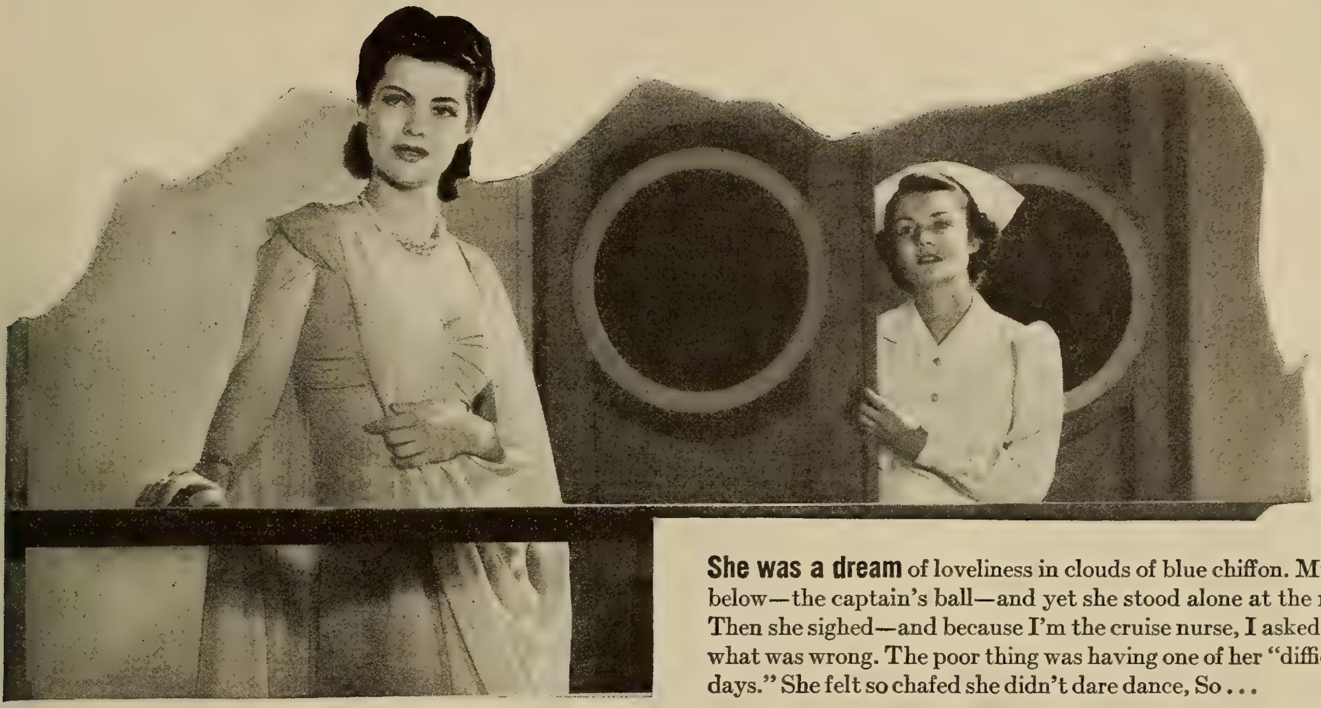
But Sally knew that the moment had arrived to play the little woman. "All right," she soothed, "don't get excited." She put out her hand and Danny slipped the ring on.

"Do you like it?"

"Love it," she whispered and gave him one of her finest kisses to prove it.

Gosh, Danny thought to himself. And they said 13 was an unlucky number. Why, right here on Pier 13 he'd found all kinds of luck—fame, fortune and Sally.

The lady in blue was a mystery...

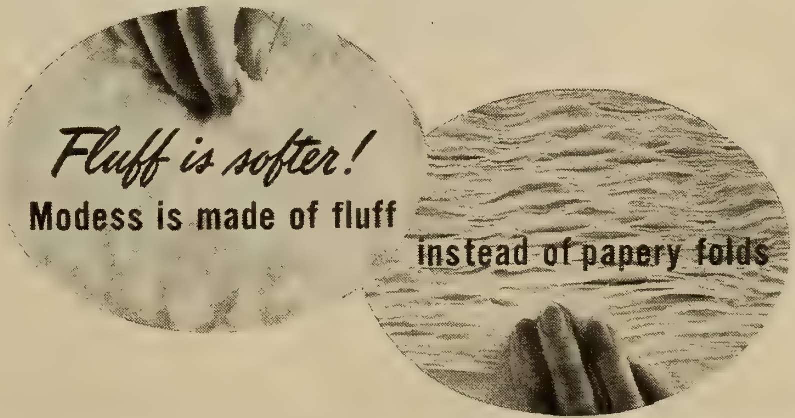


She was a dream of loveliness in clouds of blue chiffon. Music below—the captain's ball—and yet she stood alone at the rail. Then she sighed—and because I'm the cruise nurse, I asked her what was wrong. The poor thing was having one of her "difficult days." She felt so chafed she didn't dare dance, So...

I sped her to the ship's hospital and reached for my box of Miracle Modess. "Feel this, and stop your sighing," I told her as I snipped into a pad and showed her the soft, downy filler. "Modess is made of fluff—not papery folds. Fluff so wonderfully soft it brings glorious new comfort!" Well...

The lady in blue went to the ball—and danced every dance till the last "good night" waltz. This morning I got a tiny gift package and a note: "This perfume is a gift from the lady in blue, to thank you for a very happy evening! I'll never forget this cruise—thanks to you and Miracle Modess."

Cut a "layer-type" napkin—then cut a Modess pad. Feel the difference! Modess is made of fluff—not close-packed papery folds. Soft, gentle fluff... a miracle of comfort! And thanks to "moisture-zoning," Modess *stays* softer!



Press the fluff in a Modess pad—see how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so smoothly without bulk or bunching... why it stays flat where you want flatness! Modess' moisture-resistant backing makes it safer, too!

Get curious! Get comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!

Still Pulling Them In

[*Continued from page* 34]

of stardom and Jeffrey is the first to admit he didn't make it in one jump. One of the first rules in playing golf is to "follow through." I don't know that Jeffrey plays golf, but all through his career he has followed that advice. He is a good example of a young man who knew what he wanted, and who never forgot to follow through.

He has recently become, so they tell me, the problem child of the publicity department. Not that he thinks he doesn't need publicity since he has become one of the most popular young actors on the screen. Good heavens, no! It is simply that his sensations when contemplating an interview are similar to yours that last five minutes before you jump into a cold shower, and he postpones the ordeal as long as possible. A trifle late for our appointment, he hadn't the excuse of being delayed on the set of *All This, and Heaven Too*. He just wasn't working this day but had been out house hunting and was flushed with success.

"I found an ideal house," he enthused with as much enthusiasm as he ever displays. "It's high on a hill and far enough off the beaten track to be almost isolated. It has fresh air, sunshine—everything I want."

Jeffrey is tall and straight and there were evidences of the sunshine he enjoys so much on his tanned face and even in his light brown hair, which falls back in a wave that should make any girl with straight locks want to kill him. He is quite serious with a normally pleasant expression on his face. When he laughs, it doesn't change for he holds his mirth inside him as though it were his own private joke, and chuckles softly. In his quiet way he enjoys life a lot but is reserved to a point of shyness and he's as New England as a pot of Boston baked beans.

Intelligent and a good student, he talks well on a great many subjects and tries hard to cooperate with reporters on the topic of Jeffrey Lynn but thinks it is the hardest part of being an actor. They have to exert a little pressure to get him near the publicity department.

"WELL," he protests, "I no more than get through the front door than someone yells at me and wants to know the name of the girl I was out with the night before. I don't think it is nice to mention the name of a young lady just to get publicity. Think how embarrassing it must be for her."

Which is becoming modesty on his part for I doubt if there is a young lady in town who wouldn't be delighted to read in her morning paper that she'd been out dancing with Jeffrey or even that they were the "hottest couple in town." After two years in Hollywood Jeffrey hasn't learned to put his inhibitions in the bottom drawer and take it as a compliment that the whole world wants to mind his business for him.

He is a stickler for accuracy. "No," he will say, in discussing the least important matter, "it wasn't three months. It was four." So if he tells you of his former hardships, it isn't to inspire sympathy but, rather, in the interests of keeping the record straight and to amuse his listener. He will admit, however, that things that sound pretty funny now weren't to be taken lightly at the time they happened.

Jeffrey wasn't working his way through college when he had the job of doorman; he'd already got his degree. He was earning a meager livelihood while he attended the Theodora Irvine Studio for the Theatre which, in plain English, was and is a dramatic school where he had won a scholarship.

"I WAS being taught a modified Oxford accent," he said in explaining why people laughed, "and I practiced it on the doorman job. I couldn't blame them for laughing, for I must have sounded funny. I looked funny, too, with my baby face sticking out of a uniform several sizes too large. But if the suit didn't fit, the job did. It suited my needs perfectly."

He didn't earn much money and he thinks his social status wasn't improved but his working hours dovetailed with his classes at the dramatic school even to his day off, which was Tuesday. That was the day his drama class put on its plays.

"I couldn't have much," he told me, "because I paid four dollars a week for my room and tried to eat on a dollar a day. Then there was carfare and incidentals and I had to furnish my own make-up and costumes for the school plays."

Saving a little was important to Jeffrey. Thrift was one of the things taught him at home by his Swedish parents; in a home where there was always enough but where luxuries were unknown. What he was able to put aside on that job enabled him to take the next step toward the top and become a member of a stock company where he received no salary but a lot of practical experience.

Recently Warner Brothers, to whom he is under contract, and are co-starring him with Olivia de Havilland in *Episode*, sent word down the line to various studio departments that from now on Jeffrey is to be "given the works." That means he is to be given an all-round build-up in good roles, publicity and cooperation of every sort.

For several months he has been working up to this climax and until recently he had just one bitter complaint. He did wish people would stop referring to him as "that nice boy." Not that he minded being thought nice, although he has been here long enough to know that no actor ever got any place in pictures by having a reputation for being the chap a girl could trust, but he did wish that once in a while someone would say, "Oh, you mean that good actor."

At last he has his wish. Now people say, "He's such a good actor—and the nicest chap." In fact, a succession of consistently good performances have aroused so much favorable critical comment that he has become overnight the object of that little Hollywood game known as "I saw him first." A mention of his name now will often call forth an enthusiastic, "I told you to watch that lad. He's going places!"

The amazing thing is not that Jeffrey is a good actor but that he ever became an actor at all. He thinks he never would have if he hadn't first taught school. The faint whiff of grease-paint wafted over the amateur productions of his drama classes was enough to bolster a half-formed determination to go on the stage.

"There were just three professions for a man to which my father had serious objections," Jeffrey said. "He didn't want any of his children to be lawyers, actors or traveling salesmen. He didn't think those endeavors had much to offer the world. And so far as acting is concerned, he didn't see how anyone could make a decent living at it."

Jeffrey laughed over that and added, "My experiences in trying to get on the stage didn't give him any reason to change his mind. My mother knew I wasn't very flush. She would write and beg me to come home and take up some sensible profession. When I signed a motion picture contract it was all very bewildering to them."

The showing of his first picture in his home town brought mingled feelings to his family but when neighbors, having seen it, called to congratulate his parents on having such a famous son, they were more confused than ever. "How wonderful," the friends told his family, "that your son is in a position to bring happiness to the world." That put an entirely different light on things and the Linds in a body visited the theatre to see for themselves.

The audience that day, in addition to seeing *Four Daughters*, was treated to a first hand view of the reactions of Jeffrey's young nephew. He couldn't understand why Uncle Jeff, apparently among those present, ignored his family in favor of one of the Lane sisters and he finally registered his disapproval by shouting at the top of his baby voice, "Why doesn't he talk to *us*?" It is likely that the baby is by now an ardent movie fan but Jeffrey recalls that he himself never heard of a motion picture until he was eleven years old.

BORN Ragnar Geoffrey Lind on a thirty-acre farm near Auburn, Massachusetts, a suburb of Worcester, one of the lad's earliest ambitions was to change his name because his playmates nicknamed him "Rags." So he made no protest when Hollywood renamed him Jeffrey. He remembers when he was a little boy, watching people drive by his home in automobiles and his second determination was some day to wear a white collar and drive a big car.

A relative who lived on an adjoining farm, did the field work for the Linds while Jeffrey's father went into the city every day to work. But they had cows and horses and chickens. If it were necessary for Jeffrey to milk a cow for a scene in a picture, he could do it without any coaching. He and his seven brothers and sisters knew all the delights of riding atop the big wagon-load of hay; of feeding the chickens, looking after baby animals and hunting for eggs in the barn.

The Linds were working people, thrifty, honest, industrious, God-fearing, "Puritans in every sense of the word," Jeffrey said simply. They enjoyed simple pleasures. Mr. Lind, fond of music, thought his family numerous enough to make up its own orchestra and gave the children music lessons. Jeffrey had piano and violin lessons.

"I don't know how my father could afford it," he said thoughtfully. "It must have been a great sacrifice because he never earned a large salary and there were so many children. Sometimes when I think about it now I don't know how we lived on so little, but we never wanted for any necessities."

Aside from the usual childish adventures, life went along in a placid manner for Jeffrey until he graduated from the friendly little district-school and enrolled in high school in Worcester. There being no later train, he went to the city each morning

[*Continued on page* 64]

It's really a treat for a baby's relatives to hear his mother say, "Dear—dear! I just can't get him to eat his vegetables!"

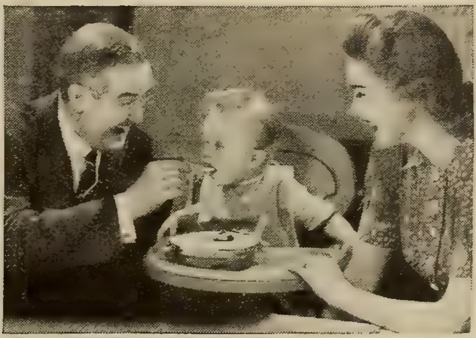
At this signal, they're off, each with a screamingly good trick, guaranteed to charm a baby into eating. Usual upshot: a tantrum.

And it's so unnecessary—*you don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* Try him on the flavors and textures that have made a hit with so many babies—try him on Clapp's! Watch him eat when he gets food that he likes!

Dodge those family pow-wows . . .
BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!

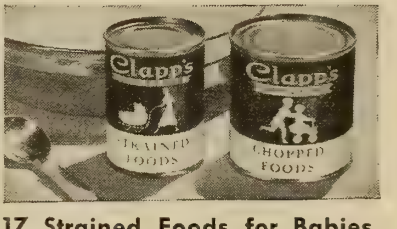
Get your baby's advisory council to make a taste test—they'll soon find out why babies like Clapp's so well. Vegetables are more pleasant to *anybody's* taste when they're canned at the peak of freshness and lightly salted according to doctors' directions.

And with Clapp's rich flavor goes a growth-producing supply of vitamins and minerals, too.



Yes, and it's the feel as well as the taste! Clapp's Strained Foods feel smooth—though not liquid. Clapp's Chopped Foods are uniformly cut.

For 19 years, Clapp's have been getting tips from doctors and mothers . . . you learn a lot in 19 years! Clapp's were first to make both Strained and Chopped Foods commercially, and they make nothing *but* baby foods.



17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal** —Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Combination Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

Still Pulling Them In

[*Continued from page 62*]

with his father at six o'clock and from then until school time he spent in the basement with the school janitor. "I believe his name was Pat Cooney," Jeffrey remembers, "and between sweeping up and shoveling coal into the furnace, he taught me the basis of economics. He told me over and over that the ultimate wealth is in the soil. Some of what he told me must have soaked in. I still remember it."

This Irish janitor was one of Jeffrey's few friends those first terms in high school. Everything was new to him—the city, the habits and pastimes of his classmates. Their conversation was almost like a foreign language for they talked of things about which he had never heard. He doesn't make friends too quickly or push himself forward ever, characteristics that make him a little skeptical about any immediate startling smash hit in pictures.

"It has always taken me about four years to get going, no matter what I try," he explained. "I was in high school almost four years before I made the debating team. Up to that time I scarcely knew any of my classmates. It was an awfully big school, in Worcester, you know. Then suddenly I made the track team and was elected treasurer of my class, too. I don't know how it happened, I really don't."

It took him about four years to get going in college, he recalled, and says, "I was a senior before I got into the dramatic club." He was also editor of the college weekly paper. It was during his junior year that he saw his first professional play. Eve Le Gallienne was the star. Jeffrey was deeply impressed. The pre-law course he was taking began to seem less important, although he thinks he definitely decided not to continue his law studies "partly because I couldn't see how I could afford to go to school another year after I graduated from college and partly because I was stage-struck."

HAVING decided on the stage, it took him about four years to get a foothold in the theatre. He worked at anything, at nearly everything. No job was too hard if he could earn a dollar and no labor too tiring to keep him from working with some little theatre group at night. He taught English and drama in high school and the experience of teaching others what he knew about acting gave him more confidence to go on. There is a rumor that he quit teaching school because his feminine pupils all fell in love with him but he says, "I quit because there didn't seem to be much money in it."

However, as usual, Jeffrey saved some of his earnings and, with his tiny bankroll, went to New York to storm Broadway. Margaret Parsons, a newspaper woman and coach of many plays produced by the amateur group of which Jeffrey was a member, helped to bolster his ambition. She had faith in his ability and advised him to go to the Theodora Irvine School and apply for a scholarship. He did, and after an audition, was given the scholarship if he could pay the registration fee.

This done, his next step was to get a job. Every morning, he says, he read the advertisements in the papers and on those pages he read of the opening for a doorman at the theatre. The manager appreciated Jeffrey's college background, "but he didn't think it would help me much on the job," he said with a grin. "Besides, he was sure the uniform was too large, but I worked there nine months."

When summer came Jeffrey was ready for stage experience and he joined the summer stock company at the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Virginia, where he worked as assistant stage manager, understudied the leading man and occasionally played a role. Each week a new play was presented at the Barter for two days. The rest of the week was spent on tour, driving in trucks with the scenery and props sometime for eighty miles and putting on the play in towns in three different states.

"They charged seventy-five cents admission but accepted vegetables and groceries in lieu of cash. I played only three or four roles that summer but it was grand experience."

ASKED about fun and summer romances, he replied that he had no time for romance. "I had to work pretty hard," he explained.

It was his earnestness, his diligence that always won him a recommendation for the next job. If they couldn't use him themselves, his employers always managed to find work for him some place else. "I like to work hard," he said, "and I always found more work to do."

Of course he is dissatisfied with his work. What good actor isn't? "When I think I'm good, I'll have to begin to look out," he laughed, but he meant it. He is continually working to improve himself; to learn new tricks for his trade.

"I find I've got microphone laziness," he said critically. "When I worked in the theatre I had to use my voice. It grew in volume. In pictures they tune the 'mike' down so you barely have to whisper and I find I haven't nearly so much voice as I had. So I stalk up and down the room at home and work with my voice." He manages to practice a little on the piano every day, too.

He never sees the rushes of his pictures, he told me. "I couldn't," he said. "I'm sure I would be so discouraged that I wouldn't be able to finish the picture if I saw every night the mistakes I had made the day before."

Which means that all through the making of a picture he saves his fears and hopes for preview night when he indulges in a fine case of jitters. That is the natural reaction of even more experienced actors, but to Jeffrey it means more than the success of one picture. It means making good for his family. It means, symbolically, that he can wear a white collar and drive a big car, although, of course, he wears colored shirts as do all the Hollywood men, and drives a medium-priced coupe.

The only picture he carries in his wallet is a snapshot of himself holding his sister's baby. Not that he isn't interested in girls. He is, definitely, although the girls at the studio complain that they have tried without success to "break him down" as they express it. He prefers fun to formality and is pleasant and friendly in a detached way.

"I didn't learn to dance until I was in college," he recalls. "When I was a junior in high school I had to miss a class party because I didn't know how to dance."

Missing a school party was a serious matter to him and that memory sharpens his appreciation of the good times he can have now. His friends think of him as lonely because he lives alone and doesn't mix wholeheartedly with the Hollywood social life, but he denies that. "I haven't anyone to cook for me so I go out to dinner every night. I see everyone. I don't have much time to be lonesome."

FOR months his name was linked with that of Doris Carson, a pretty actress, but he says their friendship was based on a mutual love of dancing and having a good time. Nothing so serious as love existed on either side he insists. Now Doris is in a New York show and his evenings are spent with Pat Stillman, another pretty actress.

He escorted Ann Sheridan to the preview of their latest co-starring picture, *It All Came True*. As they were leaving the theatre a young college lad pushed his way to Ann, deftly slipped a handcuff over her wrist and snapped it shut. Friends rushed to the rescue but the boy declared he had thrown the key away and not until a squad of police officers arrived with a master key could Ann be separated from her impulsive admirer. Jeffrey was shocked and said, "Ann took it awfully well."

He can't accustom himself to fake publicity stunts, although he didn't say that was one. He admits it was a shock to him to be asked to take a certain actress out socially because it would be good publicity. And when he read in his paper one morning that he had a crush on Ginger Rogers and wanted to meet her, he was overcome with embarrassment. "Of course I admire her," he declared, "and anyone would want to meet her. But why put THAT in the paper?"

He thinks he would not marry an actress but reserves the right to change his mind. He has observed that often it doesn't work out satisfactorily to have two careers in one family. "But an actress could retire and then get married," he suggested.

Girls don't occupy all of his spare time. Many evenings are spent with a book—biographies and plays mostly. The mention of his youngest sister arouses more enthusiasm than the names of any glamor girls could stir up. "She looks like a Viking, tall with ash blond hair," he said proudly. "She visited me last summer and had an awfully good time."

Before he came to California he had visions of the streets lined with orange trees and thought it would be nice to own an orange grove. After his first option was taken up it seemed the day was near when that dream might come true. Imagine his disgust when, after a long series of tests made to discover the cause of his hay-fever, he was told that he is allergic to oranges.

While the average Hollywood actor is continually playing the local audience; trying to be seen at the right places and to impress the right people, no one matters much to Jeffrey but his family. His parents come first in everything. It is more important to him to make good for the sake of his parents than to satisfy his own ambitions. "Even though they didn't approve, my father always gave me his blessing."

Now he has won their approval; his career is going along nicely. He is moving into the house that he thinks is suitable in which to entertain members of his family, who are to visit him soon. First will come a younger sister, on her honeymoon. Then, later his parents will make their first trip to California. They will see for themselves that an actor can "make a decent living."

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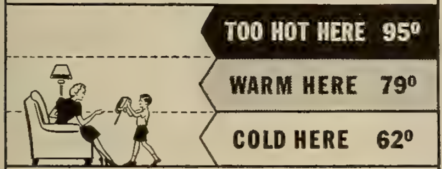

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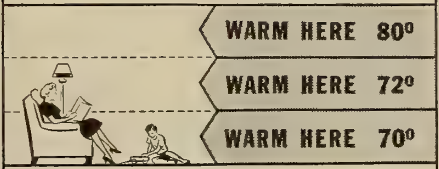

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 48]

will be the bookkeeper and financial manager.

It's all Mama Withers' idea. She figures that some day, Jane won't be a picture bet—and then it'll be nice for the gal to have something else to fall back on—even if it's only a hamburger-on-a-bun. With onions.

Wonder if Shirley Temple doesn't wish SHE had a hot-dog emporium, too?

Landslide

Most Obvious Election-Result of the year came when the University of Pennsylvania's freshman class voted on the question:

"With whom would you prefer to be shipwrecked?"

The vote, but UNANIMOUS, was for Ann Sheridan—and it was the whole class, not just the biology section. . . .

Cinemadrigal

A gal who looks
Like Hedy Lamarr
Needn't keep books
To know she'll go farrrrrrr!

Wants To Be Happeeeee

Reformation-of-the-Month in Hollywood seems to be that which has swept like a lush warm flood over Frances Farmer, the one-time To-hell-with-Hollywood Gal. . .

To the quite obvious amazement of those who didn't get along so well with Frances in the days when, as Mrs. Leif Erickson, she was telling Hollywood off, Frances has come back to movieland breathing sweet words of adoration for the film colony. Frances just can't understand why people thought she was up-nosing Hollywood. "I think," says she, "that maybe I'm a victim of circumstances. . . ."

The "circumstances," she explains, were that she "crawled into a shell" because she was so scared when she first came to Hollywood, that she didn't know what else to do. And when she learned that Hollywood was interpreting her behavior as fatheadedness, she was so shocked, she says, that she crawled even deeper into the shell.

But now she's back, making *South of Pago Pago*, and, pleads she, with tears in her eyes, "I want to be happy in Hollywood!"

O-kay, Toots. . . . !

Cinemadrigal

Gals who squeal
For Spencer Tracy
Want Life Real
and Raw and Racy!

One's Meat, Another's Poison

Just to show that one Hollywood family's meat may be another Hollywood family's poison, consider the case of the Powells and the Halls.

Take the Powells—Dick and Joan Blondell. Dick just loves to go sailing. But even so, he has had to sell his beloved 60-foot cruiser, the Eroica, on account of Joan gets seasick every time she goes out in it. And because Dick doesn't believe in doing things Joan doesn't like, too, he's gotten rid of it.

And on the other hand, take the Halls—Jon and Wifie Frances Langford. Not content with the boats they have already—three of them: a 44-foot sailboat, a speedboat and an outboard racer—they're building a new 74-foot schooner, in which they intend to sail across the Pacific, back to Jon's beloved Tahiti. And if international affairs are a bit less Hitlerish by the time the boat's finished—a half year or so—they even want to extend the cruise on westward, to return home via the Atlantic and the Panama Canal!

Take THAT, Mrs. Powell!!

Baseball Nut

Screwiest Sight of the Hollywood Season—is Marlene Dietrich, glamorous in a long, clinging black gown and a huge hat with ostrich feathers, and a million dollars' worth of make-up—sitting in the grandstand gnawing peanuts and yelling like hell for the Hollywood baseball team to win!

Marlene's gone ball fan in a big way.

Building Blocks Next

Most souped-up automobile in all Hollywood, in case you haven't heard about it yet, is the jaloppy that Freddie Bartholomew has devised—

Here's a list of the gadgets on the Bartholomew Automotive Monstrosity: a set of chrome-plated super-charger pipes that lead nowhere at all; a gearshift knob of the form of a skull; twin exhaust pipes that make a most embarrassing sound; trick parking lights in the shape of twin devils' heads; two rearview mirrors; chrome-plated running boards; a set of three horns and a cowbell, all hooked up together; two novelty horns that play hail-hail-the-gang's-all-here; and the usual soupie stuff like fender flaps, chrome bumpers, radio, fender-guards and what have you.

Now, if he only had a set of building blocks. . . .!

Or a meccano set. . .!

Communique

Hollywood takes no time at all to adapt current terminology to its needs. For instance, hardly had the Ritz Brothers and the studio gone into that recent beef over their latest picture than the wags started calling it the trio's latest "ritzkrieg!"

Lost—A Half Pound!

Even though an awful lot of other things about her have changed, no end, there's one thing about Joan Crawford that's just the same as it was five years ago.

That's her figure.

It all came out the other day, when Joan and Adrian, going through the studio's old wardrobe storerooms, came upon a dress she'd worn in 1935 in *I Live My Life*. Out of sheer curiosity, Joan slipped it on—and discovered that it fit perfectly, without a required change. Curiosity went further, then, and Joan checked her current measurements with the old records made at that time, and found all but one item just the same: height, 5 feet 4; bust, 35; hips, 36; waist, 25. Only change was her weight: now, 110 pounds. In 1935, she weighed 110½.

She thinks worry may have taken off that half pound.

Was His Face Red!

Most Embarrassing Moment of this month—descended upon Bill Powell. He was in his dressing-room on the *I Love You Again* set, when he heard Director Woody Van Dyke hollering for him to come out and meet some friends. Expecting to be introduced to some of Woody's male pals, Bill dashed out—and found himself surrounded by a bevy of visiting co-eds.

What made it AHEM was the fact that all Bill had on was a pair of striped pajamas.

The co-eds just LOVED it!

You Wouldn't Know Wally

Talk of Hollywood concerns itself, these days, with the metamorphosis that has come over Wally Beery. Never one of the most gracious and pleasant souls in Hollywood, Wally seems to be suddenly softening, and all Hollywood is wondering whether it's the influence of little Carol Ann, or whether Wally's softening under the wallops life has been dishing out to him lately.

For years, the nastiest feud in movieland was that between Wally and his brother Noah. But part of the transformation of Wally includes the complete reconciliation of the two brothers, who are now closer than a freshman'd like to be to Ann Sheridan. As if to make up for his years of turning his back on Noah, Wally has even extended his new-found family love to Noah's son, Junior, who's just gotten married. One of the newlyweds' best pals of the moment is Uncle Wally!

And toward little Carol Ann, Wally's love knows no bounds. They're telling the story of how, when Wally was on location in Death Valley a few weeks ago, brother Noah drove Carol Ann up there to see him, and they decided to stay overnight. Carol had no change of clothing with her—so what did Wally do but get down on his hands and knees in front of an old-fashioned tin washtub (because there weren't any better facilities in that rough-and-ready location) and wash out Carol Ann's things.

"Aw, I don't want her to wear dirty clothes," he grinned, when they ribbed him about being the family washerwoman.

Any day, now, they expect to see Wally take up marshmallow sundaes.

Cinemadrigal

Boys who pray
For Brenda Joyce
Had better play
With other toyce!

Waiting For Egg To Drop

Gladys Cooper is worried again. It all dates back to the parrot which she had as a child. She called it Robert. But, after a number of years Robert laid an egg. And after Glady's mama explained some things about life, Gladys changed Robert's name to Roberta. That was years ago.

Today, Gladys has a pet duck. It follows her on a leash around Santa Monica, where she lives. She calls it Romeo. But Gladys has learned her lesson; she's all ready to call the duck Juliet, the minute she spies an egg.

And you'd hardly think that in Hollywood, of ALL places, the sex of a mere duck would be anything to worry over!

Wouldn't We All!

Fan-Letter of the Month—came to Eddie Albert, from a life-termer in a midwestern penitentiary. Wrote the convict:

"I've asked Greta Garbo in a number of letters to do something for me, but I haven't had any answer, so I wonder if you'd be kind enough to get and send to me a photograph of Miss Garbo—in a bathing suit. . . ."

Hells bells, says Eddie, he'd like to have one for *himself*!

Moving the Mountain to Mahomet

Hollywood note:

When Walter Brennan found that the Oriental rug he'd bought was too big to fit the room he meant it for, he merely had the walls of the room torn out and rebuilt—to fit the rug!

Round Pool

Hollywood Note No. 2:

Because she wants to be different, Binnie Barnes is having a ROUND swimming-pool built at her new home—it'll be the only ROUND one in Hollywood.

Who'll Be Daniel?

Hollywood Note No. 3:

Because somebody sent her a five-months-old lion cub as a gift, Madeleine Carroll is having an additional room built at her house, which she'll call the lion room. It'll be barred like a circus cage, and that's where her pet lion will live.

To The Land of Leis?

Years ago, George Brent announced in a personal interview with Your Ol' Snooper that in 1942, when his Hollywood contract finally expires, he'll quit movies forever.

That's one story that George has stuck to—even though he hasn't stuck equally faithful to his vows that he'd never marry. So now, with 1942 and contract's-end only a short distance away, George is already making ready: He has sold his desert hideaway, to which he retreated every time the Hollywood smells got too heavy for him. He's sold his big home in the Valley back of Hollywood, too. And little by little, he's disposing of other possessions which would be impossible to take with him when he runs screaming from movieland. There's a big produce market and two auto filling-stations which George owns in Los Angeles, and which are on the market, too.

Meantime, in Hawaii, George has bought a 75-acre pineapple plantation. And he's closing a deal for an 86-foot sailboat.

You can add it up for yourself. And your nearest travel agency can tell you the fares to Hawaii, girls.

New England Calls Bette

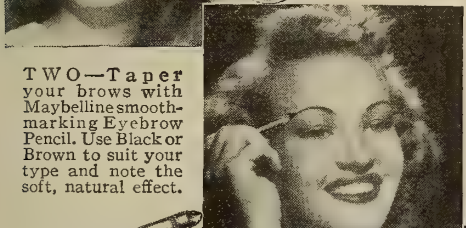
As this is written, Bette Davis is all set for her summer trek back to her 90-acre estate at Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. And there's no mansion there in which she'll live. Instead, there's the big barn which she's converted into living quarters—because she prefers the view from the hill top where the barn stands, rather than the view from the house that's in the dell on the property.

Do this for Your Eyes

BETTY GRABLE
Appearing in B.G. Sylva's production *"Du Barry Was a Lady."*

PHOTOS BY HURRELL

ONE—Just as Betty Grable does, blend eye shadow lightly over your eyelids, keeping it subdued above and slightly darker toward the lashline. Choose a shade to accent the color of your eyes.



TWO—Taper your brows with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Use Black or Brown to suit your type and note the soft, natural effect.

THREE—Darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue. It goes on perfectly—is tear-proof, non-smarting. Solid-form in this stunning gold-colored vanity or Cream-form in smart zipper case is 75c.

And SEE WHAT THEY'LL DO FOR YOU

Just as Betty Grable's does here, *your* expression takes on new meaning. Your face has perfect color-balance. And your eyes are glorious! For they look larger, more luminous. The long, sweeping loveliness of your lashes is enchanting. Your eyebrows are graceful and expressive. Try these famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids today and see what they'll do for you. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.

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Her Business Is Fun

[*Continued from page* 24]

nature," says Elsa Maxwell, "and she can knit herself a wonderful time out of life. With a sense of humor, a sense of proportion and the courage of your convictions, you can go a long way."

And she proves it by her own experience. Starting as a piano player in her home town of Keokuk, Iowa, she graduated from the "ten, twent', thirt'," to writing music. Then followed a devious trail that twisted into South Africa. There she blossomed into a tonic to jaded society. She taught the wealthy and the elite to forget their money and their stiff necks and stuffed shirts—and enjoy life.

Always over-weight (she tips the scales at two hundred now) far from beautiful, without benefit of a bank account and strictly on her own, she knew from the start that hers was no "come hither" look, and that people had to know her to succumb to her maidenly charms.

Even as a girl she realized she had to know people to make them want to know her. Then she discovered that her sense of humor was the key that could unlock the other fellow's personality—and confidence. As a sense of humor composes about three-fourths of Elsa's bulk, she began to do all right. Not only in South Africa, where her popularity took root, but in Australia, Europe and America.

Soon she became known as the great international Mixer; the outstanding exponent of concocting human cocktails.

BREAKING down social barriers fascinates Elsa Maxwell. And as social lines are considered unbreakable in Europe, that's where Mixwell Maxwell delighted to stir up a human mulligan stew.

How Elsa Maxwell rated invitations to the most exclusive social events of the continent and England and how she became a person of social significance not only abroad but in New York and other American cities as well, no one seems to know. Her work as a vaudeville pianist, then as a composer and finally as a writer never could have won such recognition.

It was not because of family or fortune, as her people were just good Americans, unknown outside their own intimate circle—and she had no money. Nor was it because she was one of those pleasing, inconspicuous people who blended with any background and was at everyone's service, any more than it was because she possessed great personal beauty that shed lustre on any function she attended.

Elsa Maxwell does not blend physically, mentally or personally. She stands out like a sore thumb. She could no more be inconspicuous than a signal flare. There is utterly nothing neutral or negative about her. Instead she is strongly positive. She has decided opinions on many topics, an aggressive philosophy and sufficient courage of her convictions to "yes" nobody.

Not the glitter and pomp of France and Italy's most exclusive social events nor the dignity of English aristocracy and nobility could restrain her individuality. She'd like to trim the frills off some of their shindigs and throw a party where people could have fun. And she did. A barnyard party in Mayfair, a kiddie rumpus in Paris, a hard-times parade here and a cowboy jamboree there.

One after another, Elsa threw them, and one after another, dignitarians, grand dames, lords and ladies and young glades and famous beauties entered into the spirit of the affairs. European diplomats and English squires rolled up their trousers, donned false mustaches and "stooged" for the bubbling American with the insatiable desire to torpedo convention.

Because it was fun she was after, Elsa Maxwell's three-ring circus parties became an international topic. She and her entertainment made people forget their troubles, their importance and their complications.

ELSA MAXWELL is as proud of what she has done without beauty or special advantages of any kind as any glamor girl is of her conquests. Doors that the most famous international beauties can't peep through, open wide to her, and, she claims, will open to any girl or woman who has a sense of humor, a little common sense, a mite of originality and the courage to be herself.

As for beauty; this woman, who is said to have more friends on both sides of the Atlantic than any other person in this country, swears a girl can do better without it.

"A fourth the time, money and effort spent on any one of a dozen different qualities," says Elsa Maxwell, "will produce twice the results. Prove it to yourself by developing your sense of humor, your individuality and your understanding of human nature—and then see how easy it is to write your own ticket.

"When you set your heart on making yourself beautiful you simply must keep yourself uppermost in your mind. You take yourself seriously, worry about yourself and center your thoughts on your own face and body.

"That doesn't give you time or put you in the mood to think about others. And the way to be popular and successful is to get your mind off yourself and apply it to understanding people.

"I've been asked a thousand times: 'how can I become popular?' or 'how can I attract men?' or 'how can I be a success in my work?' or 'how can I have fun in life—like you have?'

"There's one little secret that will give you an easy answer to all these questions. Just learn to understand people. You notice I don't say learn to like them. Because when you really understand them you'll like them. That's inevitable. As inevitable as it is that they will like you when you like them.

"The best way to understand people is to give your sense of humor a chance. When you can laugh at yourself you have become human enough to overlook the faults in others. When you understand their faults you understand them. And here's another secret: we love people for their faults, not for their virtues. A sense of humor helps us appreciate those faults and actually enjoy them.

"When we no longer take ourselves seriously self-consciousness becomes a thing of the past. We're no longer worrying about what people think of us. So we can mix—meet and enjoy all sorts of other humans. And mixing is the secret to popularity.

"Everybody loves the unassuming, natural, friendly girl with a sense of humor. They don't care how plain she is. In fact, the plainer the better. She doesn't make them conscious of their own faults. They can be comfortable around her. She doesn't put on airs, and she isn't nervous from worrying about how she looks. Frankly, she is my favorite human."

BECAUSE of her feeling for the common, garden variety type of girl, Elsa Maxwell delights in debunking those with silver spoons in their mouths. She is a hundred per cent against the society girl who takes over other girls' work for the thrill of it. Nothing burns her up like having people ask if she threw one of her favorite parties to sponsor such and such a deb.

She was sitting back in the front seat of her car, her eyes closed, exhausted from a strenuous two week's writing, giving interviews, attending social affairs and making a picture at Warners' studio, when the writer asked her if she sponsored a certain widely publicized New York debutante.

"I'd like to make very clear," she announced, "that I have never sponsored any deb. And certainly never one who would take work from girls who need it. In fact I've never given a party to sponsor anybody. My parties are my own, paid for with my own money and given for my own entertainment.

"And if I did give a party for someone else it wouldn't be to sponsor a deb who spends thousands a year on publicity and crowds models and others out of a chance to make a living. In fact my next picture is devoting to debunking the American debutante. I'm making it at 20th Century-Fox, and it's called *Public Deb. No. 1.* It's going to infuriate certain pampered darlings back East who maintain high-salaried press-agents—but I'm not worrying a bit over it. This exploitation of debutantes is a racket that ought to be exposed."

Elsa Maxwell's first picture, *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women*, the story of the poor girl who goes to New York to win a career, tells of the very girls the debutantes are undermining and keeping out of work. So it is only natural that, after doing two of her series of five shorts under the head of *How To Get Fun Out Of Life* for Warners, she should return to 20th Century-Fox for the next broadside in behalf of the common girl—the picture *Public Deb. No. 1.*

Because Elsa Maxwell throws the kind of parties Hollywood dreams of throwing, she has long been in great social demand there. This, together with her magazine writing, her radio program and the lecture tour she sandwiched in between pictures has kept her fairly busy. But not too busy to take an assignment from 20th Century-Fox to go to South America as talent scout to find some of the famous beauties down there who speak English.

Fox has its eyes on the South American market and believes that Elsa's background, her ability to win friends and her wide acquaintance will enable her to sign up players who will win a big following down there.

Famous for her originality, Elsa Maxwell offers a jig-saw puzzle in human nature and temperament not even Hollywood can fathom.

"Don't let 'em catalogue you or think for you," is another bit of her advice to girls; and she certainly sets the youngsters of the film colony an excellent example of how to keep the world guessing.

Which is probably why her three-ring-circus always clicks.

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 18]

the Sam Goldwyns . . . Korda Clippered to England where he will resume production at his Denham studios . . . Hollywood producers have requested him to make an appeal to British Air Officials for the temporary release of Ralph Richardson who scored so heavily with audiences here in *The Citadel.* Richardson turned down fabulous offers to join the air services at the outbreak of the war . . . Norma is having shopping sprees with her best friends, Helen Hayes and Merle Oberon . . . So far as the eye can see, George Raft isn't about . . . yet . . . Grace Mulrooney Raft has been sunning herself in Florida all winter and far into the Spring . . . Which may mean a Miami divorce . . . Or only that Mrs. Raft likes the sun . . . She denies any divorce plans . . . John Garfield had an unhappy time of it in *Heavenly Express* . . . It opened and closed and Warners feel that Garfield should have the theatre out of his system . . . He was just too elfin in a role that belonged to Burgess Meredith . . . John wants to do another play just to show everybody . . . And Warners wants him back for *The Patent Leather Kid* . . . We'll see . . . Robert Montgomery is due back, having completed *Busman's Holiday* . . . He'll do summer stock . . . Harry Carey is looking up old college chums . . . Zorina didn't return to her newly-furnished apartment off Park Avenue when she arrived from Hollywood . . . She decided she didn't like it . . . Before filming *I Was An Adventuress* she was so enthusiastic about the decor . . . Hope this doesn't mean any trouble in the Balanchine marriage . . . Joan Crawford had her usual wild-eyed reception from her fan club when she trained in . . . Joan never flies . . . She and Franchot weren't very chummy this trip, what with Tone being at the proposal stage with Adele Jurgens (yes, a model) currently adorning *DuBarry Was A Lady* . . . It's the steadiest dating Franchot has done since he courted Joan . . . Franchot's tonsil trouble forced an earlier closing of his show than expected . . . He'll rest his voice before returning to Hollywood . . . Joan was seen about with her press-agent and studio officials . . . She is still keeping that "secret" romance very secret . . . She's off for Honolulu shortly . . . which probably means her mystery man will follow . . . Irene Dunne returned to Louisville for the opening of *My Favorite Wife* and got herself a home town reception that made her cry right out in public . . . It was so touching . . . The exciting part of the week, though, was the running of the Derby . . . Irene sang at the track . . . and Randolph Scott, in the cast of Garson Kanin's newest comedy hit, picked the wrong horse just as everyone else did . . . Dr. Griffin, Irene's husband, was another Bimelich rooter . . .

THE NIGHT SHIFT: The Hurricane, the club George Raft financed as a rival to the popular Beachcomber and La Conga, opened with a lot of sarong gals and tropical atmosphere . . . The Beachcomber remains the stars' favorite spot, however, with La Conga a runner-up . . . the Jack Bennys were at both places in one evening . . . later winding up at the Eighteen Club for laughs . . . They're having trouble adopting that little boy they wanted as a companion to daughter Joan . . . Gladys George and Leonard Penn . . . At La Conga: Joan Crawford with a party of friends . . . Franchot and Adele at a near-by table . . . Joan was planning to watch the Derby run the next day . . . Franchot was saying goodbye to Desi Arnaz who was planing out to film *Too Many Girls* for RKO . . . Desi's afraid he'll be lonesome after studio hours . . . Hollywood girls please note . . . Algonquin Supper Club: Adrienne Morrison, mother of the Bennett girls, after her return to the stage in *Grey Farm* . . . She's going to give Connie and Joan competition . . . A play agent for many years, Connie asked her to find a play good enough to bring into town . . . *Easy Virtue* wasn't it . . . Mrs. Morrison is proudest, perhaps, of Joan's success . . . Connie was expected to make her mark . . . But Joan was so timid and shy and plain . . . Fredric March and Florence . . . Greta Kellar, the Viennese singer who has made this room such a success, happy because Hedy Lamarr, an old friend, made the first reservation for her debut in a Hollywood club.

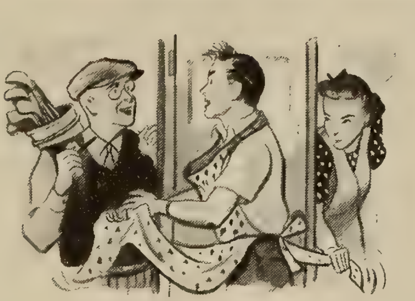
MEN ALWAYS LOOK TWICE AT A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"!

HOW PALMOLIVE, MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, HELPS KEEP SKIN SMOOTH, ALLURING!

I ALWAYS GET JEALOUS WHEN I'M OUT WITH YOU! YOU KNOW SO MANY NICE MEN! I WISH I COULD TRADE MY DRY, LIFELESS SKIN FOR YOUR LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"! THEN MAYBE ALL THE MEN WOULD WANT TO MEET ME, TOO!
YOU KNOW, MARY, I'VE BEEN MEANING TO ASK YOU WHY YOU DON'T TRY PALMOLIVE SOAP! IT'S SUCH A HELP IN GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SUCH A SIMPLE THING AS PALMOLIVE SOAP IS RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION"? WELL, I'M GOING TO START USING IT THIS VERY DAY!
PALMOLIVE

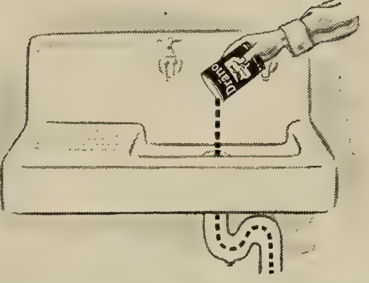
MADE WITH Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH!

DRAIN CLOGGED? USE DRĀNO



1. **"No golf today!"** moans Bill. "I'll be hours cleaning out this clogged drain!"

2. **"Not if you** use Drāno," answers his pal, "Wait'll I get some. It's marvelous!"



3. **Drāno's exclusive** formula puts heat right down where the stoppage is, causes a churning chemical boiling that melts, loosens greasy muck. Soon, all's well!"

4. **"Sure glad** you told me about Drāno!" comments Bill as they tee off. "From now on, we're clearing drains and keeping them clear with Drāno."

Drāno

CLEARS DRAINS

P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes *guards against* clogged drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

"I Don't Want To Be a Career Girl!"

[*Continued from page* 23]

quizzically, as if to ask, "How can a girl let sudden stardom go to her head, if she faces a few simple facts?"

"It's ironic that I should have this outlook," she said, "because I have a contract that ties me up for practically the rest of my life."

"This outlook" wasn't the temporary aberration of a convalescent, who would think different thoughts when she recovered?

She shook her attractively tousled blond head. "No—because I'm almost recovered now. These thoughts have been growing on me through four years in Hollywood, and sixteen pictures. You wouldn't believe that I had made sixteen pictures, would you? The impression is around that I had done 'only a half-dozen bits' before *Rebecca*."

She rested her head on the back of the terrace divan.

"PEOPLE wonder how little Joan Fontaine happened to get such a big role," she said. "It's odd, the way it happened.

"I read the book when it first came out, and loved it. One night shortly afterward, I was at a dinner party, where I sat next to David Selznick. I said to him, 'I've just read the most marvelous book—which should make a fascinating, unusual movie, if it could be made into a movie. *Rebecca*, by Daphne du Maurier.' He said, 'I hope it can. I've just bought the movie rights.' We talked at great length about the story. He suggested that I make a test for the role of *Mrs. de Winter*.

"A few days later, I did make a test. For a year, I made tests for it—at the rate of one a month. Literally. I re-read the book innumerable times. Finally, my agent said, 'It's no use, making any more tests. It doesn't look as if there's any hope of your getting the role.' I agreed with him.

"In the meantime, I had fallen in love with Brian, and we were planning to marry. Brian said, 'I rather hope you won't be a career wife.' *I* said, 'I don't want a career any more. It's not important any more. I have you.'

"Three days before our wedding, David Selznick, himself, called up and said, 'I'd like you to make one more test. The role is practically yours, and it will mean stardom and a seven-year contract. I just want to see a few more close-ups.' I said, 'I'm sorry, but I'm afraid I can't make it. In just three days, I'm getting married. I'm very much in love with Brian. And I'm not going on with my career.' There was this blank silence at the other end of the line, for a moment. No one had ever pulled such a thing on him before. Then he urged me to reconsider. Politely but firmly, I said I had made up my mind.

"So Brian and I were married and went on our honeymoon. We went to Benbo first, then to Rancho San Ysidro. And every day of our honeymoon—every day, literally—Selznick International called up, with a new argument for why I should take the role. Agents descended on us, honeymoon or no honeymoon. And this kept up after we got back. Finally Brian said, 'Why don't you take the role, darling? I know how terribly you wanted it once. And doing it should give you tremendous satisfaction. But you'd better be good.'

"I THOUGHT, too, that it would be tremendously satisfying. I understood *Mrs. de Winter*—who had only the very best of intentions, and tried so hard to please, and encountered so many stone walls. I knew exactly how she felt. I had a crystal-clear idea of how to portray her . . . People wonder how I 'managed to improve so, overnight, as an actress.' The answer is that I had a role at last that I could feel.

"And Alfred Hitchcock, the director, was marvelous. I can't say enough for him. He was practically a Svengali to me. I could read his mind, know instantly what he wanted in a scene, just watching his face. Hitch has one of the most mobile faces in the world. Every reaction he wants from a character is unconsciously registered there."

Joan smiled, sighed.

"But something was missing from the satisfaction. It wasn't pure delight, getting up at 6:15 to go to work and not getting home from work until 8 at night; sometimes midnight. I had married Brian because I wanted to spend my life with him, and we just weren't having any life together. That, in itself, was bad enough. On top of that, I was ill without realizing it. I couldn't sleep. Half-way through the picture, I collapsed and had to go to a hospital for 'a complete rest.' They fed me things to make me sleep. Then I went on again. And then, when the picture finished, I collapsed again, and they found all these terrible things wrong with me, and I had to have this operation.

"There's a little more to the story of how I happened to do *Rebecca*. Ironically, it goes back to the very first thing I did in Hollywood, aged seventeen.

"WHEN I first came here to be with Mother and Olivia—" her sister, Olivia de Havilland— "it seemed to me that Olivia was leading an exciting life. She was in the throes of doing *Captain Blood* and *Anthony Adverse*; things like that. I shared in it to the extent of getting up at 6 to drive her to the studio (after which I'd go back to bed) and picking her up after work. I was a sort of glorified chauffeur and second maid. Suddenly I was offered a movie test, myself—at M-G-M—by George Cukor. I said to myself, 'If I can have a movie career, too, why not? It ought to be fun, a sort of continuation of what I've been doing all my life: making believe.' So I made the test. I was seventeen, and I played a woman of thirty-five—The Other Woman, who lost Robert Montgomery to Joan Crawford in *No More Ladies*.

"George Cukor remembered me. When he was testing for *Scarlett O'Hara* he sent for me, and I made a test, which he thought had possibilities. But David Selznick shook his head. 'Her chin is too pointed, her whole face is too English,' he said. '*Scarlett* has to look Irish, and not so wistful. But Joan might do for *Melanie*.' When George told me, I said, 'I couldn't do justice to *Melanie;* I don't feel any kinship with her. But Olivia could.' He said, 'I've been trying to get her over here for a test, but Warners won't let her come.' I asked him to let me take a script home. Olivia read it—devoured it, went to Warners and begged for the chance to test for *Melanie,* and did. And got the role.

"George stepped out of the directorship of *Gone With the Wind.* A few months later, he did *The Women,* and sent for me to play in it. It was a small part, but it did more for me than all the other parts, all the leads, I had done. Then *Rebecca* came up. If George Cukor had never tested me for *Scarlett,* and if David Selznick hadn't seen that test, David would never have considered me for *Rebecca.*

"I owe a great deal to George Cukor and his belief in me."

If she could make a lasting impression on a director of the calibre of Cukor, why shouldn't she be excited by the chance she had now to make herself remembered by everybody—with *Rebecca* giving her a long start in that direction?

Joan smiled brightly. "That's what people can't understand. They can't understand why I don't feel the need of that. It takes a lot of knowing, I guess, to understand me. I just wasn't made for Hollywood.

"When I was a child, I was almost chronically ill. I would no sooner get over one thing than I'd have something else. I had double pneumonia. I had rheumatic fever—with a temperature of 104 for two months straight. I had a streptococcus infection of the throat, at the same time I had German measles. Doctors used to shake their heads and say they didn't know how I managed to stay alive. That was my secret.

"LYING in that darkened room, too ill to do anything else, I used to day-dream. I kept myself alive, dreaming. In my imagination, I was well, having all kinds of adventures, leading a fantastically crowded life. Sometimes I lived in another century, but mostly I was a modern. I toured the world, I met kings and queens, I fell in love with international heroes and they fell in love with me, I did daring, dangerous, romantic, exciting things. Fascinating things happened to me constantly. I couldn't die, you see, when I had so many things to live for.

"When I was up, between sicknesses, there wasn't much I could do, physically. So I read, which fed my imagination still more. By the time I was eleven, I had read all of Scott's novels, all of Dickens. By the time I was thirteen, I had read all of Shakespeare. All of which didn't give me much in common with other children. Especially since I couldn't play as they could. And they thought dreams were silly things. I grew up, not knowing how to get along with anybody my own age, or how to talk to them.

"There were other contributing factors. I grew up in a little town named Saratoga, in northern California, where cultured people—artists, writers and such—had homes. Those were the only people I knew. I had a wonderful stepfather, but he was very strict. He thought that little girls should be taught self-reliance young. After school, Olivia and I had to come home and help with the dishes and preparations for dinner, things like that.

"Then, when I was fifteen, the doctor said I needed a complete change of climate. I went to Japan to live with my own father for a year or so. He moved in a cultured circle, among people with fine minds and gracious manners. I stepped from that right into Hollywood, where people slapped me on the back at first meeting and called me 'Honey.' I didn't know how to take it. And when I looked startled—I couldn't help myself—*they* didn't know how to take me. They got an earful of my English accent, something else I couldn't help, and decided I was a snob. Which, I insist, I wasn't. I was just a bewildered stranger. I wanted to get along with people, wanted them to like me. I just didn't know how to go about it."

She smiled wryly, remembering.

"Always before, I had been a person in my own right. Now, suddenly, I was nobody but 'Olivia de Havilland's younger sister.' I was dismissed as such—which was why I changed my name from Joan de Havilland to Joan Fontaine. People would come to the house, pass me by with an 'Oh, hello, Joan' and rush over to Olivia and gush, 'We want to tell you how marvelous you are.' I haven't changed a bit as a person. But now, since *Rebecca,* they're rushing up to me and saying, 'We want to tell you how marvelous you are.' How can I be too impressed?

"Then, so many dismaying things happened to me. I had been brought up to believe that willingness-to-work was the prime requisite of success. But my willingness-to-work didn't seem to get me very

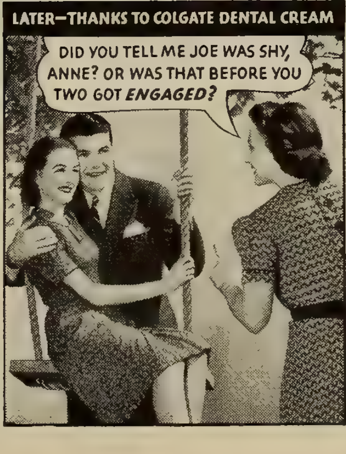
[*Continued on page* 73]

Just an inch and a half from a kiss!

SIS, WHAT WOULD YOU MAKE OF A MAN WHO *STARTED TO KISS* YOU--AND THEN CHANGED HIS MIND? WOULD YOU THINK HE WAS SHY, OR WHAT?
I THINK *ALL MEN* ARE SHY OF--OF BAD BREATH, ANNE. AND THAT'S SOMETHING THAT YOU--WELL, I WISH YOU'D TALK TO OUR DENTIST ABOUT IT!
ANNE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."


LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
DID YOU TELL ME JOE WAS SHY, ANNE? OR WAS THAT BEFORE YOU TWO GOT *ENGAGED?*

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
Good Housekeeping Bureau
NOW-*NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!*

Certainly

...enjoy modern monthly protection {WORN INTERNALLY}

BUT SAVE MONEY, TOO!

DISCOVER HOLLY-PAX—the tampon that is *super absorbent* yet thriftily priced. *Doubly* economical!

Yes! Here's extraordinary protection—amazing service per tampon at a new low cost. HOLLY-PAX tampons actually absorb *ten times* their weight in fluid. (Dip one into a glass of water—and watch this miracle!)

No fuss or bother, either. With all their absorbency, HOLLY-PAX are blessedly tiny and dainty—easier to use because scientifically compressed. Get a package *today!*

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MODERN INSERTION TYPE SANITARY PROTECTION
A PRODUCT OF HOLLYWOOD

Convenient counter dispenser at drug, department and 10c stores. Look for it!

Holly-Pax

THE *Economy* TAMPON—10 for 20c

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For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of HOLLY-PAX, in plain wrapper, also *New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene.*

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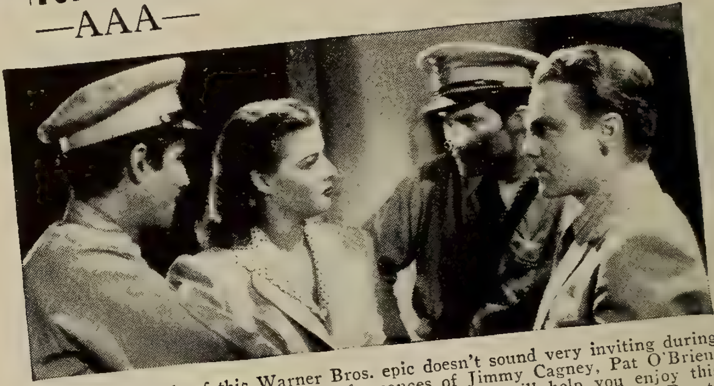
ADDRESS ____________________________

PICTURE PARADE

TORRID ZONE
—AAA—



While the title of this Warner Bros. epic doesn't sound very inviting during this midsummer heat, the swell performances of Jimmy Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, Andy Devine, Helen Vinson, *et al*, will help you enjoy this picture of "hot tempers and fiery love in the tropical country around Puerto Aguilar." Head man around Puerto Aguilar is *Steve Case* (Pat O'Brien), the hot-tempered, hard-hearted manager of the Baldwin Fruit Company. *Steve* is having trouble getting the fruit picked and shipped because his best plantation manager, *Nick Butler* (James Cagney), has quit to return to the States after a row with *Case* over his ex-wife. *Steve* is also responsible for the departure of *Lee Donley* (Ann Sheridan), as he doesn't want any American entertainers around. *Lee* and *Nick* meet on the boat and again later when *Nick* is talked into remaining—just to fill one order—by *Steve*, and *Lee* escapes from the boat. Things really get warm when *Nick* returns to the plantation where *Gloria Anderson* (Helen Vinson), wife of another manager (Jerome Cowan), welcomes him back.—*Warner Bros.*

UNTAMED—AA½—

For the second time this month we are called upon to witness Ray Milland in the role of a doctor and while we don't object to Mr. Milland playing the part of a medico we think there must be something ominous about it. For while Ray's interpretation of an M.D. doesn't need doctoring, we believe the picture, itself, would have benefited if the story and some of its characters had availed themselves of the services of the surgeon supplied by this anti-climactic story based on Sinclair Lewis' *Mantrap. Dr. William Crawford* (Ray Milland), a prominent surgeon, is packed off to the wilds of Canada to recover from a case of alcoholitis. While on a hunting trip in the northwoods with *Les Woodbury* (William Frawley), his pal, and *Joe Easter* (Akim Tamiroff), his guide, the doctor unfortunately—or fortunately—encounters a bear, necessitating his return to the post for treatment of a broken leg. *Joe's* beautiful wife, *Alverna* (Patricia Morison), has the responsibility of nursing the doctor back to health—a responsibility which both apparently enjoy—as do the gossipy neighbors who have long resented the intrusion of this glamorous city girl in their dull surroundings. In addition to the bears and the blizzards you'll find the beautiful Technicolor thoroughly exciting.—*Paramount.*

"I Don't Want To Be a Career Girl!"

[*Continued from page* 71]

far. I signed with RKO, and my first picture there was a little number called *The Man Who Found Himself*. I worked terribly hard in it. Several critics discovered me, said I was 'a future star.' The Front Office called me in, showed me the reviews, and said, 'We have great plans for you. First, we're giving you the leads in six B pictures, to get experience.

"I couldn't understand why, if I showed starring possibilities, I should have to play six stereotyped ingenues. Why wouldn't I be more valuable to them, getting my experience in A pictures, in second leads, working up to first leads? But they couldn't see it that way. So I did the six B's, and after six of them, because they hadn't seen me play anything but an ingenue, they couldn't think of me except as an ingenue. No matter how hard I worked.

"There was a chance, for a while, that I'd play a small, but important role in *Stage Door*. Then they said, 'No, the ingenue lead of *Music for Madame* will do more for you.' They borrowed Andrea Leeds for the *Stage Door* role—and it made her a star. They gave me the feminine lead opposite Fred Astaire in *A Damsel in Distress*, but it was another ingenue role in disguise. They told me that *Gunga Din* would do great things for me—'the feminine lead opposite two of the screen's most romantic stars.' I went on location with the company, worked a week, then came home. Six weeks later, the company came home.

"I kept reporting once every week, to find out if they wanted me. Finally I said, 'May I see the rest of the script? I'd rather like to find out what else I have to do.' I was greeted by a colossal guffaw. Had I said something funny, or what? They told me, 'You've finished your part in the picture already.' I walked out of RKO with that, and I haven't been back since. They were quite willing to let me out of my contract."

Joan shook her head. "I'm sorry, but I haven't been able to convince myself that I need a career to be happy. I know that most girls in Hollywood don't feel this way. Olivia doesn't, for one. But I do."

SHE and Brian live in a small, two-story, modified English house on shady Rodeo Drive in Beverly Hills. They own it. The house is filled with beautiful old English furniture—with the stamp of Chippendale and Sheraton and Hepplewhite upon it. It is a house that mirrors Joan's own English charm. Though the room that she particularly likes to show people is Brian's study, with three walls covered by an immense colored aerial-route map of the entire United States.

"We just went back East to pick up our new plane," she said. "The old one Brian had was an open plane, in which the passenger, sitting up front, broiled in the summertime and froze in the wintertime. The new one is a cabin job. We flew it back from Washington in easy stages; took four days for the trip, and I played navigator. I sat up front, poring over maps, trying to decide where we were and where we ought to be, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead for a possible place to land—something you have to do when you have a single-motored plane. The motor, sometime, might stall.

"After we left Nashville, I was deathly sick, but I gritted my teeth and said, 'Old girl, if you're going to play Mrs. Lindbergh you're jolly well going to *be* Mrs. Lindbergh.' And I managed to spare the unsuspecting citizens of Tennessee."

With Brian a Briton and an aviator, there is always the dread possibility that he may be called for war duty. That possibility also has its share in making Joan want to spend every moment with him that she can. She really wasn't strong enough to make the trip East with him, but she insisted on going.

Because she has a seven-year contract, she has to face a return to work sooner or later. "I was supposed to do *The Howards of Virginia*, but I wasn't up to it physically, so soon after the operation. Now they tell me my next will be *Jane Eyre*. When, I don't know. Not too soon, I hope.

"I haven't an urge to make another picture. I'm sure I'd be completely happy if Brian and I could have about six children, all freckled like me, and I could sit here watching them, with a basketful of socks beside me that needed darning. Can you understand that? And don't you think I'm right?"

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Would Live, Love and Learn

[*Continued from page* 37]

fesses candidly that school bored him. He was sent to all varieties—public and private—military and religious. "I couldn't accept the phony facts," he says. "I couldn't agree that Washington wouldn't tell a lie. I wanted to discuss disturbing 'facts,' but the teachers proclaimed, 'No back talk, young man!' They wouldn't let me prove what I'd read to the contrary." He kept on arguing. When he'd eventually reach the principals' offices for reprimanding, the finale was usually an admission he might be correct.

WHEN he entered junior high he suddenly no longer hated school. It wasn't because he stumbled onto more understanding teachers, but because he met a very human girl in one of his classes who understood him. Says Ken: "She made life bearable. Not that I was ever badly treated in either of my homes; they just didn't know quite what to do with so much energy."

He doesn't pretend to have been a model child. Recently a doctor pointed to Ken as an example of super-health, complimenting him in particular for his extraordinary lung power! Ken doesn't hit the liquor. He's never gotten tight since a certain New Year's Eve when he mixed his drinks, became sick and the girl friend had to lead him out to the front porch and hold his head.

Looking back, Ken is glad he went to work instead of college. It was his mother who gave him credit for having sense. He recalls what she once told him: "Don't think of me as someone to whom you are bound by duty, but as a woman you like." He liked that. It gave him a grown-up feeling as well as courage. "She put up with my crazy notions and didn't squelch me," he remembers gratefully.

When he wanted to try living in the foothills she let him buy an old Model T for fifteen dollars to get them back and forth to their respective jobs in Los Angeles. One morning, when he was coasting to save gas, a rear wheel rolled off into a wayside field. "I shopped until I spotted a super-bargain for thirty-five dollars!" That was the time he grew so excited kissing a new girl that he forgot to steer. They crashed into a telephone pole, but the super-bargain luckily took the brunt of that blow!

Ken is familiar with the prosaic type of work. At first the only job he could get was in a pants-matching store. That lasted until he persuaded a theatre-manager to hire him as an usher. He then enrolled in a dramatic course at public night-school. When he proceeded to the bottom rung in an insurance office he began acting in amateur plays.

He was beyond puppy-love when he fell for a girl in the insurance office. They had a date every single evening, for a year running. So today, when he declares he doesn't believe in long engagements, he isn't speculating idly. He's gone through the torture of wanting to get married. He continually shocked the conservative aunts with whom he lived. Gradually he convinced them it was all right for a modern pair to buy a car. When the engagement was official he brought down a blast of disapproval by planning a joint vacation at Catalina Island. Still, he talked the aunts in to consenting, winning them over with his logic that opportunity is everywhere, and respect is solely in a man's mind.

Eventually Ken picked out the church, spoke to a minister, and had an apartment picked out. But he didn't march to the altar. He walked into the disappointment of not earning enough to support a wife. He sympathizes with every fellow in that spot because another, "steadier" young man married her. That complicated break-up was the dramatic prelude to his tackling Hollywood.

He figured Hollywood could give him the glamorous life he wanted. He didn't know a soul at any studio. He'd lost his father's help when he'd finally gone with his mother. And his mother had no faith in this acting bug, it representing to her the toughest kind of sledding.

Ken had no pull, so he couldn't step into real parts. He made his start as a lowly extra. That was no snap, of course, since Central Casting emphatically assured him that they were over-registered, had nothing for him. So what? So he talked on and on until they made an exception in his case. Next, he progressed to bit roles. He roomed in Hollywood boarding-houses, and lived on vegetable stew. Even now when he's in the money he prefers it to a juicy steak.

When Ken found out that he'd have to get an agent to climb any further, he got one. Now agents don't waste their time with eager nobodies. Ken learned that. So what? So he took the telephone directory, put his finger on an agent's name at random, and phoned in an impressive voice for an appointment. When he got in the sacred portals he made such an impassioned plea for representation that he was told to come back again, in three months. He did.

In the long run he secured the juvenile lead in a professional play on Vine Street. Having acted in night-school courses, in a dozen amateur shows where they'd paid off in lemonade, and having made the grade as an extra and then as a bit player, he was able to click before the critical eyes of the studio talent scouts in the audiences. He was ready to be signed for the *Jones* series.

WITH his first spare cash Ken began to travel. Each trip is a new adventure because he doesn't go like a self-conscious actor. He mixes. When he has only a week-end free, he generally drives down into rural Mexico and stays overnight at some peon's farmhouse. When he has several days at his disposal, he'll head for San Francisco. He's wary of the cops on the Coast highway.

He's nuts about flying. First he flew to Canada. Since then he has explored the old French quarter in New Orleans, Washington, D. C., and New York City between *Joneses*. But it was his jaunt to Europe that illustrates his character best. He

shrewdly crossed just before the war gummed things up.

"I didn't want to be held down by any set tour, so I booked my passage and then roamed around on my own." He went second class. "That's where the amusing young people are!"

When he arrived in London he didn't head for a de-luxe hotel. Instead he approached a policeman in Piccadilly and inquired about a good lodging-house. Budgeteers may study Ken's European expenditures with profit. He got a nice room, with his breakfast served in bed, for six dollars a week. His total expenses in London—for everything—averaged but four dollars a day. On this he saw all the sights, from the crown jewels to Madame Tussard's waxworks.

IN PARIS he found a room in a Montparnasse hotel operated by a typically French family; it cost him but sixty cents a day. The pretty seventeen-year-old daughter, who attended to the chamber chores, practiced her piano lessons in the lobby. Ken was surprised to learn that a genuine nice girl in Paris doesn't wear extreme fashions, drip in fox furs; that's how you tell a girl is no homebody at heart! There is a difference in the two countries. The British are so leisurely. The French are so unconcerned about a front.

Ken was carried away by his visit to Italy. Among his unforgettable memories are the great times he had in Florence, with its wonderful art treasures; Venice, which is still glamorous, though the taxis are now motorboats instead of gondolas; and Rome. The day after he examined Pompeii's ruins Vesuvius erupted just enough. The Amalfi Drive lingers in Ken's memory. He lay flat on his back in the rowboat that takes you into the Blue Grotto at Capri. Thus the highlights of his European trip.

Today Ken owns a hilltop site in Manhattan Beach, a quiet residential beach town on the edge of the Pacific. He's never wished to be tied down by possessions, so cannot decide whether or not to build on it. Meanwhile, he leases a bachelor house near by.

Expert with movie cameras, he has two projection machines and sound equipment to show movies in his own living-room. Crazy about cars, he's owned five of the best make in bewildering succession during this past year.

Today Ken dates a string of girls varying from high school to college age. He gets along with the naive and the sophisticated, understanding both. He abhors planned dates, prefers to dash off somewhere spontaneously. He's not attracted by beauty, but by responsiveness. He notices a girl's mouth first. He avoids artificial women, likes a girl to be perfectly frank with him about everything. He vows a girl tips a fellow off as to her potential conduct by the way she looks when they're introduced.

He's never tired of doing the concessions at the piers, and a girl who can take a roller-coaster, shoot for a ham, and wind up doing the rhumba at La Conga is a honey to him. He's acquired a workable philosophy of life and an emotional control which, for his age, is amazing. He dares to do and see what he wants and his fearlessness is paying rewards. Stay put? Miss anything? Not Ken! He's absorbed with the idea of living, loving, and learning in a big way!

Twice a week you can track him down at the Rendezvous, the Biltmore Hotel's luncheon dansant room. He meets a certain girl there for tete-a-tetes. You see, he always has kept her miniature and she, too, has lived and learned. In fact, she's divorced the other, "steadier" fellow and now—? Well, where Ken is concerned the one sure thing is that something is going to happen!

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By
LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Next month—September—MOTION PICTURE Magazine brings you the first of a series of articles on *Your Hollywood—and Mine* by Louella O. Parsons, the best known newspaperwoman in the world. Considered the greatest authority on Hollywood—her column is read by millions daily—Miss Parsons will tell all—in her intimate, revealing style—about Hollywood yesterday and today. Remember, this series starts in September with *The Great Loves of Hollywood*. You don't want to miss it!

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Sanders—Saint and Sinner

[*Continued from page* 52]

a German, now lives in Berlin and he believes that his occasional visits to her have done much to help him master the German way of speaking English. Or to be taken for a German.

Sanders studied some German at private schools and attended college at Brighton. By this time, he was certain that he wanted to be a scientist. Because of his mechanical bent, he switched to Manchester Technical school, where he studied textiles. Later he went into the textile business.

He was an outstanding athlete during his school days. Because of his extreme height (he stands six feet three inches and weighs 215 pounds) Sanders took up boxing and became interscholastic champion. He was also an expert swimmer and saved a man from drowning in the Thames, for which he was awarded a medal by the British Humane Society.

After his school-days, Sanders went to work in technical textile research, but gave this up when an opportunity appeared in South America. With a friend he went to Argentina and Brazil where he experimented in a tobacco venture.

Sanders claims that he "has skillfully avoided matrimony." From this you may gather that he is somewhat of a woman-hater, which is not at all true. His favorite type of woman is the demure sort, and such a person may prove victorious against his objections to marriage, inasmuch as George is strongly opposed to parties and would be easy to handle when in the company of one such lone woman.

GEORGE is something of a fatalist and makes no definite plans for the future. His ambition is not to become a great star but rather to be known as a scientist. He has already patented three inventions. He does not however intend to leave theatrics, but if he had to he believes he could make a living in radio. He has done more than forty-five broadcasts in England, and is one of the few people to sing over television.

Oh, yes, George sings! That is how he started his theatrical career.

About the time depression came along, Sanders found himself in England with nothing but time on his hands. An uncle suggested that he become a singer, and six months of rigorous coaching produced a rich baritone.

One night, while singing at a party, Sanders was heard by a producer who gave him a spot in the review *Ballyhoo*. Here his musical background came in handy. Besides playing the piano, he is adept with the guitar and saxophone and during his school-days he had a dance orchestra of his own. Besides singing in *Ballyhoo*, he was given part of a three-piece piano act.

Sanders forged rapidly ahead from there. He appeared on the stage with Edna Best and then with Dennis King. He understudied Noel Coward in *Conversation Piece* and took a role in the play.

He played the leading role in his first picture, *Strange Cargo* ... the part now played by Clark Gable in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer remake of this film.

George also played one of the gods, prologue and epilogue characters in H. G. Wells' *The Man Who Could Work Miracles.*

"I came to Hollywood strictly on a hunch," George told me in answer to my query. "You know, I believe strongly in hunches. I had several special assignments awaiting me in England, but had a 'feeling' that there would be something for me in the Cinema Center."

That this *feeling* was correct was proven when Darryl F. Zanuck gave him the "heavy" role in *Lloyds Of London*, and the part of the eldest brother in *Four Men and a Prayer*. Though under contract to 20th Century-Fox, Sanders makes most of his pictures away from the home lot. *Confessions of a Nazi Spy, Nurse Edith Cavell, Rebecca,* and the current Saint series are but a few of those films that seemed to have been "waiting" for Sanders when he arrived in the States.

SANDERS is not a member of the clique of Britishers in the film colony though he has many friends amongst them. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are good friends of his. He prefers to spend his spare time alone, working on his experiments or catching up on his reading. At this time he is working on a thirty-foot cruiser, which he himself designed. Incidentally, George comes by his talent naturally, for both his brother and father are yacht builders in London.

"My idea of a real vacation," he told me, "is to sail the seas. But," he added with that quick humor and engaging manner so unlike his screen portraits, "I am strictly a fair-weather sailor. That is why I am building this cruiser to replace the sailboat I now have . . . too much pitching about in sailing to suit me . . . I don't believe it necessary to take the rough with the calm."

Above all, Sanders' greatest charm is his sense of humor. He has a knack of telling a tale of horror-like circumstances in the wittiest manner. He sees most every occurrence from the brightest side, which is, no doubt, a great asset in these times of strife.

He tells the story of a recent trip to Europe to make a picture for 20th Century-Fox. When he arrived in London, he discovered that the script of the film was being rewritten, and he decided to visit a while with his family. Several versions of the story were done and when he finally arrived on the threshold of work, the director decided that he was not the "type."

George was neither surprised nor annoyed, for these two characteristics are not in his make-up. He simply decided to return to Hollywood and take up where he had left off. Just as he was about to set sail, he was notified to report to the company making *The Outsider,* in which he was to play the lead opposite Mary Maguire.

"From that moment on," he said, "things began to happen fast and furious. Hitler marched into Czechoslovakia, the director's mother was then in Prague, and he stopped between 'shots' trying to reach someone . . . anyone who might know of her whereabouts. Constant rumors of war, the distribution of gas-masks, numerous instructions and drills on 'How to protect one's-self during an air-raid,' and oh, yes . . . my father was appointed air-raid warden. To add to all this, throughout the entire filming of the story, Miss Maguire was dreadfully ill, and we never knew from day to day, whether she could complete the picture.

"Oh, yes, things were pretty bad there."

"Then what happened?" I asked breathlessly.

"Oh, then," he went on in the most casual tone, "I came back to Hollywood and became a 'Saint' once more."

MEN behind the STARS

JOHN STAHL

Director of "When Tomorrow Comes"

"NOBODY is interested in a man's secrets, but when you lay bare a woman's secrets, everyone wants to listen," says John Stahl who has directed some of the screen's most successful "woman's" pictures including one of the greatest—Fannie Hurst's *Back Street*. "Women, particularly," observes Mr. Stahl, "cannot resist the desire to pry into the lives of women—first, because of the normal curiosity which is an attribute of any healthy person, and second, because that ephemeral quality, glamor, is sought by women the world over.

"If women, lacking it in the humdrum existence of everyday life, seek it outside of their own lives, as they do in motion pictures, it should not be scoffed at. I consider that a work of art. Any piece of entertainment that can lift a multitude of people out of its own sphere, may easily be called a contribution to humanity."

The veteran director, who has created stars for the screen as Belasco did for the stage, is making *The Life of Daniel Webster* for Columbia. When it's completed he moves over to United Artists lot—and this after a record of fifteen years with Metro and ten years with Universal. The announcement that John Stahl was breaking away from long-term contracts brought forth prayers from young starlets seeking that "break" that would catapult them to the top. They hoped theirs would be the studio he chose, for John Stahl is a star-maker if there ever was one. Irene Dunne and John Boles were only moderately-known players until he co-starred them in *Back Street*. Margaret Sullavan was practically an unknown until he gave her the starring role in *Only Yesterday*. Both Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer owe their start to him. Not only young aspirants but seasoned stars consider it a break to work under the guidance of John Stahl.

"Personally," he says, "I still fight shy of anything that smacks of acting, though I approach the matter from a slightly different angle. I became gray-haired through many years of the double duty of watching actors act and at the same time making practically superhuman efforts to change the lines and business of each actor, so that everything he said and did came to him with the utmost naturalness. That is the reason a director cannot decide, beforehand, exactly how to have a certain scene played. The actor must never seem to be acting."

STAHL became an actor at fifteen when he was doing his childish best to support Mrs. Leslie Carter in Belasco's *Du Barry*—for twelve dollars a week. During the following ten years he played in Broadway productions with occasional movie ventures. To reach New York from his home in Brooklyn—where he was born—Stahl had to pass the old Vitagraph Studios. Movie acting was considered disreputable by legitimate players in those days, but the $15 a day pay was a great temptation, and he was glad to take it. However, he would play only bewhiskered parts, so his face would not be recognized.

Today, considered one of the six ranking megaphoners in Hollywood, John Stahl is not afraid to admit that he has a formula for success. Utterly frank, he calls a spade a spade instead of by some hifalutin' name. To him the eternal triangle is still a surefire entertainment ingredient. By this he does not mean the romantic triangle exclusively. Two persons contesting for any third thing create an eternal triangle. Another tenet in Stahl's directorial credo is that stories based on real life have the best chance for success. There is, of course, more than a formula to explain his success as a director. For one thing, he takes more pains in making a picture than any other director in Hollywood. When he was casting *Imitation of Life*, he personally interviewed two hundred little girls before finally selecting three-year-old Baby Jane.

Philosophically summing up his twenty years service in the film industry, the director says: "Two decades as a director have given me an intimate and thrilling view of the swift progress of an industry which has taken its place in the front rank of American business. Ten years ago no one could predict such artistic triumphs as *Gone With the Wind*, yet it is safe to say that ten years from now the progress made in this industry will be greater than that made in the past decade."

The talents of Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer were finely brought forth by John Stahl in *When Tomorrow Comes*

I set out to learn about TAMPONS!

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Up in the Air With the Stars

[*Continued from page* 53]

later the "gentleman" emerged, shaven and clothed and Miss Fuller recognized him as—Don Ameche!

Tyrone Power and Annabella are too absorbed in one another when in flight to need more than the routine attention. Kay Francis makes herself more comfortable on a plane than anyone the girls could think of. She has, they told me, "a great adaptability." She naps, reads, enjoys her meals and cooperates in every way possible . . . "we need cooperation in the air," Miss Williamson remarked, "and we always will."

Sonja Henie is intensely interested in the terrain over which they fly, wants to know just where they are at all times, wants every point of interest pointed out to her.

The stewardesses all like Dorothy Lamour. She is very much "like a little child," they agreed, asking questions, asking to have things done for her . . . "Stewardess, where are we now? Stewardess, I forgot to bring any cold cream. Stewardess, my feet are cold" . . . And they wait on her and love it, because, they said, "she doesn't think she is any better than anyone else."

Clark Gable, the girls agreed, is 100 per cent cooperative in the air. "He has," Miss Fuller told me, "a very deep sense of humanity. He treats people as they want to be treated. He doesn't try to make people go his way, he adapts himself to their ways.

SO, YOU see, the girls must shade their "performances" with the speed of a kaleidoscope. Not only must they be tactful and reassuring with Norma Shearer, an audience to Lupe Velez, caterers to Frank Morgan, whilers-away of the night hours with Victor McLaglen, an occasional fourth at bridge with the producers, quiet with Jimmy Stewart, informative with Sonja Henie, mothering with Dorothy Lamour, folksy with Don Ameche, just themselves with Gable, but they must meet such emergencies as the ones I have recounted.

They must be diplomatic and firm, too. Recently word came out of Tucson that no passengers were to be allowed to leave the plane at Phoenix, because, the message stated briefly, there was a kidnapper aboard!

When the plane came down at Phoenix, the stewardess managed to restrain the puzzled passengers from leaving the plane. Almost immediately, I was told, about a dozen plain-clothes men came aboard and focussed their attention on a quiet, pleasant-faced young man. They went through his baggage in the cockpit. They made him show his credentials. They couldn't hold him, insufficient evidence. But after the plane had taken off again the young suspect called the stewardess to him and said, his smile as guileless as the Innocent he may have been (or may *not* have been!) "they showed me a picture of the fellow they wanted, stewardess, and do you know, *it really did look like me!*"

No repertoire ever given by a screen star has the versatility, range and scope of the parts these girls play up there in the skies. The training they must have to hold down their jobs, the talents they must trot out for the benefit of their "public" is similar to the training, talents, even the photogenic requirements of the screen stars.

There was a time when the stewardesses were not permitted to talk with the captain or the first officer either on the ground or in the air. That order has since been rescinded with the result that we hear, occasionally, of romance and marriage between a stewardess and an officer.

Their ages when they start work must be somewhere between twenty-four and twenty-seven. A bit older than the Linda Darnells of Hollywood but then, a Darnell doesn't have to restrain a gentleman from jumping into the ether "without a parachute," nor is she apt to be called upon to deliver a baby on the Milky Way!

They can continue on their jobs (Stewardess Frances Kyser gave me most of the following information) if their work is well done, irrespective of age, *until they lose their youthful appearance*. Which, when you think of May Robson, is rather stiff. The first six months they are flying their salary is $110.00 a month and expenses when they are away from the base station. For the next six months they get $120.00 and a five dollar increase per year after that until they reach the top figure of $140.00 a month.

I'm stopped here dead in my tracks, in my attempt at a comparative analysis. The Hollywood stars wouldn't get Dorothy Lamour a jar of cold cream or swap lines with a screwball for treble that amount per month! During their six weeks schooling the stewardesses must study meteorology, history, geography, psychology, passenger handling, engineering, ticketing, planning of itineraries, time tables. They are required to "get material" regarding every mile of the route they travel so that they can tell you at a glance: "The peak on the right is El Capitan, 9,000 feet high, in the Guadeloupe Range, highest elevation in the State of Texas." They must be able to talk on a wide range of subjects.

After the six weeks training is concluded, with an examination which takes the girls two days to write and thoroughly covers all the necessary points, they must make two observation trips in order to watch experienced stewardesses at work. They must have at least three months on short flights before they are sent on transcontinental flights. On these trial flights they watch procedure of berth assignments, preparing of berths, serving of meals. They must spend several days in the hangars, too, familiarizing themselves with the ships.

THIS is a training which, when broken down, is not so very different from the training of young tyros in the various studio stock companies. For they make "observation trips," too, visiting the sets, watching such troupers as Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy, Paul Muni at work. They must make their "trial flights" in small, bit parts before they are really up there among the stars . . .

The stewardesses must weigh in at not over 124 pounds—though stewardesses on the sleeper planes can weigh a couple of pounds more because night work requires more stamina than the day flights. They must not be over five-feet-five in height—the same weight and height that is just about kosher for the picture girls, too. They must be particular about their make-up, their hair, their nails. In fact, during their training a make-up artist instructs the girls on how to put make-up on and how to arrange their hair.

Yes, they are "prepared for everything," these practical-pictorial stewardesses. In servicing the stars and "players" from every walk of life they play innumerable roles and every one of them is a superb performance!

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

When you see *The Howards of Virginia* you will witness a picture that has Williamsburg, Virginia, as its background—Williamsburg as it is today, a reproduction of Colonial days, with Cary Grant and Martha Scott. The scene is in front of Capitol

BUST-OUT-LAFFIN'EST off-the-script crack of the month came on Republic's *Wagons Westward* . . . It was the scene where Chester Morris, as the outlaw *Tom Cook,* has the squabble with his dancehall sweetie—the sweetie being played by Anita Louise. The bandit is accusing his gal of two-timing him—of having played him false. But the gal pleads that she's just a one-man honey . . . "Tom," cries Anita Louise, "I've been true to you. I've never, never loved another man . . . !" Without batting an eyelash, Chester Morris departs from the script, and snarls—"Yeah?—HOW ABOUT BUDDY ADLER ! ! !" And it's fully five minutes before there's any semblance of sanity on the set, for even Director Lew Landers is in stitches and can't call order . . . Thru it all, the camera has been going—and they say that Anita has gotten the strip of film, along with the sound track of course, to give to Adler as a wedding present . . . Strangest production-stopping accident on the month's records comes from Tucson, Arizona, where Columbia's been shooting *Arizona* . . . It happens to Jean Arthur . . . Riding into the scene, Jean's horse gallops too close to a clump of cactus . . . There's a scream from Jean as a sharp spine of the cactus pierces her leather riding-boot, drives deep into the calf of her leg . . . In ten seconds, the leg is so swollen that they have to cut the boot away—and they shoot around Jean for several days, until she can walk and ride again . . . And now she steers her hoss far, far, from cactus . . . The desert-wise on the set inform her that the cactus is the variety called sahuero—semi-poisonous.

REMEMBER those queer contraptions Rube Goldberg used to devise, in his cartoons?—those sequential devices where A leads to B which leads to C and so on and on and on . . . Well, here's what happened, in the best Goldberg fashion, on the *Girl in 313* set at Twentieth-Fox: . . . Kent Taylor was backing an automobile . . . It got away from him and knocked over one of those big side-line lamps . . . The lamp fell over, hitting a stepladder . . . On the stepladder was electrician Bill Nugent . . . Nugent fell off the ladder . . . He landed on a canvas chair—one of the line-up on the sidelines in which the actors sit between takes . . . It was Kent Taylor's chair . . . In it was Kent Taylor's brand new high silk hat, which he was to wear in the next scene . . . When Bill Nugent fell on the hat, it was too bad for the hat . . . It was also too bad for production—because they couldn't shoot the scene until they'd sent all the way downtown for another hat, because the wardrobe department didn't have a spare one to fit Taylor . . . ! Not one to take chances with his preshy-weshy li'l handsie-wansies is Gene Raymond . . . Those hands are too, too valuable and important to Gene—even more so, if this be possible, than his trade-mark hair of platinum . . . You see, Gene considers his musical career even more important to him than his acting career, and when it comes to any conflict between the two, Gene will protect his musical future above his thespianic prospects . So when it came to the scene in *Cross Country Romance,* where the script called for Gene to catch a bus by running after it as it moved away, and leaping on the running-board to catch the hand-grips with his hands, he put his foot down with a loud and granite "NO!" . . . "Why not?" asked Director Frank Woodruff; "It's simple . . ." "It may be simple," countered Gene, "but don't forget that I've spent the past fourteen months developing my piano technique, and I've been working eight hours a day to develop my hands and fingers—and I'm not going to damage any of them by grabbing rolling autobusses . . ." "But the story calls for it," snapped Woodruff . . . "Okay," said Gene; "let's compromise. Don't forget that I'm quite an athlete, too, as well as an actor and a musican . . ." "So what," asked the director . . . "So this," said Gene, and demonstrated—He ordered the bus to start rolling. Then, as the script directed, he sprinted after it—in the best Gene Raymond hundred-yard-dash form . . . But—when it came time to leap and grab the handstraps with his million-dollar fingie-wingies, Gene changed the action . . . He leaped all right—but he never touched his hands to the moving vehicle . . . Instead, with the precision and balance which only a well-trained athlete can demonstrate, Raymond leaped onto the running-board and into the door of the bus—without touching ANYthing with his hands (except his hair, to smooth its platinum wave back into placidity). . . . Gee, ma, ain't these movie actors wunnaful?

SILLIEST production delay of the month—came on the set of *Tom Brown's School Days.* Between takes, Billy Halop (who loses all his *Dead End* toughness in this picture) was hungry . . . He scouted around to find what he could find— and in a kit lying on a table on the sidelines, he found a lot of chocolate . . . So he ate it . . . Then he prepared for a fight scene between him and young Jimmy Lydon . . . In the fight, Halop gets a cut cheek and bloody nose . . . The make-up man hurried up to paint the wounds on—and then began screaming: "Somebody stole my make-up! Who's been at my make-up kit?" "Well, I ate the chocolate in it, but I didn't take any of your other stuff," explained Halop . . . "Why, you darn fool," screamed the make-up man; "that chocolate WAS my make-up!" Chocolate, he painstakingly but furiously explained to young Mister Halop, is what Hollywood makes blood out of, for the cameras . . . And so they had to delay shooting until they sent to the studio commissary for more candy, and melted it down to bloody up Billy's puss.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 17]

Anna Neagle, freed of the make-up she wore as the aging *Victoria The Great* and the grimly tragic *Nurse Edith Cavell,* emerges as her gay young self in *Irene*

mean anything either, because the very next night, Priscilla is out with Fred Hamilton, the tennis-player, and anyway, Pat Dane is still wearing Rudy's FRATERNITY PIN, and the other night Rudy was out, nevertheless, with Millicent Bachelor—and how'd YOU like to be a Hollywood columnist

[*Continued on page* 84]

In cast of *The Boys From Syracuse* are Eric Blore, Alan Mowbray, Joe Penner, Chas. Butterworth, Sam S. Hinds, Rosemary Lane, Irene Hervey, Martha Raye, Allan Jones

"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage"

[*Continued from page* 46]

seemed to stop for a moment. So many of my relatives and friends are there," said Sonja, her eyes filling. "Ever since I came back I've been trying to contact them. Even the United States Government tried to get word through for me. It's impossible. . . .

"We don't know what has happened to our house near Oslo. I never expect to see it again. And last night . . I went to the movies and they showed a newsreel of Elvirum burning . . I won my first championship as a kid in Elvirum. It was about the proudest day of my life. And there were all the buildings in flames and the little homes, and men being sprayed with machine-gun bullets from the planes. . . ."

She had to wet her lips before she could go on. "Thank God my family are here with me."

THE story behind that throws a pretty revealing light on Sonja. (And goes to prove an old suspicion of mine that the Henie *Luck* should always be spelled with a *P* in front of it!)

When war broke out in Europe last September Sonja telephoned her brother Leif across the Atlantic. "Sell the business, Leif. . . . Please sell it at once and come to America!"

Now the "business" was no ordinary kind that you can casually toss on the market. Henie Furs, Ltd. has been the family occupation for generations. They have been furriers to the crowned heads of Europe. It was, for example, Sonja's great-grandfather who furnished ermines for Queen Victoria's magnificent robe when she was crowned Empress of India. And her father who supplied the pieces for George VI's coronation costume.

So it was a startled Leif who told his sister the Norwegian equivalent of "You're nuts!" But Sonja persisted. War seemed a long ways from Norway's door at the time and she had to call three successive nights before he agreed to look for a buyer. In three weeks the whole business was signed, sealed and delivered.

Leif is blond, slim, and handsome. His wife is little and cuddly and very pretty. They thought it would be fun to visit Sonja for a few weeks. They'll probably never be able to go back.

Mrs. Henie, who looks almost as young as her famous daughter, is arranging the new home for all four of them. A bright, sunny place with wide windows giving onto a swimming-pool and tennis court, out in Brentwood near the ocean. "We've always loved the ocean. Our house in Norway was on an island in the middle of a fjord and only about a twenty minute run by motor or boat from Oslo," she explains. "When we were there last summer we started building a trophy-room. . . ."

It is a big room. It took five months to build and it cost thousands of dollars because it's panelled in the finest northern pine. But the trophies will never stand in it.

Today they are in the six huge packing-cases that have been carefully trundled into the hall of the new home. Symbolic, somehow, of the uprooting of the old and the beginning of the new life for Sonja. King Haakon VII of Norway presented her with the first cup . . . He used to send her a cheering telegram before every public appearance . . . Now he is an exile in his own country, having hidden himself from the ruthless Nazis.

DURING the invasion of Finland Sonja sent for the trophies. (Some twenty-three in all, including the one her father won as bicycle champion of northern Europe.) Then she decided it was a pretty silly idea and tried to stop them from being shipped. They were already on the boat. It proved to be the last boat from Norway that got through before the German invasion. . . .

"I want now only to work, to make a good picture, to have fun," said Sonja. "I have worked very hard most of my life, you know—and loved it."

I nodded. I was thinking that that very fact may stand in the way of her happiness with Dan Topping. Dan is one of America's first-string playboys. Sonja will never be a playgirl.

She hadn't been back a week before she began going in for those three-hours-a-day skating sessions of her's at the largest local ice rink. It's as much a part of her as

[*Continued on page* 86]

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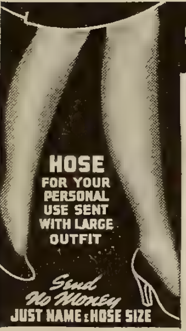
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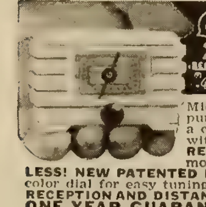

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Hugh Herbert has gone Spanish dancer on us. Does torrid dance with comic effects egged on by Armida who knows her rhumba, conga. Picture is *La Conga Nights*

Ten-Minute Meat Treats

[*Continued from page* 56]

(1) *Braunschweiger*—perfectly smoked and seasoned, moist enough to spread, firm enough to slice.
(2) *Liver Cheese*—handy oblong loaf of liver sausage which slices for sandwiches, entrees and frying specials.
(3) *Straussburg*—mild but subtle flavor enhanced by pistachio nuts in its mixture.
(4) *Salami* & *Cervelat*—highly flavored with spices and garlic, these "dry" sausages lend seasoning to eggs, spaghetti and many vegetable dishes.
(5) *Liver and Bacon*—bits of bacon in a fine sausage mixture gives extra tasty appetizers and sandwich spreads.

Other excellent types of condensed meats is the moist-pack sausage of which the jolly little torpedo-shaped Vienna Sausage is a first choice. Add it to your summer platter, hot or cold, use as filling for tomato cups or tie it in bundles or insert it on top of a portion of good old-fashioned potato salad. Then of course, don't omit the pressed meat loaf in its many convenient and economical forms—canned cornbeef hash is a good example and so is pressed pork loaf, dandy for sandwiches, and tops when fried, baked as a whole loaf right from the can, and so on. And be sure to include ham, especially the tenderized hams which require only a short cooking; beef or lamb tongues. Dried chipped beef is also another fine condensed meat, long used by scouts and sportsmen. And, of course, be sure to consider bacon as a genuine meat with much food and fat value, and capable of much more glamor than when held down to the frying pan! Add bacon strips to your vegetable dishes, to beans and lima beans, combine it with flour or dough mixtures in muffins and biscuits, use it to hold soft vegetable mixtures as a "bacon cup."

SECOND trick of the summer is to make the utmost use of *ready-to-use accessory products* in planning meat dishes. Avail yourself of the ease and quickness of ready-to-bake mixed biscuit flour; use cereal biscuits as a simple but very tasty light starch background for your meat; don't hesitate to use a can of prepared mushroom or other flavorful sauce which may be designed for use with spaghetti, but which tastes like a million on hamburgers and lots of other light meat snacks; have a packaged dinner once a week—there's a grand packaged spaghetti dinner in which the above-mentioned savory Sherry mushroom sauce is included.

Third trick of the season is *the seasoning.* The less expensive your meat, the better it must be seasoned! And here enters that old reliable No. 1 boy, King Mustard himself, indispensible for good flavor and taste everywhere. Mustard is a must! Spread it generously on franks before grilling them, add to the basting butter with which you swab your steak or hamburgers, and give a splash of it around any cold cut meat platter.

Another fine type of flavoring or seasoning is that which every hostess understands by the term "deviled." The deviled mixture is hot, *high,* deep and stimulating to the appetite—especially in the good old summertime. There are many deviled dishes, but one of the most popular is deviled crabmeat. And now, for the first time the hostess can serve her guests a deviled crabmeat direct from American waters, for this new crabmeat comes from the Atlantic, and is packed and sterilized by American workers. The newest idea is to quickly toss up a deviled crab mixture, and then pack it into its own shells which can be purchased separately for a few cents. A treat-meat indeed, with that high, wide and dandy taste that only a deviled dish provides. (Make the recipe which follows as soon as you lay down this magazine, it's so simple, easy and delicious!)

Still another example of a rich deviled meat is the popular deviled ham, familiar to all in its convenient can. This deviled ham goes a long way because of its especially pungent taste, and in many dishes or recipes it is only necessary to add a small quantity to give a full deviled zestful flavor. But let's stop talking and begin to cook! Here are some treats which every hostess will love to prepare for they taste good, are highly nutritious, and can be fixed in a jiffy!

DEVILED AMERICAN CRABMEAT IN SHELLS

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon Worcestershire
1 teaspoon onion juice
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 cup milk or chicken stock
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 egg, slightly beaten
1 (8 oz.) can American crabmeat
1 cup fine dry breadcrumbs

Make a sauce of butter, flour and seasonings and slowly add liquid. Cook over moderate heat until mixture thickens, stirring constantly. Add lemon juice, egg and crabmeat and heat thoroughly, stirring constantly. Turn into crab shells. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 10 minutes. (Serves 4.)

There is also a special canned Deviled Crabmeat which requires only to be placed in the shells, covered with buttered crumbs, and baked 10 minutes.

VEAL A LA KING

2 cups medium white sauce
3 tablespoons butter
1 pimiento, cut in strips
1 green pepper, minced
2 cups diced canned veal loaf
Salt and pepper
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon mustard
Toasted shredded cereal biscuits

Heat sauce in double boiler. Saute pimiento strips and green pepper 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Add to sauce together with diced veal, and season. Stir in egg yolks and mustard, and cook one minute, stirring constantly. Serve immediately poured over split, toasted and buttered cereal biscuits. (Serves 4-6.)

If you like veal loaf cold, then simply slice it rather thickly, wrap around a couple of asparagus spears, and use mayonnaise as a ribbon garnish. Or, heat the asparagus, toast the veal slices in the oven, use the same way, but pour over a rich cream sauce. Some like it cold, some like it hot!

HERE'S a quick meat-treat which will fill up hungry boys or men any hour of the day. It's a hot sandwich meal, but see how good it will taste:

TOASTED CHEESE-MEAT SANDWICHES

6 slices white bread
3 slices pressed meat loaf
3 slices American cheese
Prepared mustard
2 eggs, slightly beaten
Salt and pepper
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons butter
Dill pickle "fans"

Take 3 slices of bread and on each lay 1 slice of pressed meat loaf. Top with 1 slice of cheese and spread cheese generously with mustard. Cover with second slice of bread and skewer sandwiches with toothpicks. Combine eggs, seasonings and milk in bowl. Dip each sandwich quickly in mixture and saute in butter in heavy frying pan, turning to brown both sides (add more butter to prevent sticking). Serve immediately with dill pickles cut thinly lengthwise into "fans."

Then there's that Ham Ring Shortcake, but it just won't squeeze into the page! However, it is included along with all the other dandy quick-meat-treats in the special leaflet prepared and sent free to all readers who write me. The supply won't last long so you better write in at once. Use the coupon below—it's for your convenience.

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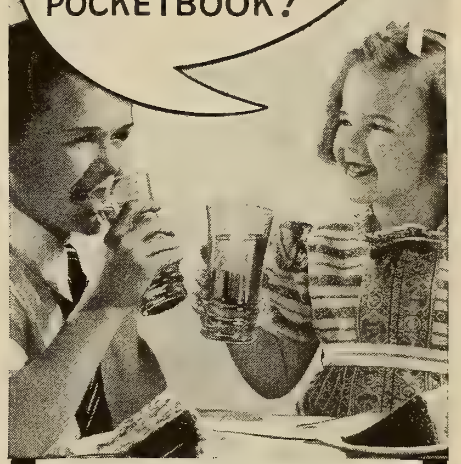

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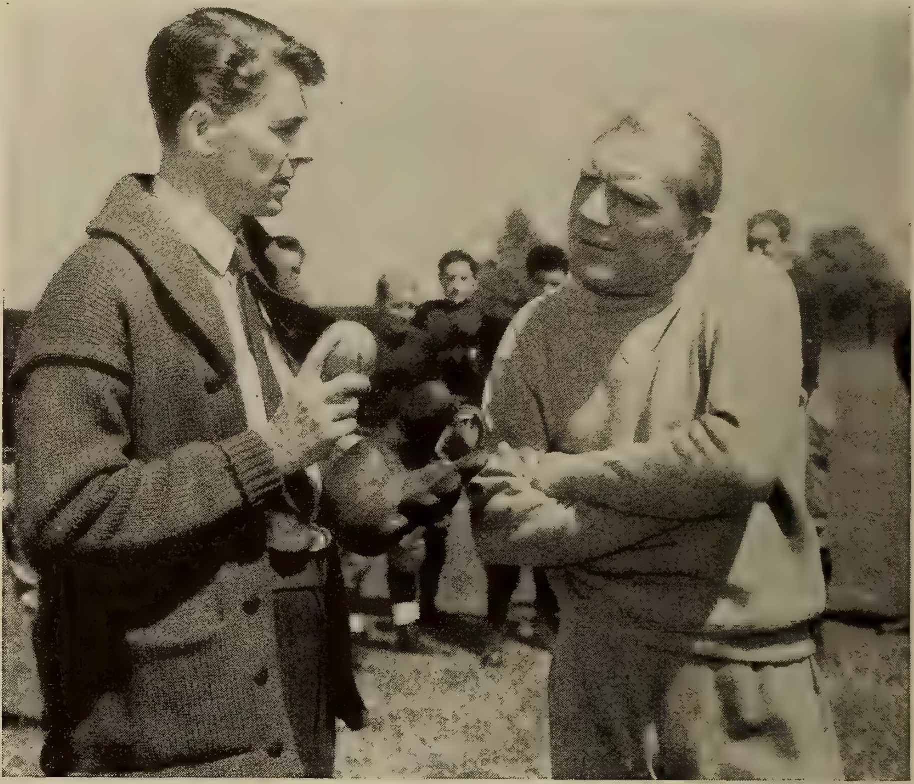
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]



Ronald Reagan as Notre Dame's greatest football player, George Gipp, discusses forthcoming film, *Life of Knute Rockne*, with Pat O'Brien—who plays title role

with weird romantics like THAT going on . . . ?

■

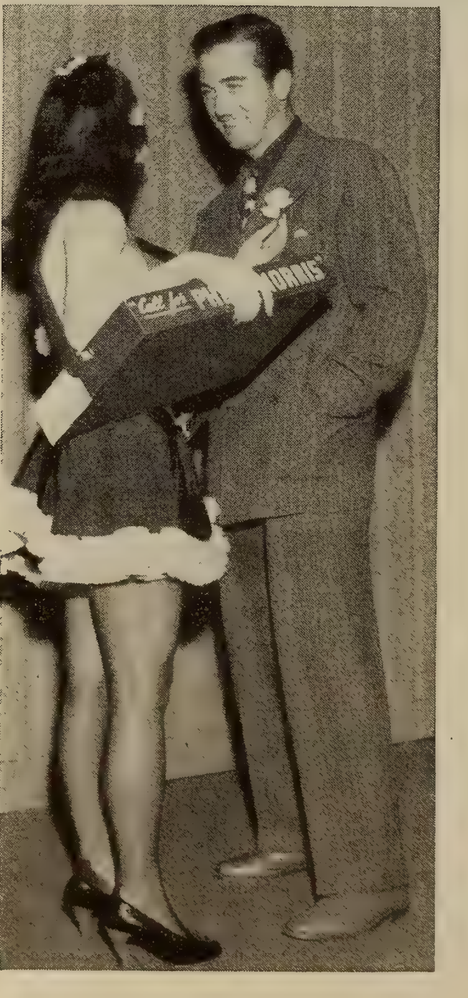
**CUPID'S UN-couplet:
Natalie Draper and Randy Scott
There's a twosome that's now quite
NOT!**

■

AND Randy, who will soon be entirely divorced from that rich dupontish wife (if he isn't already, by this time), is likely to marry Eleanor Thompson, another richie, thanks to the intake of the Thompson restaurant chain to which she's heiress. And meantime, Natalie Draper, ex-heartbeat to Randy, has switched to Reggie Gardiner, who's no mean stepper-arounder, himself!

■

WHITTLINGS FROM THE HOLLYWOOD—It's summer temperature for Peggy Moran and Director Joe Pasternak . . . Cesar Romero, the gay caballero, is twosoming it



Not all Hollywood girls with neat stems are in movies. June Deering, Ciro's cigarette girl, tucks flower in John Payne's buttonhole. Or didn't you look that high?

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

Olympe Bradna and Jon Hall cast as native Samoans, go into dance celebrating island feast in one of the scenes of Edward Small's, *South of Pago-Pago*

Luli Deste, who gave up her native Vienna for Hollywood and who has patiently bided her time waiting for right story, finally emerges in Universal's *Ski Patrol*

with Bobbie Molyneaux these evenings . . . funny how often Tony Martin just happens to drop in, staggish, at the nite-spots where Alice Faye and new boy friends have a corner table . . . Judith Allen and Bill Davey have congealed . . . June Preisser's wearing a diamond-and-sapphire ring but she says it's NOT an engagement ring from young Eastern Millionaire Jack Hopkins . . . the Johnny Weissmullers say it isn't so . . . so do the Edward G. Robinsons . . . and the Wayne Morrisses . . . but don't be surprised! . . . Actor Robert Paige isn't ringing Margaret Roach's phone any more, because he's busy on Betty Peacock's . . . Betty's not an actress, just a secretary . . . and have you heard Hollywood's latest pronunciation?—"Sexatary" . . . the Richard Barthelmesses celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary . . . Director Al Hall sent Lucille Ball ten dozen American Beauties the day she started work on her new picture . . . that conflagration is only Margot Stevenson and Director Garson Kanin . . . for his first wedding anniversary gift to Annabella, Ty Power chose a print of *Suez*—on account of that's the picture he first met her in . . . don't be surprised if Nancy Kelly and Director Irving Cummings do the mrandmrs any day now! . . . and Mary Healy wouldn't surprise anybody in Hollywood by marrying Actor Peter Lind Hayes right away . . . Pat Stillman and Jeffrey Lynn should turn in a third alarm . . . Connie Bennett and English Actor Richard Ainley still giving Hollywood tongue-waggers reason to wag tongues, while Gilbert Roland and

[*Continued on page* 87]

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Dr Scholl's FOOT BALM

"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage"

[*Continued from page* 81]

breathing. In a recent newspaper interview Mr. Topping said, "Naturally I won't object if Sonja goes on working in pictures after we're married. That is her business and I have no intention of interfering with anything she enjoys."

Mr. Topping did not know whereof he spoke. He has never seen Sonja really at work!

They met last January in a New York night club. Dan had been separated from Arline Judge for six months when he persuaded a friend to introduce him to the little Ice Queen. Sonja, so the story goes, neglected him woefully for a dish of steaming clams because you get pretty hungry when you haven't eaten for seven hours. (She never eats until her skating performance is over.) But with Mr. Topping it was a case of love-at-first-sight.

For a week she packed Madison Square Garden for a gross of $200,000. "The greatest flesh attraction in the sports world," said the writers. There were some who cracked, "She gave a *Topping* performance!" In any event Dan was on hand each night to take her back to the hotel.

In Boston he turned up in a blizzard. In Palm Beach she walked out on the silver strand—and there he was.

In Montreal they went for a sleigh-ride with the bells jingling and Sonja's cheeks like roses. Now other gentlemen have trekked after the luscious little Henie but none so persistently as Dan. He was right there on the boat when she went to Honolulu.

All Hawaii turned out to give her an ovation. Schools closed so the children could go to the dock to greet their favorite. There were special bands and singing and a shower of flowers . . . Dan said it with leis. Not the ordinary ones but the delicate feather variety that cost $200 apiece.

They chartered a plane and flew over the volcano—"But I forgot to make a wish," said Sonja. "Girls are supposed to drop something of value to them into the crater and whatever they wish comes true."

THERE is no doubt about Sonja being in love. Her face sparkles when she speaks of Topping. But she has been in love before. . . .

As Sonja says, "My marriage plans have been in the papers for quite some time now. And it's all great news to me!" Once they had her marrying a Norwegian skiier whom she had never even met. Another time it was a circus man. Just before she left on this last tour it was a ten-to-one bet in Hollywood that she would become the bride of Alan Curtis.

"The truth is I've never had a chance to meet a lot of people here because I've been so busy," she said. Five hours daily skating practice when she's preparing for her Ice Revue . . . Long intense days in front of the camera . . . Diction lessons, more study . . . Dan Topping didn't know about that routine when he said he "didn't mind if Sonja worked!"

"Marriage has always been terribly important—and sacred—to me," Sonja confessed. "I want it to be built on complete understanding and faith and friendship as well as love."

It may or may not be significant that the title of her new picture is, *"Passport To Love!"*

WHEN A WOMAN IS DESPERATE

IT SEEMED such a little thing at the time—to let her husband believe that her father was independently wealthy! How was she to know that this one small deception would imperil her marriage—even her whole life—until she was forced to stake everything on a desperate chance?

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]

Chas. Rhodes

Rudy Vallee, famous for playing the field, has favored Priscilla Lawson of late. She was former wife of Alan Curtis who is now carrying torch for Ilona Massey. At Ciro's

Ruth Foran ditto . . . Bill Lundigan and Margaret Lindsay don't need furs . . . Agent Wynn Rocamora, one of the Lamour alumni, nite-spotting with Gertrude Niesen . . .Louise Stanley and Actor Ad Randall have decided to call it quits—or are you tired of that?

■

IS THAT tycoon Howard Hughes' ring on Ginger Rogers' finger?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis—
They've got it so bad it really hurtis!

NOW, Dear Ones, if you'll just keep your ears tuned in on Ol' Man Tattler, you'll get the lowdown on these highly-columnized romances. Remember how Tattler's been telling you that this George Brent-Ann Sheridan "Romance" is just a lot of balloon-juice? Well—here's what George himself just said about it:

"I'll put up $1,000—cash!—at odds of ten-to-one that I don't step to the altar for three years! And that's no reflection against Ann, either. She's a swell gal— But . . .!!"

And even Ann echoes him by saying that she isn't even thinking of getting married.

(So if they do marry, they'll make an awful trio of liars out of (1) Ann, (2) George, and (3) Ol' Man Tattler; won't they?)

■

THE Dolores Del Rios (he's Cedric Gibbons, you recall?) may be separated—but, the minute Gibbons' boat from Hawaii docked, he rushed to the phone to talk to Dolores. And so what?

■

ANITA LOUISE says that her marriage to Buddy Adler is going to be the exception that'll make alfalfa out of the old Hollywood adage that careers and connubial bliss just don't mix.

Says Anita: "We're both too busy with our careers to find time to quarrel!"

Hmmmmmmmmmmm . . .

Portrait of pent-up anger releasing itself finds Olivia de Havilland about to hurl a book. Olivia, who is usually under control, shows different emotional flair in *Episode*

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Can Women Be Friends in Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 29]

for a few British actors, guys like Colman, Flynn, Grant, Milland, this town would be an absolute matriarchate, which system of society is reported to prevail in certain savage tribes. The British male belongs to a particularly virile, headstrong and indomitable species.

Are women stars, these lustrous dictators of Hollywood, mortal enemies?

What's the truth about those famous feminine feuds of Hollywood that crop up periodically in our public prints? Can two or three women stars work harmoniously in the same picture?

Is it true that Hollywood actresses are so busy that they have no time for friendships? Can they ever be friends?

Do women stars have any real friends among their equals, or are they much closer with hairdressers, stand-ins, and others dependent on them in one way or another? With such questions in my mind I went to Bette Davis, who has been my favorite authority on the inner workings of the Hollywood jamboree. Bette tells the truth, no matter how unpleasant it might be, or how contrary to the general opinion.

"I HAVEN'T any women friends," she declared, speaking in that explosive, volcanic, and utterly feminine manner of hers. "I don't believe I'll have many women friends as long as I live. I happen to be a girl who definitely prefers the company of men—purely an individual preference. All my friends are men.

"I've always got along better with men. But I don't agree at all with the popular conception that women can't be friends in Hollywood, that they are 'mortal enemies,' as you said."

"But—"

"Oh, yes, I'll agree with you that there's an enormous amount of jealousy in Hollywood. Every woman in this business is in terrific competition with other women, and we're all actual or potential rivals, but if you analyze it you'll find that it's professional jealousy. And it's a very good and healthy thing too.

"I contend that two women stars can be horribly jealous of each other and still be good friends. It's only when you are smugly self-satisfied about your work that you don't envy others.

"So much has been written about the quarrels and cattiness of Hollywood women. In the public's mind have been created intriguing pictures of one woman star snubbing another, of women indulging in temperamental outbursts at each other's expense, of a lot of hair-pulling on the sets and behind the scenes, but so far as my own observations go it isn't true.

"It's so much more interesting to read about quarrels than how perfectly charming Hollywood women are to one another—and publicity writers have capitalized on that fact. Women stars are more likely to have admiration than personal hatred in their hearts for each other.

"If you could enter the minds of two women stars working on the same set I'm sure you will find each thinking of the other: 'She is better than I am.' They copy each other unconsciously, and imitation, after all, is the sincerest flattery. I've seen that happen time and again. As a matter of fact,

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women fight more often with men," she giggled. She giggles frequently while talking.

The waitress brought her a plate of cold lamb, with sliced tomatoes and string beans. "U'm, this looks delicious," she mused with wide-eyed enthusiasm. After a pause in this free-flowing copy, she continued:

"I think a great many Hollywood women would sincerely admit the merits of their rivals. Personally, if I see some good acting by a girl, I say to myself, 'I wish I could have done it.' Of course, you'll always find a few vicious characters in any circle, I'm not saying that all Hollywood women behave as perfect ladies, but this town deserves far more credit for its good manners and kindness and friendships than it has received so far.

"But actresses are supposed to be very temperamental and child-like in their reactions, and silly, nasty things make better copy. And so, writers will either invent them or greatly exaggerate some disagreement or quarrel."

THIS reminded me of Marlene Dietrich's celebrated feud with Mae West when both were at Paramount and the latter's curves and swinging hips and come-up-and-see-me-some-time threatened to dethrone the beauteous Dietrich as the personification of women's dreams and Hollywood's most noted exponent of sex appeal. I remembered Marlene telling me how, when she had merely left a New York theatre after seeing a Mae West picture, she was accused of walking out on it.

We all have read so much about the stars not having any time for intimate friendships. We know that in order to make and keep a friend in the traditional meaning of that word, you must devote time and attention to it. Many stars have explained this general lack of friendly neighborly relations in Hollywood as due solely to lack of time—they simply are too busy, they have no time to relax, to live as human beings, to see their friends, etc. But Bette exploded this popular myth.

"We have an enormous amount of time. True, when we work, we work hard, but we've plenty of time between pictures and over week-ends to do what we please.

"The directors," she asserted, "are much busier than players. The director spends more time on the preparation and editing of a picture than on actual shooting. But the players can bask in the sun to their hearts' content for days and weeks on end. Certainly they have far more leisure than the average stenographer who must work eight or ten hours six days a week.

"There are," Bette said, "sincere and fine friendships among Hollywood women." She was emphatic on that point.

"Hollywood women aren't different from professional and business women in general. They have the same instincts, longings, and fundamental problems. They love to cook and have children and lead a normal home life—which is rather difficult for us because of the demands made by our profession. But the desire is still there deep down in our hearts.

"Of course, success gives us a tremendous feeling of self-assurance and independence, which many men resent. But underneath that shell of brittle self-sufficiency your average Hollywood actress is definitely more feminine than other women. I don't think there are more friendships among women authors or reporters than among actresses."

"Less," I mumbled.

As for hairdressers or stand-ins being on closer terms with the stars they work for than other actresses, Bette doesn't think that's true.

"Such associations," she said "are limited to working hours, and you certainly don't see these women employees in a studio socially mingling with the stars. Friendship in its real meaning is an alliance between two people who entertain for each other's sentiments of esteem and affection without being dependent on each other for their bread and butter."

DURING my first interview with Bette Davis about four years ago, shortly after she had won her first Academy Award for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*, she tossed several verbal grenades at Hollywood. Recalling her early days in this town, she declared that Hollywood can be the most selfish, cruel and indifferent place in the world for the newcomer, that nobody will help you here, nobody will tell you anything, and you have to find your way around by the old method of trial and error.

But Bette, with her characteristic honesty which has endeared her to all who have had the pleasure of knowing her, said apropos of that first interview:

"I would be an extremely ungrateful girl if I spoke about Hollywood in such a bitter and cynical tone today. Now I know Hollywood much better than I did four, five or six years ago. I've changed, and so has Hollywood.

"Just as I'm not the same girl I was then, neither is Hollywood the same town. Both of us have grown up.

"Hollywood is such a perplexing place to know in the beginning! You have to go through a certain evolution to really discover this town and set things right for yourself. That takes time.

"Today I couldn't give out the kind of stories I was giving to writers then," she added. "Much of what was written about Hollywood four or five years ago is no longer true. If friendships were impossible among women here when I first came to Hollywood, if nobody would help you then and this was a selfish and cruel place where I was so unhappy, the situation is entirely different now both in regard to Hollywood and to my own life as an actress. I'm now perfectly happy about my work and life in Hollywood, I've not complaints.

"HOLLYWOOD has become a very normal community. If women can be friends elsewhere, I don't see why they can't here. I know this is not what you expected me to say, this is not what the public has been led to believe about Hollywood women, but it's my sincere, and I may add mature, opinion. When you come to think of it, friendship is the most precious and rarest thing in the world anyhow, and we can't expect to have more than one or two friends no matter where we live. I mean real friendship.

"On the surface, Hollywood women are courteous and charming to one another. They act like ladies, as members of a civilized and urbane community, but of course I wouldn't know how they feel about other women deep down in their hearts. They don't let this professional jealousy of theirs, which as I said is a very good and healthy thing, affect their personal relations. "As for me," she continued, "I prefer the company of men—as most women do—but I can't come out and say that women can't be friends in Hollywood, because I don't think it's true. There's nothing in Hollywood to prevent sincere friendships among women, and it's purely an individual matter whether or not an actress has women friends."

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Paulette Picks Herself to Pieces

[*Continued from page 27*]

Caldwell, New Jersey, I traveled with her.

"But if things don't happen to me, I make them happen. I love change. I feed on excitement. I am temperamentally a vaudevillian, with a love of quick turns and lightning changes. Shifting moods and fitful fancies suit my book. I don't want roots.

"Right now, for instance, I'm wishing I could trade my boat for a plane, turn in the captain for a pilot! Then I could take off and cover the country, then I'd really have wings.

"So, of course, I have a feeling of boredom at the monotony of always having the same face. Suppose we had to go through life wearing the same dress, same cut, same color, same accessories, horrible idea. Yet we do have to go through life wearing always the same facial garment, and whether we like the cut and color or not. The only changes," said Paulette, with a shudder, "are aging and fading. I resent that.

"I more than resent it, I reject it," she added. "When people ask me when I want to retire I say, 'at about 90. Then I'll go on a health regime and try to live another 90 years.' Death is the only bad thing. I'm not afraid of it, I'm furious about it. So long as I'm alive and healthy, it's all fun and I'm happy.

"BUT I was talking about the sameness of the Goddard face, wasn't I? Well, I look at it, as I am looking at it now, and I think: Great Heavens, that eye-lash, that mole on my nose . . . no, it doesn't show on the screen . . . there they are, I think, changeless and unchanging. That's one reason why I wanted to be an actress. I wanted to escape from myself. Not once or twice but many times.

"My forehead, for instance," sighed Paulette, with a sigh that lifted the russet bangs from her brow, "my forehead is my worst feature. Half-wits go around with a forehead freezing to the winds like this . . ." (She has the most magnificent teeth I've ever seen. And her eye-lashes, not pasted on, make spiral shadows on her smooth, tan cheeks. But I didn't mention these pleasant facts. Paulette, you feel, would duck flat compliments.) I did remark, however, that she must be pleased with some feature of her person and she said:

"My best feature is the line from here to here," and she rose and turned to me in profile and indicated the line a few inches above her reed-slender waist to the line a few inches below her bee's hips . . . "above the waist to what-not," she said, "that's every girl's best feature. It's certainly mine. I love to wear the new, *sarongy* dresses because they show off that line to the best advantage."

CLOTHES, Paulette admitted, are important to her, but especially clothes for pictures. When she was planning her wardrobe for Chaplin's *The Dictator,* in which she had finished a couple of weeks before, she had, at first, visions of some charming, little Austrian peasant numbers, simple but effective. She ended by wearing a department store basement garment, price $1.45.

For when she got into the ghetto scenes the charming little peasant frocks looked glaringly out of place, out of key, too charming to be suitable. Paulette admits that she just sat down and cried when she had to discard them. Until she wore the basement gingham and realized that she looked right in it, right for what she was doing, where she was doing it.

"But off the screen," she was saying, "I usually wear sweaters. I have stacks of sweaters. Most of them I knit myself. I give stacks of them away, too. It's a common sight to see half-a-dozen girls on the lot, hairdressers, waitresses, script girls, converging upon me, all wearing Goddard knits!"

But the sweater-simplicity of Paulette's off-screen wardrobe doesn't mean that she is a bucolic maid who likes cotton frocks and buttermilk. Not Paulette. She does like daffodils, not orchids. But mostly because, she told me, "they mean that Spring is coming."

She has a healthy appetite, likes everything to eat, "but particularly caviar." Caviar blinis (a la Russe) are, definitely, her favorite food. And the anecdote went the rounds that when, recently, Lady Castelross was visiting Paulette, she went away saying of the Goddard hopitality, "nothing ever passed my lips but caviar blinis."

Paulette does like luxurious limousines, mostly because she hates to ride on streetcars. She said, "they make me sick to my stomach." The first money she ever earned in her life, as a model for Hattie Carnegie, she spent on clothes. She told me:

"I bought myself a huge, black velvet hat, a black satin dress and a mammoth red rose which I pinned to me. I went home looking like Peg O' My Heart. My mother swooned.

"I'M EXTRAVAGANT, yes. About everything. I think a girl should be extravagant. I think girls should be spoiled. Because then they're kind to others. Spoiling really means loving, anyway. What else? And if loving people doesn't bring out nice qualities in them it's because they haven't got any and so, no matter how you treat them, it doesn't matter.

"I think women should be dependent. I'm not, but that doesn't alter my point of view. I know that women's greatest strength is her weakness or dependence. Her greatest fault is her 'Rights.'"

Paulette isn't domestic. She can't cook. She doesn't do anything around the house except garden. She doesn't even plan menus. Her mother does all that for her. She said, "I like to be able to ring a bell and be surprised! I'd really like to be able to ring and say—'Room Service, please!' I suppose this comes from being 'conditioned' to hotels at an early age."

Most of her tastes are on the sybaritic side . . . when she isn't wearing sweaters, for instance, or even when she is, she likes absence of color in her clothes. She likes to wear beige and skin color. In her home, however, particularly in her bedroom, she uses bright colors—bright yellow with one big red piece, or purple. "Color gives me a thrill," she told me.

The books she likes to read depend on the mood she is in. Her favorite short story is James Joyce's *Clay.* Her favorite poem is Thompson's *Hound of Heaven.* She adores Cuban or Spanish music and her favorite radio program is Orson Welles.

But Paulette is complex. A sybarite, she is something of a Spartan. She isn't the lazy, luxury-loving, breakfast-tray-in-bed type. She gets up with the birds. She is athletic and her favorite sport is, she told me, "any ball . . . any ball at all that anybody throws me."

When she has an evening off, she likes to go dancing. "Because," she said, "I go so seldom, I guess. Now it is an Event."

Her worst fault, she confessed, is romancing, telling stories, dreaming things up. . . .

"I get so carried away with something I'm saying, that I can believe it myself. I have, also, the volatile habit of being able to believe something one day and something quite opposite the next day. Very confusing for the people who live with me. They never know which side of the fence I am on."

Paulette doesn't belong to any clique here in Hollywood. She said, "my friends are of different kinds." She isn't the kind of a girl to have any close girl friends. Perhaps because she'd have to give too much of herself, too many confidences. It isn't her way to discuss herself, even with those closest to her. If ever she is asked, "where are you going? What are you going to do?" the attack direct sends Paulette into her cool shell and the answer is—"I don't know."

People in Hollywood know far less about Goddard than they do about Garbo. Garbo's "Won't Talk" stance is said to be publicity tactics. Paulette's is personal prejudice. She says, "it bores me to talk about myself, it must bore other people." It is, also, advice from Chaplin who, after she made *Modern Times* and there was no other picture planned for her, advised her not to give interviews, not to be in the public eye or ear lest people tire of her before ever she had done enough to justify publicity.

Disliking then to talk about herself, Paulette loves to listen to other people talk. She's inordinately curious about other people. And enormously sympathetic. She makes no confidences herself but many a girl with a problem, in trouble, goes to Paulette and gets the help that heals. She would, she told me, make a crack interviewer because she would probe and question with such honest interest and avidity. She studied psychology at U. C. L. A. for two-and-a-half years during a time she wasn't working, just because she wanted to know what makes people tick.

HER favorite way of taking a holiday is to go on a trip. Her very favorite holiday is to go to Singapore and the Dutch East Indies.

"They're a complete change," she said, "like being dropped into different worlds . . ." She added, "*different worlds are my idea of heaven . . .*"

She has only one fear but it rides her . . . "fear about my work," she said. "I get nervous, I worry so. It's the only thing that's got me licked. It's such a fear that I freeze and I have to break it and thaw myself out. It's because I have such a respect for acting. Little, tiny mishaps throw me into dungeons of discouragement. . . .

"When my hair broke off, for instance, after a permanent . . . I was Calling All Cars, I was going to Tahiti . . . And when Sam Goldwyn fired me *four times* after I made *Kid From Spain* I went around looking like the ghost of a Zombie!

"But that's my only fear," said the girl Charles Chaplin discovered, "and I'm beginning, now, to get the best of it. When I did the fight scene in *The Women*, for instance, I didn't have an inhibition to my name. I bit Roz Russell with the most divine unself-consciousness! I'm breaking the ice that congealed me and while I'll never be satisfied with myself, that's all right with me because it means changing and moving and striving and unrest. It means being forever in flight and that's what I want. . . ."

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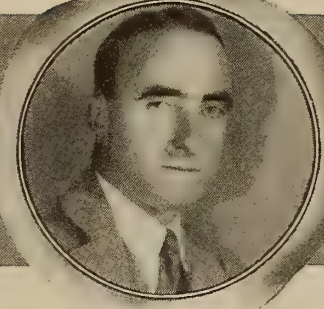

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

WORLD WAR II has certainly put a large crimp into the American movie market in Europe . . . Germany has been out of this picture for some time, ditto Russia, ditto the Balkans . . . France hasn't been taking many Hollywood importations . . . Neither have the Scandinavian countries . . . and the same applies to Italy and the United Kingdom . . . Belgium is more or less a shambles, and while much of Holland remains, you can't expect refugees to flock to movie theatres in any of the devastated regions when the first thing to interest them is self-preservation . . . But we should concentrate with a bigger Hollywood drive on South America and other Pan-American countries . . . We should start immediately on a bigger and better sitzkrieg—get the Pan-Americans in our hemisphere (including the U.S.A.) into the theatres where they can sit and watch American movies . . . To those not immediately affected by the war (such as the European countries) our movies offer a means of escape . . . Particularly does this apply to America at this time . . . We are getting such heaping gobs of gloom and misery in the headlines that one way to preserve some semblance of sanity and balance is to find escape in the movie theatres . . . The newsreels from the theatre of war are not showing much actual combat . . . it's too dangerous—and would be against military orders to attempt to shoot it except for the archives of the nations engaged . . . The press makes it vivid enough without searching for actual battle shots, though scenes of confusion, desolation and devastation among the refugees—the hapless victims of the war—are coming through . . . Which reminds me there are features coming through that take us far away from the war . . . Of course Hollywood producers are conscious of news and headlines . . . and many will naturally vary their policy of "sweetness and light" with "realism and shadow" . . . but at this particular crisis wouldn't you rather see *Edison, the Man, Rebecca, Brigham Young, The Westerner, All This, and Heaven Too, Brooklyn Bridge, How Green Was My Valley, Topper Returns, They Knew What They Wanted, Niagara Falls, Our Town, The Biscuit Eater, Buck Benny Rides Again, I Married Adventure, My Favorite Wife, Spring Parade, No Time For Comedy, The Life of Knute Rockne, Lillian Russell, Susan and God, Strike Up the Band, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante* and *Pride and Prejudice?* . . . Still can't get over the magnetic "pull" of *Rebecca,* which I saw three times . . . Here is a perfect story, told perfectly in cinematic form, with a place for everything and everything in place—from settings to photography—from dialogue to detail—from direction to interpretation—from accumulating interest to rich climactic suspense . . . I've never seen better direction, especially in the thorough grasp of the story, its motivation and the manner in which the players are guided . . . Joan Fontaine is inspired here and Director Hitchcock certainly brought forth her genius for capturing moods of characterization . . . Joan, herself, in this very issue of MOTION PICTURE tells a complete, all-revealing account of how she strove to win the part of *Mrs. de Winter* —and having won it, giving credit to Hitchcock for the heights she attained . . . Joan is no longer a queen of B's . . . she's in the A class . . . Yet she doesn't care whether she's A or B or even Z—considering the nervous tension which accompanies ambition . . . Striking such a human attitude, it's no wonder she was able to humanize *Mrs. de Winter* so capably.

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The world's foremost newspaper woman, Louella Parsons, is writing for MOTION PICTURE. She makes her debut next month in the September issue with a series of six articles under the general heading of YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE.

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YOU forget time and environment from the moment Joan's rich voice read offscreen, "Last night I dreamt I was back in *Manderley* again," to the last cry, *"Max, Max!"* and leaps into his arms . . . another unforgettable picture is *Our Town*—which is as human and tender as a sympathetic approach can make it . . . To make such good pictures as these, indicates that all concerned, from the technicians to the director and players, loved their job, *knew* instinctively it was something worthy of their supreme effort . . . Somehow one's mind goes back to the war . . . and you wonder about Scandinavians Garbo and Henie tasting bitter fruit—particularly Sonja, who has no inkling of what has become of her house, recently completed, in Oslo . . . But life goes on and Sonja finds compensation in having her family with her—and perhaps a husband soon . . . Some day the tempest of wrath will blow away and it'll be a better world to live in . . . It'll certainly be a much better world over here for those Europeans who have found sanctuary in Hollywood . . . A large European colony thrives there now, and when the war ceases many more will break old world ties to join it. . . . Meanwhile, Britisher Vivien Leigh has taken New York like Hitler took Holland . . . Within a radius of seven Broadway blocks her name is in lights on four theatre marquees—with three of these theatres starring her on the screen, and the fourth in the Bard's *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Such is the onward march of fame, popularity and talent . . . She has conquered Broadway with *Gone With the Wind, Waterloo Bridge, 21 Days Together* and *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Any New Yorker or visiting fireman can catch her in the crinolines of *Scarlett* or the flowing robes of that *Capulet* girl from Verona . . . or even wearing modern apparel . . . No star has ever made such a record, appearing simultaneously on three movie screens—and once actually in the flesh.

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FIRST OF A SERIES WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

Carole Lombard

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT: CARY GRANT

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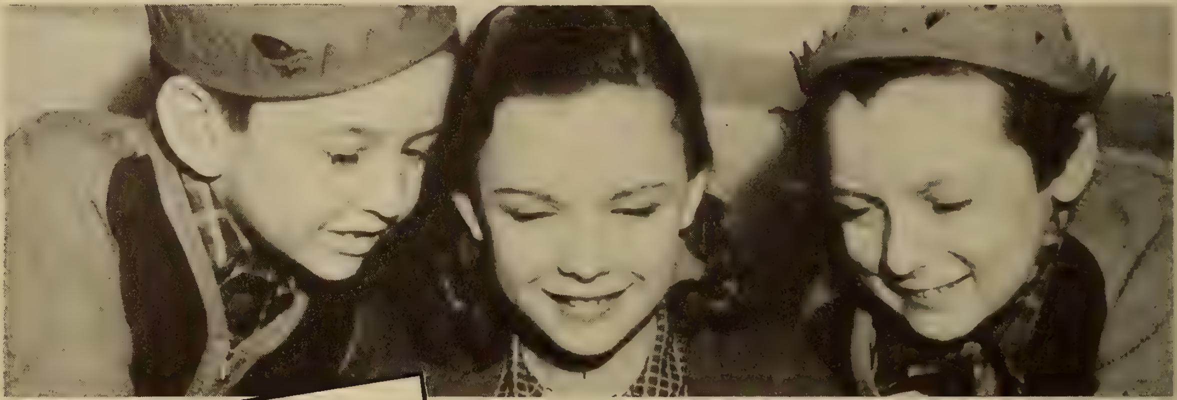

"Buddy" Brown, Gloria Jean and "Butch" Lenhart, appearing in Universal Pictures

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LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX. No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

Your Hollywood—And Mine .... *Louella O. Parsons* 22
"I've Not Outgrown Hollywood!"—Jeanette MacDonald .... *Gladys Hall* 27
Who Ever Said Hollywood Couldn't Take Broadway? .... *Louis Raymond* 30
Will You, Olivia, Take This Man? .... *James Reid* 32
Will You, James, Take This Woman? .... *Faith Service* 33
Will Garbo Marry Hauser? .... *Gordon Barrington* 37
So You Think Shirley's Through! ! ! .... *James F. Scheer* 44

Personalities

Transformation of a Mugg (Pat O'Brien) .... *Gilbert Main* 29
Design for Loving (Rita Hayworth) .... *Dorothy Spensley* 34
He Is What He Is (Don Ameche) .... *Dan Camp* 40
Those Young Ideas (Loretta Young) .... *Jesse Rucker* 46
Wanted—A Wife! (Eddie Albert) .... *Kolma Flake* 52

Pictorial Features

Judy Garland 19
Virginia Bruce 21
Robert Taylor 26
Laraine Day 28
Cary Grant 35
Maureen O'Sullivan 41
Make Yourself at Home—at Jane's 42
Tyrone Power 47

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler .... *Harry Lang* 6
Picture Parade 10
Stars Over Broadway .... *Dorothy Lubou* 14
On The Sets With the Stars 16
Between Ourselves .... *Larry Reid* 18
The Talk of Hollywood 48
Hollywood's Trick Parties 67

To the Ladies

Making-Up to Joan .... *Denise Caine* 8
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips 17
Sporting Talk .... *Candida* 38
Wool Gathering 50
Lemon Aids .... *Mrs. Christine Frederick* 54

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MOTION PICTURE'S
FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA

CANDIDA, Motion Picture's Fashion Editor, again invites you window shopping to note the fashions worn in Hollywood, the nation's style center. Using this column as index, turn the pages with her, and adapt these starworn clothes to your own wardrobe.

An evening fashion that's not too old for Judy Garland, nor too young for you—her flowered, ribbed silk dress with flattering round neck, cape sleeves, basque waist and shirred full skirt. (page 19)

Norma Shearer (page 24) picked stripes for a smart dinner dress. You can't go wrong with *them*, summer or fall, so start thinking now about striped or plaid wools for your first football game.

Barbara Stanwyck *always* looks well in sporty things. This time she chooses short pleated sleeves for her hand-tailored waist. Note the open cuff of her ever-right pigskin gloves. (page 25)

Carole Lombard, same page, matches a scarf to the polka dots in her turban, shows a little hair in front. Fall hats are built for back of the head wearing, so wave your pompadour outside yours!

Pearls and more pearls! Laraine Day, page 28, wears several strands—good with evening or day clothes, to dress up a plain neckline. Try a string of huge colored pearls with your classic pull-over sweaters, for class or home.

That off-the-face bonnet of Katie Hepburn's is just as good in felt for fall as it was in straw for summer (page 31). For dressier clothes, try pleating a band of ribbon around the edge—it gives a flatteringly new look!

Rita Hayworth's lame dinner gown (page 34) has shirring from under the bust to hips—a style note fall day *and evening dresses* follow.

The feminine touch in neck details perks up Paulette Goddard's classic cashmere sweater (page 48). Her sporty leather belt looks neat on the huge checker-board plaid of her skirt. Try wearing two link bracelets, or a double one as she does, for added dash!

What if it is a costume picture?—Linda Darnell's bonnet, the basque bodice and peplum of her dress, the shawl collar of her cloak (page 48) are all worth noting for their influences on today's clothes.

Candy is dandy, and candy stripes in a soft blouse are ever better! Gail Patrick likes hers running both horizontally and vertically, like the tie neck, shirred bosom and new-looking bishop sleeves (page 49).

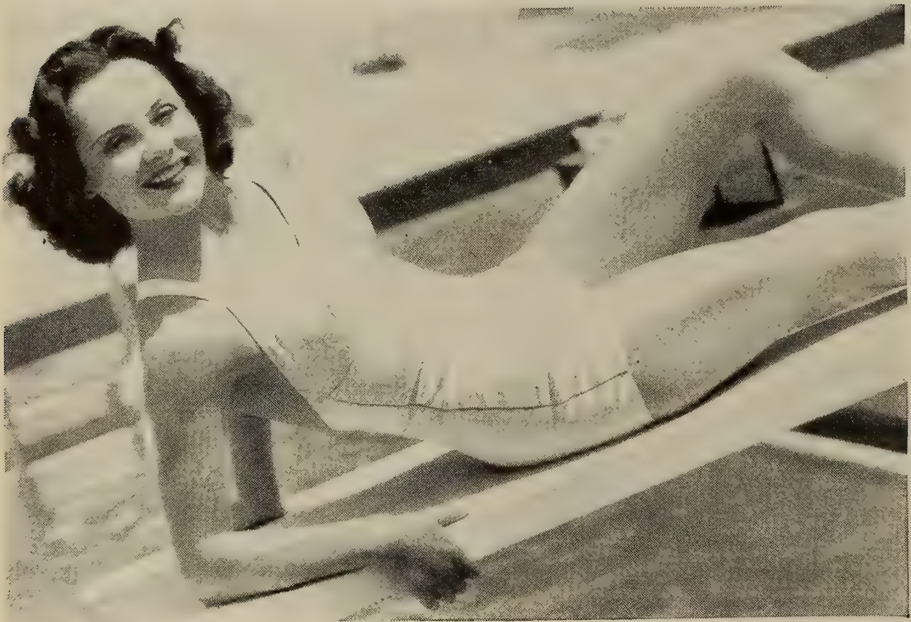
If you do wear slacks, be sure that they are as faultlessly tailored as Maggie Sullavan's, that their press is always in! Gabardine and corduroy are fabrics to watch for in slacks, fall sports clothes.

Look for MOTION PICTURE's Fashion Spotlights again next month! We'll be back for more star-gazing at styles!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG



Warner's new English star, Elizabeth Earl, debuts in *River's End*. Was dramatic schoolmate of Vivien Leigh. Is 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 117 lbs. Unmarried

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Richard Ainley and Connie Bennett
Acting still as if they mennett!

■

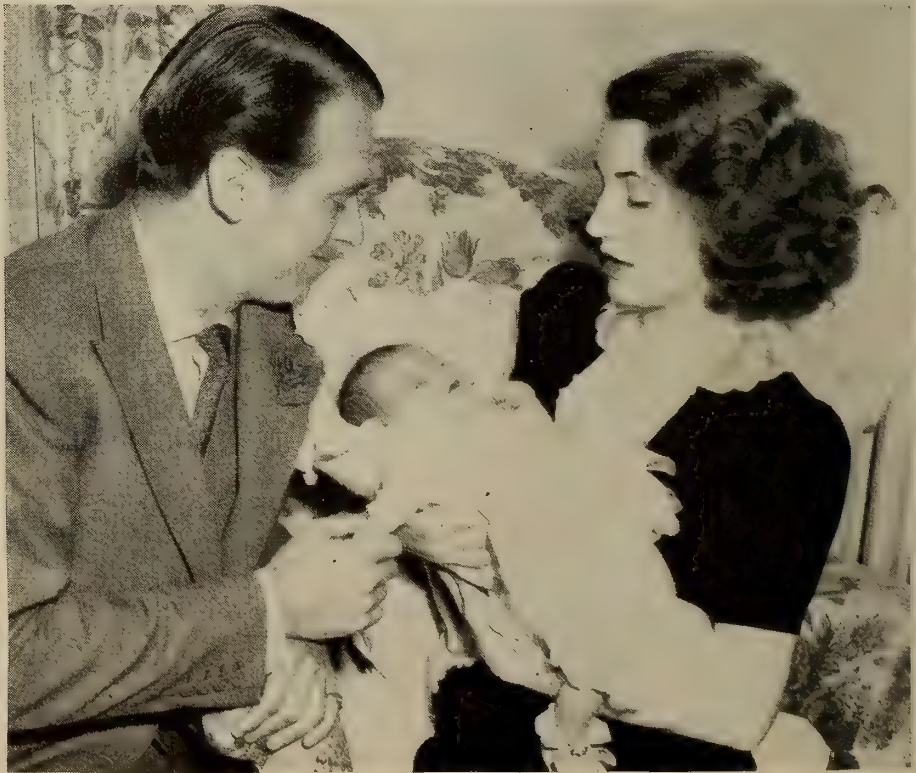
PRIME izzit-or-aintit romance of the season in Hollywood is still the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland going-on! Not that there's any doubt but what there IZZ a romance—but the doubt is: will it jell into matrimony? And-or when?

Far back are the days when Olivia, soulfully abnegating all earthly things and thoughts, swore that she'd never be wedded to anything but her ART—and she didn't mean Art Shaw, either. Art was okeh for Olivia, until sister Joan hopped right out of ethereal things and into a marital set-up with Brian Aherne. At that, Olivia decided that with all the attention Sis was getting, maybe she'd better come down off her lily-white and go human herself. That's about the time she and Stewart started palpitating.

Said palpitations have worked up to a spot where, now, something's GOTta be done! The principals themselves—Jimmy and Olivia—won't answer any leading (or misleading) questions. They do deny they're "engaged"—but they don't deny they may get married (and ain't THAT silly, mah-mah?!)

And they're taking it seriously. So seriously that they've served notice on their studio that they DON'T want to make gooey stills together, and they DON'T want to be cast in the leads of any romantic picture together, either. Olivia says since she feels the way she does about Ji-jim-m-m-meeeee in real life, she'd be awf'ly terr'bly embarrassed at making love with him in front of a camera and everybody.

[*Continued on page 77*]



The Doug Juniors present daughter Daphne in first photo. Pop says if baby behaves as well before camera in future she'll sure carry on family tradition

EVEN IF I'M "ALL IN" AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL** WITH LUX SOAP
PAT **LUX SOAP'S** CREAMY LATHER LIGHTLY INTO YOUR SKIN. RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN COOL
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
PARAMOUNT STAR
THEN PAT TO DRY. SEE HOW MUCH **SMOOTHER** YOUR SKIN FEELS—HOW FRESH IT LOOKS
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

Take Hollywood's tip—try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days

HAVE YOU FOUND the right care for *your* skin? Claudette Colbert tells you how to take an ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL with Lux Toilet Soap. Here's a gentle, *thorough* care that will give your skin protection it needs to stay lovely. Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather that removes dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly* from the skin—does a *perfect* job. Try Hollywood's ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. You'll find they really *work*—help keep skin smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at—soft to touch. Don't risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin: little blemishes, coarsened pores. Use cosmetics all you like, but take regular ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Glenda Farrell, who has proved herself a capable comedienne in comedy *Separate Rooms* on Broadway, parties with socialite Baron Wrangel at Fefe's Monte Carlo

Hollywood pals Spencer Tracy and Franchot Tone, who have been enjoying NY theatres and nite clubs, get together for serious chat at Fefe's Monte Carlo

RECENT EUROPEAN developments have had a dampening effect on Broadway . . . Madeleine Carroll made a brave attempt to be gay before taking the Clipper for Paris . . . Friends attempted to dissuade her from leaving at this time . . . Madeleine had her fears . . . She booked passage and cancelled . . . She almost returned to Hollywood . . . Then decided she couldn't let down those who loved her . . . Everything she values in life has been caught up in the maelstrom of the war . . . Her family, her former husband, Captain Astley, fighting for Britain and her fiance, a French aviator . . . Her beautiful estates in England and France . . . Madeleine had little difficulty losing those extra pounds that brought so much criticism in *My Son, My Son* . . . The suffering evident in her face has given her a warmth hitherto lacking . . . She plans to bring back with her a French orphan that Hollywood friends want to adopt . . . It was more than an adventurous mood that prompted Bob Montgomery to join the American Field Service in France during his contract lay off . . . Screen audiences who know him only in light-hearted roles were more surprised than intimates . . . Bob is essentially serious-minded and idealistic . . . Elizabeth Montgomery, returning from England to join her two children in Hollywood, said she had encouraged her husband in his eagerness to "do something" . . . When France realized she couldn't continue the war, Bob resigned from the service and flew back to the U.S.A. . . . The same sort of press-agentry that finally sent David Niven home as a volunteer, promises to return Laurence Olivier to England for war service . . . Britain prefers her thespians on this side . . . An ill-timed publicity story announced that Olivier and Vivien Leigh had been summoned to the British Isles . . . Immediately after, it was announced that a later message requested them to remain in America . . . As no other Britisher, eligible for war service, had received any such communication, there were those who said it all sounded like nice going for *Romeo and Juliet* . . . Which puts the handsome actor in a spot . . . The romantic pair have been week-ending with friends in the country . . . They don't like city life . . . Despite the English girl's sensational movie successes, Olivier continues to be the special object of fan attention during their appearances together . . . Never have I witnessed such a demonstration as occurred at the final performance of the Shakespearean tragedy . . . Hysterical women crashed the doors of the theatre, heading toward the footlights . . . The balcony worshippers emptied into the orchestra aisles for the curtain calls . . . Only after it looked as though the audience would never leave the theatre, did the actor make a stumbling, halting speech . . . Tears streamed down the lovely cheeks of *Juliet*, who received only polite applause . . . Everyone seemed to be sentimentalizing over what well may be the last professional appearance of the pair for the duration of the war . . . Another fan mob gathered outside the stage door crying, *"Wherefore art thou, Romeo?"*—while the cast enjoyed a backstage farewell party . . . A mother and daughter who had motored in from Maine to see the show for the sixteenth time managed to get past the doorman. . . .

THE LIFE and death of Jimmy Hall follows an all too-familiar Hollywood pattern . . . It was ten years ago that James Hall was starred in *Hell's Angels* . . . Handsome, happy-go-lucky . . . So much money . . . So many sycophants to spend it for him . . . Broadway pals drifting in, broke . . . Staying with him "temporarily". . . . Taking advantage of his easy nature . . . Jimmy drinking too much . . . I remember Jimmy complaining with that ready smile of his . . . He couldn't say no . . . But he didn't really mind . . . Spending money was fun . . . After a lifetime of cheap hotels and cheap clothes and never enough to eat . . . There were women too —All kinds . . . One he really cared for . . . They were in love for a while . . . Swell girl, too . . . An up-and-coming actress called Joan Crawford . . . That ended, and then everything seemed to go wrong . . . The talkies arrived . . . No one remembered that Jimmy had been a musical comedy juvenile . . . Maybe it was because he was getting thick in the waist-line by now . . . He got into debt . . . He knew he was through . . . Back to Broadway . . . Another silent picture actor . . . Nobody cared that Jimmy had been in the theatre all his life . . . Crooning was the craze . . . Jimmy took engagements in night clubs . . . Cheap ones, after a while . . . Dives, years later . . . Much too heavy for a man not yet forty . . . But he always smiled . . . Jimmy never complained, just so he could work a little . . . I saw him the night before he was taken to the hospital . . . He'd lost lots of weight . . . He hadn't been well . . . There wasn't money for medical care. He was married—lived in a cheap, furnished room . . . I wondered if he knew Joan

[*Continued on page* 82]

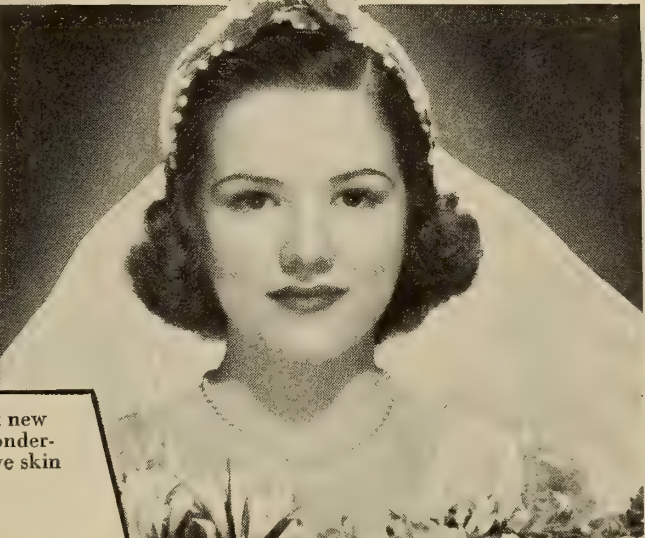
Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

EVERYWHERE women are talking about this wonderful new Camay... finding in new Camay the beauty soap to help them in their search for greater loveliness!

And no wonder—for tests against six of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them... gave more abundant lather in a short time.

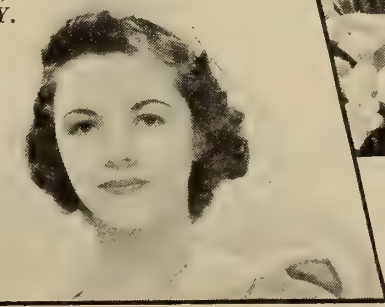
If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive try this wonderful new Camay... see for yourself how much its extra mildness... its more gentle, thorough cleansing... can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!



Mrs. J. H. Richardson, Alameda, Cal. "New Camay is so amazingly mild!" says Mrs. Richardson. "My skin is rather delicate—but new Camay is so gentle that it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses!"

"I don't know what delighted me most about new Camay—that lovely new fragrance or its wonderful mildness. Every woman who has sensitive skin ought to try Camay!"

Mrs. A. H. Sherin, Jr., Schenectady, N. Y.

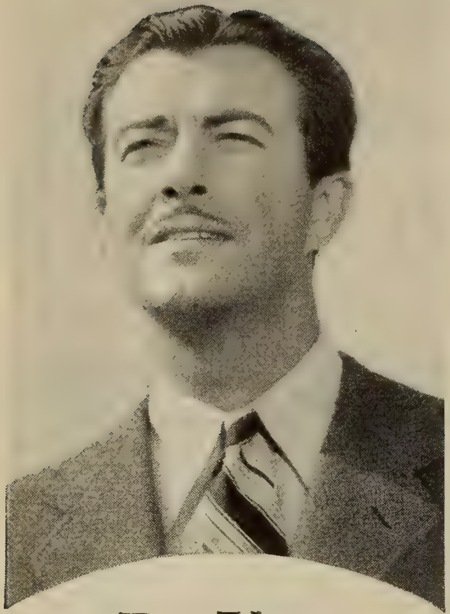


Mrs. G. Anderton Burke, Alexandria, Va. "To women who take extra care with their skin as I do its amazing mildness is a tremendous help," writes Mrs. Burke. "And that enchanting new fragrance is so wonderful, too."

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

At your dealer's now—no change in wrapper.



Do You Want To Meet BOB TAYLOR?

OF COURSE you do! But perhaps you are unable to visit Hollywood and meet Bob in person. In that case, you have the privilege of seeing him through the eyes of his best friend, Jack Benny. You can learn all the intimate, fascinating facts about Bob by reading "Buck" Benny's frank story in September SCREEN LIFE, now on sale. Look for it under the title:

MY PAL, BOB TAYLOR, BY JACK BENNY

America's most exciting movie magazine also brings you these unusual features: "Has Deanna Durbin Hidden Talent?"; "Ray Milland's Biggest Dime"; "I was Shocked!"—Hollywood Star Confesses; "Down on the Farm—With Hedy Lamarr."

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Screen Life

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

Adapted from stage hit, a musical that convulsed Broadway last season and which was based on *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Boys From Syracuse* has all-star cast including Irene Hervey, Allan Jones, Joe Penner, Alan Mowbray, Martha Raye, Eric Blore

IT WAS **while** "Comin' Round the Mountain" that Bob Burns, *et al*, discovered the true use for his bazooka . . . Or should we say RE-discovered it? . . . It was at the Lake Arrowhead location, where the company was shooting, that it all happened . . . Part of the props was a regular moonshiner's still . . . But woe struck when the propmen discovered that part of the still was missing!—the part that sets up there on top of the mash kettle and feeds the steam to the coils . . . "Help, what'll we do?" howled Director George Archainbaud . . . And the prop men, nearly a hundred miles from the studio, didn't know what to do either . . . Then up popped Bob Burns, with his bazooka . . . He took the bazooka apart, and by heck and by golly, the missing part of the still was supplied as Bob grinned: "Stick it right on there." . . . It fit perfectly, much to Archainbaud's amazement . . . "You'd think it was made for the purpose," he gloated . . . Then it was that Bob grinned wider and said:—"Fit? Sure does . . . What in heck do you THINK it was made for, until I discovered I could take it off an' play it!?" . . . Location-injury of the month was the trick accident that befell Pat O'Malley's wife, on location at Big Bear Lake with the *Brigham Young* outfit . . . AN INDIAN TEPEE COLLAPSED ON HER!!! The injuries were not serious however, and Mrs. Pat is gleefully claiming that she's the only woman in Hollywood who had a house fall on her and lived to tell it . . . Most joy-spreading demonstration that ever happened on any set was the one which Bill Powell, thanks to the script, gave during shooting of *I Love You Again*, to prove that at last he is fully recovered from all his illnesses, and back in perfect health—to the extent that whatever it is, he can TAKE it! . . . Proof came during that day of shooting in which these things were called for in the script, to happen to Powell: 1—Frank McHugh knocked him down . . . 2—Then Bill had to run into an open door hard enough to make it appear that a black eye was inevitable . . . 3—Then Myrna Loy hit him on the head with a plate of fried eggs . . . 4—And finally, Myrna bopped him over the same spot with a vase . . . McHugh apologized to him when he knocked him down . . . Powell apologized to the door when he ran into it . . . Myrna apologized to him when she hit him with the dish of eggs—but when she smashed the breakaway vase on his conk, she crowed:—"HOORAY, now I know Bill is recovered. He feels plenty good, or he'd collapse now!"

NOTHING **is** Wendy Barrie if not thorough . . . In *Cross Country Romance*, the script called for her to be overcome by smoke . . . Any ordinary actress would have gone ahead and done a pass-out according to the best film formula, regardless of the cause . . . But not Wendy . . . Instead, when it came time to do the scene, Wendy amazed the director, *et al*, with the reality of her performance . . . They asked her how come . . . Grinned Wendy:—"Honest, I went to the fire department and got pointers on how people act when smoke gets them . . . I actually studied correct coughing, choking, gasping and the right way to collapse." . . . Out near Phoenix, Arizona, where they shot *Arizona*, the weather was plenty hot . . . Which led to this one—Jean Arthur appeared for one sequence with her bonnet perched strangely high on her head . . . Director Wes Ruggles gave one look and a scream . . . What's the matter with her hat, he wanted to know . . . Nothing, nothing at all, insisted Jean . . . Wes tugged at the brim, but it wouldn't go any lower on her head . . . Jean merely stood and glared . . . Finally, Wes got suspicious—and yanked it off . . . And hanged if Jean wasn't wearing an ice bag under the hat, to keep her head cool!

SOME **sort of record** was set when, in *Strike Up the Band*, Mickey Rooney had to use make-up . . . Mickey is one of those movie actors who NEVER, under ordinary circumstances, use grease-paint or other kind of make-up . . . Only once in his career, up to now, has he had to use it —and that was for the minstrel show sequence in *Babes In Arms*, for which he had to don blackface . . . But *Strike Up the Band* proved his second undoing . . . In the sequence where he and Judy Garland and the other youngsters put on an Old Gay Nineties show, Mickey had to put on make-up for the second time in his career—because he was supposed to look like a high-school boy would look after inexpertly applying make-up for an amateur show . . . On-the-set rescue of the month—saved Linda Darnell from what might have been serious injury . . . It was during takes of *Brigham Young* . . . Linda was in her chair, applying make-up . . . A gust of wind whistled across the set, and next to Linda's chair, a huge electric arc-lamp toppled . . . Linda didn't see it, even though she was directly in its path . . . But Bobs Hoagland, script girl, with the same quick eyes which catch errors in filming, saw the impending accident . . . Like a flash, she flung herself between the toppling lamp and the actress—and at the cost of a bruised shoulder, shunted the falling weight to one side.

SNICKER-OF-THE-MONTH:—On the *Northwest Mounted Police* set, Madeleine Carroll is in the midst of the touching scene where she sinks down on her heels to feed soup to the dying man . . . All was going soft and sweet when Madeleine suddenly leaped erect with a howl, ruining the take . . . "What's the matter?" roared Director Cecil DeMille . . . Said Madeleine:—"I sat on my spurs!"

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

HOLLYWOOD has gone completely trick jewelry and gadget crazy! . . . If the fad doesn't stop pretty soon, some of the actors are going to have to put padlocks on their toupees or they'll find them hanging from their best gals' charm bracelets . . . Take the case of Otto Kruger: . . . I talked to him the other lunch-time and he told me a sad story of spending three days fashioning a brilliant brown-red-and-yellow-dry-fly, or whatever you call those things you use to catch trout with . . . The day before he went fishing, Mrs. Kruger met him downtown for dinner, looking very chic in a tailored suit with his precious trout bait fastened to her lapel! . . . Otto left me muttering something about using bent pins after this . . . I stayed on in the cafe just to watch the gals as they came in and see what other "jewelry" ideas I could pick up . . . The first person I saw was Anna Neagle looking cool and summery in a simple cotton frock of brown and pink cotton print . . . (And I'll be telling you more about cotton later on) . . . Anna's only jewelry was a pair of bracelets fashioned of gold links and *chili beans*! . . . The beans were of painted wood, but unless you got a close look, you couldn't tell they weren't the real thing . . . Anna told me she has a particular liking for wooden jewelry, especially with her informal street and sport clothes . . . Her favorite is a necklace of buttons . . . And this is one you can make yourself: . . . Just get a whole mess of various colored wooden buttons—Anna's necklace is natural, fuschia and purple—then string them on rubber thread which you can buy at most any notion counter . . . You can get a charm necklace like the one Ann Rutherford was wearing that day, too . . . You've seen these miniature car license plates which you put on key rings, haven't you? . . . Well, Ann has made a charm necklace of the license plates of Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Lewis Stone and others.

NOW for those cottons I promised to tell you about:—Just everybody in Hollywood has gone for cotton from dawn till midnite this season . . . Everyone from glamor gal Dorothy Lamour to sixteen-year-old Gale Storm . . . I talked to Gale about her vacation wardrobe the other day, and for a teen-age gal she has a lot of smart ideas . . . Gale realizes that being a "movie gal," she is in the public eye and must be smartly groomed . . . But at the same time she doesn't want to be overdressed or dressed beyond her years . . . So she has chosen cotton for all her clothes . . . You might show this letter to that kid sister of yours who is just Gale's age, then she might get over the idea that she has reached the black-satin-backless-gown age . . . I would have to do a lot more snooping to find a smarter-looking outfit than the two-piece gingham outfit Gale wore the day I talked with her . . . As trimly tailored as a suit, the flared skirt was of ink-blue gingham striped with white . . . The single-breasted jacket was of white trimmed with the skirt material . . . For evening, Gale has chosen a gaily printed skirt, gathered at the waist—gypsy style—which she wears with a sheer yellow cotton blouse cut with long, full sleeves . . . But Gale isn't the only Hollywood fashion-conscious gal who has gone for cotton material for evening . . . Quite the smartest-looking person at a dine-and-dance spot the other night was Constance Moore wearing a candy-striped evening gown of red and white pique.

NOW, in spite of all the talk you hear about shawls, that is the first one I've actually seen being worn . . . They're tricky things to handle, you know, and unless you can wear the best-looking clothes in town with the nonchalance of a Lamour, you'd better skip them . . . The most romantic-looking gown of the evening was a dream of crisp white organdy printed with dainty colored field daisies . . . It was worn by Maureen O'Hara and with it she carried handkerchiefs . . . Yeah, I know you're shaking your head and thinking Chic is unbalanced because "all God's chillun got handkerchiefs" . . . But this is different . . . Maureen was carrying *three* large chiffon hankies! . . . A white, a gold and a brown one, all tied together at one corner . . . And I guess your gal friend is getting old or something, but I like these large kerchiefs . . . They're sort of feminine and give that little coquettish touch a man's apt to go for.

Mlle. Chic

Be a Woman Desired

with this Fragrance Men Love

The costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with its appealing fragrance, is the dainty way to combat body staleness.

YOU'RE doubly enchanting, young lady, when your skin suggests a breath of romance. For no man wants his idol to have "feet of clay." And you can be ever so perfect in make-up, hair-do, and costume—but if the scent from your skin is not delicate, and lady-like, then BOOM! The romance is off!

Instinctively, you will prefer this costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body staleness. Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

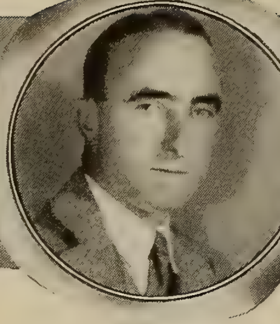
You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight! Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢

Wherever fine soaps are sold

Enhance your allure with these complementary Cashmere Bouquet beauty aids: Cashmere Bouquet Cleansing Cream... Face Powder... Lotion... Talc Powder... Lipstick



BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

WELL one thing is certain, Bob Montgomery DID see action as an ambulance driver . . . and David Niven is doing his bit in protecting the "tight little isle" . . . and Maureen O'Sullivan's husband, John Farrow, is serving with the Canadian navy . . . and Charles Boyer did his military bit for France . . . There's a handful of others who joined up for the duration . . . But the proportion is very meagre considering all the loud chatter that emanated from the "derring-do" boys to get on a real battleground instead of make-believe terrain where, single-handed, they give their all in routing the charging extras.

The blitzkrieg way of fighting has taken romance—even grim humor—out of war anyway . . . The old method of trench warfare, where one could go over the top at the zero hour and find drama, or take an AWOL and discover a girl whose eyes talked the same language brought the joiner-upper into the realm of adventure . . . But who wants to make love to a charging tank? This reminds me that Hollywood will have to throw out its old methods of making war in its battle pictures . . . If the patron was given excitement through the confusion of intense battle action in the old technique, just imagine the confused state of mind he'll be in under the new war technique.

Meanwhile it strikes me that Hollywood is a bit late with its excursions into the way the Nazis do things . . . these should have been shown three and four years ago. Yeah, they're locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen.

No Box-Office Poison Here

BUT Hollywood isn't late in recognizing that Hepburn isn't through after all . . . Remember a year or so ago when she was labeled box-office poison? She all but took a nose-dive right into oblivion, after jumping into *The Lake.* Giving that to Broadway added fuel to the Hollywood fire . . . And then came *The Philadelphia Story*—and Hepburn took Broadway like Hitler took Holland . . . And now she's back in Hollywood —anything but box-office poison . . . In fact she's kicking Hollywood in the shins and making it like it. Hollywood has ceased firing and is now suing for peace. Yes, Katie won the war.

MOTION PICTURE will soon present how she accomplished her comeback. It will get inside the mind of this Connecticut Yankee and show how she gave the old heave-ho to the tearer-downers.

Hollywood "ain't just done right" by Joan Crawford either, although her last picture, *Susan and God,* offers compensation for some of the works that had labeled her box-office poison . . . With the spiritual uplift that this film gave her, she has also come on to New York. She'd like to do a play, too—not just a vehicle for a Hollywood star.

Perhaps before the year is out some dramatist will be stimulated to fashion a play for this actress who, in *Susan and God,* proved she could probe deeply into character. She has left the *Dancing Daughters* plane far behind her . . . and has shown that she, too, has found an antidote for box-office poison . . . Next month this magazine will give you new observations about Joan Crawford.

There was never any idea of appeasement among the so-called box-office poisoners. Not one of them carried an umbrella and cried: "peace in our time." Each one of them prepared to re-arm with everything they had . . . They fortified themselves with good stories and good roles . . . Take Kay Francis for example . . . Slapped down as "sure death" at the box-office, she started a blitzkrieg of her own—and did it by concentrating on character roles . . . Realizing that she couldn't conquer with romance she decided to become a mother in her pictures. And we all know that mother love is much more powerful in its heart-tugs than the love registered with sighs between a fellow and a girl . . . I bet you remember the maternal-call in *It's a Date* (with Kay and Deanna Durbin) more readily than you do the love-call (with Deanna and her boy friend).

So for one, Kay won her war with the weapon of character acting . . . And it saved her from the box-office blitzkrieg . . . My idea of box-office poison is not found among the stars at all—it's found among the double-features, the Queen B's—and the never-ceasing re-makes of former triumphs . . . There should be no dearth of imagination in Hollywood, what with its Brain Trust of recognized authors, playwrights and scenaric writers . . . But what Hollywood has done with its Big Minds is as much of a puzzle as what the French have done with its fleet . . . Maybe The Brain-Trusters have been going bareheaded too long.

And don't you agree after reading about Shirley Temple on pages 44-45 that she deserves something of a rest, a vacation, a little fun? Her life has been as circumscribed as that of a royal heiress or even a king . . . Why even the Duke of Windsor when he ruled the British empire had nothing on Shirley and her sheltered life . . . He got away from it all, and Shirley is getting away from it all for a while.

Looking Backward and Forward

AND don't you agree after reading Louella O. Parsons' Great Loves of Hollywood that the romances of today sort of fade into the background after the big heartbeats of yesterday manifested by Valentino, Bushman and Bayne, Mary and Doug, Garbo and Gilbert? Or is it because we push these romances back into our mellowing memories that we give them a glamorous value that was missing when they were headlines in the press? However you take them, you must admit that Louella Parsons has given them their proper niche in her Hollywood and yours.

I wonder if it isn't the great loves of Hollywood, its glamor girls of yesterday and today (they are featured next month) and the intangible qualities of love, character, personality, progress, success, even failure—that really makes Hollywood the thing it is in our minds. These are the spiritual values that stay in the memory long after we've forgotten the materialistic pictures.

In coming back to earth I wonder if Chaplin will ever release his satirical take-off on those axis babes . . . Somehow I can't imagine people going in for belly-laughs over men who are changing the map of the world and the destinies of nations . . . But then you must remember it's Chaplin—the greatest genius of our time in making people laugh . . . In his realm of make-believe he can make us forget realities . . . And MOTION PICTURE tells you something different about Chaplin (and his partner Jack Oakie—who's in the take-off with him) in a forthcoming issue.

VIRGINIA BRUCE

Virginia's beauty is really something to talk about and if *The Man Who Talked Too Much* (George Brent) concentrated on her you're sure to find it sympathetic

YOUR HOLLYWOOD-AND MINE-

No. 1

THE GREAT LOVES of HOLLYWOOD

AS I start this series of articles on Your Hollywood and Mine for MOTION PICTURE Magazine, two movie romances have my home town on tip-toe. Everywhere I go—to Ciro's to the Brown Derby, to dinner parties at private homes, to previews and to all the places where film folk congregate, I am asked: "Do you think Norma Shearer will really marry George Raft?" "In your opinion, are Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh the all-time greatest love story of Hollywood?"

I smile at that last question and remember the many romances that have come to my attention in the twenty-five years I have been writing movie news and the many that have been labeled "the greatest love story of the screen."

My mind goes back to Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—the love idyll of a generation; to the one and only Rudolph Valentino, whose romance with the strange Natacha Rambova and later with vivid Pola Negri, was America's favorite reading eighteen years ago; to the fiery John Gilbert and the aloof Garbo, whose tempestuous love story was the hottest of its day.

I can go back even farther to the pioneering days of the movies when the names of Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman were synonymous with *Romeo* and *Juliet*. And yet, it seems that history has curiously repeated itself in all these romances between two great screen lovers.

Right now people are wondering if the fact that Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were previously married, and obtained divorces so they could marry each other, will have any effect on their careers?

Twenty years ago, gossips were asking themselves the same question about Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

Let me tell you something about this first sensational divorce that rocked the movie world. Bush-

During the era that Doug and Mary were in love they became the sweethearts of the world. Theirs was the great love idyll of a generation. Photo taken on their honeymoon

Rudolph Valentino, Great Lover of Yesterday, with his second wife Natacha Rambova. Romance was favorite reading eighteen years ago

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer carried on one of the great loves of Hollywood. Photo taken eight years ago at height of happiness

The names of Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were synonymous with *Romeo* and *Juliet* of long ago movies. Romance made headlines

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

No one knows Hollywood like Louella O. Parsons. She sees all, hears all, tells all. Next month? Great Glamor Girls—Yesterday, Today

It wasn't so many years ago that the tempestuous love story of the fiery John Gilbert and the aloof Garbo captured the interest of the world

man, a married man with five children, left his wife to marry the lovely Beverly, his leading lady, and I can assure you it was a situation filled with dynamite.

Today, I believe the attitude of the fans has changed about divorced stars. Clark Gable was twice divorced before he married Carole Lombard. Annabella was married before she became Mrs. Tyrone Power. Barbara Stanwyck was the former Mrs. Frank Fay before she married Robert Taylor. And can you imagine Clark, Bob or Tyrone denying their marriages or pretending that they aren't happy Benedicts?

Bushman, you see, made the fatal mistake of pretending to be a dashing bachelor. So it was a double voltage shock to his fans when it was revealed that he was leaving a wife and five children to marry Beverly.

IT WAS in 1911 that I first met the six-foot blond Adonis of the old Essanay Company in Chicago. At the time I was buying scenarios and writing original screen stories by the yard.

Bushman had won a contest, the first exploitation stunt of the many that were later to prove so popular. I doubt if Essanay (the M-G-M of its day) realized what an idol they had on their hands until a now extinct publication, *The Ladies World,* declared that Francis X. was King of the Movies by popular vote. From that moment on, love-sick women literally poured out their hearts at his feet and letters poured in by the hundreds of thousands.

I'll never forget being called to the office of George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, who asked me to give him an idea of how Bushman's overwhelming sex popularity could be maintained. And I shall have to confess right here I was responsible for the start of the first fan-mail club. It was my bright idea to hire

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

If Vivien Leigh had to choose between career or Olivier she'd take love, forget fame and work. He feels same about her
—Rhodes

a staff of secretaries to answer all the correspondence, sign Bushman's name to the letters and thus keep the fires of feminine adulation blazing for our hero.

In justice to Frank, I must say he didn't like the idea. He didn't see why he should deny his wife and five beautiful children. But the secretaries did their job of forgery so well we were nearly bowled over one day when a woman showed up at the studio in a bridal veil all set to marry our handsome Francis X. I can see him yet, running like mad down the back lot. Then came the great expose!

It was a body blow to the feminine hearts of America when the news broke that Bushman was married and had five children! But this was nothing compared to the commotion that sprang up later over what I believe was the first sensational divorce of screen history. Bushman left his wife to marry his lovely, brown-eyed leading lady, Beverly Bayne!

If you think Olivier and Vivien Leigh are causing a romantic furore today—you should have heard the riot ignited by the Bushman-Bayne romance.

On one side were the defenders—those who thought that this was one of the great love stories of the day—that the famous star and his lovely bride should be commended for their courage in defying the world for their love. On the other hand—there were the disillusioned fans who thought Bushman should be boiled in oil.

That Beverly and Frank were deeply in love no one doubted. They weathered the storm of public indignation courageously, and at one time I think they would have let the world go hang for the sake of their love. But their marriage was strangely short-lived—probably because at this time, after so much fuss over his charms—Francis X. Bushman had begun to believe his own publicity.

I AM not saying that Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh and that other romantic duet of today, Norma Shearer and George Raft, will meet a similar disastrous fate in their lives. But looking back over the years it is amazing to realize how many great love stories between two great stars have gone on the rocks, or have had tragic consequences.

Impossible to even write the name of Rudolph Valentino without remembering

Raft and Shearer may not wed but no one can deny deep friendship, happiness here
— Rhodes

LOUEL

vividly this sloe-eyed young Lat
without a doubt, was the greatest
screen ever produced. You hav
young, indeed, to have forgot
Great Lover for whose smiles
fainted. They would stand for ho
to see him come out of a hotel—c
his car drive by. To this day, mid
women who seem far past the h
shiping days, write to me to
a crumb of information abo
idol.

Yet out of the millions of wom
loved him—the only two women
ever loved broke his heart.

Once, I remember, at his home
con's Lair—he was standing at a w
looking down over the valley at hi
"It is funny, Louella," he said, "th
women I love—never love me!"

I thought those were the stra
words coming from the screen idol c
world—but how prophetically true
were!

Rudy worshiped the ground
strange, exotic wife, Natacha Ramb
walked on. He was so deeply invo
with her that in contrast she seemed
stronger personality of the two. Certa
she bossed him and ran his affairs. Th
is no one quite like her on the Hollywo
scene today. She was the first of the co
spicuous exotics—and wore strange tu
bans wrapped around her head with no
hair showing. Her eyes were Oriental

"I'VE NOT OUTGROWN HOLLYWOOD!"

By GLADYS HALL

AFTER A TRIUMPHAL TOUR WITH ITS PRESS RAVES, JEANETTE MacDONALD PROVES SHE HASN'T OUTGROWN HOLLYWOOD. SHE COULDN'T OUTGROW ANY PLACE SHE HAS ALWAYS LOVED

laughs (and it's such robust, ringing laughter) you know darn well that Jeanette's heart is in the right place.

We were talking about an article published in MOTION PICTURE some months ago. An article which posed the question, "Is Jeanette MacDonald Outgrowing Hollywood?"

I brought the question up because Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's publicity department had handed me a bale of clippings, some billions and trillions of words running amok in the newspapers of the country and all devoted to Jeanette, in spite of Hitler and invasions and presidential elections and Shirley Temple retiring from th [illegible]

and her gowns flowing and grace
day when the smart women were
ing short skirts.

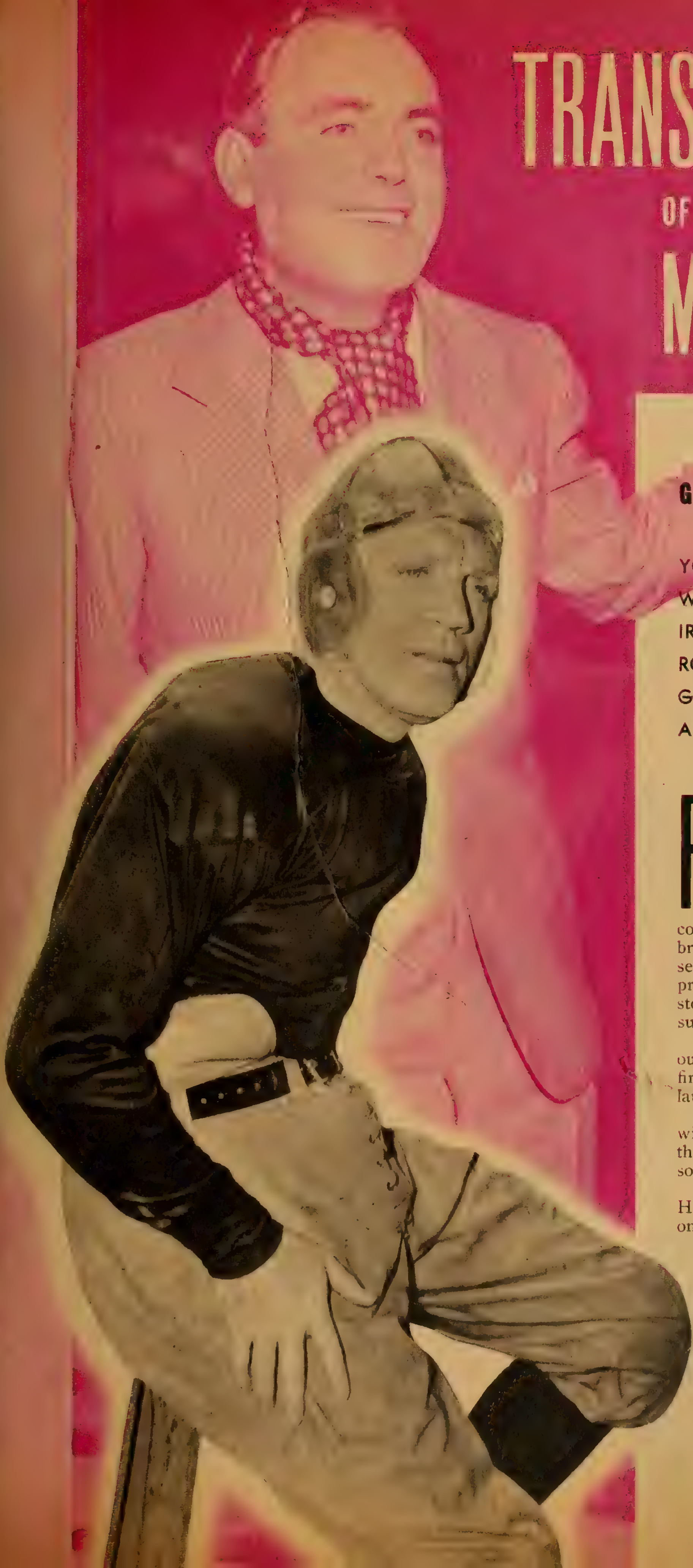
I think Natacha, after her fashion, loved Rudy. But perhaps she feared that the heavy adulation of millions of women would some day come between them. Perhaps for this reason she seemed forever to be keeping him under her thumb. Once I was visiting Rudy and Natacha while he was sitting for his portrait for Beltram Massey, famed artist. Natacha was so used to bossing Rudy that she practically told Mr. Massey how to paint the picture.

I have always felt that this dominating tendency of Natacha's was the thing that really wrecked her marriage to Valentino. He was so much in love with her, if she could have only been more sympathetic, she could have kept him forever.

It was I who [*Continued on page* 64]

LARAINE DAY

Discovering that Laraine could act and be charming too, in *My Son, My Son*, she was given leading role in *Foreign Correspondent* with Joel McCrea



TRANSFORMATION OF A MUGG

By GILBERT MAIN

YOU WON'T BELIEVE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU SEE PAT O'BRIEN'S IRISH PAN MADE OVER FOR ROLE OF ROCKNE. THERE'S A GREAT HUMAN STORY HERE, AND IT'S PAT WHO'S TELLING IT

PAT O'BRIEN couldn't understand, at first, why people laughed when they saw him made up as Knute Rockne.

It didn't seem to matter whether they were strangers or people he had known for years. They would come on the set, and somebody would bring them over to him. They wouldn't seem to recognize him until they were practically face to face. Then they would stop in their tracks—and laugh, surprised.

That hurt. He had never been so serious about any role in his life. And, at first sight of him in the part, people laughed.

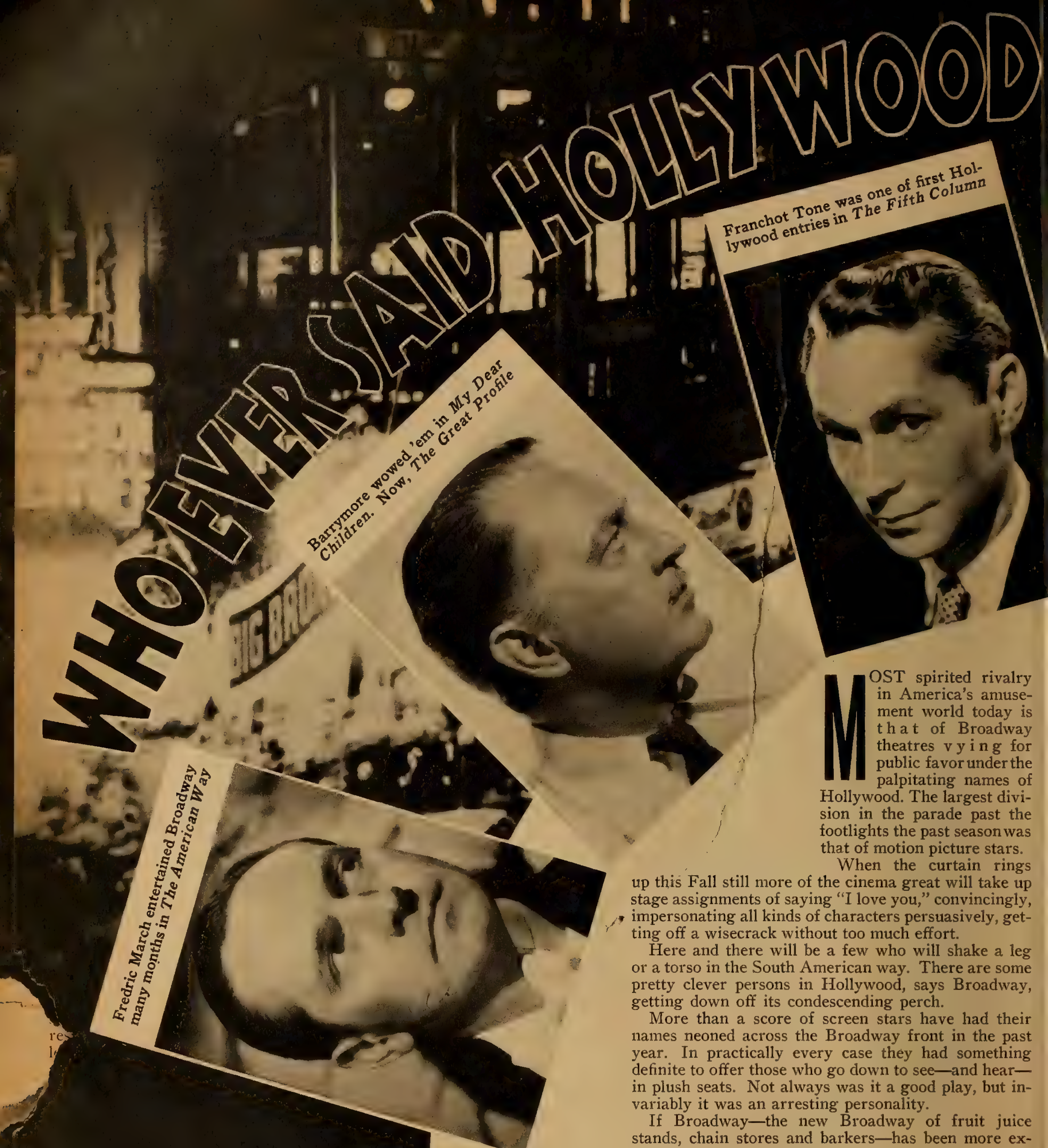
He began to think that people weren't willing to accept him as Rockne—that the make-up wasn't believable—that, somehow, he looked comical.

Then Rockne's widow arrived in Hollywood, to act as technical adviser on *The Life of Knute Rockne*. Anxiously, Pat awaited their meeting. Smiling through tears, she told him that he had startled her with his resemblance to her husband. The next day, she brought some photos of "Dad" to the studio, to illustrate why she had been startled.

That persuaded Pat that the make-up was right. Which only made the laughter all the more baffling.

Then Warners started taking publicity [*Continued on page* 55]

WHOEVER SAID HOLLYWOOD



Franchot Tone was one of first Hollywood entries in *The Fifth Column*

Barrymore wowed 'em in *My Dear Children*. Now, *The Great Profile*

Fredric March entertained Broadway many months in *The American Way*

BROADWAY WHICH USED TO SCOFF AT HOLLYWOOD HAS BEEN TAKEN OVER BY ITS STARS. MANY WERE SUCH HITS THAT HOLLYWOOD, SHOWING NEW INTEREST, CALLED THEM BACK. BUT BROADWAY CONTINUES TO BE INVADED

MOST spirited rivalry in America's amusement world today is that of Broadway theatres vying for public favor under the palpitating names of Hollywood. The largest division in the parade past the footlights the past season was that of motion picture stars.

When the curtain rings up this Fall still more of the cinema great will take up stage assignments of saying "I love you," convincingly, impersonating all kinds of characters persuasively, getting off a wisecrack without too much effort.

Here and there will be a few who will shake a leg or a torso in the South American way. There are some pretty clever persons in Hollywood, says Broadway, getting down off its condescending perch.

More than a score of screen stars have had their names neoned across the Broadway front in the past year. In practically every case they had something definite to offer those who go down to see—and hear—in plush seats. Not always was it a good play, but invariably it was an arresting personality.

If Broadway—the new Broadway of fruit juice stands, chain stores and barkers—has been more exciting, more colorful in recent months it has been due largely to their efforts.

A large number of the movie stars can point to a Broadway background, for it was discovered some years back that a Broadway background, with its knowldge of pace and tempo, its development of poise and self-confidence, was useful to the screen. Many of them were troupers on and off Broadway before the movies were anything but flickers that hurried the wearing of spectacles in the young.

Only this last season Harry Carey, perennial cowboy of the films, came back to the stage after an absence of decades, renewed his theatre youth in a thing called *Heavenly Express*. The express came to a quick stop, but Carey was not discouraged. He is traveling on to Skowhegan, Maine's summer haven of Thespis, there to advise his stage-struck son and perhaps do a chore or two himself on the boards.

COULDN'T TAKE BROADWAY?

Hollywood called Betty Grable back after her hit in *DuBarry Was a Lady*

Vivien Leigh ran out on Hollywood to play *Juliet* to Olivier's *Romeo*

Katharine Hepburn was first to take Broadway in *The Philadelphia Story*

By LOUIS RAYMOND

The Hollywood invasion of Broadway began in earnest early last Autumn, after Katharine Hepburn had shown how easily it could be taken in *The Philadelphia Story* the preceding Spring. Incidentally, she is now back in Hollywood making a movie version of it. Sensing a momentary lack of celluloid opportunity, what with the war and the confusion, and desiring to try their luck or retest their skill in what Broadway still fondly calls "the flesh," the film stars let the water out of their swimming pools, put out the fires in their barbecue pits, boarded up or rented their haciendas, cried "Eastward Ho," and were off to new fame, if not new fortune.

The Great White Way (more red now than white) was the ultimate goal—the Great White Way was holding out new hopes for artistic prestige and, maybe, if everything went well with play and performance and the stage hands' union and the advertising and the publicity and that ol' debbil death watch of critics, a good slice of the box-office take as well. Not that the revenue mattered a great deal. Broadway, it was conceded from the start, could not hope to compete with Hollywood in mazuma. The big thing, the irresistible lure, was the chance to hold a mirror up to moonlight and honeysuckle, and, perhaps, by the lord Harry, to life, itself.

If the producers lacked the cash to finance the plays, they would themselves dig down into the old black bag for the necessary backing and thus own a good part of the show. Who could tell, maybe there was a fortune to be made, after all? And, of course, there was always the chance that the Brothers Warner or M-G-M or 20th Century-Fox would swoop down, with pens poised and contracts ready, to purchase the film rights. Perhaps they could duplicate their stage success on the screen. Anything was possible. Lordy! Wasn't *Tobacco Road* in its fifth year?

Most of the stars, shrewd and experienced in showmanship, wisely adopted the policy that the most vivid art for audiences laid in being themselves, in being natural, in impressing

[*Continued on page* 62]

WILL YOU, OLIVIA, TAKE THIS MAN?

EVERY SIGN POINTS TO OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND MARRYING JIMMY STEWART. UP TO NOW HER CAREER CAME FIRST. BUT HOW COME THAT TILTED CHIN AND THOSE EYES IN THE CLOUDS?

By

JAMES REID

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND used to be the little girl for whom everybody in her vicinity felt a personal responsibility. She was so young, so pretty, so naive, so inexperienced—so appealingly helpless. She needed advice. She needed protection.

She made a picture once with an actor notorious as a Big Bad Wolf. Electricians, high on parallels above the set, kept an unceasing watch on him, prepared to drop lamps on his head—"accidentally"—if he so much as leered at Olivia.

Older actresses felt it a duty to take her to one side and tell her—not the facts of life (never that!) but the facts of skin care, hair care and general maintenance of allure.

Older actors felt it a duty, a very pleasant duty, to sit beside her between scenes, telling her what they had learned about acting in their time, and, incidentally, guarding her against brash young upstarts.

Girls of her own approximate age, pitying Olivia as a shy little recluse who didn't know how to have fun, felt nobly instructive, telling her what *they* thought of this boy and that, this party and that night club.

Young men, who found it easy enough to approach other girls, were awed by Olivia. She was so armored with good manners, so intellectual. They got a virtuous "lift" out of being politely intellectual—with her.

Interviewers felt embarrassed, asking her if she had given any thought to love. They spared her questions that they automatically asked other Hollywood eyefuls.

Her bosses regarded her as one actress who could always be persuaded to do any role, if the studio thought it would be good for her.

And Olivia reacted so sweetly to all the protection and advice that everybody who knew her felt personally appointed to be one of her guardian angels.

Now, suddenly, people are asking: "What has happened to Olivia de Havilland?" They are saying, resentfully, that she has changed.

What they mean is that they have had to change. They haven't been able to keep on feeling sorry for her. And they resent it.

They advised her not to play *Melanie* in *Gone With the Wind*. They said that no one—and they meant Olivia, particularly—could stand out in the role, against the competition of the vivid *Scarlett*. She still wanted to play it. She gave such a performance that she was nominated for the Academy Award. The girl they had catalogued as The Sweetest Young Thing in Pictures

[*Continued on page 76*]

WILL YOU, JAMES, TAKE THIS WOMAN?

AS FOR JIMMY STEWART HE MUST HAVE MARRIAGE ON HIS MIND IN THE WAY HE ANALYZES HIMSELF AS A PROSPECTIVE HUSBAND. HE SAYS HE WON'T CONTINUE TO BE LONELY. [illegible] THE TIP-OFF?

By

FAITH SERVICE

AS YOU read this story Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart may have seen the preacher. Just the other day a member of Olivia's immediate family told me that Livvy and Jimmy are serious, are in love, will be married. And as their marriage will not be an elopement, we may make the grade, at that.

How do I know it won't be an elopement? Well, I may be a trusting soul but Olivia told me, not long ago, that she would never elope; that she wants to have a wedding just like her sister Joan had, with wedding gown and rice, old shoes and all. And I believe her. And Jimmy said that his folks "always get married in churches, it's an old Stewart custom," and one he isn't going to break.

Even now, as I write, the Hollywood reporters are taking box-lunches and spending their days at airports, railroad stations and motor highways lest Olivia and Jimmy do unto them what Bill Powell and his Diana did, Lana Turner and her Artie Shaw. The reporters are going to throw a few old shoes and a few old paragraphs at Livvy and Jimmy if they sneak a marriage.

And of course, you never can tell. No one can safely be predictable about matters emotional. Lives there a Hollywood reporter who hasn't pulled out all his amorous adjectives to describe some current Romeo and Juliet only to have them build a spite fence between their hearts just as his passionate piece is published?

Or who among us has not given his typewriter a stroke announcing a drama-charged divorce only to have the parties of the first and second partings, go into a clinch the day the story breaks.

Nevertheless, I can only repeat that a very immediate member of Olivia's family assured me that Livvy and Jimmy are in love and will be married, and don't say we didn't tell you!

Oh, and another tip—Warners wanted to team Olivia and Jimmy in a picture and they would have none of it. On account of how, they said, they would be "too embarrassed to make love—*in public.*" Now, you know as well as I do they wouldn't be embarrassed unless it was real. Jimmy wasn't too embarrassed to make screen love to Marlene Dietrich or Maggie Sullavan or any of the others. Livvy has managed to restrain her blushes with George Brent and Errol Flynn.

When I heard Livvy and Jimmy wouldn't work together because they'd be embarrassed, I could only stammer that corny wheeze—oh, yeah?

Did you know that the Iron Butterfly is the pet name [*Continued on page* 60]

DESIGN FOR LOVING

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IN HOLLYWOOD WHERE THE UNUSUAL IS COMMONPLACE, RITA HAYWORTH'S COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE ARE TRULY UNIQUE

IF YOU are a student of such things, you will recall that Rita Hayworth, tall, dark, with the classic chassis, is the wearer of two titles. One was tossed at her by a filmland picture magazine and makes her "Hollywood's Fascinating Woman No. 1," and the other was a little thing run up by a group of fashion designers which broadens the scope. It labels her "America's Ideal Tall Girl."

Miss Hayworth, who is five feet six inches, and doesn't seem very tall when met in the privacy of slacks, silken blouse, and in her own wood-paneled library, thinks it's all very well to be so flatteringly designated. She thinks that it's very nice to be touted as Columbia Studios' "glamor girl." But other things are more important, like acting. She wants, very much, to become a fine actress.

These titles of Miss Hayworth's, by the way, are a little dated, already, as the people who check up on such things know. Since their bestowal Lana Turner has been notified that, by unanimous vote, she is now "Miss Wunky-Woo of 1940." This is the result of heavy polling by the M. A. C. Club of Columbia University, who really should have something better to do.

That Lana Turner is "Miss Wunky-Woo" bothers Rita not one bit. Such things she bears with fortitude because she has higher goals. Besides, jealousy seems to be entirely lacking in her makeup. If someone had supplanted her in a film role, that would be cause for emotional tremors, but the emotion would not have been as wracking as it was five years ago when she was seventeen and learned that she was not to play *Ramona* in the second film version, after all.

At seventeen, Rita, who was then known as Rita Cansino, for that's her real surname, sat on the front steps of the 20th Century- [*Continued on page* 56]

Cary Grant—whose popularity is as sure as his acting—now joins our gallery of favorites in an exclusive color portrait. Cary, who scored such a hit in *My Favorite Wife*, will soon be seen in *The Howards of Virginia*. Next month, MOTION PICTURE presents the thirteenth in this series of gorgeous color portraits. It will offer the screen's best actress, Bette Davis, whose next is *All This, and Heaven Too*

WILL Garbo MARRY HAUSER?

By
GORDON BARRINGTON

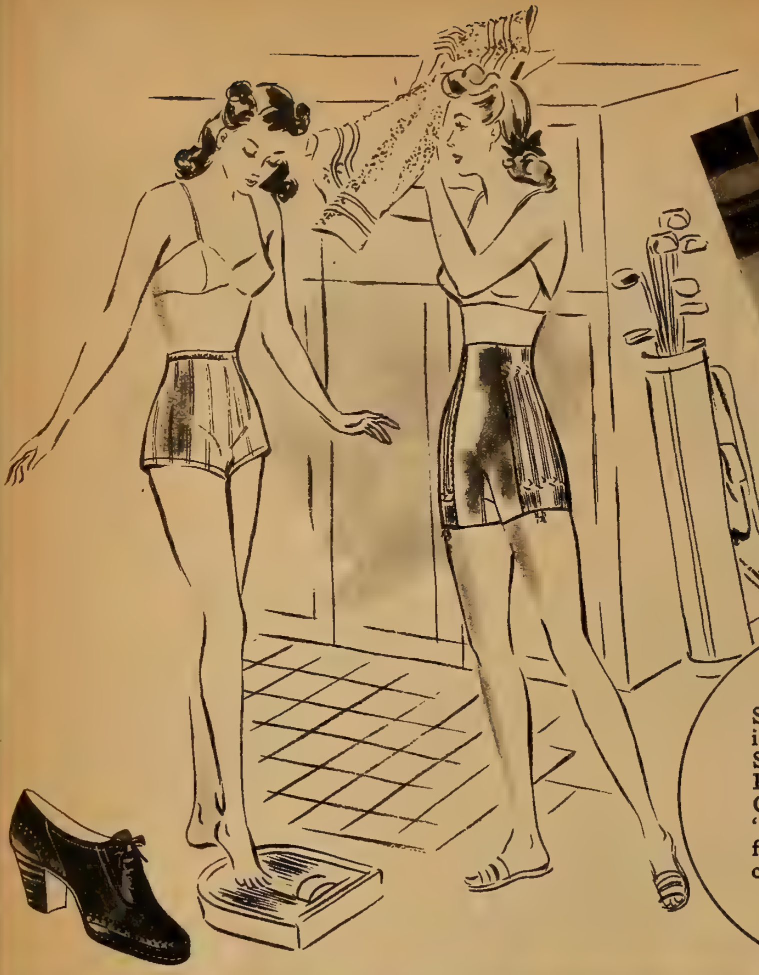
THE GRETA GARBO-GAYLORD HAUSER ROMANCE IS STILL GOING STRONG AFTER SIX MONTHS. SHE MAY TAKE THE PLUNGE, BUT DON'T MAKE ANY BETS ON IT AS HER RECORD SHOWS FIVE BEAUTIFUL ROMANCES AND NO MARRIAGES

AS I sit here writing this, Greta Garbo and Dietician Gaylord Hauser have lately finished basking in the Bermuda Sunshine on a pink coral beach, taking an occasional dip in the turquoise gulf stream, and, in brief, living a most beautiful romance in the most ideal surroundings. As I sit here, I also say the soulful Greta and her rather handsome, successful and most sincere admirer will never culminate their romance at the altar.

And, conscious of my audacity, propose to show just why. With hints of an early marriage carried on every breeze that blows, it's a cinch I'm sticking my neck out. But, I've done it before. So, why stop now? Perhaps, by the time this reaches the presses, Greta will be Mrs. Gaylord Hauser. But I doubt it.

Of course, Greta, for the first time since she's been in Hollywood, has had a phone installed in her dressing-room at M-G-M. Presumably with which to call Mr. Hauser and receive calls from him. And she's learning how to dance! And she admits Gaylord to the sets where she's working. Which is *really* something, since the Garbo sets have been notoriously "closed" to all comers ever since she started in pictures. These things indicate she's getting pretty serious about Hauser, I'll admit.

And there are the Garbo-Hauser siestas on top of [*Continued on page* 59]



Sporting Companions—Real Silk's Scantie, Real Form Pantie Girdle of Grace. Naturalizer's "Roamer" with flexible welt, has comfort plus looks

After bowling, June Storey relaxes in her dawn blue housecoat. It's an Adrian Evans Hollywood style

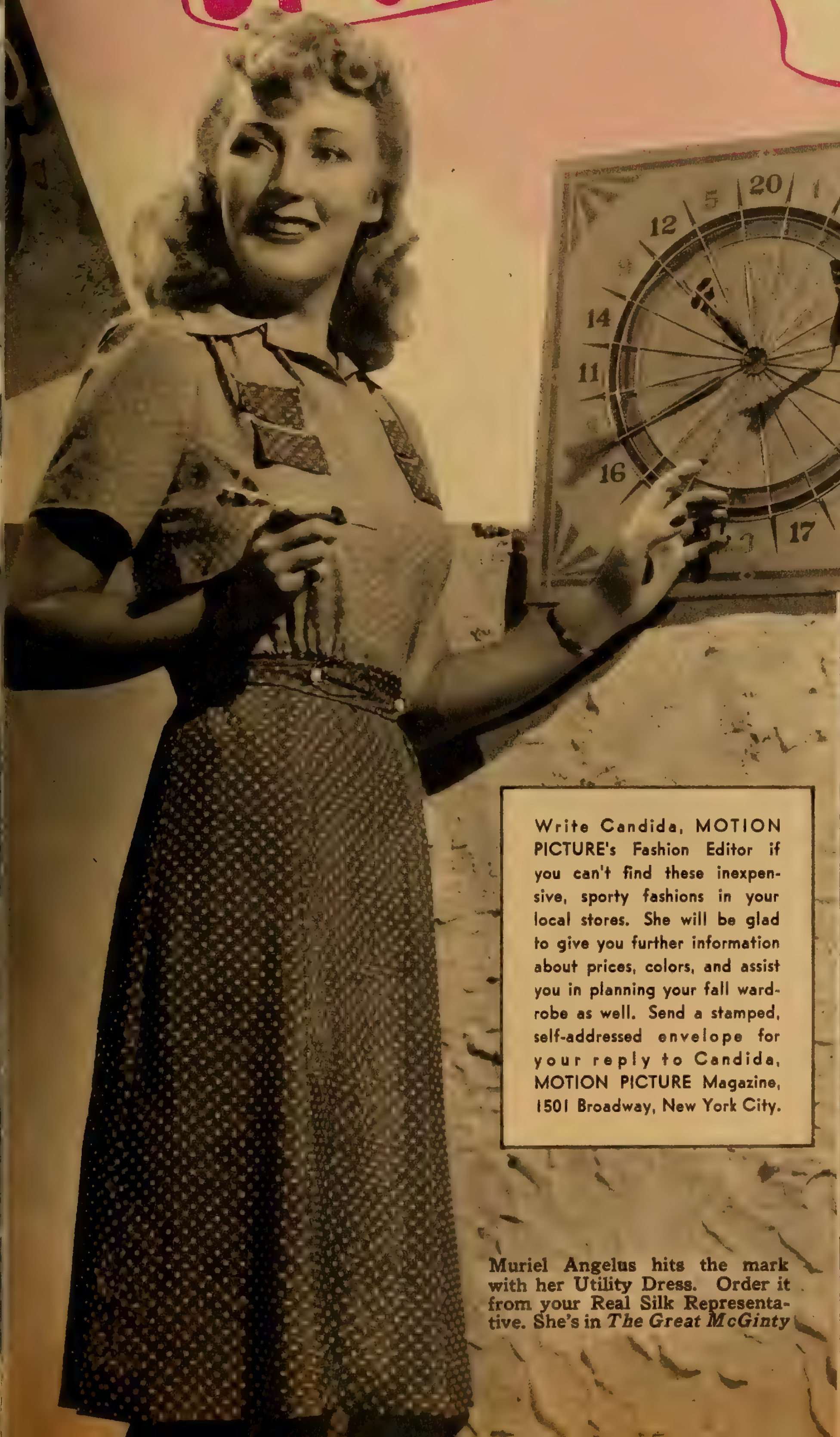
June zips her boxy reversible covert coat over a plaid sports dress for her walk. Note double pocket! She's in Republic's *Carolina Moon*, with Gene Autry

Here's June's coat inside out, and ready for a venture in the rain. It was styled by Jane Alden, may be ordered from the Chicago Mail Order Co., Chicago, Ill.

June's plaid hooded dress is smart—with or without the bright red flannel jacket. *It* may be worn separately, with other frocks. From Chicago Mail Order Co.

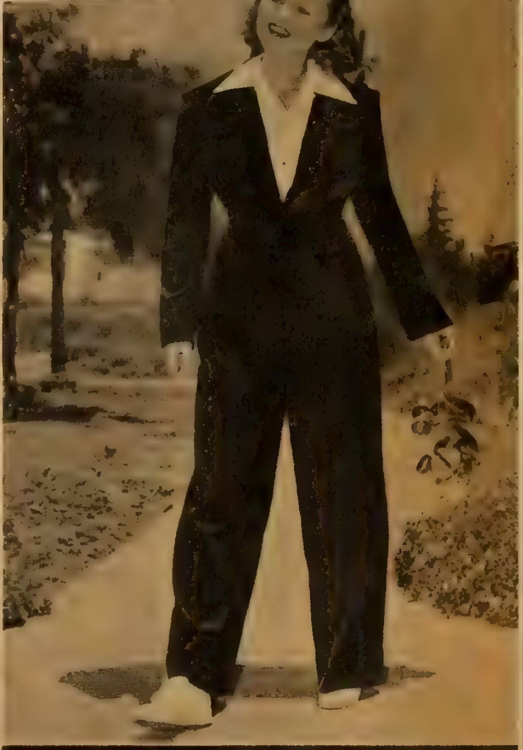
SPORTING TALK

BY CANDIDA



Write Candida, MOTION PICTURE's Fashion Editor if you can't find these inexpensive, sporty fashions in your local stores. She will be glad to give you further information about prices, colors, and assist you in planning your fall wardrobe as well. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply to Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Muriel Angelus hits the mark with her Utility Dress. Order it from your Real Silk Representative. She's in *The Great McGinty*



For nippy days, June likes a corduroy slack suit designed by Nelly Don. The new long jacket has free-action belted back, is good with fall dresses

HE IS WHAT HE IS

By
DAN CAMP

SOME FLOP AND SOME GO HOLLYWOOD. DON AMECHE IS TOPS BECAUSE HE BELIEVES IN HIMSELF AND YOU

IT'S by hanging around the un-ballyhooed spots of movieland, at queer hours, that you sometimes get the real lowdown on these glamor-guys (a-HEM!) of Hollywood. . . . !

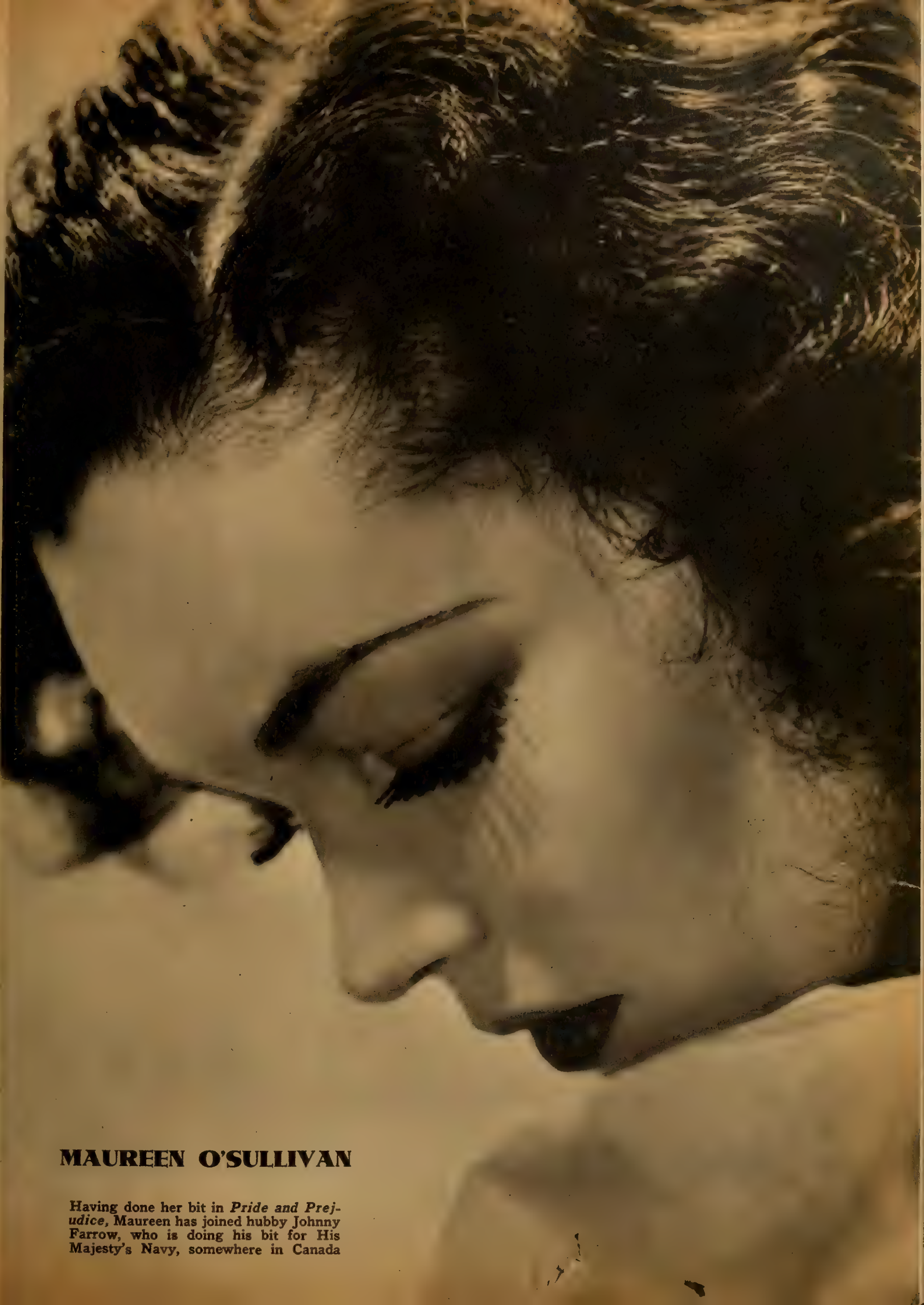
It's not at pre-arranged interviews that they let their hair down, and act their age! Nor at the crowded night spots, nor on the sets, nor in their dressing-rooms, nor at the races. All they do there is put on an act, and hand out the twaddle the publicity boys plant in their mouths. But catch them when they think nobody's looking—and you've GOT something, pal; you've GOT something!

Like the other morning, sometime between 2 a. m. (when the California law says you gotta stop buying hard stuff) and dawn. There was I, or what was left of me, in one of the leather-padded booths in Armstrong-and-Schroeder's "little-thin-hotcakes" spot out on Wilshire Boulevard, trying to coffee-down the tail end of a horrible Hollywood evening.

All I wanted was quiet and coffee and a lot of both. I got the coffee, but I couldn't get the quiet. On account of in the booth right next to mine, a couple of the darndest old fuddie-duddies were talking, talking, talking—discussing, of ALL things in Hollywood and at that hour of the morning, what they were planning for their sons. . . .

Like a couple of good rotarians in Kankakee. One of the old so-and-so's was mumbling about the trust fund he was setting up so his kids would be sure to go to college, no matter what might hit poppa. And the other prattled back about how he was safeguarding his own sons' spiritual training!—SPIRITUAL training, mind you,

[*Continued on page 70*]



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

Having done her bit in *Pride and Prejudice*, Maureen has joined hubby Johnny Farrow, who is doing his bit for His Majesty's Navy, somewhere in Canada

MAKE YOURSELF AT Home-- AT Jane's

This is the house that Jane's "jack" built. The upper deck—a new addition—is Jane's very own. Left, the gallery, one side covered with photos of her favorite stars, the other, a picture history of Jane Withers' career. Right, the living-room which Jane uses for formal entertaining. It's all done in pink and blue—Jane's favorite colors

Below, Jane's rumpus room in crash and gingham. Built-in Dutch cupboards line one entire wall

Raspberry, strawberry, chocolate or vanilla? Jane will fix it for you at her soft-drink soda fountain

Or maybe you'd rather have something to eat. Jane can cook, too, in her modern electric kitchen

The color scheme—pink and blue—in Jane's bedroom is girlish but the decor is sophisticated elegance

Jane collects rare perfumes and bottles. The collection looks twice as large due to mirrored shelves

Isn't she neat? Hats, shoes and gowns in place—in dressing-room wardrobe. It looks like *sun*-day

For Jane's—and the studio hairdresser's—convenience, a completely-equipped beauty shop, left. Right, Jane's bathroom—pink and blue again—has two of everything as Jane frequently has a friend stay overnight or for a week-end. And now let's go outdoors—and have a swim. The guesthouse in the background has every possible convenience for your comfort

By
JAMES
F. SCHEER

Shirley, now at first crossroads of her career, will make no pictures for rest of 1940. In last picture, *Young People*, she dances in white tie, tails, topper

SO YOU THINK SHIRLEY'S THROUGH!!!

DON'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR ABOUT SHIRLEY BEING THROUGH. SHE'S DEFINITELY NOT RETIRING

WITHIN the next six months Shirley Temple is going to make that "dynamo of energy" we've seen in figures of speech for so long look unquestionably anemic—if we are to accept rumors spoken and written about her.

An inventory of them shows the following entries: Shirley will spark Billy Rose's New York World's Fair show with a song-and-tap act late this summer. She will don a white sailor suit and embark on a pleasure cruise with her parents. She will fill in above the dotted lines with Producer Pasternak at Universal and headline a celluloid story with Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean before 1940 becomes '41. She will appear personally above the footlights in 13 of the U. S.'s largest theatres once this year and for the next six years for $500,000. She will throw the Temple charm over the ether waves on her own radio program for $20,000 per week.

Intertwined with this macaronic mixture of fact and fiction, we find that she will go operatic—begin taking voice lessons for a possible career with the Metropolitan. And, last, she will fill her old desk at the Westlake School for Girls this fall—to continue advanced readin', writin', and 'rithmatic and develop into as normal a little lassie as her friends across Rockingham Road.

Shirley's mom, Mrs. George Temple, has a different conception of her daughter's future. She told me frankly—

"Shirley is not tired, but we are—her father and I. We are going to rest for a few months. It's a relief to have time to breathe again. Up to now I have hesitated to talk about Shirley's future, but some of the stories about her are as fantastic as Baron Munchausen's. I want MOTION PICTURE readers to know the truth.

"Our plans have not jelled completely yet, but I know this much. Shirley is going back to school—Westlake School for Girls in Beverly Hills—this fall. She will be in the eighth grade, you know. She is going to make one picture a year or at the most three every two years. We will not sign any long-term contracts without feeling that the right kind of stories are going to be chosen for Shirley. Right now we favor one picture deals.

"This fall or winter Shirley may appear on a sponsored radio program. Salary has not been discussed yet. It is too early to give out details. It will probably be a program of children's plays. She may sing a little in her own unique manner. The microphone intrigues her. She enjoyed herself no end singing *Silent Night* with Nelson Eddy last Christmas Eve during the Screen Actor's Guild's charity broadcast.

"As for dancing and singing with Billy Rose's show at the New York Fair, this is entirely out. Mr. Rose has not even contacted our agent, Frank Orsatti or me. And even if he would, we would not sign. The personal appearance tours are out, too. They are very hard on a little girl and take too much of her time. It is not that we have anything against Rose or the others. We just want Shirley to confine herself to

[*Continued on page* 58]

Shirley's still the cute li'l kid you've loved for six years or more—ever since making *Little Miss Marker*

Shirley will probably do more radio work from now on. She did first broadcast last Christmas Eve (charity)

Photos by Chas. Rhodes

Papa and Mama Temple are going to give their Shirley and themselves a nice long rest after years of work

THOSE YOUNG IDEAS

Loretta drew on career experiences of her older sisters, thus sharing their professional lives. The family huddles now to put over the baby—15-year-old Georgiana

By JESSE RUCKER

IF YOU WANT THE ANSWER FOR LORETTA YOUNG'S SUCCESS IT'S DUE TO PERFECT TEAMWORK OF THE FAMILY. THE BIG IDEA IS TO HAVE EACH SISTER SURPASS THE ONE WHO PRECEDED HER. "ONE FOR ALL AND ALL FOR ONE"

KIDDINGLY, I asked Loretta Young to tell me her success secret. Turning those big, blue, provocative eyes of hers full on me, she replied: "It isn't my success secret. It's the family's. You should know that."

She was right. I certainly should know, by this time, the way her clan operates, the perfect teamwork represented by the film careers of Mrs. George Belzer's four beautiful daughters. Know, for example, the reason why each sister scores a greater success than the sister who preceded her.

Polly Ann Young was only a leading lady. Sally Blane became a star. Loretta became not only a star, but a $200,000-a-year glamor girl. And now, movie moguls who have taken an interest in the youngest of the Youngs, fifteen-year-old Georgiana, confidently predict that her success will top even Loretta's.

This isn't the story of the family, nor yet of Georgiana. It's the story behind Loretta's success, and the explanation of what is happening to her now.

Yet, as Loretta pointed out, her mother and sisters must be included. An article that failed to reveal their "one for all and all for one" system would be leaving out the most vital factor behind any of the sisters' success stories.

Mervyn LeRoy, now a director-producer, used my desk telephone to summon Loretta into the movies. But as everyone who has heard the story will recall, he was trying to reach her sister, Polly Ann.

"Polly Ann's in Salt Lake City. Wouldn't I do for the part you have in mind?" asked Loretta.

"Oh, you must be the baby sister," said LeRoy. "Well, this part is for a grown girl, honey. I'm afraid you wouldn't do."

Loretta's reply that she was a grown girl got her an interview, and she was given the part.

But when, two days later, LeRoy brought her into [*Continued on page 75*]

TYRONE POWER

Ty takes off the homespun toggery that identified him with the pioneer era of *Brigham Young*, and greets you as his everyday self in a modern sweater. His next picture is *The Great Commandment*

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Protection

■ Addison Randall must be the living exemplification of that old crack that goes: "Well, be good!—and if you can't be good, be careful!" On account of the other night, Ad took two—yes, TWO!—gorgeous, lovely, superheated redheads to dinner at the House of Murphy.

AND—he also took his LAWYER!!

Terse Verse

■ Gals who go for Henry Fonda
Sure must make their boy-friends wonda!

It' Sarong Thing To Do, Dot!

■ Dorothy Lamour has made Paramount so-o-o-ooo mad at her!—because she let herself be photographed wearing (1) a wide, wide smile, and (2) her teeth-braces!

Coupla Other Fellows?

■ It's Jimmy Stewart's story—the one about the time he ran into another fellow's automobile, and they both came out of it with scratched fenders and a chip on their shoulder. Each hopped out of his respective car. The driver of the other machine bustled up to Jimmy:

"What's your name?" he demanded.

"My name is James Stewart," responded our Ji-himmie; "what's yours?"

"H'm," h'mmmed the other fellow, "that's funny. MY name is James Stewart, too. And people are ALways asking me if I'm the movie guy. Do you get that sort of thing, too?"

"Yeah," said Jimmy. "Every now and then."

Terse Verse

■ Guys with a yen for Bette Davis
At least have good excuse for their ravis!

By going in for bowling Paulette Goddard helps to maintain her perfect figure. Next is *The Ghost Breakers*

Marian Martin plays a boom town girl in *Boom Town*, story of 1919 oil town. To please the boys such a girl must have gorgeous figure

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell demonstrate how to be happy though married. They co-star in marital mix-up *I Want a Divorce*

Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Dean Jagger take a stroll on street scene in *Brigham Young*, story of the Mormons. Jagger plays title role while Ty and Linda take care of romantic interest

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Just A Dunkin' Brawl!

■ It's Charlie Ruggles' newest convenience for the guests he invites to his house for lunch or coffee-an'-cakes. He supplies them each with a big stack of doughnuts—AND his own patented "doughnut dunker."

(P. S.—You can do it yourself. Ruggles' "patent doughnut dunker" is just one of those trick forks you can buy in the five-and-ten, to lift hot potatoes and things with. Try it on your next party.)

Gene Autryn't've Said That!

■ Biggest fan-mail receiver in Hollywood is Gene Autry—but he isn't kidding himself any about his audiences. He knows that his pictures NEVER play the big theatres or towns —and that most of the "sophisticates" of filmland have never even seen him on the screen. So the other day, when a party at Victor Hugo's called on him for a speech, he cracked:

"Seems kinda funny for me to be up here talking to you folks, when you've probably never seen a picture of mine. In fact, my pictures play in SUCH small towns that Mrs. Roosevelt hasn't even been there!"

Terse Verse

■ Gals who dream of William Holden
For hands have other uses than folden!

Spell It "Mique" Rooney?

■ Of ALL people to go continental — our own Mickey Rooney!! It happened in Ciro's the other night:

In came Rooney, but to the utter astonishment of the Hollywood crowd, he was NOT wearing his usual strike-up-the-band sort of outfit. No big checks, no eye-smashing plaid, no violent colors. Instead, he wore a plain blue, conservatively-cut worsted suit. And then [*Continued on page* 68]

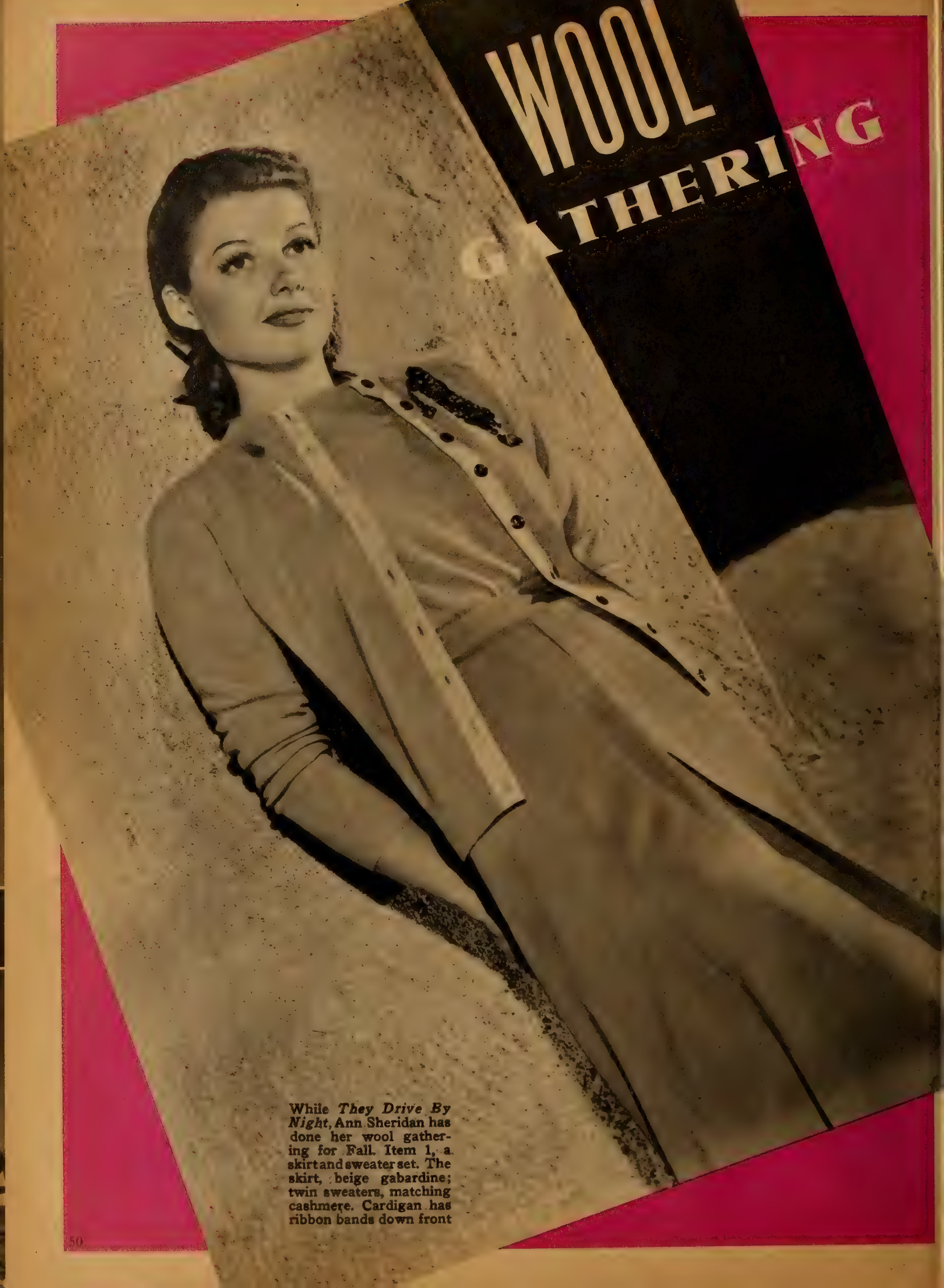
There's nothing sarong with this picture that a trick bathing suit can't remedy as worn by Dottie Lamour

The patrician features of Gail Patrick are seen detailed in this portrait of the star. Gail, who's the wife of Bob Cobb, boss of Brown Derby, played in *My Favorite Wife, Doctor Takes a Wife*

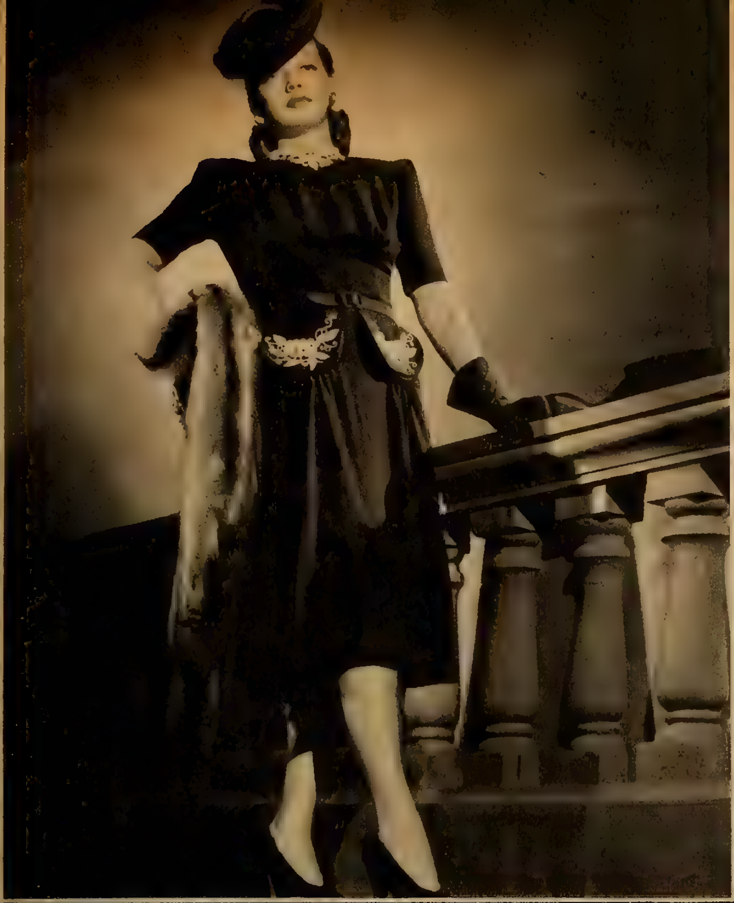
Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr appear for first time together in *Boom Town.* She steals Gable's love from Colbert . . . Latter wins him back

Margaret Sullavan, whose last picture is *The Mortal Storm,* relaxes on her ranch in the valley . . . Shares lounge chair with Boxer pet

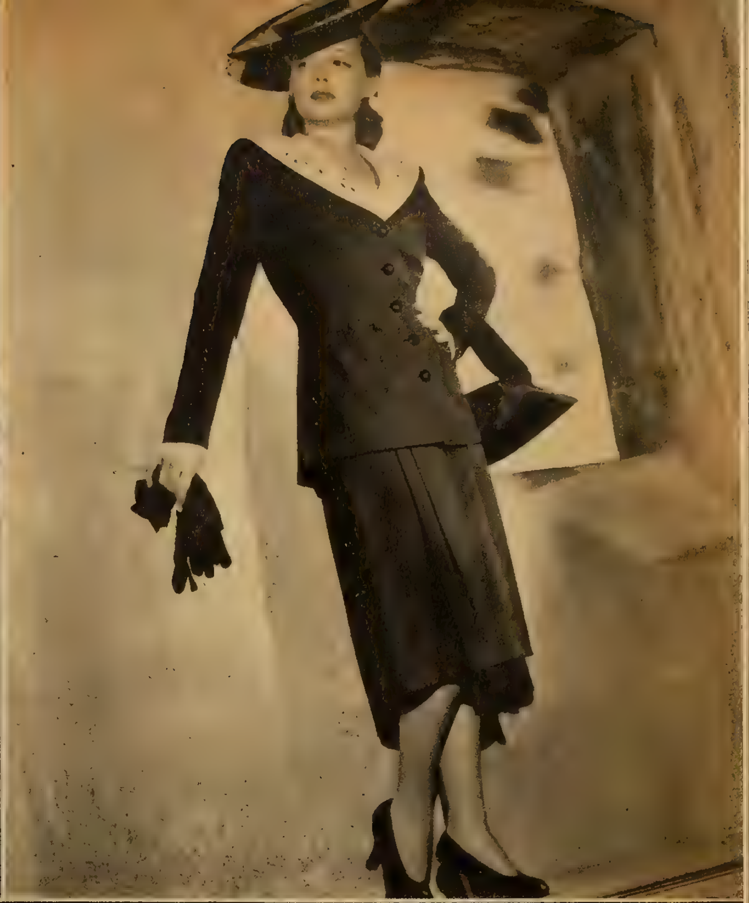
WOOL GATHERING



While *They Drive By Night*, Ann Sheridan has done her wool gathering for Fall. Item 1, a skirt and sweater set. The skirt, beige gabardine; twin sweaters, matching cashmere. Cardigan has ribbon bands down front

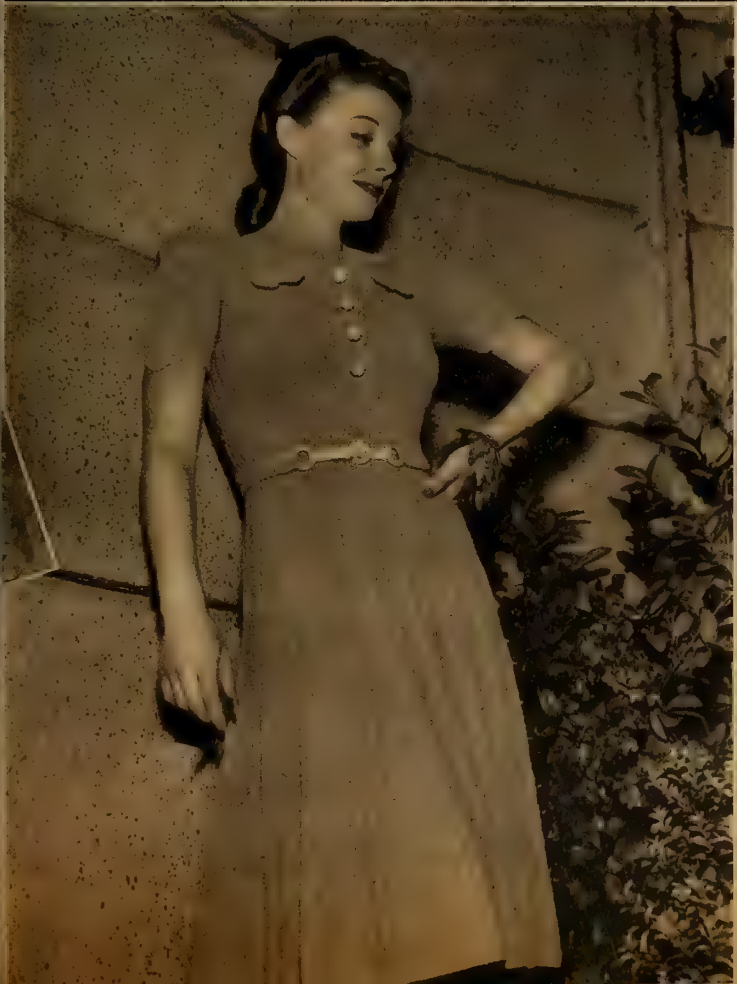


For dress-up afternoons and dress-down evenings, Ann's sheerest black wool with fitted waist and four gored skirt shirred into rounded, embroidered pockets is tops

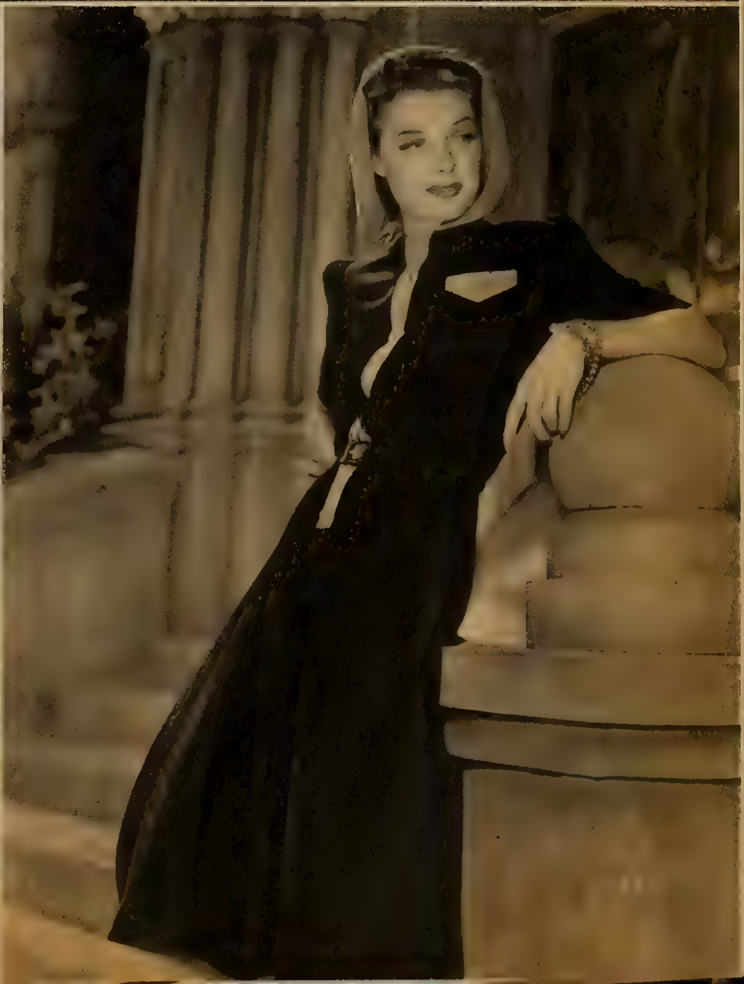


Black being both flattering and chic around the clock, Ann makes it the backbone of her wardrobe. Evidence: a fine ribbed wool suit with new longer jacket, white revers

Excellent for early Fall and good all year round is this blue handknit dress with shallow, square collar, scalloped front closing. Scalloping repeated on pocket flaps, brief sleeves



Black is evident again—in a spongy wool casual dress accented with copper buttons, hood, pocket flap and narrow panel at front closing. Hoods are practical and becoming



Eddie pals with Muriel Angelus, Beverly Holden, Ruth Terry, Gene Tierney, Mary Anderson, Alicia Warren, Gail Mellott—all lookers. Maybe one of them will win

WANTED— A WIFE!

By KOLMA FLAKE

EDDIE ALBERT SAYS NO GIRL WOULD GIVE HIM A SERIOUS TUMBLE, AND THAT HE'D MAKE A LOUSY HUSBAND. BUT EDDIE CAN BE HAD. IT ALL DEPENDS ON RIGHT GIRL

THIS definitely is a story of questionable success on my part. I went *cherchezing la femme* in connection with one Eddie Albert, Warner's little pride and joy. Perhaps that's taking liberties with French, but nevertheless a detective never says "look for the woman" in English. And I didn't do too well because I ran into too many women who might be the one.

Jimmy Stewart, Cesar Romero, Cary Grant and other young bachelors are seen hither and yon, dining and dancing with winsome lassies with sufficient regularity to give a detective something in which to sink his teeth. But not Eddie. Well, not since Janey Bryan up and married, anyway. Usually, Eddie is seen dining alone at the Hollywood Brown Derby or in a party at Dave Chasen's or else he's aboard his sailing boat.

Since it's unusual to find an eligible young bachelor so free and unattached in Hollywood, I decided to investigate this state of affairs. First, I trailed out to the old Vitagraph Studios where Warners were shooting the lad's latest picture, *My Love Came Back.* I gazed happily upon Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn, Jane Wyman, Albert Basserman and other fascinating personalities while Eddie finished a scene.

When Eddie came over, I said gaily, "Look, you've told me about your treasure hunting and all of that, but I want to know about your romances nowdays!"

"Romance! Me? Say, no girl would give me a serious tumble. Look at me! I'm Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor!"

Looking him over, I began to sort facts. Here was Eddie . . . not so bad-looking. Kind of pixie-faced, true enough, but nevertheless the pan features plenty of charm and personality. Eddie's a pretty successful young man and still on the upgrade. He doesn't throw his money away so a gal would have to worry about the rainy days. References like that are enough to panic any matrimonial bureau.

"What have you got against marriage?" I quizzed. "Lots of young bachelors say they like their freedom too well to ever let blonde or brunette interfere with it."

"Nothing. Say, I'd like to get married, but I know I'd make any girl a lousy husband. A lot of girls think they'd just love the kind of life I lead. But when it comes right down to doing it, they back out."

WELL, Eddie likes to do things on the spur of the moment; he's hipped on the subject of treasure-hunting; he loses hats, addresses, telephone numbers and perspective of time. I knew that. So logically I laughed, "Look, Mister, have you ever tried pinning one of them down to it?"

Ignoring the question, he went on, "Now take this trait I have of doing things on the spur of the moment. I went to South America in such a hurry one time that I forgot to tell a girl I was leaving town. I got back to my apartment late one night and found a message that I could get reservations on a ship sailing just before noon—a week earlier than I had planned to leave.

"Imagine getting a message like that in the wee hours of the morning! I had to make arrangements to leave the show, do my packing, do some shopping, get letters of credit at the bank, close my apartment and all the other things a person has to do. As it was, I went aboard ship just as the gang-plank was going up and I don't think I was fully dressed even then. Not until we were at sea did it dawn on me that I hadn't told her I was leaving. I never did square myself on that."

I gulped pretty hard at that. Women, I admit, are strange critters. They can forgive a blonde, murder or beatings. But just plain *forgot!* There aren't any extenuating circumstances in a case like that.

Even so, I had sense enough to pounce, "Was she the girl you were supposed to be married to?"

"Oh, no. It was rumored that I was married to Gracie Bradt, who was in *The Boys From Syracuse.* We'd been on a radio program together for several years before that. But we weren't married because she wouldn't marry me. She knew me too well."

"What about treasure-hunting?" I remarked quickly. The subject definitely needed changing. "Now a girl like Osa Johnson did pretty well travelling around with Martin Johnson."

"Yes, a girl like her would be happy for a while," he agreed. "But the worst trait I have is that ever so often I have to get away from everyone for a week at a stretch. Women just can't understand that."

"Oh, what's a week? Just send her home to visit her folks."

"But maybe someday," he objected, "I'll get so I want to be alone for a year or two. What then?"

"Mrs. Richard E. Byrd—she'd be swell then," I suggested.

"Oh, sure," Eddie laughed. "Let me have a harem! Include Lana Turner in a sweater."

Undaunted, I continued, "Well, how about Loretta Young? I see by the papers—"

"There's another reason a girl shouldn't marry me," Eddie interrupted. "I like good-looking girls. And I say so. Here I was standing at Ciro's bar when Loretta Young walks by. Just like I always do, I said, 'Oh, oh, could I go for that!' A columnist is standing right beside me. The next day he writes that I'd like a date with Loretta Young. Now, how would a wife like that?"

"Oh, she'd get used to it," I said nonchalantly because after all that's the sort of thing that happens to wives as well as husbands in Hollywood.

Eddie looked like wild man when lost in Mexico. That beard is enough to scare away any girl. A wife would sure rebel

"I like strange foods, too," Eddie laughed. "I'll eat anything . . . roasted grasshoppers, crow stew, rattlesnakes, grizzly bears. I'd even eat human flesh if I ever got a chance."

"Well, maybe some woman can talk you out of that," I answered. "Some clever woman."

"Yeah. Say, one night not very long ago, I ordered French snails. I've always enjoyed them. A girl with me said—"

"Who was the girl?" I pounced.

"Oh, she was just someone at the table," he evaded. Then went on, "she said, 'Snails?' I said, 'Oh, yes, they're pretty good here. Haven't you tried them?' She said, 'You mean those things in the garden that go squooshing along leaving little silver trails?' "

BEFORE I could savor the moment which scored for the woman's side, he gleefully exclaimed, "I like to play my phonograph full-blast at all hours of the night. I had to put my house-boy in a little house clear at the back of the lot so he could get some sleep. I couldn't put a wife off like that!"

Out of bitter experience, I assured, "Your neighbors will soon cure you of that!"

"Oh, no, they won't," Eddie chortled. "That's another thing a wife wouldn't like. I live way up on top of a hill. The house is so isolated you almost have to have a breeches-buoy to get there. My nearest neighbor is three hills away."

I tried to change the subject another way to see if perhaps this would give me a clue to *la femme.* "What do you expect of a wife?"

"I don't know. Just that she'll put up with me."

"Well, would you want her to be the perfect hostess at a formal dinner as well?" I tried to open avenues of thought for him.

"Oh, Lord, no!" Eddie exclaimed. "You should see the way I eat. Half the time I get so excited talking that I forget where my mouth is and the first thing I know my dinner is going down my shirt-front! Golly, I couldn't eat at a dinner like that. No, definitely, she can't give dinners like that! And women like to, too, don't they?"

"Oh, well," I gave up, "a woman likes interesting people and you've said you are always bringing home people of that kind."

"Yeah, like the guitarist I brought home one night. He'd ridden the rods all over the North American continent and you don't get many baths living like that. A few nights later he came back and brought some friends with him. He was a swell guitarist and his friends could really sing. Besides wonderful stories, they'd picked up the most marvelous folk-songs in their travelling.

"Imagine bringing those fellows in just when your wife had invited some guests. Why, I'd have to go off on my boat for months to live that down!"

THAT boat! Eddie took a couple of men with him and went off to Mexico a few months back. Eddie disembarked on a strange island and didn't come back. Finally his crew decided he'd caught another boat and headed for home. In Los Angeles, they found he was still missing. There was a great to-do about it. Searching parties were being organized when Eddie suddenly appeared safe and sound.

Not only safe and sound, but grinning because, "I had a real set of whiskers. My hair turned out from under my sea-cap just right. With a pipe in my mouth and wearing a dirty worn pea-jacket, I walked onto that dock feeling just like John Barrymore looked in *Moby Dick.*"

Whew! There's still *Captain Marvel, Flash Gordon* and *Buck Rogers* running around doing marvelous things on paper! What if Eddie were thoroughly exposed to them? They never get injured so a wife could get over her anger in the bustle of nursing a sadder but wiser husband.

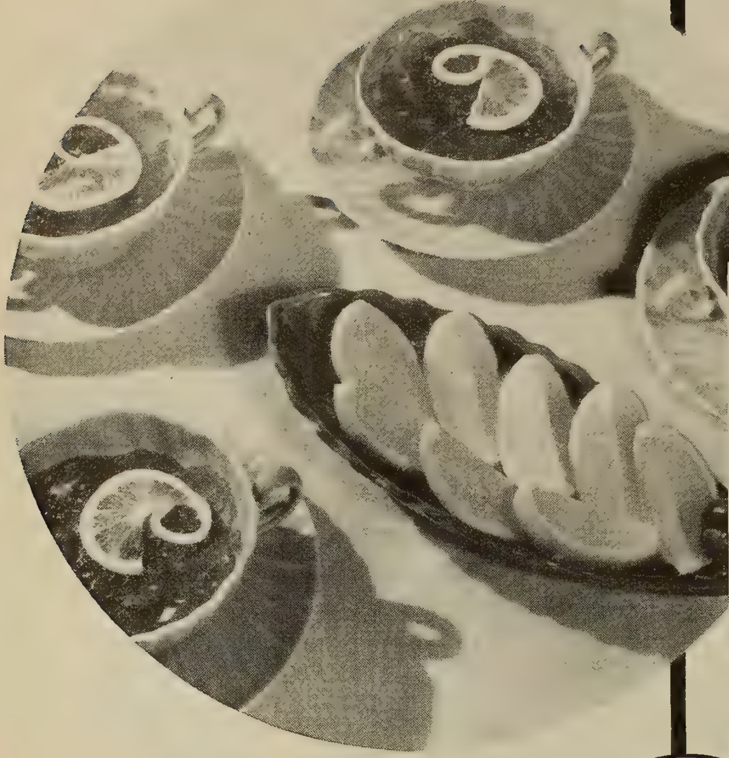
About that time, Director Bernhardt called Eddie for some more scenes. After an hour, it began to look as though Eddie would never be through. So, Eddie suggested I have lunch with him on his first day off. It wasn't just because I hadn't found the woman yet that I accepted. Sure enough, two days later came the call.

Upon my arrival, I was caught up in a whirlwind. I don't get any lunch. Instead, I was rushed along with the preparation for a screen test for a particular role. We talked while Perc Westmore gave instructions for a special make-up.

In the two day lapse, I had done a lot of snooping. I had discovered that Eddie had been seen with Muriel Angelus, now under contract to Paramount. Eddie had known her back in New York in *The Boys From*

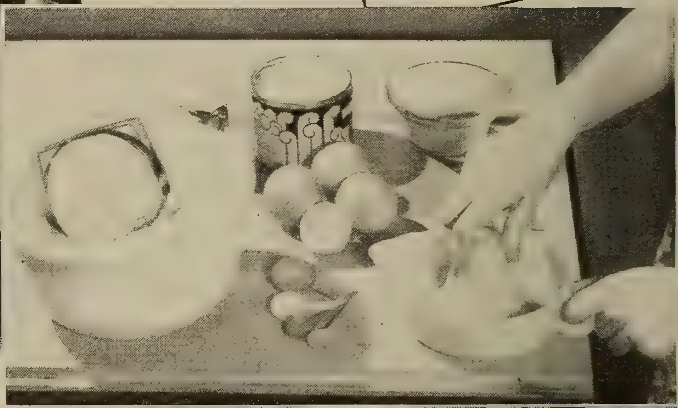
[*Continued on page* 88]

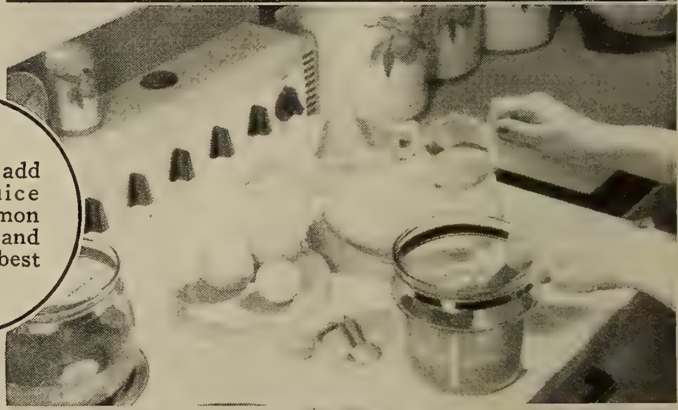
LEMON AIDS



Left, chilled jellied bouillon tastes and looks better when topped with a tart lemon slice

Lemon juice added to pastry, below, makes it flaky and never fails





Always add lemon juice last to lemon pie filling and the flavor is best

Serve Seafood Salad in refreshing lemon gelatin ring. It looks good, tastes better

Fancy lemon garnishes—slices, stars, crosses, triangles—are easy to make

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

LEMONS NOT ONLY ADD FLAVOR AND LOVELINESS TO APPETIZERS, ENTREES AND DESSERTS, BUT AID THE HOUSEKEEPER IN HER VARIOUS DAILY TASKS

IN THESE days when it's not only smart to be thrifty but also the popular thing to make every nickel turn into a dime, it's no culinary secret that lemons lend flavor without the need of more expensive special flavoring extracts. But it is often a difficult task to convince hostess or homemaker that the simplest ingredients are always best!

When we say flavor, that goes for lemon juice, lemon pulp, and every last grating of the lemon rind! In the juice we find refreshing fruit acids which are so tonic and wholesome that lemon juice alone is prescribed as antidote for many intestinal and digestive disorders; in the pulp we get cool, fresh, crystal consistency with which to garnish appetizer, meat, or fish; while in the rind and in its perfumed oils we secure genuine flavor or fragrant odor with which to season everything from soup, through salads, and dessert; last, from the viewpoint of color, lemons provide that clean, fresh, cheerful note which adds charm to foods or to the menu as a whole.

"A" is for Appetizer in the culinary alphabet. So here's the place to begin with lemons—as garnish for the seafood cocktail; as a sharp tonic slice dropped on top of soup or bouillon cup; as thin section with which to decorate canapes or other hospitality assortments. If the cocktail is one of tomato juice, don't fail to add a few drops of lemon, too, to delight the palate.

"B" is for the Buffet, both winter and summer. Here also lemon lends [*Continued on page* 81]

Transformation of a Mugg

[*Continued from page* 29]

photos of him by the gross. Before they released the picture, they said, they wanted to flood the country with photos of him in his Rockne make-up—to prepare people for what he would look like. They started talking about a special preface to the picture itself, to prepare audiences.

"What's the harm of surprising them?" asked Pat, puzzled.

"We don't want them laughing when they first see you."

"I wish you'd tell me something," said Pat, removing his ever-present cigar from his mouth to make sure he would be understood. "*Why* do people laugh at first sight of me as Rockne?"

"It isn't because you're funny. It's because they're startled."

In other words, the laughter was a nervous reaction, a manifestation of astonishment. They just couldn't believe their eyes. For years they had been seeing his Irish pan, undisguised. Now, suddenly, all the facial characteristics that made him Pat O'Brien had disappeared. He had the facial characteristics of another man, completely different.

They weren't prepared for such a total transformation.

Now Pat, grinning, says, "I guess they thought I'd never change. I was beginning to think that, myself. Any time a script called for a fast-talking, hard-boiled so-and-so, O'Brien was automatically cast as the so-and-so. With never a change of make-up."

That was his reward for making himself memorable, soon after he arrived from Broadway, as the hard-boiled reporter in *The Front Page*. He was typed as a mugg. The wonder is—Hollywood being Hollywood—how he ever got the chance to be something else. How did he?

"Ask me why I didn't get a chance years ago," says Pat. "I couldn't tell you. But it's a good question.

"Five years ago, I thought I was on my way to something else. I played the hero of a picture called *Oil for the Lamps of China*. Maybe you remember the opus. The hero was a crusader, a man with ideals, fighting to make the world a better place to live in. The critics said I gave a performance. And the picture did all right at the box-office. But up came a script that called for a breezy promoter, and they couldn't think of anybody but O'Brien for the part. And there I was. Back in the rut—for several more years.

"You might like to know how I happened to get that part in *Oil for the Lamps of China*. I'll tell you.

"They wanted Tracy for it. His studio wouldn't loan him. When that happened, they were up a tree; they couldn't think of anybody else in the role. Spence said, 'You've got a guy right in your own backyard who could play the part. If I could do it, he could.' They said, 'Who?' He said, 'Pat O'Brien.' They listened to Tracy—and took a chance on O'Brien.

"And then, until the next time they thought of Tracy for a part, they didn't think of O'Brien as a possibility for that kind of part.

"In the meantime—and it was a long stretch—I played one hard-crusted citizen after another. I couldn't kick; the pay was too good. And I was kept busy. But I got so that I could play the parts in my sleep. If I wasn't a cop, I was a detective; if I wasn't an Army officer, I was a Naval officer; if I wasn't a newspaper editor, I was an advertising executive; if I wasn't a prize-fight manager, I was a theatrical manager.

"They were all cut from the same pattern, with two exceptions: the priest in *Angels with Dirty Faces* and the priest in *The Fighting 69th*.

"I imagine I got the role of the priest in *Angels with Dirty Faces* because Warners remembered that Jimmy Cagney and I had made some box-office hits as friendly enemies. The set-up was different from anything we had done together before—this was tragic drama, not comedy—but it still seemed natural to cast us as friendly enemies, even if it meant casting me as a priest. So, for a change, I had a chance to play an inspiring character.

"That was the Fall of 1938. One year and four pictures later, up came *The Fighting 69th*. They remembered that I had played a priest once before, and opposite Cagney, and they remembered that I had been screaming for years that somebody ought to make a picture about Father Duffy, and they knew that I had known him. So they gave me the role of Father Duffy.

"That one role created more talk in my favor than all the other things I had ever done. If I hadn't played it, I probably wouldn't even have been in the running for Rockne. They wanted someone who had proved that he could give a believable performance as a man who had actually lived.

"EVEN before I played Father Duffy, I knew Warners were planning to film the life of Rockne. I ached to have a whack at it. Rockne had been an idol of mine ever since I had played football, myself, in high-school in Milwaukee. But I didn't have any hope. I knew they were trying to get Tracy for it.

"Spence is my best friend, and I didn't want anything to happen to him personally, but I kept hoping something else would happen so that they couldn't get him. And something did happen. His studio started lining up so many things for him, they couldn't spare him."

Pat pauses reflectively, grins cheerfully.

"Maybe there's a film story in the way Spence's path and mine have paralleled, all our lives. We grew up together in Milwaukee, went to the same schools at the same time, fought each other's fights, ran off together to join the Navy. After the War, we went to the Academy of Dramatic Arts together. The government paid for both of us, because we were veterans. We went on the stage at the same time. We came out to Hollywood at practically the same time. Every Wednesday for years, we've had dinner together, along with Jimmy Cagney, Frank McHugh and Lynne Overman. And we end up being considered for the same role.

"The first I knew I was being considered was when I was told I had the role. I was on my way back to New York for the big fuss in connection with the opening of *The Fighting 69th*. A flock of Warner people were on the train, including J. L. Warner, himself. Going out of Chicago, we had a little party. At the height of it, J. L. said to me,

[*Continued on page* 72]

Mrs. Knute Rockne, widow of famous coach, meets Pat O'Brien who plays her husband in *The Life of Knute Rockne*. Mrs R. was brought to Hollywood as technical adviser. Pat admires bronze head of Notre Dame's great coach that she treasures

Design for Loving

[*Continued from page* 34]

Fox Studios, those towering steps that sweep up to the administration offices, and wept for three solid hours. "It was the most dramatic moment of my life," says Rita, seriously, for great seriousness, along with dignity and shyness, are a part of her. The tears were not so dramatic as the emotions that prompted them.

For weeks Rita had been rehearsing the part of *Ramona*, Spanish-Indian maiden loved by *Allessandro* whose romance is a pattern in the heavily embroidered California legend. Her costumes had been fitted; everything was ready for her to step into the role. Then came a switch in the plans. To Loretta Young went the part, with Don Ameche as her Indian lover. It might have been that producers thought the little Cansino girl too dramatically inexperienced.

"And I was too inexperienced," agrees Rita. "I was without the dramatic training that the part needed. About all I had done before the cameras was a dance sequence—Dance Inferno—in *Dante's Inferno*. The first speaking lines I ever had were in *Under the Pampas Moon* and I danced in that, too. But I couldn't understand it that way at the moment *Ramona* was taken from me. It took me three months to get over the shock and disappointment."

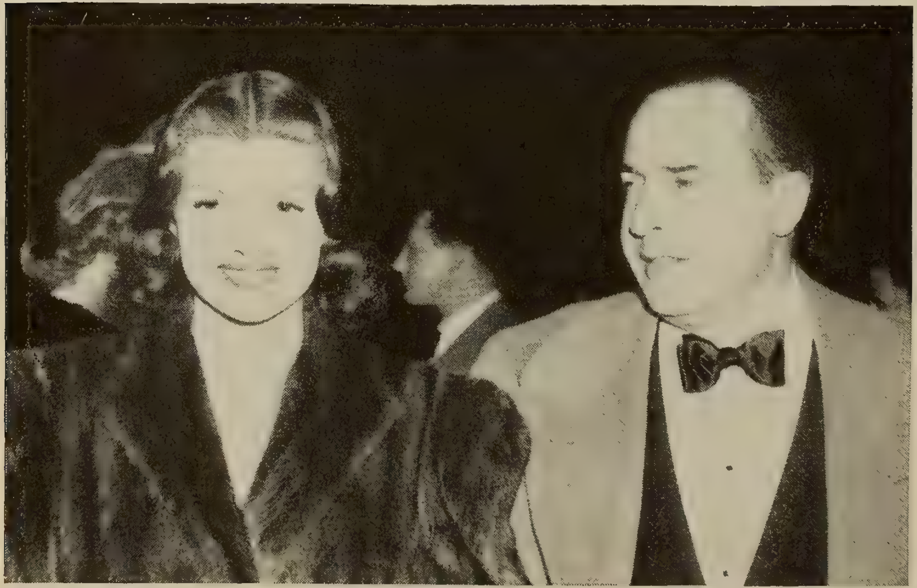
To many a stout heart, beating under a chassis as incomparable as the Hayworth's, this would have been the signal to shrug a curving shoulder at films and step back into the bright dancing world where, for three generations, starting with Grandfather Antonio of Seville, the name Cansino was a magnet for all who applauded the merry *seguidilla*, the prancing *jota* and the many forms of Spanish dancing. But no. Not for Hayworth.

She had made up her mind that all her forces were to be directed toward acting. Dancing was fine but to excel in it no longer was her goal. At the age of six she had made her chubby debut on a Baltimore stage and she had grown up with the glitter and excitement of the dance. To her there was no longer allurement in it. This may explain why the business of being projected as a potential glamor girl of films today is so utterly unimportant to her. She was weened on glamor and manufactured enchantment for the masses.

Even an engagement at a pre-Repeal Agua Caliente, the Mexican spa below California's border, an engagement that stretched out to a solid two-year booking, did not make her change her mind about dancing once a chance to act was offered her. "There is no field for me in dancing," she says today. "A few engagements at night clubs, yes. A few engagements with a civic organization, or a tour. No, that's not for me. It was different with the late Argentina, the great Spanish dancer. She had a following built up through the years. I would rather work hard to get that following through acting."

It was a plan for harder work, more self-development, that came from those tears—"three hours of them," Rita declares—on the studio steps. The first thing Rita did was to go to a dramatic teacher and arrange for lessons. After that she looked up a diction teacher. Then a singing teacher. She has a sweet mezzo-soprano voice. "It isn't worth anything, my voice," she explains, "but I thought knowing how to breathe properly, knowing diaphragmatic control, would all help in acting."

TO BREAK the news to the dancing Cansinos that their Margarita Carmen, for that is the name the good saints know her by, was to dance no more, was a special chore in itself. But Rita, energized by her convictions, took it on. Not only that, she went to her wardrobe hung with sequined costumes, lacy *mantillas*, great hand-beaded skirts, sheer blouses with puffy sleeves carrying quaint needlework, and swept them into her arms. "These," she proclaimed to her family, "are going to Father's dancing students. I won't need them any more."



—*Chas. Rhodes*

Rita's married to Ed Judson who's in the oil business. He courted her for eighteen months, but according to an old Spanish custom, she wasn't allowed to go out dancing alone with him until he had dined with her family several times. A year and a half later she married Judson who was her first beau. They get along fine

The only piece of apparel that she did save was a wide-brimmed felt sombrero, a great hat that was brilliant with bright satin stitchings of carnations and roses. Sentiment dictated that she keep it. It was the sombrero that she had used so many times in that Mexican folk-dance where, after tossing it onto the floor, she minced about it on her toes, hands on hips, partner stomping, guitars and marimbas playing merrily. Today the hat hangs over the fireplace of her library, perhaps the only souvenir of a career that she has chosen to abandon.

If Rita were any less honest she could declare that the sombrero was one given her by ex-King Alphonso or another noble name. According to biographic data Rita has "appeared all over America and Europe, often before royalty." This Rita disclaims with a calmness which seems to mark her personality. She has never been abroad. All that king stuff is so much bosh. Her nearest touch with a foreign land was Mexico and that long-time appearance, where it was inevitable that a movie producer should see her. He did. His name was Winfield R. Sheehan, once head of Fox Films. So much for her entrance into pictures.

Rita made one more family-rocking change as she transformed herself from dancer to potential dramatic ball of fire. She dropped her surname and took her mother's Irish-English name, Haworth. She took it and then added a "y" after the second letter, giving it a good old American ring, which is completely orthodox, for Rita is a New Yorker, born October 17, 1918. Rita's mother, before her marriage to Senor Cansino, and the births of Rita, Edouardo and Vernon, had been a stock company actress.

IT WOULD be nice to record that immediately with the name change and the aim change, Rita skyrocketed to film success. Rita's conquering of the dramatic world still goes on, slowly, surely. First there was *Only Angels Have Wings* to project her in a Class A picture. *Susan and God*, for which Metro borrowed her from Columbia studios, will show her again. And now she is at work for her home studio with Brian Aherne in the French piece *It Happened in Paris*. But before that there were some twenty-five B-films which were, as she points out, a "school" for her. A clinic wherein she could try out what she had learned from her constant tutoring with dramatic coaches.

As far as her career life was concerned, Rita was completely emancipated. But her personal life never deviated from the Spanish plan of complete chaperonage for unmarried girls, a system which calls for a *duenna* or female escort until the marriage hour. Although the idea may sound impractical in application to the Hollywood way of life, Rita got along all right. She didn't date much, but it wasn't because she was not asked. Her leading men were always overwhelmed when they heard her say that she'd "ask her mother and father if she could dine with them." This was something new.

About four and one-half years ago something very wonderful came into Rita's personal life. His name is Edward C. Judson and he was born in San Jose, California, and he is of Swedish descent. He is older than Rita, suave, loves to dance, and is in

[*Continued on page* 72]

"I've Not Outgrown Hollywood!"

[*Continued from page 27*]

has grown right out into the hearts of her countrymen (and women) from coast to coast. She could step out of Hollywood and queen it over any hamlet or metropolis in the land if she wanted to. And if you suspect that us Hollywood reporters are old softies about our stars, you come right along with me while I quote you some quotes from the Press of the U. S. A.

And if you need convincing they will convince you that if Jeanette hasn't outgrown Hollywood it's because she's a homebody at heart and likes to come home to mother (and Gene) and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

"FILM DIVA SINGS TO PACKED HALL!" headlined the Birmingham *Age-Herald*. The *News* of that city proclaimed: "Commissioner Eugene Connor Presents Key of the City to the Singer: She already has its heart."

Skipping clear over and up to Springfield, Mass., the morning *Union* said: "MISS MACDONALD GAVE CONCERT TO FULL HOUSE: Four thousand people, perhaps more, from all parts of New England thronged the auditorium last night to hear and see a gracious lovely lady. For the first time in years there were standees at an auditorium concert."

Back in El Paso, Texas, the *Times* headlined: "GENE FLIES TO JEANETTE HERE." They liked that. Jeanette is a one for the Lone Star State now. They liked the way Gene stood on a table in the packed concert hall so's he could see his wife as well as hear her. They liked the way Jeanette went straight to him from the platform to thank him for the yellow roses he'd sent her.

And almost every paper without exception made honorable mention of the fact that, along with songs in her French group, along with *Romance* by Debussy, the Waltz Song from Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet* and other great classical numbers, Jeanette never failed to include *Let Me Always Sing*, the song written especially for her by her husband.

THAT'S the touch that gets 'em. The El Paso *Times* also banner-lined: "An adamant 'No!' was the answer of Jeannette MacDonald, beautiful singing star, to solicitous police who urged her to avoid the crowds of more than 1,000 persons when she arrived in El Paso Sunday morning. 'If they came here to see me, they have a right to see me,' the gracious soprano said."

In Raleigh, North Carolina, the natives blasted themselves as hicks because Jeanette lost her hat, had her stockings torn and bruises on her person as a result of their fast and furious embraces.

"She Arrived in Mobile Yesterday . . . minus a private car, orchids and all the hullaballoo one would expect from such a famous person," commented the Mobile *Times*. The Richmond *Times-Dispatch* patted her silken shoulders proclaiming: "CRITIC FINDS MISS MACDONALD MORE CHARMING THAN IN FILMS."

There followed paragraphs in praiseful vein on account of how when Jeanette was asked when and if she plans to make a picture with her actor-husband she was quoted as saying, "If you could only persuade the studio to do it. It's what I want more than anything. But they say there's no romance in a picture in which husband and wife play together. I can't see that viewpoint, though. It seems to me that the public would be more interested in seeing people make love to each other when they really are in love." (Howsabout it, Public?)

For Jeanette stood right back of Gene in his determination not to make a picture until he could get the kind of a part he believed in. She not only stood back of him, she encouraged him in his stand, admired him for his courage and commended him for the good use he made of his time.

Now Gene is co-starring with Wendy Barrie in RKO's *Cross-Country Romance*, his first picture in more than two years. But while he was waiting he didn't twiddle his thumbs. He worked hard at his music. He learned to play the piano, not just adequately but professionally well. He studied theory and harmony. He practiced for hours each day. He wrote songs. He was in the state many actors go through when they are trying to get out of a groove but he didn't stagnate.

It was difficult for him, not making pictures. The actor in him was unsatisfied. And this Jeanette understood. She believes in people doing what they want to do. "Too few people, nowadays," she said, "can fight for their beliefs."

It was Gene's particular battle and he fought it out himself and there is no doubt that one of his best weapons was that he got no criticism from Jeanette. And what was more, those individuals who made it their business to criticize him, to make dismal prophesies about the future of his marriage, had better not risk meeting MacDonald in the dark!

SPECIAL OFFER

Readers! Here's the chance you've been waiting for. You can now get those color photos of your favorites—that is if you will write at once to Photo Editor, **MOTION PICTURE** Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn. There's only a limited supply of these color photos available and they are on:

CLARK GABLE
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CHARLES BOYER
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Hurry, or they'll be gone. The photos are 10c each, or 15c for two, postage paid. No C.O.D.'s.

But to get back to our quoting again. "Meeting Her Was Like Getting Champagne When You Expected a Cocktail," exulted the Mobile *Register* . . . "Dowagers stood atop baggage-trucks, jitterbugs danced on top of benches, old men and children jostled each other . . . when she actually arrived in the station!" exclaimed the Springfield, Illinois *State Journal*.

"FILM STAR CAPTIVATES AUDIENCE" . . . "MRS. WILLEBRANDT ENTERTAINS FOR JEANETTE MACDONALD," carolled the Washington *Times-Herald*, adding, just to pick an encomium at random, "Jeanette now holds Washington in the hollow of her slim, white hand."

The Toledo *Times* noted: "Frederick Schumann-Heink, aware of the high regard in which his mother held the golden-voiced MacDonald, recently presented her with the rosary the beloved contralto always carried when she sang."

"JEANETTE MACDONALD HOME TO GET SOME REAL ICE CREAM," chuckled the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, 'loving it because Jeanette has not outgrown her childhood love of the ice cream of her birthplace . . . (the *Inquirer* reporter should drop in at Jeanette's of a Thursday night when she cooks dinner for Gene and herself and the *piece de resistance* is always homemade, Jeanette-made ice cream. She does a nifty job with pork and beans, too. They usually precede the ice-cream.)

The Greensboro *Daily News* positively went panegyric in its editorial columns, concluding one rave with, "Miss MacDonald is more than a colorful celebrity, she is tremendously and beautifully *like folks*."

The Philadelphia Ledger wrote approvingly: ". . . when one of the girl interviewers asked her if her red hair isn't really Titian, Jeanette said, "I don't know, I just thought it was sort of carrotty." The Harrisburg *Telegraph* marveled: "Jeanette MacDonald sang in the Op'ry House (Forum) Monday night and charmed 2,113."

WELL, I could go on quoting paper after paper. Mayors, commissioners, policemen, critics, dowagers, schoolgirls, business men, musicians attest to the fact that if Jeanette wants to outgrow Hollywood the deed is as good as done. And every time she good-naturedly let herself be mobbed by milling, MacDonald-mad crowds, when she remembered the ice cream of her home town that had called her crowning glory "sort of carrotty" she showed the world a true heart. She certainly showed Hollywood that she couldn't outgrow any place she had ever loved. Because she isn't that kind of a person.

As I came out of the quagmire of quotes, Jeanette was saying:

"I plan to stay in pictures *as long as the fans like me*. I have seen too many careers come and go to let success go to my head.

"I don't believe anyone in Hollywood ever leaves pictures. Instead pictures leave them. I shall continue to make pictures just as long as the fans want me, and for just as long as I can get stories I believe in. I don't say that if the studio should give me a series of bad pictures I wouldn't get up and walk out, I would. I did it once, that was WHY I did it and I would do it again, if necessary. But only if necessary. . . .

"There was an inference made that I didn't like being teamed all the time with Nelson Eddy. An error because I have nothing to do with the casting of a picture. When Nelson and I are separated it's not because *I* want it so, it's because the studio figures that if they keep on giving the public the same combination all the time they'll tire of it and that it's wise to give them a change.

"'Serious' and 'upstage' were, as I remember, two of the adjectives attributed to me in the article I'm answering. Well, I should like to challenge both of them! Perhaps the inference was that by going on concert tour, I was being upstage. But there's no reason why I should confine myself to nothing but making pictures. Concert tour is a very fine way of finding out what people like, what people are like, too.

"It's not outgrowing Hollywood or taking myself seriously to do concert work. For, after all, singing is my first love. It brought me into pictures. There's no reason why I shouldn't stick to it. I believe," Jeanette smiled, "in sticking to first loves. They have a way of sticking to you. And my singing—well, after youth and looks are gone, long after we cease to be photogenic—*a voice remains*.

"As I recall it, too, there was some men-

[*Continued on page 91*]

So You Think Shirley's Through!!!

[*Continued from page* 45]

school, lots of play, an occasional picture, and probably radio.

"The world cruise Shirley is to take will be nothing other than an auto trip up North—perhaps to the Canadian Rockies. We'll be back in time for school."

MRS. TEMPLE spoke earnestly in quick-paced words:

"I wonder who started all this talk! I mean about her going to Universal. It was news to us when we learned the so-called 'facts' that she was going to star with Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean in a picture. Do you know that we have talked with Mr. Pasternak only through our agent—and that we don't know him personally at all?

"These 'facts' are lopsided facts at best. So far every major studio in town has put in enticing bids for Shirley, but we have not committed ourselves to any of them. And we won't put pen to any contract—no matter at what salary—that doesn't assure Shirley of the best stories, the best casts, and few enough pictures to allow her life to gain the normalcy of social contacts with girls of her own age in school and outside."

Which means that Shirley will definitely join her class of twelve when the sun begins to go South for the Winter. Every weekday morning she will jump into the Temple station-wagon, and her pal, George, the chauffeur, will whisk her off in time for chapel service at Westlake School for Girls.

In addition to taking the traditional studies—English, math, geography, history, art, and physical culture—she will be conjugating French verbs again — she "parley-voos" quite well already—improving her tap and ballet dancing, and singing the do-re-mis with the other little girls, who, being of wealthy families in and around movieland, make Shirley feel at home.

They don't pedestalize her, they argue with her, they laugh with her, they treat her to ice cream—or she treats them—and Shirley is fast becoming socialized to the outer-world kids. And don't be surprised if she is sent up to Miss de Laguna, the kindly principal, who is cooperating with Mom Temple by acting toward Shirley as if she were "just another girl."

"SHIRLEY'S happiness comes first," Mrs. Temple told me. There was a look of intense pride in her eyes as she glanced across the high-ceilinged living room at the oil painting of her own "Little Princess" and her pet black Scotty dog on the wall. It was the kind of look every mother who loves her children more than herself radiates.

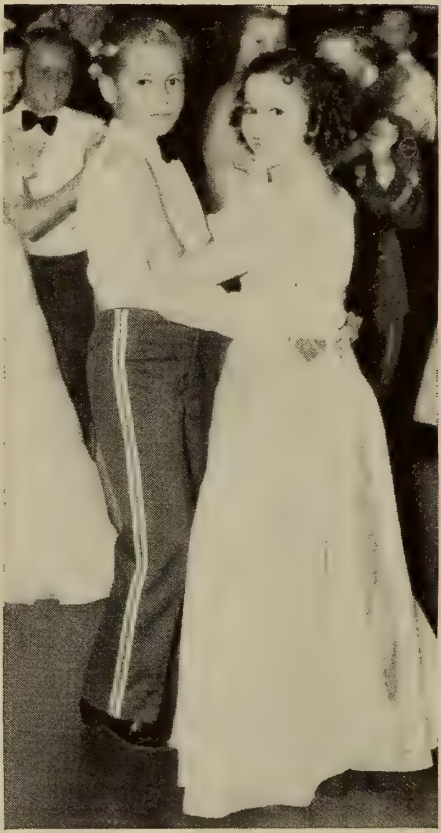
"Do you know what Shirley said to me the night I told her she was going to leave 20th Century-Fox? We were having candlelight supper when I explained what George and I had been planning for her for almost two years. Her eyes widened like an owl's. She was solemn for a minute and said half-wistfully, 'I hope it won't be too long before I make another picture!' George and I are not forgetting that. We know she won't be happy if she can't work at all. Motion pictures are as much a part of her as she is of them.

"She's so sincere," continued Mrs. Temple. "It hurts a little to take her out of pictures even for the rest of 1940. But that's what I am doing. It will give us a chance to get a better perspective on her career.

"Shirley goes into every picture, good or bad, with all her pep and enthusiasm—all her heart and soul. That is why there should be more discrimination in choice of story material. If she were old enough to judge, to discriminate for herself, I would let her judge what is best. She isn't. So I must help her.

"I want her to play in real, hard-hitting, modern stories. Not in syrupy sweet stories such as she's been having. Her last picture, *Young People,* was more on the order of what she should have.

"THERE were many articles printed in newspapers and national magazines about how Shirley had been paid $300,000 for her release. If the writers did not say this, they implied it. I think readers of MOTION PICTURE should see the other side of the story—because there is one! Actually we paid for the release ourselves.



Shirley grows up, likes to do the things all girls like to do—dance. As guest of honor at California Military Academy Ball she dances with Cadet Raymond Berlinger

"For almost two years I have pleaded for more original stories for Shirley's pictures. In fact, George and I have felt our daughter wasn't getting fresh stories or stories suited to her personality. Shirley herself has commented, 'Momma, how many times have we done this picture before?'

"I felt that she was being typed as a goody-goody in namby-pamby parts. Suggestions I made for adaptations from famous novels —I won't mention their names, because we're still bidding for them and it may spoil our chances of getting them reasonably—were shunted aside. Circus stories were suggested, but for some reason they were rejected.

"Before Shirley looks another camera in the face, she is going to get first-rate material. A story that would deal with the change of a girl's character, preferably in a modern setting, that would grapple with today's problems and not be weighed down by obvious Boy-Meets-Girl sub-plots.

"Many of Shirley's scripts have been reasonably exact facsimiles of her past ones. Instead of meeting Shirley to catch the flavor of her personality, writers sat in dark projection-rooms seeing her old pictures. How could there be any improvement in quality of stories when they copied the formula of old pictures? At best they were imitations of imitations of real life stories.

"We disagreed on two other scores—Shirley's supporting players and the number of pictures she was to make each year. In *Young People,* Shirley had excellent support in Jack Oakie and Charlotte Greenwood.

"Just the other day Spencer Tracy told George how much he thought of Shirley's acting, saying he would like to appear in a picture with her himself—a sort of *Boy's Town* for girls.

"As for the number of films she has been making, I think there have been too many. Mass production may be all right in manufacturing cars, planes, and radios, but pictures—I don't know! As I've already told you, I thought fewer pictures would give Shirley more time to play and to live—more time to mature like other girls."

MRS. TEMPLE has been hurt where it hurts every mother most—through her daughter. It is difficult for her to understand why a few reporters who have always been so fair to her and her daughter have given an erroneous impression to world-wide readers.

She feels it has not been done maliciously. In fact, unintentionally. The inexorable march of minutes—the bustle to meet deadlines, and the lack of time to investigate thoroughly the truth about Shirley are probably the causes.

"The impression that Shirley was given $300,000 to release her has been spread abroad," Mrs. Temple explains. "This is not so. The money was Shirley's earnings. It was not a gift! It was part of a bonus she received on each picture until the sum of $300,000 was reached. It had been placed in two different trusts to be held until the fulfillment of her contract.

"Of that $300,000 practically eighty percent went in taxes. Because we did not wait until Shirley's contract expired, we were forced to forfeit almost $100,000 to her ex-employers. Between taxes and this forfeiture we derived little or nothing from the $300,000," she stated.

Statisticians tell us that Shirley earned 20th Century-Fox a net profit of $20,000,000 in sixteen successful films and that she herself earned paychecks totalling $3,000,000, plus another million on Shirley Temple dolls, dresses, clothing, and baby merchandise. Thanks to taxes, agents, lawyers, and the upkeep of a star and her properties, she is just a few cents above the millionaire class today.

[*Continued on page* 90]

Will Garbo Marry Hauser?

[*Continued from page 37*]

Misty Mountain, too. When Greta isn't facing the cameras she's usually to be found at Mr. Hauser's Misty Mountain estate. Here, they bask in the sun together, in beach-chairs set up on long, green sweeps of neatly-trimmed lawn, take occasional dips in his swimming pool, or amuse themselves with his dogs and flowers. Sometimes they simply gaze out over the rugged hills, or study the Yucca blooms on the sides of them, or peer down at the changing scenes in the commonplace world below.

Oh, yes, and they talk about spinach cocktails, and carrot cocktails, and cabbage cocktails. All that diet business. Greta's terribly interested in dietetics, and it was this mutual interest that first brought them together. Greta had read all of Gaylord's books on diet before she met him. Which, of course, was a wonderful beginning. Offhand, you'd say here's one of the most well-rounded romances Hollywood has seen in years. Off to a swell start with a mutual interest, and going strong after six months of almost constant companionship.

But there's Greta's record. And here's where my case begins getting under way. Greta's romance record, in cold outline, reads like this: Five romances and no marriages. And this holiday in Bermuda. La Garbo's romances seem to reach the wind-up stage in these lotus-eating sojourns. First, there was the Swedish motion picture director, Mauritz Stiller.

IT WAS Stiller who launched Greta on her film career, in Europe. Having directed her in *The Atonement of Gosta Berling*, in Berlin, he influenced her to sail with him to the U. S. A. and try Hollywood. We have no accounts of the ocean voyage, nor just how romantic or un-romantic was their trip together. The records show that a strong friendship, bordering on serious affection, had resulted from their association together in the German film, that Stiller demonstrated a more than passing interest in the deep and emotional Greta, and vice-versa.

Certainly, burning his own European bridges in order to gamble on a Hollywood career for Greta was indicative of Stiller's feelings. As it turned out, the voyage from Berlin to New York was the closest the two ever came to a honeymoon. Greta got a foothold in Hollywood, while the over-artistic and rather impractical Stiller was soon lost in the Hollywood shuffle, returned to Sweden, where he died a few years later.

Next, it was John Gilbert. During the filming of *Flesh and the Devil* a mutual heart-interest took root. La Garbo and the good-looking, impetuous and extremely likeable Gilbert became a movie team, and, with each succeeding picture, the flame grew warmer. Suddenly, though, before a love tryst in some secluded Eden might be arranged, the unpredictable Gilbert hied himself off and married Ina Claire.

From then on, Greta was member to a series of brief romantic interludes. Taking place, usually, in remote, hidden corners of one place or another. But, out of fairness, we must add that it wasn't all Greta's doing. At least two of the suitors involved followed Garbo into desert retreats and played upon her sense of hospitality. One of these was Rouben Mamoulian, who directed her in *Queen Christina*.

During the filming of the picture a mutual love-light was seen to kindle. In fact, it assumed such glaring proportions that, before the picture was completed, Greta and Rouben seemed to find it pertinent to hie themselves off to Arizona together. Rumor had it the trip was an elopement; yet, when the much-publicized sojourn was over, they went back to work on *Queen Christina* simply as Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian.

When the picture was completed, Greta, according to form, sought seclusion. She found a ranch hide-out in the desert, near Victorville, California, and went about being alone. Mamoulian, still hepped up over the romantic progress he'd made, trailed her there—to take up where he'd left off.

Suddenly, though, Greta went aloof, and insisted she'd gone to the desert to get away from Hollywood, and all it contained. So Rouben Mamoulian returned to Hollywood and his picture-making.

In 1934, Greta and George Brent made *The Painted Veil* together. A Garbo-Brent romance appeared to be budding, yet insiders labeled it a publicity stunt, designed to build up the picture. When the picture was completed, Greta, in customary fashion, left Hollywood to be by herself. Again, she trekked out into the desert, this time hiding out at the remote La Quinta Inn, near Indio, California. Her favorite retreat.

Brent, somewhat alarming the dopesters, followed Mamoulian's tactics by setting forth to track her down. He found her, after frantic exploring, and, surprisingly, was fairly well received. Greta and George, from all reports, lived on milk and honey in the romantic desert atmosphere for the better part of a month.

In 1937, came the arrival in Hollywood of symphony conductor Leopold Stokowski. The Garbo-Stokowski romance took root, flourished, and, as we know, culminated in the idyllic, Nirvana-like voyage to Europe and subsequent long, casual hours together in the setting of Greta's grape-draped villa at Capri, overlooking the splendorous sky-blue Bay of Naples.

Then, suddenly, Greta was called back to Hollywood to begin work in *Ninotchka*. And the maestro seemed to drop from her mind completely. Or, which is more likely, was supplanted by Gaylord Hauser.

NOW, the question is, will Hauser succeed where others failed? As far as mutual interest is concerned, there has always been something in common. With Stiller, Gilbert, Mamoulian and Brent it was Motion Pictures. With Stokowski it was music.

The mutual interest eventually brings Garbo and her men into such close association that love is destined to be the result. The next step would be the altar. But this step is never taken. And why? The reason is chiefly Garbo. Garbo—we must be frank—is afraid of marriage. And so, she chooses the closest alternative. Namely, a romantic sojourn in an Eden-like setting. And then it's over.

Having gone this far, it's only fair to look into the reasons for Greta's reticence in regard to the final and concluding step in her romances. The step she's never taken. And, perhaps, never will.

Any concept one might have of a spider-like Garbo, leading her flies into some sort of a seductive web, is something not to entertain for a moment. Greta, basically, is terribly sincere, and guards preciously the slightest affection shown her. It's simply that she's not the most robust lady in the world. Being sincere, and most conscientious, she hesitates to cultivate people, depending for any contacts on a few intimate friends. Remaining single, she's able to hide away and recoup her strength without discommoding anyone, or upsetting any obligations.

It's an observed fact that, at the conclusion of a picture, Greta is physically exhausted and needs rest and quiet. These periods of rest and quiet are absolutely essential to her. When Garbo loves, she loves deeply and with single-heartedness. But, carrying the obligations of love requires, not only devotion, but strength as well. Of this fact Greta is aware, and deeply conscious. And therein, no doubt, lies the secret of her hesitancy. The barrier to her complete happiness is, in the last analysis, her utter unselfishness.

ALONG with her lack of physical strength, Greta, unfortunately, is the victim of a psychological handicap. Which means, simply, that she's afraid of people. The world, of course, is loaded with individuals of this sort. Persons who shy away from meeting, or mixing with, other people. These individuals have a genuine love for their fellow-men, yet, somehow, cannot bring themselves to remain in constant social contact with them.

Thus, in Greta's case, her moments of "being alone" are as natural and instinctive to her as being among other individuals. Her loved ones, being more or less social, cannot quite assimilate these tendencies. Most of them, though, if she only knew it, understand and respect the human desire and need for privacy. I'm sure the men with whom Greta has been associated romantically learned to fathom her reasons for seclusion. Any one of them, I wager, would gladly have allowed her her moments of solitude.

There remains, though, one other barrier. A barrier which seems to have taken on the rigidity of steel. Namely, Greta's lofty conception of matrimony's requirements and implications. Greta is not one to go into anything lightly. The marriage vows to her would certainly be a most sacred and honored undertaking. Having taken them, she'd throw herself completely into the task of living up to them, so far as her strength would allow. No doubt, she's thought of marriage, many times.

We can only conclude that, knowing herself as no one else can possibly know her, she simply has decided that marriage would be a contract she'd not be able to fulfill according to the standards she's set for it. Maybe, as I say, she's Mrs. Hauser by now. I'd rather bet, though, that her heart belongs to her art again. Now that *Madame Curie* has gone into production.

SCOOP

Next month, Robert Taylor tells MOTION PICTURE readers

WHAT I'LL FIGHT FOR

Don't miss this timely exclusive feature in October MOTION PICTURE.

Will You, James, Take This Woman?

[*Continued from page* 33]

given Jimmy by Olivia and Joan Fontaine? Its meaning is fairly obvious. Casual and flitting and sort of vague though Jimmy appears to be on the surface, he seems to get pretty much exactly what he wants. That limp and lolling spine of his in other words is made of iron.

So, then, there's nothing like tracking a story to its lair. After hearing the confirmation of all rumors from Olivia's relatives I took myself over to Warners to have lunch with Jimmy, who is making *No Time For Comedy* with Roz Russell. Jimmy, I hoped, would give himself away without meaning to. He did. Guess how? He spent our entire luncheon hour analyzing himself. A most un-Jimmy-like performance.

I'd rather expected to find Jimmy changed a bit. So many things happened to him the past year and a half. He went to Washington—as *Mr. Smith.* For which an Oscar cast its shadow before him. He rode again, in *Destry.* He had dates and dates with Marlene Dietrich, which must have had some effect. He was a salesman in *Shop Around the Corner* with Maggie Sullavan. He spent time, too realistic for make-believe, in a concentration camp for *Mortal Storm.*

"When that door closed you might as well have been in Germany," Jimmy told me, one day during production. "I'd read the papers, the horrifying headlines, go on the set and walk right into the headlines. Same thing. The emotional and nervous strain was terrific."

He bought a new Stinson cabin plane. He made his first solo night flight. He taught Maggie Sullavan to fly. And now, Olivia. . . .

So, leaving love out of it, it was reasonable to expect some changes in Jimmy. Add love to it and . . . but your imaginations can fill the gap more graphically than these words.

"I'VE been analyzing my face," were, actually, the words with which he greeted me.

"Well," I said, "what do you think of it?"

"I don't know," sighed Jimmy, "it's a perplexing pan. I don't know whether I'm pleased or displeased, but what the hell can I do about it?"

I said that it didn't strike me that doing anything about it was really an emergency measure. It was, for instance, a well paid face. It had been well thought of by diverse discriminating damsels, Ginger Rogers, Marlene, Roz Russell, lots of others—including Livvy.

"It isn't exactly that I want to understand myself, you understand," Jimmy was saying in that anxious way of his. "A complete understanding of myself, I think that's something I don't have to have and don't want to have. It must be deadly dull and boring to know yourself very well. Matter of fact, a person who starts talking about himself and says, 'Now, I'm the kind of person who reacts so-and-so to such-and-such a situation,'—well, it's time to avoid that person. If he has himself that well figured out it's more interesting to do a jigsaw puzzle.

"No, I don't want to know myself. I want to be a stranger to myself, capable of giving myself little surprises, even shocks now and then. But I. . . ."

Jimmy paused and flipped his deceivingly helpless-looking hands. I said, helpfully, "but you want to be sure whether you won't give shocks to—to someone else?"

Jimmy said, just as if he hadn't heard me (there's great strength, you know, in just not hearing what you don't want to hear), "now, take my work. I don't need to know myself for the sake of my work. Why should I? I don't play Stewart, I hope, when I'm working. I play the other guys. It's up to me to be that chap in *Shop Around the Corner,* that frenzied fellow in *Mortal Storm.* It's up to me to understand how they think and react. But Stewart isn't supposed to be around. . . .

"I DON'T mean that I'm totally ignorant about me. I know things about myself, like how I hate to get up in the mornings. My wife would have to be a husband-getter-upper if she wanted to eat regular" (it was at precisely this point that I got the drift, realized Jimmy was analyzing himself as a prospective husband)—"and how I hate to get home nights and find messages waiting for me, saying 'please call so-and-so.' I hate that worse than anything.

"I know I have habits like forgetfulness, for instance, awful forgetfulness. I forget to answer letters. Of course, if I had a wife I wouldn't have to answer letters, would I? Wives are congenital correspondents, aren't they? I forget to accept invitations. I forget to thank people for things. I forget birthdays and anniversaries. I'm thoughtless, too. I always think of what I should have said or should have done—the day after. But wives kick you under the table, don't they, nudge you and all that?"

I said a wife who wasn't a born nudger wasn't worth her salt and sables.

"I know I'm a professional worrier, too. I worry about big things. I worry about little things. I worry about everything. But I suppose I like to worry. Most worriers do.

"I know that if I wasn't an actor, I'd like to be an aviator."

Well, I thought, that would be all right, because Jimmy and Olivia, Joan Fontaine and Brian Aherne go on picnics together, by plane.

"I know that I'm a little bit tight," said Jimmy. "Married or single, I'd never be a Diamond Jim Brady, putting hundred dollar bills under girls' plates and diamond bracelets in their corsages. Come to that, I never even remember to send corsages, anyway, until the next night and then it's pretty silly. I've got a lot of Scotch in me. But that doesn't mean I'm a bargainer. I'm the lousiest business man in the world. Anyone can sell me anything.

"I know I'm not very efficient about things. Like I never plan anything, not from one hour to the next. I don't want to know what I'm going to be doing an hour from now. I might not like it. Like when I went to New York some months ago and just suddenly thought I'd go to Europe on account of how I'd never been and just suddenly got on a boat and went.

"I don't like to eat. If I had a wife who was a good cook, I wouldn't appreciate her. I think eating is a silly, darn fool waste of time. And now," grinned Jimmy, "it's your cue to say, 'Well, you look it, being string-beanish seen sidewise,' and then my answer is, 'So I do.'

"But, anyway, other things are more important and a lot more fun than putting things in your mouth and making cock-eyed chewing motions." (I made a mental note of this. For Olivia loves to eat. Why, her hairdresser at Warners told me that every time Livvy is under the dryer she has to order her trays of food.)

"FLYING, for instance," Jimmy was saying, "that's very important to me. It's fascinating, it's exciting and altogether different from what I do for a living. I've got a room at the house with nothing in it but airplane models and things.

"And certain books are important to me, Anne Lindbergh's *Listen, the Wind,* Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga.* And I'm a hero-worshipper, too . . . Lindbergh, President Roosevelt, Frank Capra, Lubitsch . . . these are some of the men I admire, and envy, too. . . ."

Jimmy's still very young, I thought, indulgently, doesn't think food is important, forgets things, loves adventure, and worships heroes . . . nice that he's stayed this way, so few have.

Aloud I said, "It's obvious you are not a materialist, but a bit of a sentimentalist, perhaps?"

Jimmy considered this. Then he said, "Everybody is, I guess, in different ways. Now me, I connect music with people I've known, things I've done. I'm awful sentimental about music. Music is the immortality of things past.

"Like the song *Who,*" Jimmy was saying, "I never hear *Who* that I don't think of a prom at prep school and a pretty girl. I don't remember what she looked like and I don't even remember her name but when I hear that song, I think of that girl.

"And when I hear *I'll Get By,* I always think of the Country Club at Indiana, Pa., and times I'd be there playing golf, wondering to myself whether I would get by, have any kind of a successful life. I guess that's being sentimental, all right. . . ."

"THE song you connect with Olivia . . .?"

"I'm superstitious, too," said James, bland as butter. "Especially black cats. If I see a black cat run in front of me when I'm going along in my car, I don't even stop to think. I step on the gas. After a few blocks I can convince myself that the cat had a white pan because if a black cat has even one white hair, you know, the whole thing's off. Walking under ladders, too, I duck that. It doesn't make sense, anyway, walking under ladders. Three on a match, I just don't do it.

"I'm not neurotic, though. I don't have an Oedipus complex or queer kinks in my sub-conscious. There's only one thing I've got a complex about and that's being killed in an automobile accident. I dream about it all the time. There's something so hideous to me, so sort of ignominious and forlorn about being all mashed up, left in some ditch or sprawled out on a road. I'm not afraid of death at all, but only of that kind of a death.

"I'm really quite stable," said Jimmy, still with that anxious, expecting-to-be-contradicted expression in his eyes. "I mean, I take this business, my business, seriously, you know. I've never been one of those who look on it as a good racket. I never let my work be routine with me. I never do a picture that doesn't mean something to me. I'm fortunate, I guess, I've never had to.

"I always keep up my interest in the whole industry, not just in myself. I'm interested in the cameraman's job, the sound track man's work, the cutting-room, the

[*Continued on page* 66]

ATTABOY, PAL!...NO MORE MEALTIME MONKEY BUSINESS!

Babies take to Clapp's!

He's our first baby, so naturally my wife and I got worried when he didn't seem to care about some of his vegetables. Sometimes we begged and pleaded, and sometimes we'd play games and try to sneak a spoonful in while he wasn't looking. One night I got annoyed and tried to force it down him. In the scuffle, the whole dish landed upside down on the floor.

Just that minute in comes our neighbor, Mrs. Blake, and her little boy. "I don't know how it will work with you," she said, when she heard about our troubles, "but I always had very good luck with Clapp's. Richard seemed to take to Clapp's, right away, and just see how well he's grown and thrived. And when he outgrew Strained, he went on Clapp's Junior Foods as slick as a whistle."

"It's Clapp's textures that babies like, as well as flavors. They're not too coarse or thick, nor so thin a child doesn't learn to eat.

"You see, Clapp's don't make anything *but* baby foods. And my land! They've been making them most 20 years, lots longer than anyone else, and getting tips from doctors and mothers all the time—no wonder they know what will make a hit with babies!"

17 Strained Foods for Young Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Junior Foods for Toddlers

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Liver Soup • **Combination Dishes**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

Who Ever Said Hollywood Couldn't Take Broadway?

[*Continued from page* 31]

theatregoers they were not acting at all, but living life. The shrewder knew that final success does not rest upon glamor of personality as much as upon the appeal of the play they would perform.

Yet, the march of Hollywood to the stage has given in a few cases new impetus to what has often been deplored as the "star system." It was John Barrymore, rather than the farce rather meaninglessly called *My Dear Children,* that had been packing people into the theatre. It was a wish to see the man whom the critics call "the most gifted actor of our time," clowning his way with skill and charm through a part far beneath his talents that was responsible for the rush to the box-office.

So insistent has been Barrymore's appeal that Hollywood, with its customary unpredictableness, beckoned anew to the actor, sought his early return to the screen. It took Broadway to convince Hollywood that there's life in the Great Profile yet. If he can make a smash hit out of a shoddy comedy, what might he not do, if he put his mind to it, with a first class film play, they are reasoning. And so, cashing in on the Great Profile, they are giving him *The Great Profile.* But will he put his mind to it? Ay! That's the question. Is he fed up with Hollywood and its short-lived glory?

It is, after all, difficult to recall a John Barrymore film role. Perhaps, in stage adlibbing he has found the road to easy money. Anyway, he's enjoying himself and to the devil with the critics and their high hopes. He found headline attention seldom given to an actor because he was enjoying himself in a manner that would not be possible to one mooning about in the sombre habiliments of *Hamlet.*

The wife, the night-clubs, the wisecracks, the Scotch, dizzy Manhattan, that's the life. Why bother with Hollywood and the laborious business of standing around all day in retakes? I have a notion the stage will continue to be the life for John Barrymore.

IF IT is Barrymore who led the Hollywood procession to Broadway, by way of Chicago and other play-hungry centers, it is Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh who have given the theatreward screen parade its most ear-and-eye catching aspect. Obviously, it is because in the past year their names have zoomed to the very top of the celluloid peaks. The association in *Romeo and Juliet* of the actor whose performance of the brooding *Heathcliffe* made *Wuthering Heights* such a memorable experience, and the young actress who embodies in *Scarlett O'Hara* the vitality and force and fascination of that unforgettable character was the chief fillip of Broadway's Spring season.

Their simultaneous screen appearances in, respectively, *Rebecca* and *Waterloo Bridge,* provided further incentive to theatregoers that here was Shakespeare under unusually attractive auspices.

Yet, Broadway did not seek Olivier and Miss Leigh so much as they sought Broadway. They were restless and ambitious. They, too, would express their art and their personalities in their own flesh-and-blood production; they would give new romantic vividness, new tragic splendor to *Romeo and Juliet.*

The critics were impressed by the romantic vividness but found it too often submerged by the tragic splendor. Miss Leigh's exquisitely youthful loveliness, Mr. Olivier's personableness and ardor were suited to their roles, but their performances suffered through, it was pointed out, too little poetic drama experience, too great emphasis upon mechanical stagecraft.

As in the case of John Barrymore the stars' appeal was greater than that of their vehicle. The play, Shakespeare to the contrary, was not the thing, but the actors. Critics have always had difficulty reconciling Shakespeare's 14-year-old heroine with the emotional intensity of a mature woman. This time their dilemma was doubly hard, since Miss Leigh, for all her seeming unfamiliarity with great poetic drama, seemed to them the physical personification of *Juliet.* Anyway, the majority of them appeared to prefer a *Juliet* physically ideal to one overgrown and overaged but tragically convincing, as is usually the case.

Another noted Hollywood figure had a prominent part in *Romeo and Juliet.* Dame May Whitty, who was such a fascinating fussbudget in the role of the aging and mysterious "lady" in *The Lady Vanishes,* had the part of *Juliet's Nurse,* played it with her customary gusto.

To Broadway during the season came other Hollywood actors, notably Paul Muni, Walter Huston, Flora Robson, Franchot Tone, Francis Lederer, Donald Cook, all of whom were so successful in submerging their identities as to convey the illusion they were figures out of real life. They did not seem to be acting at all, which, of course, is the secret of true dramatic art.

Paul Muni, always stage-struck, eagerly laid away the make-up of *Zola* and *Pasteur* and other historic figures, and returning to Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's *Key Largo,* enacted the role of a congenital coward with such sincerity and conviction as to win for himself the annual medal of the Drama League of New York for the best performance of the year.

Walter Huston brought another notable portrait to his imposing gallery with his performance of a bewildered share-cropper in Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song.* Both of these men like to face an audience, like the response that is theirs in the theatre.

Flora Robson, who was the foreboding, suspense-creating spinster of the narrative in *Wuthering Heights,* is having the time of her life in the sinister stellar role of *Ladies in Retirement.* Fredric March was an early Hollywood courier to the Broadway fleshpots. He supplied not only his own skill and personality to *The American Way,* which, for several months, occupied the capacious stage of the Rockefellers' problem child, the Center Theatre, but, it is said, considerable of his purse.

Granted that the more solvent Hollywood stars can—and do—sponsor the highly-speculative business of stage production, it is also noteworthy that their enterprise often leads to new artistic glory. At any event, Franchot Tone won a distinguished name for himself this season in the principal role in *The Fifth Column,* Ernest Hemingway's drama of the Spanish War.

There is the young Czech-American comedian, Francis Lederer, who recently completed a long tour in the enviable assignment as leading man with Katharine Cornell in *No Time for Comedy.* There is Donald Cook, who has won new Broadway spurs in the pleasant chore of playing opposite Gertrude Lawrence in Skylark, one of the ten biggest hits of the year.

ALL of the above actors, as if we needed to tell you, have greatly enhanced their screen value in their Broadway labors. At the same time, they have demonstrated effectively the growing interdependence of Hollywood and Broadway.

Some of these Hollywood figures are triple-threat stars—they include radio in their activities. Such a one is Burgess Meredith, of *Winterset* fame. He swaggered for several weeks in a notable revival of Molnar's *Liliom,* while conducting a pretentious dramatic program for the broadcasters. With television we will have quadruple-threat stars.

And off hand who would seem especially suited to such distinction? Why, of course, Ingrid Bergman. The lovely young Viking who made her first American film last summer when she appeared with Leslie Howard in *Intermezzo* and who is David O. Selznick's shrewd choice for *Joan of Arc* in his forthcoming film drama about the Maid of Orleans, was the particular girl friend who caused *Liliom* to swagger.

She proved as sensitive, as altogether beguiling on the stage as when she captivated her musical mentor, Master Howard in—what was that subtitle of *Intermezzo*?—oh, yes; *A Love Story.* Once she overcomes her accent, gains greater ease with English as she is "spoke by Joe Doakes," she will have every broadcaster, every telecaster (or should it be televisioner?) knocking on her door. For the gal has perfect photogenic features with her oval-facial contour, high cheek bones, slightly-slanting eyebrows, ingenuous smile and youthful—you can't avoid the word—glamor.

"Already from the beginning," she says, "I have good roles."

But she wants better ones—on the stage. After *Joan of Arc,* she'll probably get them. Last season was her first experience on the New York stage. She found in it no end of excitement.

Alan Dinehart, Glenda Farrell and Lyle Talbot formed a Hollywood trio who had the novel assignment of sharing the same play on Broadway—a farce called *Separate Rooms;* only on Broadway can you share *Separate Rooms,* if you don't mind the pun. They rose above their stage opportunity by the sheer sincerity of their performance.

Dinehart is a veteran of Broadway and the vaudeville stage. For more years than he probably would like to recall he banged around the country in a sketch called *The Meanest Man in Town.* It was like returning to a boyhood home to come back to the theatre and hear the stimulating sound of hands being clapped.

MUSICAL comedy has also tapped the Hollywood fields for talent. It failed to lure W. C. Fields back to his old haunts, but it did get other comics. They marched from the studios, several of them frankly giving as their reason the pressing call of the stage. But it is significant that a year or two ago the call would have been unanswered. They would have gone right ahead making a picture and arranging their film schedules conveniently to include a radio program. But six months constitute a long period in pictures, and the comics are expert enough showmen to realize that the abiding principle of their business is to "leave 'em wanting a little bit more."

A temporary silence on the screen may create a demand for an early return to the films, especially if the war continues and the public begins to clamor for more and more diversion. Meanwhile, there's some new prospecting and a biding of their time, as George Gershwin's song used to say, against the day when their current fun will have exhausted its appeal. Right now they are taking advantage of the entertainment cycle. Today, the pendulum is swinging toward Broadway.

Last winter a raucous voice was heard at a Broadway stage door: "Open in the name of Lahr." The door opened and presently Bert Lahr, the recently-rollicking cowardly lion of the film fantasy, *The Wizard of Oz,* was all dolled up in the satins and laces of a profligate French king, insisting in his quaint sputtering style that "DuBarry was a lady." Boy! Was he glad to get back to Broadway? He's frolicking about on the stage as he hasn't frolicked in years. You almost forget that a short time ago he seemed to be a frustrated Hollywood comedian.

Hollywood-famed Ethel Merman is a very vocal *Dubarry* and even more Hollywood-famed Betty Grable was present, with an opportunity denied her in pictures, except in the stills that the press departments sent out, of exhibiting the loveliest legs since the skating ballets left town. Exhibiting them, moreover, as not merely ornamental but as rhythmically useful. But, they are soon to be genuinely useful—and decorative—on the screen. It took Broadway to show Hollywood Betty Grable's value. Maybe, it's going to take Broadway to show Hollywood that Olympe Bradna, Anna Sten and Simone Simon deserve more consideration.

JACK HALEY is another Hollywood comedian to return to the stage. In the new Rodgers and Hart whooperoo, *Higher and Higher,* he has brought back his familiar but invariably refreshing character of the bewildered oaf trying to get along with a world filled with women. In his new show he has incidentally, the pictorial, as well as deftly comic, assistance of Hollywood's Shirley Ross.

In the Hollywood hegira to the East, the principal comic name, however, is that of Al Jolson. The most restless personality in the entire amusement world is back to his first love. And all because he could resist no longer the urge to put on the grease-paint, face an audience across the footlights and sing a song.

To his hosts of admirers, Massa Jolson still typifies eloquently the black-face *Pagliacci* of the glamorous pre-prohibition era of New York, a minstrel with the rare gift of blending artistically pathos and ribaldry, a coon-shouting alchemist of such magic that you could actually see ol' Mammy waitin' at the little cabin door. They remembered, too, how, with a tear in that self-same voice for Sonny Boy, Hollywood's incarnation of all the pathetic urchins of America, he led the movies into a new and promised land.

Back on Broadway, in the flesh, in a show called *Hold on to Your Hats,* he is again demonstrating his extraordinary ability to put over a song, carry an audience through the sheer zest and enthusiasm of his personality. Probably, Broadway would not have him were it not for its proximity to Belmont and Saratoga. Of all people in show business Jolson is the leading race-track fan.

The screen has made these personalities famous and the playgoers are now accepting them as the theatre's own. As the theatre's own they are perched today atop the amusement world, dividing their time between stage and screen and radio. Gosh! How the money rolls in!

"I lived in a haunted house..."

It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until...

The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the *golden* bar or the *golden* chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha.* And those two busy cleaners get the grimiest, tattle-tale gray dirt."

Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smelling! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know *he's* proud of *me!*

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, *golden* soap and naptha. They're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

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Your Hollywood—And Mine—

[*Continued from page 25*]

introduced Rudy to the other great passion in his life, Pola Negri. It was at a party at Marion Davies' Beverly Hills house and from the start I think Rudy was attracted to the exotic black-haired Pola. But in Pola's case there was never the whole-hearted passion he gave to Natacha. Rudy had been burned once and like the proverbial child, he feared the fire.

He never again, to the day of his death, permitted himself to be dominated by a woman—though Pola worshiped him—and during the disgraceful days just before his funeral when women broke the windows of the undertaking parlor where Valentino's body lay—she said she would never love anyone like she did Rudy.

IT MAKES me smile to hear that Greta Garbo is a cold, indifferent woman when she favors a man. Well can I remember Greta when she was head over heels in love with John Gilbert—and don't let anyone tell you that this was not a real romance. She even tried to make herself over for the good-looking, tempestuous John—just as she is today once again coming out of her shell and going places with Dr. Gaylord Hauser.

John's wit, charm and warm personality completely swept Garbo off her feet. Though not many people know it she even went to football games with him, accompanied usually by Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Once it started to rain during a Notre Dame-Southern California game and Greta, who was arrayed in the glory of a new mink coat, was begging her love to take her home.

"Don't be silly," said John to the not-so-silent (at the time) Swede. "No one walks out on Notre Dame." So he bought her a paper and the funniest sight I ever saw in my life was the great Garbo timidly sitting by Gilbert's side at a football game with the paper draped over her hat.

They had violent quarrels—and each time it was Greta who tried to make up first. Once at King Vidor's tennis party when they were on one of their famous feuds, she kept calling up every few minutes to learn if John was still there and asking Eleanor Boardman not to let him know she was on the phone.

But fate played a funny trick on their love. The talkies came in and for some reason I have never understood John's voice did not register. He went down professionally as Greta became the outstanding feminine star. He was bitter and discouraged. Finally, years later, Greta insisted that he be given the lead opposite her in *Queen Christina*—but the spark of their passion was over and only a casual friendship remained.

So much has been written about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—and there is so much more that must ever be left unwritten. But certainly there can be no challenge that for ten ecstatic years Mary and Doug were the sweethearts of the world.

They adored each other, the golden-haired Mary and the dark, dashing Fairbanks. They traveled over the face of the globe—and found the old saying is very true that all the world loves a lover.

Well can I remember the golden years when Mary and Doug would dance with no one else—when they insisted on sitting next to each other at dinner parties and when they held hands walking across the studio lot like two high school sweethearts. They had foolish nicknames for one another—Mary was "Hipper" and Doug was "Tipper" and to this day no one knows what they meant.

Together they ruled as King and Queen of the Hollywood social world—and later on in a chapter of my reminiscences I want to tell you, in more detail, about the "Royal" parties at Pickfair where the great artists and leaders of the world came to pay homage to Mary and Doug.

It was Doug's restlessness that finally parted them. Filled with the vitality of health and love of life, Doug was always on the go. Mary, a quieter personality, followed him blindly on trips half across the world and back again for years. But in her heart she always missed Pickfair, Hollywood, her work at the studio and her friends. She loved being at Pickfair—and she loved Hollywood and her fellow-workers.

Once when the entire industry paid tribute to Queen Mary at the Philharmonic Auditorium (this was years before anyone ever dreamed of the Academy Award) I shall always remember the thrill of Mary's words as she met her friends face to face across the footlights. Every actress, director, producer and cameraman in Hollywood got to his or her feet as the Queen said: "You and I are the same people. Your ways are my ways and my ways are your ways."

NEXT MONTH

THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS
OF HOLLYWOOD

Louella Parsons continues her exclusive series —YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE in the October issue with THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD. This second chapter deals with Hollywood's most thrilling personalities of yesterday and today. Don't miss it!

And so Mary stayed in Hollywood—while adventure and excitement beckoned Doug away. I was with Mary when she made up her mind that they had eventually come to parting. There was no criticism, no bitterness, no recriminations ever between Mary and Doug. When she gave me the scoop of their parting, a story that rocked the world, she had only the kindest things to say of the man who had held her love for so many years.

It was a tribute to their great love story that years later when Douglas brought the charming Lady Ashley back to Hollywood as his bride, and Mary was married to Buddy Rogers, that they frequently met at Hollywood parties without embarrassment.

So today finds two new movie romances holding the center of the stage. I do not feel I know Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh as well as I have known the principal heroes and heroines of other Hollywood love stories. They are both English and have been in Hollywood only a short time. But I have interviewed Vivien several times—and the world can believe this about her devotion to Olivier: If the brilliant star of *Gone With the Wind* had to choose between her career and Laurence—she would take her love and forget fame and her work! He feels the same way about her.

No matter how one feels about divorce—the honesty of Olivier and Miss Leigh must be respected. They have tried to spare themselves from the gossip and the spotlight by living quietly within the reserved circle of their British friends in Hollywood. But they have candidly admitted that from the moment they set eyes on each other while they were making a picture in England, no one else has existed for either of them.

Reporters respect the English stars for their utter honesty for they have told them they will be married as soon as they are legally free—which may be by the time you read this article. In their case—Vivien and Laurence had much to lose and to dare in loving one another—but they were unafraid.

AS FAR as Norma Shearer and George Raft are concerned as a romantic team, I must admit I am puzzled. Perhaps I am wrong—but while they are deeply devoted to one another as I write this—I can't help but believe that theirs may not be a love story of long duration. Yet they have been helpful to one another, and if George were free at this minute I am sure they would marry.

Norma was an unhappy and restless girl when she met George. Ever since Irving Thalberg's death (and theirs was certainly one of the sincerest love stories of all time) Norma had lived too much by herself. She saw few people and went practically nowhere.

It started as a flirtation when Norma met George at a dinner party at the Jack Warners and immediately liked him. The spark, started in Hollywood, was really ignited last summer when she went to Europe with the Charles Boyers. George was on the same boat. In the beginning I don't think it was serious with either one of them. George had been devotion itself for years to Virginia Peine, and he adored her little daughter, Joanie.

But George, who lives in a man's world of prize fights, races and baseball games, was on a vacation himself. He and Norma met, did the night spots of New York on their way to Europe and generally had the time of their lives both in New York and Paris.

Perhaps this man who grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in New York was deeply flattered by the interest of the "First Lady of the Screen" at first. I doubt if it went much farther than that. Norma, on her part, found George an amusing companion and a grand dancing partner. When she returned to New York she scoffed at rumors that they were romantically inclined.

But when they came back to Hollywood—what had begun as a mere flirtation—gradually developed into a serious romance. These two were everywhere together. Little Irving Thalberg Jr. shadowed George and soon it was a familiar sight to see them rooting for their favorite team at the baseball park.

George's devotion to children is one of his most delightful characteristics. He plays with the Thalberg children by the hour—which hasn't hurt his suit with Norma, as you can well imagine. Right now they are the questionmark love story of Hollywood. Perhaps their romance may lead to the altar—who can say? There are so many angles that stand in the way. Recently George has told his friends, that he doubts if Norma would ever consent to marry him. But no one can deny that in the deep friendship between them today—Norma Shearer and George Raft have found great happiness.

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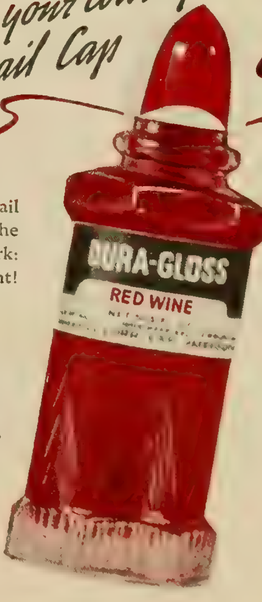
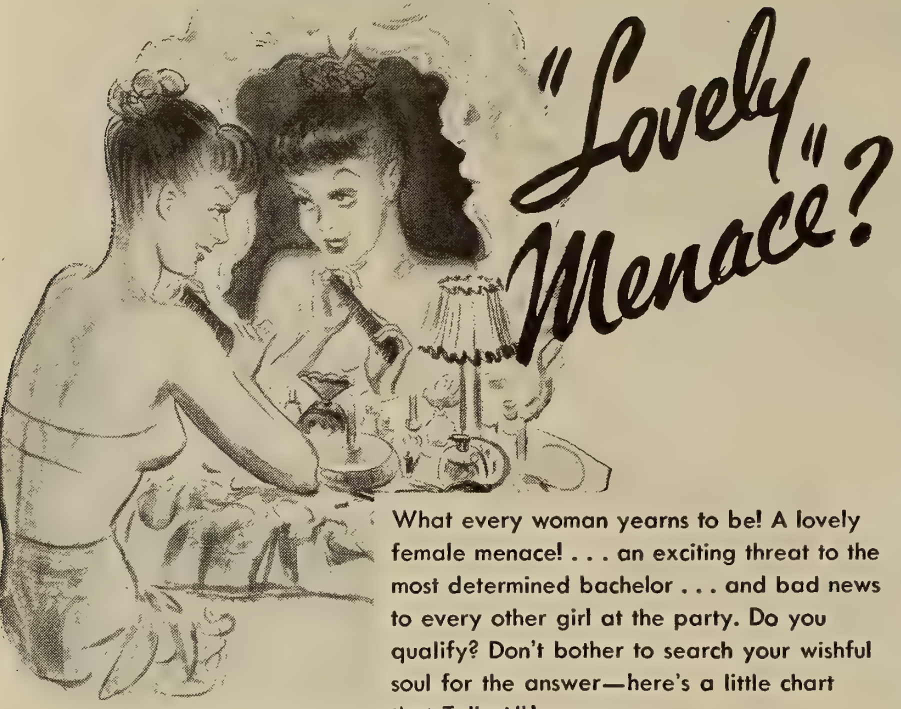


HOW DO YOU RATE AS A "Lovely Menace"?



What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace! . . . an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor . . . and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

	(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)	YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR *Good Fair or Terrible* NEWS

Will You, James, Take This Woman?

[*Continued from page* 60]

script department, every department. I try to learn something new every day. An actor, I figure, plays such a small part in making a movie."

When I asked if there aren't a lot of temptations in Hollywood, Jimmy replied, "Well, now, not the kind most folks think. I mean, it's kind of old-fashioned nowadays, to be a hell-raiser. But there are other temptations out here, like getting lazy, getting self-satisfied, getting self-centered, believing your own publicity. Then there is the temptation to step up your standard of living so it would be impossible to go back to a normal way of living.

"And that's dangerous," said Jimmy, "because in this business, as in the whole gone-mad world for that matter, drastic changes are apt to happen any time. Like stars do fall, you know. And the fall is easier for them, I should think, if they still remember how to make themselves at home on the good, plain earth."

"BUT you," I said, "have a special quality to sell, that makes you safe. . . ."

"Everyone has something 'special' to sell," grinned Jimmy, squirming a little, "even the old-clothes man.

"Me? I don't know about me. Lot of people tell me 'naturalness' is my stock in trade. I don't know what they mean but that's what they say. Say, let's not talk about me any more," Jimmy said.

"All right, let's talk about the ladies. Tell me what you find most attractive in. . . ."

"Aw, do you have to ask that?" yipped James. "You do? Well, look, I like girls who look at you when they talk to you. I like girls not to be phony. I mean, if a girl is an actress, that's nothing against her, as a wife, I mean, so long as she keeps her acting in the studio.

"And then, there's hats—like the ones with a ball up here," Jimmy raised his long arm and pointed upward, "a ball that's hollow. Or one of those that come out in front, like this, and have a curtain with a border on it and when they walk, it moves like the thing you wear when you take care of bees. A thing I don't understand is the routine that must go on in a hat shop. How do they sell the girls those things?"

I said, "They tell us, 'my dear, it's ravishing, it's so smart, it's so new, it's so chic.'"

"But if they told me to wear a coal-scuttle instead of a fedora, I wouldn't believe them," said Jimmy earnestly, "I wouldn't do it."

"Oh, well," I said hastily, "let's skip it."

"And then," said Jimmy, "I like a sense of humor in women, it's a nice thing to find. I mean a dry wit, though, not the kind that comes up to you and says, 'Have you heard this one?'"

(And if the foregoing isn't a blow-by-blow description of Olivia, it—well, it certainly *doesn't* describe *Marlene*.)

"I liked *Mr. Smith* better than anything I've ever played," Jimmy was saying, taking a mean advantage of me and changing the subject while I was cogitatin', and added, "he was kind of a lonely soul. . . ."

"Are you apt to be a little lonely?" I asked, then.

"Yes, a little."

"Are you going to continue to be lonely?"

"No," he said.

Which may be the tip-off that he may be married as you read this story.

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

GAG party of the month—was the kitchen shower given for bachelor Cesar Romero . . . The whole thing was the brain child of George and Julie Murphy who thought Cesar should have some help in furnishing the kitchen of the new home he is building for himself (he says!) in Brentwood . . . So the party started off with cocktails and buffet supper at the Murphys' home in Beverly Hills . . . It almost ended in a riot when Cesar started unwrapping his gifts and kept the gang in stitches at his blushing-bride remarks . . . Hit gift of the evening was the set of linen tea towels, exquisitely embroidered with Cesar's nickname, "Butch" . . . Guests included the Fred MacMurrays, Jerry Asher, Ann Sothern, the Ray Millands, the Norman Fosters . . . Elsa Maxwell isn't the only original party-giver in Hollywood . . . Little 11-year-old Dickie Jones threw a birthday party for his mother the other day that hit a new high in economy and fun . . . Armed with about a month's savings of his dollar-a-week allowance, Dickie scoured the little town of Lone Pine, where he was on location with *Brigham Young*, for favors . . . The net result was one balloon and one cap pistol for each of the guests . . . And if you think that's silly equipment for a grown-up party you should have seen Mrs. Jones, Ty Power, Annabella, Mary Astor and the rest of the location company work out with the pistols.

"MAY All Your Paynes Be Little Ones!"—was the inscription atop the pink-and-blue cake which adorned the guest of honor's table when Francis Robinson entertained at a stork shower for Anne Shirley (Mrs. John Payne) . . . Impromptu on-the-set party—took place the other lunchtime on the set of *Captain Caution*, the Hal Roach picture which contains so many of the old-time vaudeville headliners . . . Appearing in the picture are Leo Carrillo, Fred Sweeney, Roscoe Ates, El Brendel and the Metzetti troupe—all of whom appeared on the same bill at the old Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles 'way back in 1911 . . . To commemorate their reunion, the actors put on a lunchtime vaudeville show for the members of the picture's cast and crew . . . Quipped Leo Carrillo when they had finished:—"No wonder vaudeville's dead. We killed it." . . . Most hilarious rhumba contest—took place at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel when Charlie Feldman entertained at a dinner dance for Dorothy and Bill Paley . . . Frank Ross, master of ceremonies, announced a rhumba contest for the "Feldman trophy"; then proceeded to give the dancers rhumba music and square-dance orders . . . When the "swing your lady" and "change your partner" had finished, the prize was awarded to Pat di Cicco and Dan Topping, who found they'd been dancing together all the time . . . The trophy? An enamel dishpan.

WITH total disregard for nite clubs, fancy dinner parties and all the other trimmings, the people who had the most fun this month were Gary and Sandra Cooper who, with a bunch of friends, spent an entire evening at the Ocean Park amusement pier . . . They took in everything from hot dogs to the shooting galleries . . . Meanest surprise party of the month—was the one given "Pip" Arthur Treacher and his bride Virginia Taylor the night they returned from their Las Vegas elopement . . . Tired from the long drive, the newlyweds had just settled down for a quiet first evening at home, when the doorbell rang and in walked Charlie Ruggles, Lucille Ball, Al Hall and a dozen or so other friends to celebrate their wedding . . . Come breakfast time, Arthur in pajamas and robe and Virginia in negligee were still entertaining their guests . . . And on their honeymoon!!

MOST riotous farewell party of the decade—took place when a gang of friends gathered at the home of Cliff Henderson to say goodbye to Rudy Vallee who was leaving for a three-months vacation at his lodge in the Maine Woods . . . Using the barbecue pit for a stage, Edgar Bergen placed an imaginary Ophelia on his knee and carried on a conversation with Shakespeare's repressed heroine that would have burned a hole right thro' the best mahogany desk in the Hays office . . . Mary Courtland singing Negro spirituals and Johnny Horace singing songs that were never published—they're called "sophisticated" in Hollywood—gave a half-hundred guests the time of their lives . . . Social *faux pas* of the month was pulled by Judy Garland and Bob Stack . . . Dressed to the hilt for a dinner party at Henry Willson's, Judy and Bob drove to the street Henry lives on, parked their car where they saw other cars parked . . . They entered the house and made a perfectly elegant entrance, announced by the butler to a whole roomfull of people . . . Then found there wasn't a familiar face in the room . . . In fact, it was the wrong room . . . Henry lived two doors down the street ! ! Next time Judy and Bob go partying, they're going to have their host send a diagrammed map so they'll land in the right place.

HERE'S YOUR "Lovely Menace" RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, *lasting* impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, *more absorbent!*	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you *look!* While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the *worst* beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd *like* to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, bear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
		Your Total

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is under 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your Score!

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Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely-menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

he spied Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald at a near-by table—

Well, his usual greeting is "HI, TOOTS!" And everybody in the place nearly swooned when, instead, M'sieu Rooney walked over to the MacDonald-Raymond table, and, in the very swankiest ivan-lebedeff manner, sedately bowed from the waist as he lifted Jeanette's hand and kissed it with Parisian formality . . . !

(P. S.—The tip-off is that Mickey's advisors feel that the Rooney ebullience is getting wearisome, and they've instructed him to discard the informality and become "more dignified"—and Mickey's gagging it.)

Ay Vant to Singk "Home Sveet Home"?

■ Fair warning:

In her next picture, Garbo is scheduled to SING. And everybody in town is wondering whether it'll be a basso-profundo rendition of *Asleep in the Deep*.

Just a Sothern Custom

■ Not at all surprised was that visiting group of prim New England spinsters, who have ALWAYS believed that Hollywood people are so vulgah!—they got into that boulevard restaurant one noonday just in time to see Ann Sothern having lunch. And she was eating peas with her knife!—smearing a dab of butter all over a whole slice of bread!—and putting pepper on her pudding!

Eyebrow-raisings were evident all over the place. And only Ann's luncheon-companion, Director Eddie Marin, knew that Ann was only practicing table-manners for her roles in *Gold Rush Maisie, Dulcy* and a new *Ethel Turp* film!

Terse Verse

■ Gals: You've NO chance with Laurence Olivier;
No husband of Vivien has anything to givier!

Vacation Without Pay

■ How'd you like to take a vacation that costs just ten thousand smackers? That's just what Jane Withers did.

After she finished her role in *The Girl From Avenue A,* Jane had an offer to make a two weeks personal appearance at a New York theatre, for which she was offered $10,000. But Jane's advisors—mainly her ma—reasoned that the two weeks rest was more important than the money—so the bid was turned down, and Jane vacationed at a rate of over $700 a day.

Is the Honeymoon Over?

■ Allan Jones and Irene Hervey have redecorated the family trailer. Instead of a joint bedroom, Allan has a den and Irene has a boudoir—and there's a Pullman bed in each compartment.

Carole Having Swell Time!

■ Mrs. Clark Gable isn't stepping out, these days. Instead, she's staying at home, as this is written, wondering just where she got into that bed of poison ivy, or poison oak as they call it out here in California.

Carole's face is all puffed up like a bowl of breakfast food—and Clark is trying his dam'dest NOT to laugh at her. Meantime, la Lombard, with her unquenchable wit, wise-cracks that this is the first time she's ever worn a clown make-up. (That stuff you put on poison ivy swellings, you know, is all pink-and-white and leaves a mask that looks more like a circus clown than anything else!)

Terse Verse

■ Gals who prattle about Brian Aherne's
Charm set their boy friends doing slow bernes!

In Irving's Footprints?

■ Latest venture of George Raft is to prepare himself for a start as a producer, instead of an actor. Already, George has bought three stories—and one of them indicates that Raft, in addition to producing his own films, may also star in them. It's the story of a Brazilian crook who is a rhumba expert—and while he dances with the gals, he robs 'em of their baubles.

Raft tells friends that as soon as the remaining five pictures on his Warner contract are in the can, he'll cut loose, and go into the production end. . . .

And George's friends are wondering what all this has to do with Norma Shearer, whose late husband, Irving Thalberg, was one of Hollywood's No. 1 producers.

Now, You Tell One!

■ Story-telling in Hollywood, as anywhere else, is still the number-one social pastime. And believe it or not, but some of the stories they tell can even be PRINTED! Like this one, which is Edward G. Robinson's latest and timeliest:

It's about the poor father in Germany, who wasn't able to buy a baby-carriage for his new-born. So he went to a friend, who worked in a baby-carriage factory, and asked him to steal a baby-carriage for him. The friend demurred—said it was too difficult to get a whole baby-carriage out of the shop. But he offered to steal parts, and the poor papa could assemble them himself.

Several weeks later, the friend asked the father how he was coming along with the assembling. Answered the Nazi dad:

"Well, I've tried and tried and tried. I've put together the parts you brought me three or four different ways—BUT IT ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE A MACHINE GUN!"

Shock of the Month!!!

■ Hollywood is aghast at the report brought back by one of the first visitors to John Barrymore's house, now that he's back in movie-town. The visitor swears it's true, but even so, Hollywood can hardly believe him. The visitor says that John made him comfortable and then asked him what he'd have to drink.

Just as the guest was about to suggest scotchandsplash, John added this crack:

"Anything you say—provided it's soda pop. That's all I've got in the house."

Terse Verse

■ Fellows who dream of Loretta Young
Always wake up completely unstrung!

Mighty Nightie!

■ Maybe they'll blush when they learn it (if they ever do), but it's a fact that a lot of war refugees will have to give thanks for their soup to Paulette Goddard's nightgown and the fact that a perfect stranger, and not Charlie Chaplin at all, has the nightie!

You see, when a war charity enterprise solicited gifts and aid from Hollywood's great, Paulette donated one of her sheerest nightgowns. It was raffled off at a great big charity ball—and when the bidders learned that the nightie was one which had covered (in a manner of speaking) the gorgeous Goddard figure, the bidding went sky-high.

Finally, a New York manufacturer bought it, for $350.

And now the manufacturer has actually written Paulette that he'll give another $350 to the war refugees if she'll let him return the nightie IN PERSON.

Says Paulette: There're two things you can see through. One is the nightie; the other is the man's idea.

A Bit Batty

■ Joan Bennett's latest silly story is convulsing Hollywood. It's the one about the papa bat and the mama bat, flying home at dawn with baby bat between them.

"My," piped baby bat, "how lonesome it is with just the five of us!"

Astounded, mama bat replied: "Five? Why, there are only three of us!!"

"Excuse me," whispered baby bat; "but can I help it if I can't count?"

Cooper's No Samson!

■ Long hair gave the biblical Samson what power he had—but long hair is cramping non-biblical Jackie Cooper's style. For a long time, Jackie has been wanting to meet Linda Darnell. Now he's working on the same lot, and is having his first opportunity to make the contact. BUT—his role requires him to wear his hair long, uncut.

And Jackie has decided that he'll be out of luck if he looks like THIS the first time Linda meets him.

Terse Verse

■ A gal who raves of Orson Welles
In real life romance never jelles!

Fowl Play

■ Clark Gable and Robert Young BOTH have their troubles with fowl-fancying ventures. Gable had turkey-trouble; Young encountered chicken-grief. . . .

Clark and Wifie Carole Lombard had been raising two dozen turkeys, for Thanksgiving —both their own Thanksgiving feast and as gifts to friends. BUT the other day, they decided to give something else when November rolls around. Reason: They had sprayed weeds on their ranch with weed-killing poison, and then the turkeys came along and gobbled the weeds. That was when Gable found that weed-killer is turkey-killer, too.

As for Robert Young—well, he doesn't like chicken pie any more. This is the weird reason: To stock his valley ranch, Young ordered some very rare and expensive Indo-China chickens. Somehow, the order got mixed with a crate of chickens that were being delivered the same day to the M-G-M lot, for use in the commissary. Unaware of what was happening, the chef killed Young's chickens, made chicken pie of them—and not until he had eaten chicken pie for lunch that very day did Bob learn what had happened to his Indo-China fowl.

Terse Verse

■ Gals whose hero is just Charlie McCarthy
Will probably live long and hale and harthy!
But gals who rave over Gary and Cary
Will likely live lives quite short—BUT merry!

Making-up to Joan

[*Continued from page* 8]

skin means that it is drawing fresh supplies of blood to the surface. And that means all kinds of impurities are being carried away! Next, it stimulates the tiny oil glands in your skin to do their work better, and more efficiently. Less over-oily, or too-dry skin is the result! But you must be faithful to your mask treatments. Use the mask once a week if your skin is dry and sensitive, but if it is normal, or especially oily, increase the treatments to two or three a week. Don't expect all these benefits the first time you use a mask—it's repetition that does the trick.

But you can expect your skin to look *temporarily* finer, smoother and clearer from a mask, and that's just why it's such a good beauty trick to have up your sleeve when you're meeting *the man*, or hoping to, at a party. That's because the pull of the mask as it dries tends to tighten the skin, and refine your pores. As you rinse off the mask with lukewarm or cool water, you'll rinse off some of the dried, dead flakes that so often mar the surface of your skin at this time of year—leaving your skin smoother and softer. And the blood that's brought rushing to the surface gives your face the prettiest blush you ever did see! It's mighty flattering to most skins, let me tell you. These effects are all temporary, you know, but they will last through an evening—and that is after all what you want!

All this sounds as though a mask must be some wonder-working miracle costing five dollars a jar. It's a miracle worker, all right, but not an expensive one. Because I know of a simply fine mask that you can get for the small sum of ten cents a tube—and two of the tubes hold more than enough for three masks, complete from the base of your throat to the tip-top of your forehead! Simply press a bit of the strawberry pink cream onto your fingers, then spread it lightly over a completely clean (soap and water, please!) skin. It smells just like strawberry ice cream—and is just as pleasant. The mask dries very quickly (though it's a good idea to lie down and relax for the few moments that it takes) and the first thing you know, you'll be pretty as a picture. Be sure not to apply the mask too close to your eyes, because the skin there is so tender and sensi-

[*Continued on page* 74]

"My Mother was a Flapper!"

But her daughter is a "glamour girl"! Not for her those big, flapping galoshes . . . and shapeless dresses of 1920! Modern girls like streamlined, figure-fitting things . . .

Which is why more women buy Kotex sanitary napkins today than all other brands put together! Made in soft *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad) Kotex fits better . . . is *less bulky* . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers! No wonder Kotex is the most popular napkin made!

A real achievement! An improved moisture-resistant material (newly developed by the Kotex laboratories) is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad... to give you extra protection.

And with this extra protection goes the blessed knowledge that Kotex ends are invisible! Flat, form-fitting ends (patented by Kotex) never make tell-tale outlines... never reveal your secret . . . the way "stubby-end" napkins do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior.* (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

Try all 3 sizes and learn what real comfort means! All 3 have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

Feel its new softness . . . Prove its new safety . . . Compare its new flatter ends

IT'S THRIFTY to get this 30-napkin box. More convenient, too!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"From 8 P.M. to Midnight

My Powder Clings!

Yes, my GRIT-FREE powder clings 4 full hours!"

says Lady Esther

When you step out of an evening, how does your face powder behave? Is it an annoyance to you? Does it need continuous freshening up? Or does it, *like my Lady Esther Face Powder*, give you a calm and quiet confidence because you know it will cling for *4 full hours?*

Yes, you can put my powder on say after dinner at 8, and at midnight it will still be *there*—still flattering your skin! It never looks "powdery" because there is no grit to ruin its *clinging qualities.*

Lady Esther Powder is almost unique in this advantage. ***Why, in impartial tests many face powders costing 50¢, $1.00, $2.00 and even more, are found to contain grit.***

Lady Esther asks—Won't you please try my face powder? Mail the coupon and I will send you my 10 perfect shades. Find the *one lucky shade for you!*

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me postpaid your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream. (59

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________State__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

He Is What He Is

[*Continued from page* 40]

in Hollywood!! And morals, too—MORALS, after the Hollywood party I'd just come from . . . ! ! !

I reasoned, in my fog, that these must be a couple of tourists from Iowa, fed up on seeing Hollywood and getting down to earth. And I peeped over the partition between our booths to look at them—and forthwith nearly fell out of my pants. . . .

Because there in that booth, being nothing at all but a couple of tired fathers, sat Bill Powell and Don Ameche, those lady-killers of the screen! At that hour of night they had no more glamor, sex appeal or sophistication than a pair of tin bathtubs.

It took me a couple more pots of coffee to get over it enough to realize that here was a perfect kick-in-the-pants for the silly legend that Hollywood can take a guy and make him over. Talking particularly about Don Ameche, I am, now. As a Hollywood writer who's stuck his nose into the affairs of everybody in town, and watched 'em come and go, and written plenty stories about them, I remembered back to the last yarn I'd done on Ameche.

And I realized, with a snort that sprayed coffee all over Armstrong-and-Schroeder's leather settee, that the story was about how they were going to take Don and make him over into a "new Ronald Colman!" They were going to turn him over to the make-up men and the publicity department and the other machinery wherewith Hollywood makes its people over, and they were going to de-wife him and make him into the sexiest sophisticate of the cinema.

They were going to soft-pedal to utter silence all mention of Mrs. Ameche and his children. They were going to turn on the heat and make Don so glamorous that every gal within a radius of three thousand miles would start tearing her clothes at the mere thought of him. . . .

SO WHAT?

So Don went through the works I predicted in that story. He submitted to the ministrations of the make-up boys. He accepted the press department's dictum that his wife must never be mentioned, nor his children. He did everything they told him to—and damned if he didn't come out at the end, just DON AMECHE. Just a nice, big, cozy, good-natured Italian poppa with a nice wife and three bambinos—another one on the way, ha ha ha ha—and an ineradicable longing for spaghetti and tomato sauce instead of *pate de foie gras.*

And, unquestionably, the nicest thing about all that, my friends, is this: that it doesn't change in even the slightest degree the fact that Don Ameche, with all his warm domesticity, is still one of the most popular screen and radio players today. It's a lusty kick-in-the-pants for Hollywood's smug dictum that you gotta have sex to be successful.

Not, mind you, that Don "ain't got sex." Good heavens!—when I wrote that other story about him, only a few years ago, he had only two children. Or was it one? And so today he's got three, and by the time you read this, there'll be another. Yeah, Don's got sex, but it differs from Hollywood's idea because it's labeled "for home consumption only."

As a matter of fact, Don is a militant enemy of smut in entertainment. He told me that it's his firm idea that "you don't have to be off-color to be an entertainer." He says he'll never read a line of dialogue that could be considered offensive. He still hasn't gotten over the horror that it was on his own radio program that Mae West pulled that Adam-an'-Eve chatter.

This is no namby-pamby milk-and-water stuff on Don's part. He doesn't pose as a Galahad in spotless white. It's just part of Don Ameche, who's been brought up in a big family, a big decent, hard-believing Catholic family, where virtue is something real and desirable, rather than something to be snickered at. And there are 30,000,000 radio fans who seem to feel the same way about it, because they stick to Don.

DON proves, too, that you can be the life of any party without having to tell the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter. Don is one of Hollywood's most unquenchable, most ebullient, most effervescent hail-fellows-well-met on any party, at any gathering. That laugh of his (that's his radio trade-mark) booms out at any party he's on. You'll find him in a group of people, telling stories with machine-gun rapidity—and usually in dialect. But none of them are blue.

He loves crowds. He likes to go on personal appearance tours. He likes to be and do everything the fans expect of him. He gets a world of fun out of himself, and he dramatizes himself—as Don Ameche, the Movie Star—at the slightest opportunity.

"An actor should never disappoint his audiences," he explains, with a great laugh, when you ask him about this stuff.

And then, when he gets away from his public, Don Ameche will now and then suddenly take a headlong tumble, pell-mell into the blackest, dreariest fit of cheerless moroseness that you've ever seen!

His wife says there's no half-way spot with Don. Either he's on top of the world—or the world's on top of him, and he's crushed under it. That gay, brittle, merry front of his can be dented, now and then, by some real or fancied hurt. Don is sensitive to an extreme—and he can gloom away hours in the agony of what he thinks is some slight.

You fans have never seen Don that way. He's careful to hide it from you—but it's part of him, and to understand the man, you've got to be aware of it. Yet those moods are rare; that must be said. So rare that it's utterly true that the most constant thing about the man—the true index of his character is the gay recklessness that motivates the Don Ameche you have come to know through his public appearances.

For the most part, that gaiety controls his off-stage life, too. He's mercurial to an extreme. Honore (that's the missus) says she never knows what's coming next. He'll come home from a hard day's work at the studio and instead of being glad she's fixed up a nice home dinner with him and a quiet evening, he'll yell:

"Come on honey, let's step out tonight!"

And he'll yank off his work-clothes and pop into his dinner-jacket and yank Honore out to the hottest night club in town, where he'll give away fifteen thousand dollars' worth of Ameche entertainment in a rollicking night of fun.

He's an inveterate gambler. Money, to Don, is just something that he's learned to make easily, and something to be spent just as easily. He'll lay a bet on anything, any time. Right now, he's going in for race horses in a big way. Tomorrow, it may be prize fighters, and next week maybe leaping toads. About anything at all, he's an optimist, never a defeatist.

"It'll all turn out right," he tells you, and when he says that, it's the end of any argument or problem as far as Don's concerned—"it'll all turn out right; you wait and see." Sometimes it does. Certainly, for Don, it has. Maybe he's right. Maybe everything'll turn out right—if you just wait and see.

Don's unwavering, unchangeable, Hollywood-defying domesticity has a lovely setting. It's the old Al Jolson home in Encino—the spot where Al and Ruby couldn't make a go of it, but where Don and Honore are doing what Al and Ruby couldn't. Ameche bought it from Jolson, and right away added a playroom to the 14 rooms already there. And a chapel!—mark that, for that's another index of the true Ameche. Jolson had a swimming pool and a barroom and a lot of guest rooms—but Ameche added a chapel.

Regularly, Don and his family go to the little Catholic Church near their home. He's not anxious to have this side of him too highly publicized, but I don't see why not. Certainly there's nothing to be ashamed of in a spiritual cleanliness and determination that reflects itself in regular church-going, is there? In a world like today's, a lot more of it might save us from utter wreck.

Anyway, there's your Don-at-home. A comfortable country place, with everything for fun, and the chapel for the soul. Plenty of money to do with what he wants—gamble, when he feels like it; give to charity as often as he wishes, and he wishes often; buy the things he wants for his children, now and in the years to come. Don must make plenty these days.

He has, then, the material things of the world. He has a deep spiritual sense. And he has a richness of the things so many others in Hollywood don't seem to think important. He has a wife he loves, and all the propaganda of Hollywood can't destroy that in Don. The greatest flop of Hollywood press-agentry was the complete failure of its campaign to "de-wife" Ameche. It started five years ago, and never clicked.

Today, Don Ameche, to those who know him intimately, is Mrs. Ameche's husband, perhaps even more than before the don't-mention-his-wife campaign was launched. That's due to two things. First, Don Ameche's fundamental nature, his down-to-earth Italian sentimentalism and his basic integrity. As far as Don himself is concerned, the studio drive to keep his family life in the background would only result in an ever increasing devotion to them on his own part.

THE other point is this: just now, as this is written, Mrs. Ameche is waiting for the fourth Ameche baby. (They have three sons now; the studio hopes the next one will be a boy, too. Because right now, Don's playing in *Four Sons.* Studios are like that.)

Anyway, Mrs. Ameche is not one of those overpoweringly healthy beings who can take babies in stride. Today, with the baby still several months off, Honore is taking it easy, under the watchful care of the doctor. And Don, between the demands of his studio, is breaking his neck and his health to be with her every possible moment of the time. From personal appearances, he flies back without rest to be with his wife. He rushes everything he has to do, so he can spend his spare time with her.

I somehow feel that nothing else in Don's life—his career, his money, his health, his dreams, his friends, anything!—would mean anything to him if anything should ever happen to Honore.

Certainly is this true: Of absolutely LEAST consequence to Don, in all the things in which he finds interest, is Don Ameche.

"I take my work seriously," he once told me, "but I do not take myself seriously!

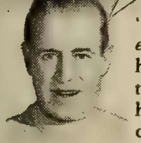
"When I was a boy, in school," he goes on, "I learned that each individual must work out his own salvation, even if it has to be in fear and trembling. Whatever happened to me, I learned, was all up to me—the individual. That is how I feel about it today. It is hard to put into words. I may not seem to be such, but I am in reality an observer of my own life —NOT of my own self, but my own LIFE. I know I must not fall below the best that is in me to give. Not so much because of me, but because of those who depend on me: first, my family, and then, in a lesser sense, those who look to me for entertainment.

"I do not believe anyone can be a success unless he has what I choose to call 'the forward look'—the keeping of one's eye and mind on goals beyond those already attained. No matter how far you progress in your chosen field, there is always something more, beyond. Things change; people change. We all change from year to year—more than we realize. We must do so; we cannot remain static."

SUE SANG BEFORE SEVEN BUT CRIED BEFORE ELEVEN!

DON'T TELL ME NOTHING'S HAPPENED, SUSAN! MY LAND, CHILD, YOU WERE HAPPY AS A CRICKET THIS MORNING!
THIS MORNING I DIDN'T KNOW JIM HAD ASKED LOIS TO THE CLUB DANCE!
SO THAT'S IT! WELL, I'VE A NOTION MAYBE IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT, SUSAN! TO MY MIND, A GOOD TALK WITH OUR DENTIST ON--ON BAD BREATH--WOULDN'T DO YOU A MITE OF HARM!
SUE SEES HER DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!



"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
SWEET SUE, JUST YOU
I DON'T AIM TO HINDER YOUR COURTING, JIM--BUT IT WAS RIGHT LATE WHEN YOU BROUGHT SUSAN HOME FROM THE DANCE, SO... GOODNIGHT!

BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

FREE
A beautiful color portrait of Bette Davis, free of printed matter front and back—like the one of Cary Grant in this issue—will be found in the October MOTION PICTURE. A valuable addition to your portrait gallery.

EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFER *because easier to clean!*

Design for Loving

[Continued from page 56]

the oil business. Besides all this, he has a well-developed sense of life and humor. Of all types of men, Judson is the sort who should be linked in marriage to a girl who has been as sheltered as Rita has. In a town where the males are as predatory as Hollywood's, it's good to be confidently and safely in love with your husband. And vice-versa.

IF ANYONE were to ask the Judsons for their blueprint of a happy marriage, they probably couldn't hand it out. Yet the simplicity of their lives together probably makes up their design for loving. They would look at each other, as they did over our Sunday lunch in the paneled library of their smallish bungalow on an unpretentious side street that lies in the shadow of Bel-Air and its magnificent estates, and laugh, trying to figure what makes their happiness. Mutual trust seems to be the keynote of their marriage.

"Ed is as much interested in my career as I am, that's one thing," offered Rita. "He gets more excited when I'm cast in a good part than I do. And he never minds when my time is taken up with studio appointments."

The beginning of this Hollywood marriage bears looking at. Rita, with nice formality, says that her husband "courted" her for eighteen months. It all came about when an agent friend of Rita's asked her if she wouldn't like to go to dinner in a foursome one night. There would be Rita, himself, his girl friend and a very charming man who wanted to meet her. Rita said she'd see about it, and ask her parents.

The dinner date did not materialize fast enough for impatient Ed Judson so one afternoon he 'phoned the *Casa* Cansino and Rita answered the call. "I'm the man that your agent friend talked about," he said in introduction. "Would you go to dinner with me some night?"

"Not until you have met my mother and father," answered Rita. To which his answer was, "I'll be right over."

"And he came, in about five or ten minutes," Rita recounts. "He came and met my parents, but it wasn't until he had dined with us several times that I was allowed to go out dancing, alone, with him."

And so it came about that a year and a half later, Rita Hayworth married the man who was her first beau. To this day her husband has yet to watch her work in the studio, although his interest in her dramatic progress is greater than hers. The studio personnel—hairdressers, publicists, wardrobe workers—wonder at him, for it was at his invitation, last October 17th, that they convened in Rita's dressing-room to celebrate her birthday (the party was a surprise to her) with sugar-festooned cake and ice cream. There were roses and a telegram from the host. But that was all. Edward Judson chose to remain away from the festivities. He doesn't want to be a "Hollywood husband." It's part of his design for loving.

Transformation of a Mugg

[Continued from page 55]

'You know, Pat, you're going to play Rockne.' I thought he was kidding me. I said, jokingly, 'If you mean it, will you announce it at that big dinner in New York tomorrow night?' He said he would. I still thought he was kidding. I laughed and forgot about it. When he actually did get up and announce it, I was floored. You see before you a man who will never be able to tell again when somebody is kidding and when somebody isn't.

"That official announcement seemed to cinch things. And holding that thought, I was kidding myself—only I didn't know it. I didn't find out till two weeks ago that I couldn't have played Rockne, if Notre Dame hadn't okayed me. And if I hadn't played Father Duffy, Notre Dame probably would never even have considered me. That was what they judged me by."

After the big announcement, Pat did four run-of-the-mill O'Brien roles in quick succession. Then, finally, up came *The Life of Knute Rockne* and the acting opportunity of his particular lifetime. And, with it, make-up problems.

"In *The Fighting 69th* I didn't try to look like Father Duffy, beyond wearing my collar backward and using his mannerisms as much as I could. He was Irish, and I was Irish. That was enough to give us something in common, facially. And I tried to assume his way of talking. But everybody knew Rockne was a Norwegian, and everybody who had ever read a newspaper remembered what he looked like. I couldn't stop with acquiring his mannerisms, his habits of speech. I had to make my whole face over, cover up the O'Brien, look as Rockne looked.

"And believe you me, that wasn't easy.

"I had to get up at the unholy hour of 5 a. m.—for the first time in my life—to be at the studio by six. It took three hours to put on the make-up. Taking it off was easier. That took only forty-five minutes.

"The first thing Perc Westmore did was to cover up this"—Pat indicates the cleft in his chin. "Rockne didn't have that. We blocked that out with a plastic patch. I have an angular nose, and Rockne's was broad and flat. We used the bridge of my nose as a base, and built out on either side, even to wide nostrils. I have heavy dark eyebrows, and Rockne's were the typical Scandinavian kind: blond, almost invisible. And they took a different line from mine. So we covered mine with plastic rubber, and on top of that we put blond eyebrows, hair for hair like Rockne's.

"His eyes were deep-set. We put some invisible tape on my upper eyelids to keep me from opening my eyes wide, to give them the appearance of being deep-set. That would become painful after a few hours. I'd feel as if my eyes were half-way back in my head. Except for that, the make-up didn't cause me any particular discomfort. The stuff they use nowadays is marvelous; it not only looks like skin, it 'gives' like skin.

"The toughest part of the make-up was the hair. Mine was dark, and his was light. That meant covering mine. And I had four separate wigs during the picture, to cover four separate periods of Rockne's life.

"When Perc got through with me, I didn't recognize myself. My own mother wouldn't have recognized me, and Rockne's mother would have wondered if she had had twins. I don't know why I didn't expect other people to be startled when they saw Rockne where only O'Brien had been before. The man was even thinner than O'Brien.

"I weighed 191 a month before the picture was to start. It was to start with Rockne as a young man. That meant I had to haul that weight down. I worked out every day with Mushy Callahan, the trainer. I don't know how much Mushy lost, but I lost twenty pounds. I weighed in at 171. And a week later the studio told me frantically that I'd have to start putting on weight for those scenes as an older man. I refused. I felt better than I'd felt in years. I said make-up and posture would have to take care of the illusion of added weight.

"Some of the opening scenes show Rockne as a young man, playing end for Notre Dame. People won't believe I did those scenes in person. I didn't believe it, myself, when I discovered I could still run, still snare a pass. There's a lot of life in the old boy yet."

Pat grins, shakes his head about himself.

"I used to laugh at actors who 'lived' their roles. But I ate, talked and thought nothing but Rockne, all through the picture. Eloise—my wife—was saying after a while, 'Let's complete the illusion. Let's put in a training table.'

"But, seriously, I never had a role that gave me such a bang. Here was something I could sink my teeth into. Anybody who knows me knows I'm a sports fiend. When my own football days ended, it was a tragedy to me. I still followed the game. I was one of those demon fans you read about. And, as I said before, Rockne was an idol of mine. When he died, I felt a personal loss, though I had seen him only three times in my life. If I could play Rockne in a way to inspire other boys, boys too young to remember him—well, that would be something.

"Don't get the idea that the picture is another football picture. It isn't. There's football in it, because he was a great player, then a great coach. But what the picture sets out to prove is that, above all, he was a great man. It shows his home-life, his life as a classroom teacher; it shows everything about the man that made him an inspiration to everybody who knew him. Not a saint, you understand. But a genuine human being.

"Playing Rockne was an emotional experience for me. I admit it.

"I can't say enough for the help Mrs. Rockne gave me. She came on the set the first time when I was doing a classroom scene. The dialogue had me driving home a point to a student in the second row. She told me, 'Dad would have been more emphatic. When he wanted to make sure somebody would understand what he was talking about, he'd *hammer* it home. He'd repeat it.' I remembered that all through the picture. And it's one of the things people will remember when they see the picture.

"I knew the part was getting under my skin, but I didn't realize how much till I went back to South Bend on location. While I was there, I was guest of honor at a big banquet on the campus. They asked me to do a couple of scenes from the picture. I did a locker-room scene—without make-up. And afterward Rockne's sister came up to me with tears in her eyes to tell me I had made her brother come alive again. Tears came to *my* eyes. I never had anything affect me so in my life."

YOU wouldn't expect that of Pat O'Brien, the man with the reputation for being hard-boiled. There are numerous other things you wouldn't expect of Pat O'Brien, thinking of him only in terms of those roughneck roles. His home, for example—a miniature Mount Vernon, white-pillared, green-shuttered. His good taste—reflected in the interior decoration, which he and his wife did without benefit of an interior decorator. His library—an enormous room, which had to be enormous to accommodate all the books he wanted around him. (Jimmy Cagney calls him "the best-read man I know.") His serene home-life. Catch him at home—there's no place where you're more likely to catch him if he isn't working—and you'll find him happy.

And his bosses don't find him a difficult man to work with. That is proved by the fact that right now he's playing another hard-boiled role—pending the release of *The Life of Knute Rockne* and public reaction thereto. It isn't what he'd like to be doing, right after *Rockne*. But he's doing it. He's playing the game.

What would he do, if he could have his choice?

"The thing I've been campaigning to do for years—without getting anybody to listen to me. The life of General Grant. A man down-and-out, washed up, a failure, at 40—who transformed himself into a great leader. There's a story."

There's a story in any man's self-transformation. Including Pat O'Brien's.

SUZANNE SOMMERS, SENIOR AT DUKE UNIVERSITY, SAYS:

MEN LIKE

that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Women today are learning a secret from gay, young "collegiennes." They're discarding obvious makeups—and following the *modern* trend to natural beauty with Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the flattering new powder you choose by *the color of your eyes.*

They're learning that *eye* color is closely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches your own coloring . . . gives you that *natural* look men admire.

So, whether your eyes are blue, gray, brown or hazel, you'll find the shade that is exactly *right* for you . . . the shade that is most *natural* to you . . . in Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder, the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for *hours* . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. Try it today! And for *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)

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FACE POWDER
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

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Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.

I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes! Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

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The "rainy day rumba"—tonic for male eyes, but bad medicine for stockings! For action *plus* attraction, try a pair of Cannon's full-fashioned beauties, inspected by a special air-pressure machine that hunts out microscopic flaws, (real cause of hidden, "unborn" runs). Cannon brings you only *perfect* stockings—lovely, flawless, triple-inspected!

Cannon Hosiery, made of Silk, in the Cellophane Handy Pack, 69¢ to $1.10. Cannon Hosiery made of Nylon, $1.15 to $1.35. By makers of Cannon Towels and Sheets.

Cannon Hosiery

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Earn EXTRA MONEY

Sell 50 Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS $1

Take orders for name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 50 for $1. One design or **assorted.** Also Religious, Humorous, Business Christmas Cards, with sender's name, $1. Liberal cash profit for you.

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Show to friends and others. Earn money easily. No experience needed. Also Christmas Card Assortments to retail 50c and $1. Get FREE Outfit.

SENDERS NAME

General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-313, Chicago, Ill.

Making-up to Joan

[*Continued from page* 69]

tive it might get puffy and red—and that's not pretty! Instead get some of those tricky little eye pads that are saturated with a cooling, refreshing lotion—and beautify your sparklers at the same time! Do write me for the name of this mask that is such a boon to end of summer skins!

Why not write at the same time for the name of an especially fine toilet soap to help your skin cleaning campaign along? It's ever so delicately scented with a delightful bouquet; it is hard-milled, so it won't smudge away into nothing after one or two usings; but better still, it cleanses your skin thoroughly and gently! The fine bubbled lather removes dirt and excess oil quickly, without irritating tender skin—and that is something. Use this soap in your bath for its delicate fresh scent and the clean feeling it gives your whole body. A few pennies only—want the name?

NATURALLY you'll want to make your skin soft, if it is now rough and dry and scaly, and keep it that way. I can recommend a grand all purpose cream that is just as light and fluffy as it can be. There seems to be a definite trend to these lighter creams—maybe because they melt so much more rapidly on the skin, and do the softening and cleansing job in no time flat! Anyway, that's what this one does. Use it to remove make-up before washing your face, or after washing, to soothe and soften the skin. Try applying the cream before stepping into your bedtime tub or shower, because the heat from the water helps it melt faster. Use the tiniest bit of it as a powder base—the merest hint is enough to soften and moisten the skin so that powder goes on smoothly and clings long.

And while I'm on the subject, do let me tell you about four new powder shades from the same manufacturer. The first is a rich creamy shade that looks marvelous with ivory skin; next is a peachy tone that gives you just that peaches and cream freshness you've admired on movie stars, third, a rosy brunette that should be especially good with the last of your tan, and with dark skin like Joan's, and fourth, a clear soft rose that is wonderful in the evening. And all four of these shades come in that wonderfully smooth, long clinging powder so many of you have used and loved for years. There are ten cent sizes, and others larger, but still correspondingly low priced . . . I forgot to tell you the cream comes in a ten cent size, too. Interested in these quality items?

Even those great big eyes of Joan's wouldn't look half as attractive if she weren't mighty careful about the use of eye make-up. She never applies mascara on the lower lashes, because that gives her eyes a heavy, tired look, she told me. But she does use it to darken those long upper lashes, and to bring out their swooping curl. She was wearing black mascara the day she bent over to let me examine her eye make-up at close range—but feels that blue is becoming in the evening, under electric lights, because it fringes her eyes with soft shadow . . . She draws the faintest line with eyebrow crayon along the rim of her *upper lid,* then smooths a bit of bronze (her favorite) shadow over the entire eyelid. With her blue green eyes (quite light for her coloring) she can also wear blue, blue gray, or green shadow . . . Joan lets her eyebrows grow in their natural arch, doesn't pluck them much except to remove stragglers below that arch, or above the bridge of her nose. Too thin a browline would not look well with Joan's firm jaw, her large eyes and mouth.

Even if your eyes are not as large as Joan Crawford's, you can make them look larger, lovelier with eye make-up . . . Right now I want to tell you about a brand new mascara, fresh from the Hollywood laboratories of several famous make-up experts. It's the same mascara many a Hollywood lovely wears on the screen, even in a crying scene —and it never seems to run then so you can see how permanent it is! The experts tested it and tested it, to be sure that it wouldn't smart or cause irritation should you accidentally get some in your eyes—and to make certain it wouldn't flake or smudge. In a mascara, that's even more important for a star like Joan than it is for you! This darkener gives your lashes a lustrous, natural-looking finish, and keeps them soft and pliant at the same time. You can get a goodly amount, in either brown or black, for a mere quarter—want the name of this movieland favorite?

Joan could never have given her mouth that chiselled perfection before the days of lip brushes. But she and practically every other star in Hollywood used brushes long before you and I discovered what a help they were, whether in bringing out the loveliest natural curves of our mouths, or shaping them larger, in the Crawford manner. If you want to give *your* mouth that sculptured look, you can't do better than try the fountain lip brush that I'm raving about. Because it's a lipstick and brush in one. A special container in the handle holds the color that is just creamy enough to fill the brush as you turn the knob at the other end! And such colors! A gorgeous Red Red is my nomination for end of summer faces, but there are others to choose from! The cream contains a very high proportion of color to wax, so that it seems to stain the lips rather than coat them. Which means that your lip color will stay on a long, long time. You can get refills for your lip brush when the first cartridge of color runs out—want to know more?

Write to me before September 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Those Young Ideas

[*Continued from page* 46]

my office to fill out the usual biographical questionnaire, I saw that her claim to maturity was exaggerated. She was tall, but slim and straight. No curves here. No curves there. She had not yet filled out in the feminine mould.

"How old are you, Loretta?" I asked.

She blushed, hesitated, looked at me with those big, soulful eyes. "Don't you think we could fib a little about that, and call me sixteen?" she countered.

"I think we'd better," I agreed, and wrote down in the space provided, "sixteen." I guessed that she was then fourteen. Actually, she was thirteen!

She played a small part in a Colleen Moore picture. Played it so well that Colleen and the director were astonished.

"Where did you learn to act?" Colleen asked her. "You must have had more experience than just kiddie film work."

"OH, YES," said Loretta. Then she added truthfully, "I have, but not *personally*. Sally Blane's and Polly Ann Young's experience helped me, you see."

We stared at her, puzzled. "You mean your sisters taught you?" Colleen pursued.

"Well, yes, they did coach me. But what I really mean is, I've — well — sort of profited from being around them."

I paid little attention to that rather vague statement at the time. Later, I began to understand and appreciate what Loretta meant. She had come into pictures well prepared to act before the cameras, to cope wisely with the off-screen problems that confront a young actress, because she had been so close to her acting sisters that she had practically shared their professional lives. And their career experiences—Polly Ann's and Sally's—formed a sort of budget from which Loretta might draw.

There you have the whole secret. It was Polly Ann who began to accumulate the family's budget of movie career experience. She had to start from scratch, with only some acquaintances, cultivated during Baby Gretchen's (Loretta's) brief child-actress days, to help her. Her contributions, however, got Sally off to a better start. Sally then began adding her bit to the budget, Polly Ann continued to contribute. By the time Loretta was ready to start, there was a fine accumulation to draw on.

Mrs. Belzer was the banker of this budget, captain of the family team work, preserver of the exceedingly close relationship which, alone, enabled them to carry out their unusual plan. She told me:

"Each time we launched a daughter's career, I gained new experience in the art of mothering film actresses. So, you see, I was able to give each girl, as she began her screen work, more help and better advice than I gave her older sister."

What a set-up! It meant rapid progress, with the path considerably smoothed. It meant a wholesome gaining of necessary knowledge, which many girls must get through personal experiences that leave their marks.

When Loretta began to grow ravishingly sex-appealing, for example, her obvious, genuine innocence gave her all the more allure. At the same time, she knew how to enact the *grande passion* for the cameras.

One day, she was playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in some very intimate boudoir scenes of young love. She and Doug filmed breathless kisses of a duration no longer allowed. And no current censor would have okayed Loretta's flimsy negligee, or the horizontal postures the youthful players were made to assume.

JOAN CRAWFORD, then engaged to Doug, was visiting the set that day. She watched the love-making for awhile, then shook her head as though puzzled.

"Loretta's just a kid, with as sweet and innocent a face as I ever saw—but look at the way she does those scenes!" Joan exclaimed.

You don't often find devastating sex appeal superimposed on such sweet, youthful, wide-eyed innocence. Yet the Young family hasn't stopped displaying it. Today, Georgiana is its eye-filling exponent.

And Loretta, with more sex-appeal than ever, seems to these old eyes to have lost none of her youthfully alluring innocence. At 27, she has known marriage,

[*Continued on page* 79]

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Will You, Olivia, Take This Man?

[*Continued from page* 32]

turned out to be a mature actress. And they weren't responsible.

Then, on top of that, she turned rebel. Her studio wanted to capitalize on her hit in *Gone With the Wind,* rush her right into another picture. That was all right with Olivia, only she didn't like the picture they had in mind. She refused to make it—Olivia, the girl who had always done whatever her studio had wanted her to do. They said she wasn't very grateful, after being allowed to play *Melanie.*

She said that, simply because she had played *Melanie,* people expected more of her than this picture offered. She argued that no actress was more popular than her newest picture. Rather than make this one, she took a suspension. She didn't work for four and a half months. She didn't work until they handed her a role that gave her a chance to act. For that victory, no one else could claim any credit. Olivia did her fighting alone.

The people who thought she was the kind of girl who needed all the protection she could get, especially her mother's, had to give up that fancy. The news leaked out that her mother had gone back to the old hometown, Saratoga, to live—leaving Olivia to get along by herself in Hollywood.

TO THE further amazement of those who had formerly felt sorry for Olivia, as for someone shut away from life, she started having as many dates, going to as many parties and night clubs, as any girl in town. Nor was that all. The Beauty without a Beau began having most of her dates with Hollywood's No. 1 Bachelor—none other than the gentleman from Indiana (Pa.), James Stewart. And the more they went together, the more it looked like love. Jimmy wasn't one to stick around if he wasn't interested, and Olivia, up to now, hadn't seemed interested in having anyone take her mind off her career.

Having seen how others had had to change their appraisals of Olivia, we decided to find out, first hand, just how much she had changed, herself.

We found her at the same address she has had for the past four years. A small, inconspicuous, rented English house on a short, inconspicuous street in the Los Feliz district of Hollywood—miles from Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, Brentwood and the other places where most of the stars live so conspicuously. But it's miles nearer the studio than those places are. There is method in her modest isolation. She not only saves money; she saves time. She can get to work, or home from work, in ten minutes. Besides, she still likes hiking and horseback-riding. And huge Griffith Park, ideal for either, is only two blocks away.

She looked like someone in her middle teens, in a simple purple-flowered print, with her hair in a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland coiffure. There was only one thing about her that didn't look young-girlish: the exotic shade of her lipstick. She said it was cyclamen.

As soon as she sat down on the summer-covered divan in her small, intimate living-room, and we sat down on an upholstered period chair nearby, and the first friendly cigarettes were lighted, we took the well-known bit in our teeth. We told her that the editor would kill us if we came back without the story of the romance.

AN INCREDIBLY mischievous gleam appeared in her brown eyes. She laughed—mischievously. She said, "If any other editors have told any other writers that, there's going to be a mass killing, I'm afraid."

She didn't say that there wasn't a romance. She just said that there wasn't going to be a romance story.

This was exactly like old times. Olivia was pulling down the blinds on her life as a person. The conversation had to be about her life as an actress. Not that that was a dull topic, in the light of recent events.

We asked her if playing *Melanie* hadn't given her new ambition.

She smiled that wistful de Havilland smile. "I've always had ambition. We all have it. Only, until *Melanie* came along, mine never seemed justified. Technically, because of a lucky set of circumstances, I was a star, getting a star's billing and a star's salary. But I never had a chance to play an extraordinary character—individual, deeply emotional. I was either a feverish adolescent, suffering comically from grown-up ideas, or I was the reluctant female who agreed to marry the dashing hero after he performed a series of heroic feats.

"A year ago, I was so hopeless about ever doing anything subtly memorable, so confused by the difference between my ambitions and my accomplishments, that I could have given up my career at the drop of an option. Now I'm equally positive that I'll never be able to give up my career—voluntarily. I've finally had a taste of acting."

She crushed her cigarette in one of those miniature ashtrays that seem designed for people who smoke only once a day.

"I shudder," she said, "to think of how close I came to not playing *Melanie.* David Selznick asked Joan—my sister Joan—to read the part. She couldn't abide *Melanie,* had no patience with her. 'But Olivia,' she told David, 'actually admires her.' I loved *Melanie.* She didn't seem stupid or saccharine to me. She was, to me, a person with a gift few of us have: the courage to seek happiness by the Golden Rule. And, with it, no sense of self-righteousness. She warmed to other people instinctively, naturally, because she was so human, herself. And everybody warmed to her except *Scarlett*—whose only reason for hating her was that *Ashley* loved her.

"The first time I read the book, I told friends I wished there were some way I could play the part. They said, '*Melanie?* That cloying colorless character?' I couldn't understand them.

"After what Joan told him, David asked me to read the part for him. I did. He said, 'Well, that's it.' I never had a camera test for the part. But his saying 'That's it,' didn't exactly cinch things. Warners didn't want to loan me.

"People wonder why Jimmy Stewart has just been making a picture at Warners: *No Time for Comedy.* I'll let you in on a secret. He has been serving time there on my account. David had a commitment with Jimmy for one picture. He used that as a bargaining weapon. He offered to loan them Jimmy, if they would loan me for *Gone With the Wind.* Only because Jimmy was available as a human sacrifice was I able to play *Melanie.*"

At the time that heretofore-unrevealed deal was arranged, had she and Jimmie

[*Continued on page* 78]

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

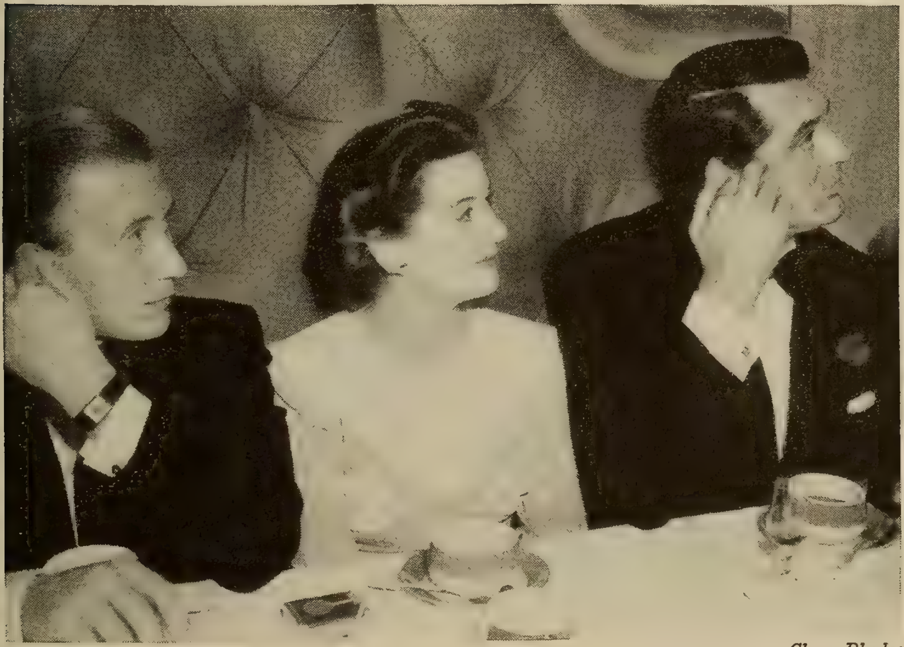
[*Continued from page 6*]

King Vidor, ace director, with daughters and wife visit New York World's Fair of 1940. The Vidors returned recently from South of France where girls were in school

They don't even lunch together on the Warner lot! Nor visit each other's sets while working. BUT—after the whistle has blown and they're done working, well. . . . . !!! And they do such li'l things like Olivia giving Jimmy a $450 water-cooler for his birthday.

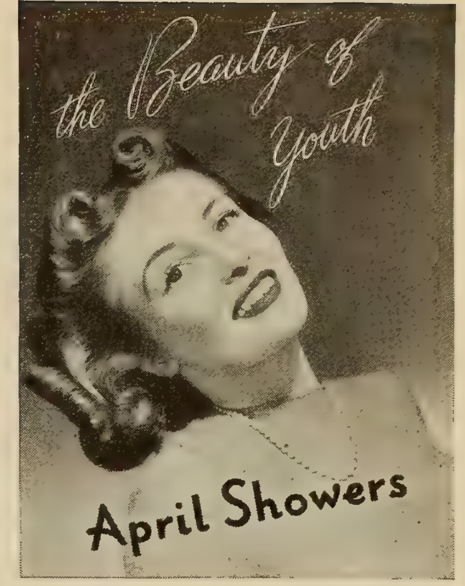
Most "ahem" incident of their ro-

[*Continued on page 80*]



Chas. Rhodes

Fred Brisson and Cary Grant have ear trouble while partying Rozzie Russell at Ciro's



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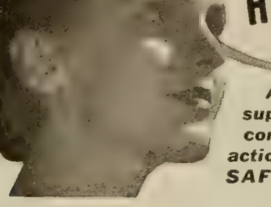

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Zonitors

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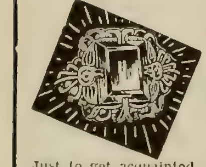

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Will You, Olivia, Take This Man?

[*Continued from page 76*]

yet met? (We tried to be innocent about asking.)

"Not socially," she said, "though we *had* met. At least two years ago some magazine wanted a double interview with an actor and actress debating the masculine and feminine viewpoints about something. They asked Jimmy to be the actor, and he suggested me as the actress; I don't know why. Anyway, we had lunch together with the interviewer, and had a lot of fun. We didn't meet socially until last winter in New York. He was there on vacation and I was there for the opening of *Gone With the Wind*. Our mutual agent, Leland Hayward, arranged for us to go to the opening together."

Which reminded her: the conversation just previously had been about *Gone With the Wind*. So the conversation reverted to that subject. We told her that we liked *Ashley* less in the picture than in the book, while we liked *Melanie* more, and we wondered why.

So many people have said that, and it's so unfair to Leslie Howard, who gave such a beautifully shaded performance. I've been searching for the explanation. And I think I've found it. In the book you saw both *Ashley* and *Melanie* with *Scarlett's* eyes. She loved *Ashley*, and every impression of him was colored by that love. She hated *Melanie*, and every impression of her was colored by that hate. In the picture, you see them with your own eyes, as they actually were—*Ashley* a weakling, *Melanie* a woman of deep, unswerving sincerity."

Speaking of explanations, how did she explain her having become The Littlest Rebel?

She smiled at hearing herself called that. "I know the word went around that *Melanie* had gone to my head, and I was holding out for another *Gone With the Wind*. That was ridiculous. There may never be another *Gone With the Wind*. I didn't object to the script they sent me to read; I didn't doubt that it would make an entertaining picture; I just didn't see anything in it for me. I sent it back on those grounds, and they suspended me. After a while they sent me another script, and I sent that back, on the same grounds. Then they sent me the script of *My Love Came Back*. I saw a glimmer of an acting chance in it. I agreed to do it.

"That was all there was to my so-called rebellion. It took a lot out of me. Disharmony upsets me terribly—physically, as well as mentally. But I had to make the fight. If the same circumstances had arisen before, I would have fought before. I had worked fiendishly hard to prove that I could play something besides ingenues. I couldn't see all my effort go to waste and just smile sweetly about it. That isn't human nature.

"There were people who couldn't understand my fighting. 'The poor child must be ill,' they said. So the word went around that I was exhausted—that that was the real reason why I didn't want to make the picture. That also was ridiculous. I never felt better in my life than when I was making *Gone With the Wind;* no matter how long the hours were, I never felt tired; I was interested in my work. A year or so ago, when nothing I had to do seemed worth the doing, was when I nearly had a breakdown—Either of the other scripts would have been much easier to do than *My Love Came Back*—which called on me to play the violin, when the only instrument I had ever played in my life had been the tissue-comb. You can imagine how fiendishly hard I had to practise, in the three weeks before the picture, and between scenes, to look at all real as a violinist. I didn't complain about that. It was something worth doing."

HOW did she explain her suddenly running rampant in a social way, after years as a recluse?

"That must be a leading question. You can't possibly believe I've ever been a recluse," said Olivia chidingly. "To be a recluse requires a special attitude: a dislike of people, of being with people. I've always liked people, liked being with them. And I've always liked parties when I've had the time for them. For a long while I was working so constantly that I didn't have either the time or the physical endurance for partying, except on rare occasions. If it seems as if I've been stepping out more, recently, the only reason is: I've had more time. A lot of time. I didn't work for four and a half months, remember."

While we were straightening out things, how about that impression that everybody in Hollywood—with the possible exception of a couple of cynical rivals—once had: namely, that little Olivia was The Helpless Type?

"I was young when I started in this business," said little Olivia. "Only nineteen. I was shy; I had never met many people. I was naive, fresh out of high school, fresh from a community as different from Hollywood as night from day. I was inexperienced—with only one professional play behind me. I was in need of expert advice. But I was never helpless. Heaven forbid!"

Did she know that when she played with So-and-So, electricians were prepared to bomb him with lamps, to protect her?

Olivia laughed. "No, I never knew that. All I knew was that he didn't seem to have his mind on his lines. Finally the director said, 'Olivia, take him into your dressing-room and see that he *learns* his lines.' It was a bit of a tussle. But in fifteen minutes he emerged—knowing his lines."

In other words, there never was a time when she wasn't able to take care of herself. Her mother was serenely aware of that.

She tilted her chin challengingly—as if to dare anyone to believe that she hadn't always been as she was now, except that now she wasn't shy and self-conscious and naive and inexperienced, as she was when she was very young.

We were willing to believe that. We only wished we knew what to believe about those romance rumors. She still wouldn't tell.

But it is our duty to inform you that the names of a certain couple, who recently celebrated their first anniversary, crept into the conversation once. We happened to comment on how cleverly they had managed a secret wedding, even with the whole world watching for them to marry. And Olivia listened attentively. Very attentively.

KEEPING UP TO DATE

in Joan Crawford's new picture—*Susan and God*—you found a new, refreshing Joan. Next month in MOTION PICTURE, you'll find a new, refreshing slant on Joan. Read MOTION PICTURE each month and keep up to date with Hollywood's interesting personalities.

Those Young Ideas

[*Continued from page* 75]

separation, a front-page romance or two. Yet her face hasn't altered materially, except to take on an even more beautiful character.

Above all, it has acquired no look of hardness, no hint of that distrust, wariness, and weary disillusionment that the struggle for film fame etches, in fine lines or coarse, on so many beautiful faces.

If Loretta looks suddenly shrewd and alert, it means just one thing. She has thought of a "nifty" to inject into the conversation, and is waiting to spring it!

Intoxicatingly provocative eyes are a characteristic of Loretta's whole tribe, from Polly Ann to Georgiana. Looking into Loretta's, a mere man can't quickly turn away. Years ago, I nearly smacked my jalopy into a street car, on that account. If I ever drive her anywhere again, I'll wear blinkers and dark glasses! Her justly famous disturbing effect on gentlemen, on screen and off, is most often the work of those huge, deep pools of blue, which can sparkle with mischief one moment, fill with clouds that threaten tears, the next.

Loretta and her sisters also share a lush voluptuousness about the mouth, and a spirited flare of nostrils that makes the sophisticated critic of sex appeal say, "My, my!"

Growing up with a famous sister, as she did with Sally Blane, is a future star's best insurance against becoming conceited and temperamental. Anyhow, that's what Loretta thinks. Says she:

"You help rib and ridicule your celebrated sister, when she shows signs of taking herself too seriously. And years later, when your turn comes for a ribbing, meant to bring you back to human proportions, you remember what you did to Big Sister, how silly she looked, and so on. That's usually a cure."

IT'S a well understood function of the family to keep its currently reigning member in line. Just by way of a lasting admonishment for Loretta, a preventive rather than a cure, they call her "Duchess." They admit that she doesn't deserve it, but say they do just "in case."

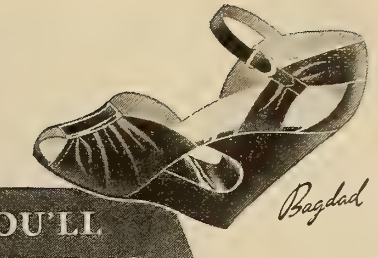
Even Georgiana assists with such ribbing, as did Loretta when Sally was the family star problem.

The close ties that bind Loretta to her family have been a tower of strength and a worker of success miracles, but they have also caused her to weep buckets of tears. I'll always remember the flood that she (and the others) shed when she left home after that so-youthful marriage to Grant Withers. There were almost as many tears when a Pasadena business man, named Carter Herman, married Polly Ann. Then again, when Sally, whose real name is Betty Jean, married Norman Foster.

Only Loretta, Mother Belzer, Georgiana and tiny blond Judy, the star's adopted baby, remain in the huge and stately mansion on the edge of Bel-Air.

But any time there's a family crisis, such as the recent entry of little Georgiana into pictures, they all gather hastily under Loretta's roof-tree.

The huddle goes on, the budget of experience is placed at the disposal of the newest hopeful. And it's a better budget than ever, now. Loretta has added a lot to its value during her 14 years of substantial Hollywood success.



RITA HAYWORTH
Appearing in "IT HAPPENED IN PARIS"
A Columbia Production

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FOLLOW THROUGH

Read YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE by Louella O. Parsons, Hollywood's ace newspaperwoman and confidante of the stars—and you'll get to know Hollywood as few outsiders have been privileged to know it. In this issue—pages 22, 23, 24 and 25—MOTION PICTURE started a series of six articles by Louella O. Parsons. It was THE GREAT LOVES OF HOLLYWOOD. Next month—October—follow through with THE GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS OF HOLLYWOOD. This series of articles written in Miss Parsons' intimate and inimitable style is the fan book scoop of the year!

TORRID TEST *in* PALM SPRINGS
(91° IN THE SHADE)

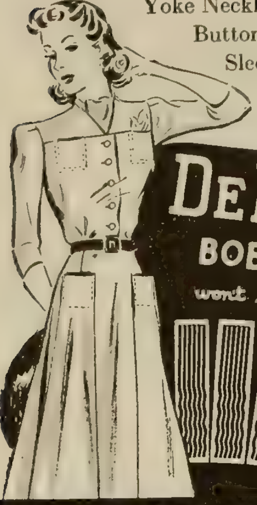
NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

This difficult test was carried out under the supervision of a trained nurse, at famous "Palm Springs" resort in California. The thermometer stood at 91° in the shade! In this gruelling heat, Miss A. D. played two sets of tennis . . . after applying Yodora. Afterwards, the supervising nurse pronounced "not a trace of underarm odor!" Amazingly efficient, this deodorant seems as gentle, as silky, as delicate as your face cream! It is soft and easy to apply. Non-greasy, Yodora leaves no unpleasant smell to taint your clothing. Will not injure fabrics. In 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. *McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.*

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

Fall Style Notes

Yoke Neckline, Pockets and Buttons, Three-quarter Sleeves and Pompadour Hair Style held neatly with



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BOB PINS
won't slip out

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Mercolized Wax Cream

This dainty Skin Bleach helps fade freckles and lightens a dull, drab sun-tanned complexion. It speeds up Nature's process of flaking off lifeless, unattractive surface skin in tiny, almost invisible particles. Exposes the lighter, clearer skin beneath. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream tonight as directed for a fairer, prettier complexion and enjoy new skin beauty. **SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT** tightens loose surface skin. Gives a delightful sense of freshness. Reduces excess surface oil. Dissolve Saxolite Astringent in one-half pint witch hazel and use this tingling face lotion daily. **PHELACTINE DEPILATORY** removes superfluous facial hair quickly. Easy to use. No unpleasant odor.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 77]

Gene Autry celebrated Gene Autry Day at New York World's Fair of 1940 by borrowing horse from ensemble of "American Jubilee," one of hit shows, and eating hot dogs

mance came to them in San Francisco the other day. They visited that city to see a stage play together. In the seats behind theirs, a couple of matrons were talking—and as fate would have it, they talked about the Stewart-de Havilland romance. Said one: "Ain't they silly about it?"; replied the other: "Yes—what I can't see is why they don't do it and get it over with and stop boring everybody!" Were the de Havilland-Stewart faces red?

Well, anyway, by the time you read this, they MAY even BE Mister and Missus. And then they can go away together, as Olivia once said, "and have a great adventure together."

Oh Jiiiiiiimmmmmmeeeeeeee..........!

[*Continued on page* 83]

Bob Montgomery, now home after making films in England, joined up with French as ambulance driver. Saw plenty of action in few weeks he served before French gave up

Lemon Aids

[*Continued from page* 54]

flavor and color to snacks hot or cold, to the handsome aspic mold of vegetables or fish; and above all to the dressings and spreads used in salad and sandwich. Get out your kitchen scissors and begin to cut out, not paper dolls, but decorative lemon patterns—slices, crosses, stars, scallops, triangles—the whole fascinating art of kitchen garnishing is yours at your scissors' point. Dust the lemon with minced parsley or cress, dip it in paprika, festoon it with pimiento if you will, but use it generously.

"C" may stand for Chops, Cold Cuts, or any meats you prefer, but in either case lemon is your side offering. Squeeze a few drops of lemon juice over veal before cooking, and note how tender this meat becomes. Also how lemon juice removes all possible *high* or *meat-y* odor. Sprinkle any fish with lemon juice before or right after baking and you'll counteract the excessive or fishy taste. Add lemon rind grating to lamb curry and many other made meat dishes to give that subtle, sophisticated something which is the mark of a true cooking expert's skilled hand.

"D" of course stands for Desserts. And here is where Miss Lemon goes to town! What other food flavor can compare with the *natural* perfume of lemon when used in desserts? Take lemon pie—if it stays long enough on the table—and see how fragrant is its filling with lemon; or lemon frosting, lemon filling; lemon custard; lemon tapioca. In fact, in almost every recipe in the dessert section of the cook-book, lemon lends flavor.

HERE, for instance, is an old favorite with practically all men. It's tapioca made delicate and refreshing in tone with lemon, juice and rind:

TROPICAL TAPIOCA

¼ cup quick-cooking tapioca
¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups boiling water
¼ cup strained lemon juice
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
18 pitted dates
6 whole Maraschino cherries

Place tapioca, sugar, salt, and boiling water in upper part of double boiler, and bring to a quick boil over direct heat, stirring constantly. Place over boiling water and cook 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool. Add lemon juice and grated rind. Chill. Fold in whipped cream. Divide into 6 portions, in tall glasses. Garnish top of each with 3 dates and 1 cherry in center. Add small spoon of whipped cream as additional topping if desired. (Serves 6.)

MEN, too, rate Lemon Meringue the tops in all pie choices. A prize "Never Fail" lemon pie is included in the sheaf of recipes which are offered, free, to all readers.

Then, see if you don't think the following a better-than-usual dessert for cold weather (we're looking ahead): It's a dumpling and marmalade sort of dish.

LEMON-MAPLE DUMPLINGS

Sauce

2 whole lemons, thinly sliced
2 cups maple syrup
1 teaspoon butter

Batter

1 cup sifted flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg, well beaten
⅓ cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Place thinly sliced lemon in bottom of saucepan—preferably a glass top-of-range unit where the dumplings can be watched as they rise—add syrup and butter, and simmer 20 minutes or until sauce is clear and transparent. Into this gently boiling syrup drop batter (made as for usual dumplings) in large spoonfuls on top of hot syrup. Cover tightly and cook 15 minutes without removing cover. (Serves 6.)

ANOTHER thing for any hostess to remember is that lemon juice enhances other flavors or "brings them out," as the saying goes. There once was an old gentleman, famous for his coffee, who declared he put lemon juice in it to create such a fine flavor! But truly a few drops of lemon here and again does marvels for other foods. Thus, add a few drops to a mix of canned mincemeat, already highly seasoned it is true, but which gains "bite" from the lemon; grate some lemon rind into any cake filling or frosting; add grated lemon rind to many simple desserts such as those made with crumbs, like apple betty, or baked apples or pears, now such popular harvest desserts. Bake prunes too, with syrup to which both lemon juice and grated rind are added, and note the pleasing difference in flavor.

And as a hostess, were you often annoyed at the unsightly lipstick stains on your best guest towels? Has the careless guest overturned an ink-bottle? Use lemon juice! Does a recipe call for sour milk, and you are without it? Try souring any sweet milk with 1½ tablespoons of lemon juice to each 1 cup of sweet milk, and watch it sour! Replace vinegar called for in salad dressings with lemon juice; keep your hands white and dainty by rinsing in a half-lemon kept at the sink.

But, space forbids telling all the clever tricks with lemons. Buy them by the dozen, at least, and do not keep them in the refrigerator, but merely in a cool place. Select a trademarked brand, where the skins have a fine, waxy, smooth texture which provides more juice per fruit. Let lemons add flavor—and loveliness with the aid of the leaflet offered below.

FREE

Mrs. Christine Frederick,
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Please send me your free leaflet, "Add Luscious Lemon," including Never Fail Lemon Pie, Peaches and Cream Rum Cake, Lemon Sauces, etc.

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THE CHAMPION SAID "YOU WIN!"
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

The new champion waved me aside. "A speech? Nothing doing! I'm just a tennis player." . . . "Wait!" I ask. "You've won the tennis cup, now you've got to tell them how you did it. Here—settle yourself with a stick of Beeman's. The flavor's great and that tang—"

"You win!" says the champ. "Gotta hand it to Beeman's—it's got what it takes. A fresh taste that's doubly refreshing. A dash and tang. A flavor that's too good to last—yet does." He laughed. "Sure I'll make a speech! It'll be good, too—if you'll just keep that package of Beeman's on tap!"

BEEMAN'S
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NOW WE BOTH HAVE LOVELY BLONDE HAIR!

New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde coiffure are both glowingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That's why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX, the shampoo made specially for them. It removes dull, dingy film and brings out every glorious highlight. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Nothing finer for children's hair. Get it today at any good store.

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Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 14]

Crawford was in town . . . Joan read about Jimmy Hall's death in the papers . . . If she'd only known . . . She was upset for days . . . Expert medical care might have saved him . . . Today Joan is looking up her old show girl friends . . . She thinks maybe some of them might need something. . . .

BACK HOME AND BROKE: Lew Ayres arrived in Miami from South America with one dollar and a story of having his pockets picked of all his valuables . . . Lew thought it would be fun to see how long his dollar would last . . . Since he'd bought a round-trip ticket which happily escaped the attention of the thief, the dollar was still intact when Lew arrived on the West Coast . . . Errol Flynn's departure for a South American jaunt was only a few hours ahead of Lew's return . . . Lili Damita came to New York for summer stock . . . The personnel of the Pan-American Airways voted Flynn very regular . . . Though he isn't too popular with some of his fellow actors, the hired help who run into the Warner star are his boosters . . . Barbara O'Neill, who is so good in *All This, And Heaven Too* and director Josh Logan are now married . . . The Gary Coopers passed up their annual Bermuda vacation for the Long Island home of Sandra Cooper's socialite parents . . . Glenda Farrell's eighteen-year-old son joined her for the summer . . . and Glenda isn't keeping him a secret, she is that proud of him . . . Glenda is having something of a run in *Separate Rooms* . . . Martha Raye, Lionel Stander and Ruby Keeler are in the midst of rehearsals for the new Jolson musical . . . Ruby and Al are seen occasionally together at the Fair for dinner or such . . . But it's model Jinx Falkenberg who is glamorizing his gayer moments . . . Walter Brennan paid his first visit in twenty years to his hometown, Swampscott, Mass . . . which shows what a picture like *Our Town* threatens to do to other small towners . . . Miriam Hopkins is living in Grace Moore's Park Avenue apartment, having rented her house . . . She will appear at a little theatre or two for the fun of it . . . Paulette Goddard is expected to be another strawhatter . . . Chaplin thinks she needs the experience . . . Nedda Harrington, Walter Connelly's widow, will make her home in the East with relatives . . . Una Merkle joined hubby Ronnie Burla . . . business keeps him around . . . Helen Mack is twoing with Pat Weaver . . . Phyllis Brooks and Herbie Klotz don't look serious . . . but decorate a Conga line . . . The key to Jimmy Cagney's Martha's Vineyard farm keeps circulating among his Broadway friends from way back . . . It's always in use when Jimmy isn't occupying the house . . . And the kitchen is well stocked . . . which is why they say that there aren't many like the little Irishman . . . Betty Grable was called to the Coast to replace Alice Faye who is convalescing from an operation much too slowly. . . .

THE GAY SPOTS: The Westchester Bath Club is the cooling off place since El Morocco and Fefe's Monte Carlo shut down for the hot spell . . . Joan Crawford is spending several weeks in Westport . . . Her days at the Fair . . . Her nights where the lights are brightest . . . Always a sartorial sight, Joan took the spotlight away from Phyllis Brooks, Connie Talmadge, Fay Bainter and the society set at a recent dance party . . . Joan is taking steps to adopt the child of a friend . . . the baby has been in the East with Joan for some months . . . Phyllis Brooks will return to the stage . . . The Beachcombers: George Raft and Mack Gray . . . ZaSu Pitts . . . Franchot Tone and Adele Jergens . . . this looks like an early wedding . . . perhaps before Franchot takes up leading-man duties opposite Marlene Dietrich . . . Ambassador Gardens: Joan again . . . and does anyone know the name of that persistent escort . . . ? Tony Martin with a model . . . Madeleine Carroll . . . Glenda Farrell . . . with handsome escort Tommy Farrell. . . .

NEXT MONTH

What Every Girl Should "No" at College

Pertinent advice to MOTION PICTURE readers by Hollywood's star graduates. You don't have to go to college to appreciate this entertaining story in October MOTION PICTURE

URGENT!

message to women suffering functional

FEMALE WEAKNESS

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

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For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]

Lili Damita, wife of Errol Flynn, has something in common with hubby. Shares love of his lion dogs that won prizes at dog show. How do you like specimen?

Dickie Lyon, who plays Cary Grant's son in *The Howards of Virginia*, is adopted son of Ben Lyon-Bebe Daniels, now in London. They sent boy to USA for safety

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Judith Anderson and Orry Kelly—
She thinks he's just the swellest felly!

■

RIGHT now, Madeleine Carroll is off for France—to bring back her mama, who by now is another war refugee.

But what Holly-WOULD like to know is: will Madeleine *also* bring back a new husband? Madeleine, you know, goes for military men. Her first hubby was Captain Philip Astley of the British Army. She divorced him, and now there's no secret at all but what she's hell-bent on marrying a certain handsome French air service officer.

Unless Adolf got him first.

■

JUST to show how Hollywood has gone into the doldrums—

In the "good old days," when no movieland hubbie could tell in advance what stranger he'd have to kick out of the boudoir

[*Continued on page* 84]

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DETROIT, MICHIGAN	Washington Boulevard at Grand River
FT. WORTH, TEXAS	905 Commerce Street
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI	Broadway & Delmar Boulevard
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	155 Summers Street
CINCINNATI, OHIO	630 Walnut Street
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA	412 East Broad Street
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA	509 Sixth Avenue, North
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE	527 North Main Street
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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 216W, Jefferson, Iowa

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 83*]

Lucille Fairbanks keeps slim and supple by such exercise as putting on socks while lying flat on back with legs raised. Lucy's in *Life of Knute Rockne*

Priscilla Lane and Orin Haglund were secretly married after all. Ceremony occurred January 1939, but she left him next day, won divorce May 3, 1940

when he came home late, gossip-column items used to tell about wives going out with other wives' husbands.

And today—well, it's a fact that Gary Cooper and Fred MacMurray's wife were out together, the other night! And on the very same night, Mrs. Gary Cooper was at a cafe with Fred MacMurray ! ! ! But it was a foursome. Ain't Hollywood duuuuuull, mama?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Helen Mack and (New Yorker) Pat Weaver
May soon be married, if you can beleaver!

■

"THERE'S *NO* other man," sighed Martha Raye, when she opened her mouth only part way, in divorce court, and got rid of second-hubby Dave Rose.

BUT, Martha, how do you explain away Lee Castaldo? Lee is a new dance-band leader, and there's Hollywood talk that he'd still be just a trumpet-tootler in Tommy Dorsey's orchestra if SOMEbody hadn't put up the shekels for him to form a band of his own . . . SOMEbody, I said.

[*Continued on page* 85]

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 84]

Pan-Pacific Press

When Bette Davis finished *All This, And Heaven Too* she took vacation in Hawaii. Took camera along for color photos of scenery. Aboard *SS Monterey* en route

EE-MAGine calling her "Binnie Frankovitch" . . . !

P. S.—Or wouldn't it be easier for him to change his name to Mike Barnes?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lyle Talbot and Fifi D'Orsay—
Amusing the gossips by acting h'orsay!

■

ALL those Hollywood wisenheimers who smirked knowingly when Jane Bryan, at the time of her marriage, said that she was done forever with movies, are laughing on the other side of their faces, now. On account of it's been months and months and months—and Jane Bryan is still "the happiest bride in the world," to take her own word for it.

She and hubby Justin Dart just finished a Hollywood visit after flying in in their own private plane. And Jane took the occasion to re-assure everybody that she has no intention of coming back to pictures—no intention, in short, of ever being anything but just Mrs. Justin Dart, from now on. . . . We'll see!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Frances Robinson and Johnny Carroll—
So Cupid's got 'em over a barroll ??

In Eugene O'Neill's *The Long Voyage Home,* John Wayne is the salty sailor and Carmen Morales the girl he picked up when boat put in at tropical port

Olympe Bradna goes native and we don't mean Hollywood. She plays Samoan dancing girl in Edw. Small feature, *South of Pago-Pago.* Jon Hall is Big Moment

DIDYA know that Mrs. Ardis Atkinson Gaines has just gotten a divorce? And before you say you don't give a toot, either, let me add that Mrs. A. A. Gaines is Brenda

[*Continued on page* 86]

Tyrone Power
Linda Darnell
in Brigham Young

TEN previews for ten cents! A penny apiece to enjoy every big hit picture produced! That's an exciting entertainment value, isn't it? To take advantage of it, just go to your nearest newsstand and ask for a copy of MOVIE STORY Magazine. MOVIE STORY's previews are sparkling full-length story versions of the new films, all lavishly illustrated with scenes from the movies themselves. This month's program is thrillingly star-studded! Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in STRIKE UP THE BAND; Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell in BRIGHAM YOUNG; Ann Sheridan, James Cagney in CITY FOR CONQUEST; Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas in HE STAYED FOR BREAKFAST—20 stories and features in all. Get your copy Today!

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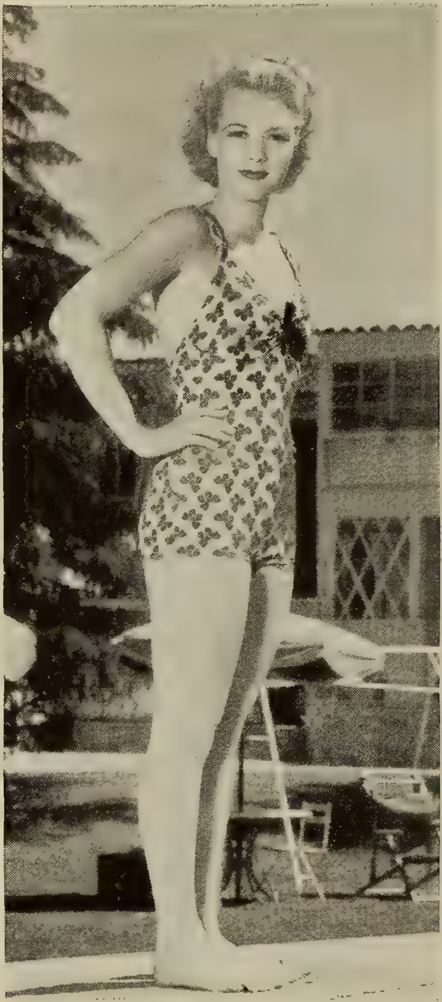
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]



Attired in a one-piecer of flowery design, Jane Wyman prepares to get into midsummer swim of things. On screen she'll be seen in *My Love Came Back*

Marshall, to you—and that makes it different, doesn't it?

Brenda, suing young stage actor Richard Gaines for her freedom, told the judge that after they got married, Gaines just up and walked out on her. At the same time, she told newspapermen that she is "through with men for-ever!!"

Oh, yeah?—and so Bill Holden is wasting his time, is he? H'mmmmmm!

■

EVEN Hollywood relations do it! Jimmy Cagney's sister, Jean, is giving the romance-snoopers food for chatter by outstepping with Patricia Morison's brother, Alec.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
A twosome that's got the whole town in a flurry
Is Priscilla Lane with Kenny Murray!

MARRIAGES of the season, since our last bulletins, include—Arthur (Skyscraper) Treacher and Virginia Taylor, who's so eminently suited for the role of Missus Treacher that she used to be stand-in for Allison Skipworth, if you get the idea? —Buster (what, again !!!) Keaton and Eleanor Norris, and they expressly ordered that the word "obey" be omitted from the marriage ritual, and went to a drugstore where they had a milkshake party after the ceremony. Keaton — milkshakes — omigawd !!!

—Eleanor Boardman (don't you remember?) and Henri D'Abbadie D'Arrast (sotch a mout'ful!) got married in a little French village as the culmination of a romance that began 'way back in 1933 when Eleanor divorced King Vidor.

—Mrs. Virginia Welles, who recently got matrimonially rid of the man who scared everybody (Orson, you know) married Charles Lederer, ace scenario writer and nephew of Marion Davies.

—Hal Roach Junior and Mrs. Alva Hunt, who stuck to tradition by flying to Yuma to say their I-do's after setting an August date. But who's surprised? I mean, WHO?

■

SIGHT of the month—came when into Little Hungary restaurant walked Garbo and Hauser (yeah, they're STILL at it) and bobbed right kerplunk into Leopold Stokowski (you remember him, doncha, Greta?) who

[*Continued on page* 87]

Elyse Knox, one of 20th-Fox's newcomers, registers the height of the swim season, dressed as she is in white one-piecer with cape to save back from sun

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 86*]

Deanna Durbin bobs up in new type of role in *Spring Parade*. Of course she will sing, but she also dances. As native Hungarian she does the czardas

was dining so alooooone . . . Greta and Gaylord nodded to Leopold, and Leopold nodded back and then went on with his goulash.

■

INTO divorce court went Luise Rainer, at long long last, and wept tearfully as she uttered the testimony which got her a decree from Clifford "Golden Boy" Odets—and then she wiped away her tears and went to LaMaze with Garson Kanin, and, mama, isn't Hollywood just too, too?

Chas. Rhodes

All signs point to a heavy romance between Brenda Marshall and William Holden. After taking her to preview *Our Town* (he plays in it) they attend party

JUST to give the bawdy ol' town a good name, maybe, they've formed a new club in Hollywood. They call it "The Twenty-Years-a-Husband" Club, and the charter members are Joe Cawthorn, who's been married 37 years for heaven's sake, Paul Everton, who's also done 37 years, Jimmy Gleason who's been a husband for 27, Jean Hersholt with 26 years of connubial bliss, and Cyrus Kendall, with a mere 21 years in harness.

'Tis said Lana Turner and Artie Shaw have applied for membership cards, to be sent them in 1960.

Ona Munson, whom you'll be seeing in cowgirl togs in *Wagons Westward* very soon, slips into pinafore frock off-screen to play with cute Spaniel pup

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eddie Norris and Diana Manners—
Just a couple holders-hanners!

■

BABY Talk In Hollywood:—it's a boy at the Don Douglas house (she's Charlotte Merriam) . . . Linda Winters (remember when Charlie Chaplin "discovered" her while she was acting at Carmel-by-the-Sea under her former name of Dorothy Comingore?) and hubby Richard Collins, are blessed-eventing. . . wonder if Judith Barrett (MISSUS Lin Howard to you) has picked the cradle yet? . . . Jimmy Stephenson is proud of the seven-pound-six-ounce job he and wifie collaborated on . . . it's a boy . . . Rex Lease gags the announcement by

[*Continued on page 89*]

LOVE-STARVED DIVORCEE

HAVE you ever wondered what happens to a woman *after* she goes to Reno? For those women who can afford a Reno divorce, it's all too easy to sever ties with the past. But what of the future? What woman is safe from herself when her emotions have been cruelly shaken, when she hungers for even the least bit of affection from a man? "LOVE-STARVED DIVORCEE" is the story of just such a woman. It is a confession that peers deeply into a woman's soul. Don't miss this starkly honest story.

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Wanted — A Wife!

[*Continued from page* 53]

Syracuse show. Mary Anderson, Gail Mellott and Ruth Terry, young actresses, had also been seen with Eddie.

I dug up the fact that there had been great excitement for a few days following the Warner Studio Club party. Eddie appeared with Beverly Holden. And he was very attentive. Turned out, however, that she was supposed to be there with Don Alvarado. At the last moment, Don had to work and asked Eddie to take his girl to the party for him. Eddie, borrowing Don's dress clothes, took Don's girl and had a wonderful time.

Then there's Alicia Warren. A very extra special little bird told me about this girl. But the little bird didn't know anything other than just the name.

Well, imagine getting a fellow cornered under a hair-dryer and trying to find out about *la femme*. Eddie started telling me again that he was Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor. By the time he got past the second word he was shouting at the top of his voice.

Pretty quickly, Perc Westmore and his aides began to collect with wide grins on their faces. And Eddie, realizing he had been shouting, became disconcerted.

Maybe that's why he admitted that he liked the girls he had been seen with. Maybe that's why he said, "I'll sure be glad when Gene Tierney gets back here from New York." And maybe that's why he finally told me that Alicia Warren is a Minneapolis debutante who has been a good friend for eight years.

Maybe that's why he told me delightedly that a clairvoyant recently told him, "Oh, you are going to fall deeply in love soon and marry!"

But Eddie insisted that he's busy now. He eagerly sang the praises of one of Hollywood's most interesting women—Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, who is a dramatic teacher as well as one of the finest character actresses in Hollywood.

Eddie is eager to play the role of Edgar Allen Poe in *Annabel Lee* and is studying with Mme. Ouspenskaya, preparing for the role. He was supposed to spend an hour for his first lesson with her—the time stretched to four hours without Eddie's time-consciousness returning. That, by the way, he insists a wife would find hard to appreciate, too.

BUT one of these days, Eddie Albert will probably get married—he's still only 31, talented, charming, amusing and good-looking. He'd kind of like to get married. *He's* the one who insists he's ineligible. And there are still a few months left before leap year is over, so perhaps some girl can make him change his mind soon. I wonder.

A girl recently gave him a ceramic replica of a burro which Eddie prizes. The gift was to commemorate the anniversary of their first meeting. Who is she? Well, maybe Muriel Angelus . . . maybe Ruth Terry . . . or Mary Anderson . . . Gail Mellott . . . or is it Alicia Warren, the tall, slim, fair and attractive debutante who has been Eddie's *good* friend for eight years? Eddie won't tell.

Instead, Eddie insists upon arguing that he's Hollywood's most ineligible bachelor. But then he says too, "I'll probably end up suddenly marrying some dizzy little blonde, then we'll both be unhappy."

Cherchez la femme! Huh, figure out which one!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 87]

Ty, Bob, and Dick Greene won't have everything their own way with entry of William Marshall—seen in *Life Of Knute Rockne* . . . Femme fans' next dish?

telling the world that "Belle and Rex Lease will have a NEW Lease in life when their little Lease arrives in October" . . . is it true that Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are going to ADOPT one? . . . if so, it'll be a playmate for Barbara's boy Dion, now six years old . . . the Oscar Levants (she used to be June Gale, you recall?) should be three by the time you read this . . . it'll be a September baby for the Vincent Prices . . . Russell Hayden and June Clayton have bought a baby buggy . . . and flash, flash, flash—Jane Packard is expecting a blessed event, and even though she's not even married to the father, the Hays office doesn't give a dam—because Jane Packard, in case you don't know, is only one of Bob Taylor's stable of horses.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Laraine Day and Wesley Cameron
Are doin' a little bit of glamorin'!

■

LATEST manifestation on Hollywood's kaleidoscopic romance-scene is a glamor-boy whose mama says he's gotta come in and stay home, nights. And by "mama," I don't mean the Hollywood kind of mama, the hot kind—I mean mama.

The lad is Desi Arnaz, 23 years old, imported from Cuba, with high hopes that maybe he'll turn out to be what Hollywood has been looking for ever since Rudolph Valentino died—that long-sought "second Valentino." He was brought to Hollywood to star in *Too Many Girls,* and all the manless lovelies in this Hollywood which is overstocked with girls and understocked with available bachelors, got antsy-pantsy.

BUT—along with Desi came his mother, and mother has issued the announcement that her boy must and will be home and in bed before midnight every night except Saturday.

P. S.—What makes it interesting is that the young Cuban had been hitting the New York late spots quite regularly with Betty Grable, ex-wife of Jackie Coogan.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lupe Velez and Rudy Vallee—
Boy! set'm up on the other alley!

■

NOT that it makes the slightest difference in the affairs of the world, but don't be surprised if Elaine admits, any day now, that she's had enough of the Barrymore again.

■

CURRENT twosomes of Hollywood (BUT that doesn't mean they'll be still twoing by the time you read this!)—Susan Hayward and actor Peter Lind Hayes—Harry Ritz and Pat Dane or Betty Heath and can't he make up his mind?—ditto for Dana Dale, who's doubling between

[*Continued on page* 92]

Wide World

When a hubby leaves safety of USA to return to England's war zone there are no smiles. Alex Korda and Merle Oberon are very serious in registering farewell hug

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So You Think Shirley's Through!!!

[*Continued from page* 58]

It seems everybody but Shirley knows she's a millionaire. The only high finance that interests her is collecting her $2.50 a week allowance from her dad every Saturday morning. It goes for shows—she sees one or two a week and still likes *Mickey Mouse* and *Donald Duck*—ice cream cones, and gifts for Mom, Dad, her brothers, neighborhood kids, and other friends.

SHIRLEY, who is impressed with everyone but herself, is unspoiled because she won't think so much about who Shirley Temple is as what Shirley Temple does. She must be up and doing to be happy. She looks forward to school like most youngsters look forward to summer vacation, because she's school-starved. She likes art and can start drawing a horse and have it end up being a horse rather than a house. She hates mathematics as much as Einstein loves it.

School plays thrill and excite her even though she has refused starring parts, saying, "I don't know anything about stage acting. I've just had movie experience; so I'll be an extra till I learn."

Her taste in literature embraces Mark Twain, Conan Doyle—a carryover from days when she wanted to be a G-man—and O'Henry, to mention a few. The other day she finished *The Yearling,* all except the last part in which the deer is shot—and she skipped that because she can't stand hearing about animals or human beings suffering.

Orson Welles' *Rebecca* was the greatest play she's ever heard on the air. Another indication of her mental maturity. But underneath it all, she's still that cute kid you've been loving for six or more years. Her hair's chestnut—a little darker than when she first broke in with *Little Miss Marker.* Her face is not quite so full. It's heart-shaped. And she's a little taller, but despite assertions to the contrary, she's still good for a few more pictures as a youngster.

Sure, Mom Temple is going to let her grow up on the screen in the manner of Deanna Durbin. That is, if Shirley wants to. But for the time being she'll remain a little girl.

Neither Father Time, rheumatism, failing eyesight, thin voice, crow-feet, nor grey hair have caught up with the ageing Miss Temple. She is not the Baby Shirley of '34, but she is not a beanpole of '40 either. An unbiased tape measure dropped from the Temple top to the Temple toes gives length over all as 57 inches—a little more inchage than your sister Nancy's momma doll.

A couple of scales of indisputable character say her "Honest Weight" is 85—and all this despite the fact that she doesn't bother watching her poundage. Milk, wholesome foods, and sleep keep her in such condition that she doesn't have to keep doctors away by eating apples. One bad food habit: like most American kids she occasionally starts an internal rebellion by stuffing on "chawklit" ice cream.

It may sound like unadulterated goo, but for a kid who's been pampered by expert pamperers—directors to electricians who have daughters—complimented, sought out, praised by celebrities such as H. G. Wells, Orson Welles, Mrs. Roosevelt, Noel Coward, and a "Who's Who" volume of others—she's still a regular gal.

She dabbles in archery and piano-playing. She's no *Robin Hood* with the bow, but she can stick the bulls-eye now and then. She's no Paderewski at the keyboard and is as good as "Alibi Ike" when it comes to thinking of reasons for not practising.

She hums and sews clothes for Miss X, the doll without a name. Shirley's needle has kept Miss X far from the *Lady Godiva* state inasmuch as her wardrobe includes everything from a white bathing suit—that's for trips to the Hawaiian beach—to a flowing orchid formal.

Shirley plays with two girls who live a couple of high fences away from Templedom just across Rockingham Road, which looks like rural England. After school on some afternoons, there's a session of tag or hopscotch, or just a hike.

Recently Shirley has been indoors more for two purposes: to watch the cook prepare meals, bake biscuits, pies, cakes, and bread, and to learn what every young Campfire Girl should know about the culinary art. She has to pass the test of barbecuing steaks over an open grill and baking potatoes in ashes, you see!

Another thing, she's helping arrange the new bungalow built on the Temple estate below the mansion. It will house Shirley's costumes, her dolls, trophies, scrapbooks, and the golden Academy Award statuette she received in 1934, and her playthings—gifts from everybody in filmtown—Astaire to Zanuck. It is not exclusively Shirley's domain. It has a ballroom with a smooth floor for parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Shirley, or the Temple boys.

YES, the rumors about Shirley have been numerous. They have also been—for the most part—inaccurate—even to the one about Shirley's voice-training for the opera.

"I am not even attempting to cultivate Shirley's voice," explains Mrs. Temple. "That is, except in the general singing lessons at school. The whole class has the same training.

"Shirley already knows breathing—one of the essentials—is developing more volume and is getting away from her 'cute' vocalizing. Neither George nor I has even so much as thought about an operatic career for Shirley. We're not worrying about Shirley's singing at all, because you can't tell what a voice will do at her age. There's not much you can do to improve it till the early teens," she concluded.

Shirley, who, outside of the Messrs. Santa Claus and President Roosevelt, gets more fan mail than anyone else in the world, has found one ingredient in most of her recent letters. Mothers, fathers, sisters, and brothers in Tokyo, Montreal, Mexico City, New York, and all points North, South, East and West, say this:

"Please don't retire from pictures!"

She is not retiring. Despite recent life stories of Shirley—editorial obituaries—she is far from through on the screen. You don't have to rely on astrologers and their complicated charts—even if they agree as one that she hasn't yet neared her zenith.

Just wait and see her in 20th Century-Fox's last Temple picture, *Young People,* and you'll see for yourself why every major studio in town is ready with contracts and filled fountain pens any time the Temple trio says the word.

"I've Not Outgrown Hollywood!"

[*Continued from page* 57]

tion made of my leaving Gene to go on tours. It's very good for both of us. Absence stimulates new interest in each other. I never did think that occasional absences between husbands and wives were anything but good for both of them.

"Besides, Gene flew to me twice while I was away. And besides, again, there is the telephone. I have telephonitis. We both have it, acutely. After each concert I'd call Gene, tell him how many encores I had, what I wore, what I ate for dinner, every detail—and for *hours* this went on. And he'd tell me what he'd had for dinner, how many hours he'd worked that day, how he missed me and we'd wish we were together . . . and wishing you were together," said Jeanette, with a slightly tremolo laugh, "is pretty wonderful.

"Or perhaps I was suspected of being too serious because ever since I've been in Hollywood I've taken daily singing lessons, practiced for hours every day and so am not able to chase around with the girls, go places and do things as often as other girls do. But anybody who knows anything about singing knows that a singer must work for hours every day.

"Or maybe the programs I give on tour were considered 'upstage' or the way I deliver the songs I sing. Well, I don't know what my inquisitor thinks constitutes a concert artist. I couldn't go out on a concert stage and use the accent I did in *Girl of the Golden West*. I don't cavort all over the place. I don't do handsprings or turn cartwheels, I don't know how. I don't go around blowing kisses to everyone because it seems so showy-off. I don't try to be natural. I just go out on the stage and sing my songs, try to make the evenings fairly informal.

"Perhaps the word 'classical' should be substituted for 'upstage' as applied to my programs. I do sing 'classical' songs but dozens of classical songs are familiar songs to everyone. Greig's *Ich Liebe Dich*, *Carry Me Back To Ole Virginny*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, these are some of the classical songs I sing on my programs, trying to make programs serious musicians will enjoy and that people, not musicians at all, will also understand and enjoy.

"Another question posed in that article (and now I'm taking the stand for the (self) defense!) was whether I should decide to take the plunge into opera, whether I have the register to make good in this field. I have, as it happens, a particular high range. Nature, aided and abetted by hard work, gave me this. I have two whole tones lower and three whole tones higher than the average lyric soprano role calls for. My volume is considerably bigger than any coloratura's volume and, besides, the tiniest, finest *pianissimo* tone of a violin will carry to the last seat in any auditorium.

"I HAVE no immediate plans for opera. I sort of hate to mention it here but the Metropolitan offered me a choice of roles three years ago and I've been unable to arrange the time to accept. I'm still unable to arrange the time but if I should find time, if they should still want me, if I should accept, that still wouldn't mean that I'm outgrowing Hollywood. I'm not. But *I am trying to grow*. And why not?

***"Did anyone ever steer a course toward lower and lesser things?* Would anyone advise me to steer my course toward singing in a cabaret? I couldn't anyway," laughed Jeanette. "Night-life always did bore me and I can't sing in a room full of smoke. No, but seriously, it's so silly to infer that anyone is outgrowing anything because they don't stand still. I like to believe that my fans want me to go on working, trying to progress, trying to bring them good music as nearly perfectly as I can bring that gift to them.**

"It was said that our house is a 'music factory.' It is. Again why not? Factory hands work. And that's what Gene and I do, work. We have two pianos at home. Gene has a Hammond organ. We have a victrola-radio. We have a home-recording machine. When I was on the air, doing my weekly programs, Gene took them all off the air for me. In that way he could make criticisms and I could make corrections. Both of us, when we learn new songs, 'read' them to the recording-machine.

"But it isn't all work and no play—not by a long shot. Even the home-recorder becomes a plaything when we have guests and go to the music-house and each one has to perform for a recording and then we play back what the people have said, or sung. It's funny how professional people are more shy of the 'mike' than non-professionals.

"I've seen Irene Dunne turn purple when she took her turn. I can't say I shine, except with embarrassment. One of our best acts was the night Nelson, Allan Jones and I rendered, literally rendered, the *Trio From Faust*, with Lubitsch improvising at the piano. We wore ourselves out and wowed our friends, if I may say so," laughed Jeanette. "And there was the night, it was Gene's birthday, when the boy from Western Union arrived with a singing wire to be delivered, personally, to Gene. . . . He had a crackly voice and when he rendered *Happy Birthday To You!* I don't know which looked more wretched, the boy or Gene!

"We haven't gone veddy, veddy social, either, you see. We just like old friends best—such as Nelson and his wife, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey, Adrian and Janet Gaynor, the John Mack Browns, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin, the Lubitschs, our old gang. And we'd rather play silly games at home than be show-offs in the night-spots—not that we *never* go to the night clubs. To be hermits would be to outgrow Hollywood, too.

"OH, NO, far from outgrowing Hollywood, I'm still a rabid fan. I like to see pictures in a theatre rather than in a private projection-room, too. I cry over all the sad scenes and howl over the funny sequences and feel terribly sorry for my favorite actors and actresses when they get bad parts, and feel pleased as Punch when they get good ones. . . .

"I go to all the premieres and previews whenever, work permitting, it's possible for me to go. I never read the gossip columns because if I read anything against Hollywood or its people, I see red as *is* red. I still shiver and shudder when a picture of mine is previewed. *New Moon*, for instance, is due to give me goose pimples. I still care terribly," said Jeanette gravely, "for what I'm doing, for every detail of what I'm doing. And I don't call that outgrowing anything, do you?"

I said I didn't.

"You only outgrow a thing when you cease to grow," explained Jeanette, carefully, "and I," she added, taking the last laugh, "am still a growing girl!"

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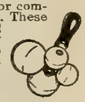

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 89]

Virginia Dale, who was blond siren in *Buck Benny Rides Again,* turns to dancing in *Dancing on a Dime.* An erstwhile dance band singer, she models swim-suit

Jeffrey Lynn and agent Bob Ritchie—Joan Valerie and Harvey Priester and where's Edger Bergen?—Patricia Morison and Paramount big-shot Freeman's son Frank Junior—is Frances Farmer's latest heart-throb really Monroe (press-agent) Greenthal?—Linda Darnell and Maury Grossman—Claire James and Bill (of *Meet the People*) Orr—Peggy Moran and Johnny Downs—Margot Stevens and Bob (photographer) Wallace—Henry Willson and Jacqueline Wells, who's gone redhead——Huntz (*Dead End*) Hall and Elsie Anderson say they're gonna get married—will Isabel Jewell be Mrs. Paul Feldman by the time you read this?—Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio and she doesn't act scared—

■

**CUPID'S COUPLET:
Forrest Tucker and Helen Parrish—
Any day expect 'em to marrish!**

■

NOT that they seem to give a whoop but Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis are making M-G-M so peeved by romancing. They're running on a seven-nights-a-week dating schedule, and the studio is all upset about it, because they don't think matrimony will be good for Ilona's career. Hollywood is betting fifty-fifty that the studio will win out.

■

FURIOUS denials emanate from Wayne Morris, who says all the chatter about an imminent fade-out for his romance with Bubbles Schinasi is bunk. In an effort to convince Hollywood that they're not rifting, Bubbles and Wayne have been nite-spotting together. BUT—Hollywood insists that the only thing that's keeping them from making the break public is their baby.

■

DENIALS, too, from the Artie Shaws (remember? she used to be Lana Turner!) But Hollywood bettors are still certain that Artie and Lana will never celebrate their first anniversary . . . Ken Dolan is also among the month's denyers. He SAYS there's NOTHING to the rumors that he and wifie Shirley Ross are at the end of the trail.

Chas. Rhodes

After long engagement, Anita Louise and Buddy Adler were finally married. Buddy is just about to kiss the bride before they plunge into the wedding cake

AND even though Florence Rice says there's no truth to the rumors that she and Bob Wilcox have cracked up, she's stepping out with Broderick Crawford.

"You can't expect me to sit at home every night just because Bob's away, can you?" explains Florence.

■

DON'T Be Surprised—if Lloyd Bacon marries Florence Baker before the judge's signature is dry on his final divorce decree. . . . And Hollywood won't be at all surprised if Bette Davis turns out to be Mrs. Bob Taplinger almost any week-end. Only a few days ago, the town sizzled with a rumor that Bette and Press-Agent Bob had married secretly aboard the Pacific liner (*Lurline*) on which both were returning from Honolulu. That rumor wasn't true—but it shows what Hollywood is expecting.

Bob, incidentally, has just moved into a big new house—MUCH too big for a bachelor, even a Hollywood bachelor.

■

OL' TATTLER had no sooner got the words out of his mouth, telling you how Hollywood is betting that Artie Shaw and Lana Turner will never celebrate their first anniversary, than they proved Hollywood had a sure-fire tip. From all accounts the five-month-old marriage is definitely on the rocks. The 19-year-old bride has moved from the Shaw menage and taken an apartment in Beverly Hills. M-G-M's shapely glamor girl has confirmed the separation, though Shaw denies it. Hollywood has said right along that they weren't temperamentally suited to live together. There have been rumors that they've disagreed from the night they eloped to Las Vegas—rumors that the Shaws denied. Meanwhile Lana is continuing with her picture activities while Artie continues with his band. Lana's former boy friend, Greg Bautzer, has been seen around night-clubs. Some say he still carries the torch for Lana.

■

JACKIE COOPER'S got a new girl friend, whose dad is a Palm Springs business man . . . Meantime, Jackie's mama is arranging things so that Jackie won't be married for his money. She's fixed up his affairs so that he won't get all his money in a lump when he hits 21. At 21, he only gets a part of what he's earned. At 25, he gets some more. And until he's 40, he'll get installments every five years.

—Chas. Rhodes

After Santa Anita comes Hollywood Park. Dan Topping and Sonja Henie arrive at Turf Club to play the hosses

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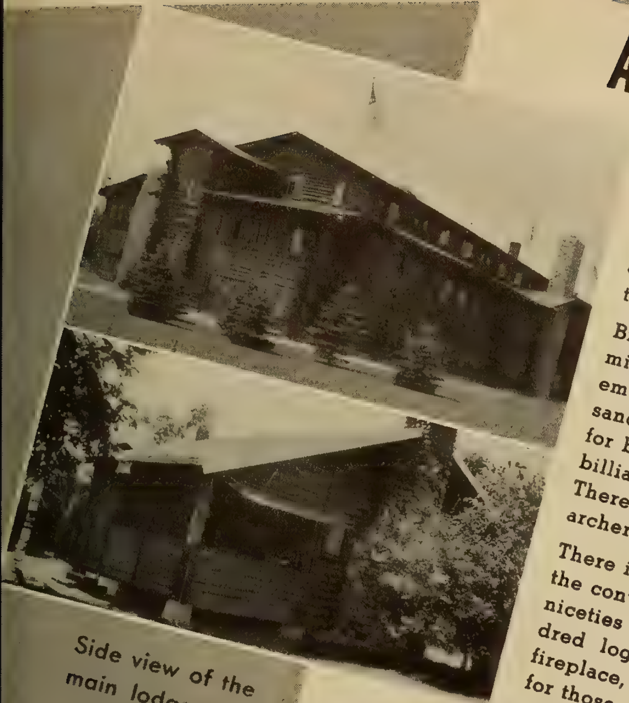
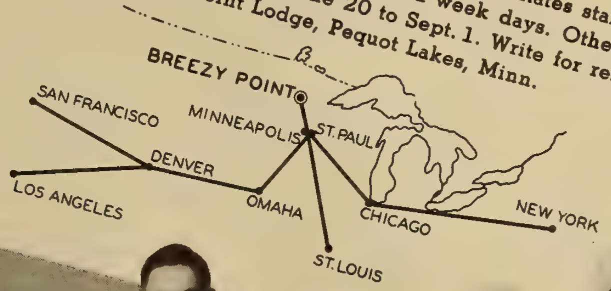


Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins



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HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS

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Life Story

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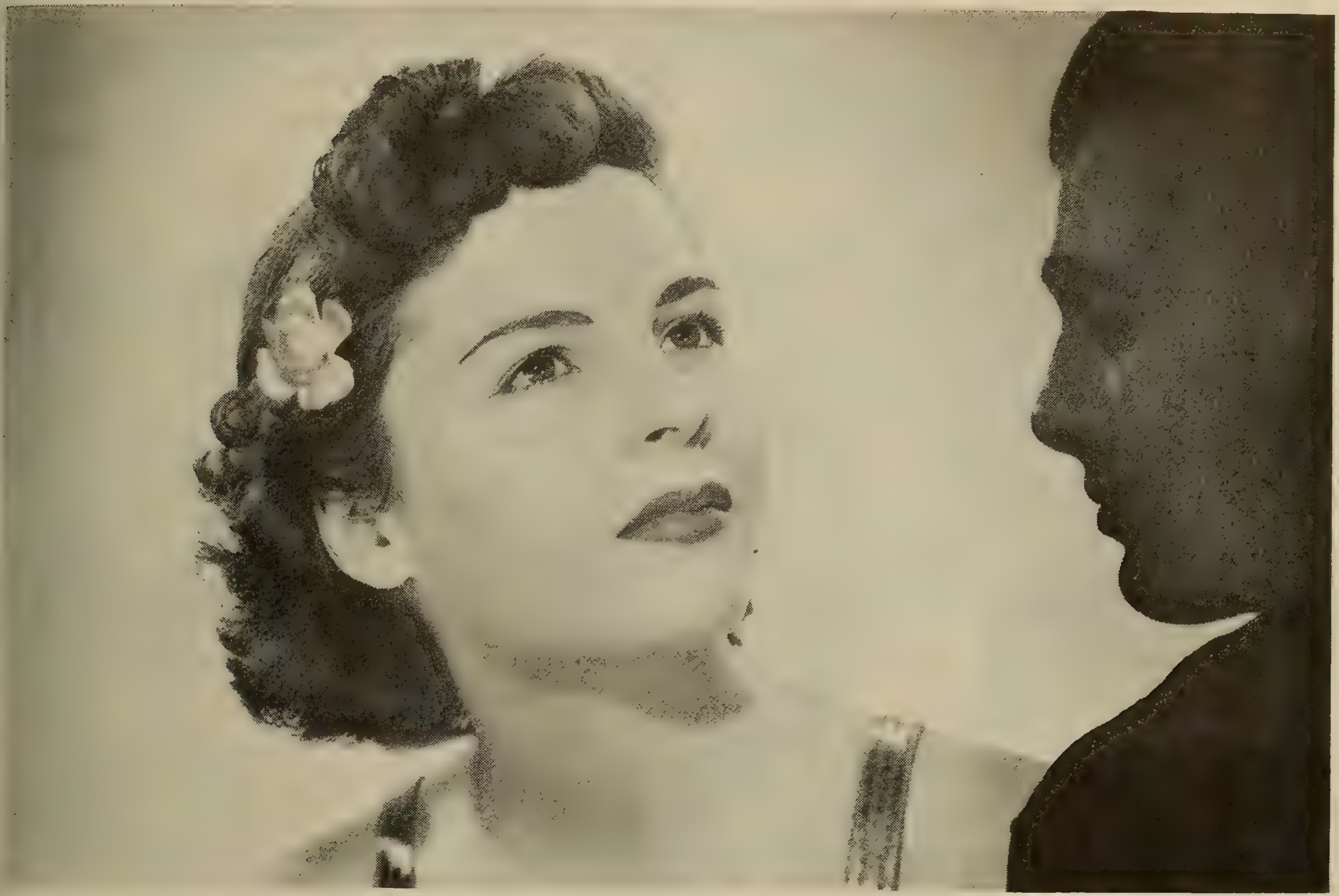
UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



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AUG 29 1940

MOTION PICTURE'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA

WATCH this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page for page, all the items of fashion significance as pictured in photos of your favorite stars. For instance . . .

Ann Sheridan (see page 25) solves the evening shoe problem for all tall girls. Low heeled wedgie sandals flatter the feet and legs, won't add unneeded inches to your height. Choose yours in silver or gold kid, or have white silk ones dyed to match or contrast with your pet gown. Grecian sandals tied with ribbons or heavy silk cord are smart and foot flattering, too.

Joan Crawford (see page 31) wears a ring around a rosy finger—and what a ring! Huge square cut or emerald cut diamonds (Sonja Henie's engagement ring is emerald cut) look like money, but you needn't be a millionaire to have an impressive ring. Clusters of small diamonds, or a small square cut stone surrounded by baguettes, look big and don't cost much. See your jeweler, when you pick your engagement ring, and see for yourself!

Mary Beth Hughes (see page 37) knows the simple flattery of a laced peasant bodice and rick-rack braid. Try running white rick-rack around hem and sleeves, or collar and cuff of a black dress. Or even a navy one. Navy or Night Flight Blue is smart this Fall—wear it with cinnamon or Indian Summer Brown, or with deep, dark Scarecrow Grey.

Bette Davis and Dana Dale (see page 39) set the style with their new ladylike pompadour hair-dos. Dana wears bows in hers—to catch a beau for sure. Flattering lingerie ruching at the neck of her period type gown makes a smart contrast to bold checks. Reticule evening bag (see page 40 for clearer photo) has shape many daytime suedes follow.

Bette Davis (see page 43) thinks the bigger the earring, the better. You may not wear half inch diamond clusters like hers, but do go in for mammoth pearls, and for earrings of metal and stone as big as a quarter.

Ann Sothern (see page 51) wears a summer weight pinafore in sunny California—but you can wear one, in light wool or gabardine, as variation to class going jumpers, or simply around the house. Cotton pinafores are smart over sweater and skirt combinations.

Jon Hall (see page 50) lets you infringe on his property, to borrow his leather jerkin or the fringe from it! Fringe is smart on dressy dresses, to give that sleeky, slinky slim silhouette we're hearing about.

Laraine Day (see page 50) teases with stripes that are smarter than ever for Fall. Wear them in skirts, jackets, dresses, and prove you know your lines.

Martha Scott (see page 52) wears a big, big hat for her role in *The Howards of Virginia*. You can wear just as flattering a "brimmer," trimmed with feathers, fur or lacy veil, with dressy cape suits, afternoon frocks.

MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX. No. 3 OCTOBER, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

Making Over Mickey .... *Dan Camp* 21
Your Hollywood—And Mine (No. 2—Great Glamor Girls) *Louella O. Parsons* 22
Is Love Incidental to Ginger? .... *John Reese* 26
What I'll Fight For—Robert Taylor .... *James Reid* 27
Giving Joan the Works .... *Louis Raymond* 31
So Red the Face .... *James F. Scheer* 32
So You Think YOU Like the Movies! .... *Virginia Cloud* 46

Personalities

She Won't Depend on the Landis Line .... *Gladys Hall* 28
What's Ahead for Dorothy Lamour? .... *Jack Holland* 36
A Fugitive from Hard Work (Charlie Ruggles) .... *Roger Carroll* 41
The Dean Sounds Off (Dean Jagger) .... *Leon Surmelian* 42
Life Is Reel—Life Is Ernst .... *E. J. Smithson* 45

Pictorial Features

Priscilla Lane 19
Gary Cooper 29
Errol Flynn 30
Mary Beth Hughes 37
It Was a Big Night for Jeffrey Lynn 38
Bette Davis 43
Martha Scott 52

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler .... *Harry Lang* 6
Stars Over Broadway .... *Dorothy Lubou* 12
Picture Parade 14
The Talk of Hollywood 50
Hollywood's Trick Parties 65
Men Behind the Stars—Clarence Brown 74
On the Sets with the Stars 77
Prize Letters 99
Between Ourselves .... *Larry Reid* 100

To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips 17
Fall Firsts .... *Candida* 34
Checking Up for Fall 48
Packing Your Lunch Away .... *Mrs. Christine Frederick* 53
Going to Your Head .... *Denise Caine* 54

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Fan QUIZ!

QUESTION

1 In what picture does Bing Crosby croon "That's for Me" to a lovely lady who used to admit publicly that her "Heart Belongs to Daddy?"

2 Who are known as "the most happily married couple in Hollywood?" And in what romantic comedy do they play the roles of very quarrelsome but very loving newlyweds?

3 What nationally known screen and radio character has a new girl, not to mention a new pal who is a terrific scene stealer?

4 What girl is fortunate enough in what moving picture version of a Joseph Conrad masterpiece to spend a week alone on a South Sea Island with Fredric March?

5 Who is the lovely English-born beauty who steals Fred MacMurray's heart in the big new outdoors adventure picture directed by Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips," "Our Town") Wood. And what Daughter of the Dust Bowl makes news by playing a terrific kid role in the same picture?

ANSWER...

1 Bing Crosby sings "That's for Me" to Mary Martin in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River," the big streamlined musical which also stars Basil Rathbone, with Oscar Levant.

2 Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, of course, the stars of Paramount's "I Want a Divorce," the picture Hollywood is raving about as setting Joan and Dick firmly on the comeback trail.

3 Henry Aldrich, America's new Peck's Bad Boy, played by Jackie Cooper, has Boston and Broadway's cute little Leila Ernst, success of "Too Many Girls" for a girl friend, and Eddie Bracken, also a star of the same New York hit show, as his pal in "Life With Henry" starring the Aldrich Family

4 Fredric March in Paramount's all-star production of Joseph Conrad's immortal "Victory" welcomes Betty Field to his private island paradise in the South Seas and starts a thrilling series of romantic adventures in which Sir Cedric Hardwicke and other famous name players play exciting parts.

5 Patricia Morison corrals the hard-boiled heart of Fred MacMurray in Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune," the Sam Wood action adventure drama of three rough, tough sons of the Old Border Country, "Rangers of Fortune." Betty Brewer, the little Okie kid, discovered singing on the Los Angeles streets makes her film bow in this picture.

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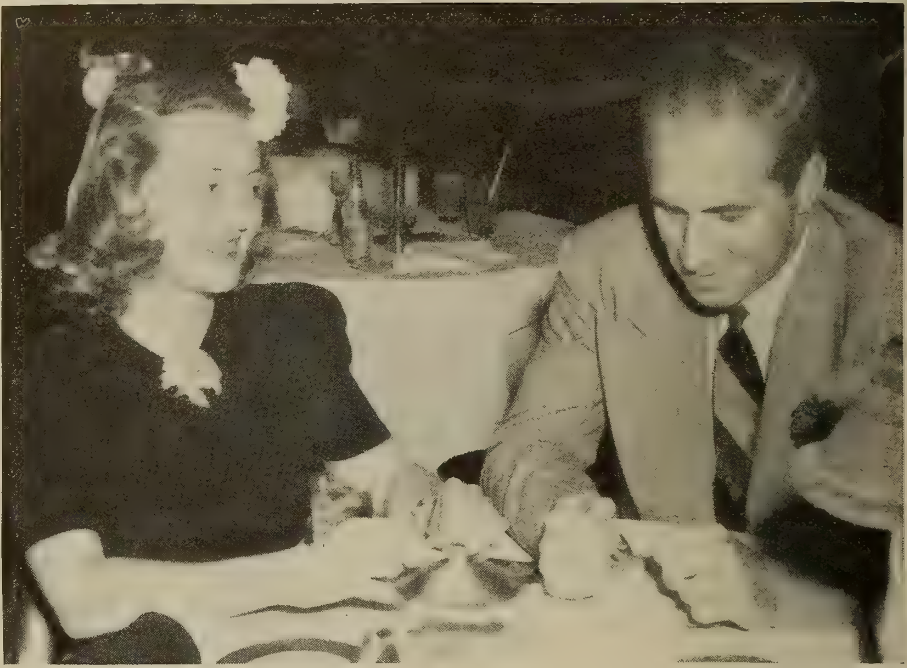
[*Continued from page* 6]



Chas. Rhodes

Dismiss rumor that Bob Taplinger, W-B studio publicity chief, and Bette Davis are serious. She gets kick seeing Bob squirm when asked, "Are you in love? Will you marry?"

Judy Canova takes her pet nanny goat for ride in rowboat, which will drift around (no oars visible) while Judy and pet go into close harmony. She's in *Scatterbrain*

with Greg Bautzer, Lana's EX, the girls haven't been speaking to each other, and all they've been exchanging are glares. Now, anybody knows that unless something was biting Lana about it, she wouldn't get peeved because Dottie was taking her EX-boy-friend out.

And so, when Lana stomped off in tears and high dudgeon the other day, and filed suit for divorce, Hollywood rose as one man and sang: "We TOLD you SO!"

No sillier than their marriage was the parting. Silliest item of all was that moment when, posing in an embrace in an effort to prove to news photographers that they were NOT breaking up, Lana lifted her head from Artie's shoulder and snapped to the reporters: "It's not true. I HATE him!"

Meantime, Greg Bautzer, although an attorney, did NOT file Lana's divorce papers. Greg, with an admirable sense of the proprieties, will have no part of the proceedings. He just keeps on going out with Dorothy Lamour.

And Betty Grable, who's supposed to have been eating her heart out because Lana took Artie away from her, continues her palsie-walsie night-club stepping with Alexis

[*Continued on page* 10]

Chas. Rhodes

Two of the screen colony's most avid race fans are Stuart Erwin and June Collyer. When racing season is on they seldom miss a day. Here at Hollywood Park Turf Club

Norman
Reilly
Raine's

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

It's the happiest new-hit news in an age!
...And the happiest WARNER BROS. hit of all!
Just wait till you see it!

MARJORIE RAMBEAU
as Annie
ALAN HALE
cs Bullwinkle

NEW CLOTHES
NEW MAKE-UP
NEW
Irresistible You

Get into Fall . . . into new clothes . . . into exciting new make-up, harmonized for you by IRRESISTIBLE. Exquisitely blended in brilliant new fashion colors. IRRESISTIBLE WHIP-TEXT Lipstick . . . keeps lips lovelier longer. AIR-WHIPT Face Powder and Rouge . . . exclusive secret process assures an amazing new softness. Ask for the new fall shades at all 5 and 10c stores.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S *Whip-Text* TO STAY ON LONGER... SMOOTHER

10c

AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME TONIGHT

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Chas. Rhodes

The Gables really enjoy privacy of home life. So catching them stepping out is our SCOOP of the month. Here is evidence of their first and only appearance at Ciro's

Although her mommy didn't heartily agree, Carole (Beautiful Curves) Landis finally eloped with boy friend, Willis Hunt, Jr., broker. He's 28 and she's 21

Thompson, rich socialite of New York and Canada. BUT—not even for the dance sequences in *Down Argentine Way* would Betty take off that gold anklet which Artie Shaw gave her three years ago!

P. S.—Greg Bautzer sends Dot Lamour two white orchids daily, and the other night, they asked the ork leader at Ciro's to play, just for them: "I'm Getting Sentimental Over YOU."

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Patricia Morison and Matty Fox—
Each has the other's heart in hox!

[*Continued on page* 86]

Chas. Rhodes

Here's some romantic turtle-doving that you won't be seeing anymore. The Wayne Morrises have separated and Bubbles won't have Wayne feeding her itsy-bitsies

NOW... SHE'S A DANCING ROMANCING DEANNA DURBIN

HER 8TH GREAT HIT

in a parade of perfect pictures . . . bringing you more happiness than you've ever had!

Music by
the king of
lilting melody
ROBERT
STOLZ

Lyrics by
GUS KAHN

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
presents

Deanna DURBIN in SPRING PARADE

with **ROBERT CUMMINGS**
MISCHA AUER

Butch & Buddy, Ann Gwynne,
Walter Catlett, S. Z. Sakall,
Samuel S. Hinds, Allyn Joslyn,
Reginald Denny

Produced and Directed by the
creators of her screen sensations . . .
JOE PASTERNAK
and **HENRY KOSTER**

Screenplay by Bruce Manning
and Felix Jackson

Original story—Ernst Marischka

A HENRY KOSTER PRODUCTION

RELEASED SOON! WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE!

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Phil Regan, George Raft, Martha Raye, Leo Durocher (manager of Dodgers), Bill Gaxton, Victor Moore give Raft welcome home party at The Hurricane, N. Y. night-spot in which Mr. R.'s interested

FLYING HIGH: The new Coast-to-Coast Stratoliner was properly premiered when Tyrone Power, Nancy Kelly, Brenda Joyce, Paulette Goddard and Alex Korda braved the altitude for the privilege (and publicity) of being the first passengers to enjoy the new air service . . . Not only is flying time cut down by this luxury plane, which flies at an altitude of sixteen thousand feet, but there is added comfort because of the increased size of the air liner . . . Ty, Brenda and everyone but the unpredictable Paulette, were a bit on the airsick side when they landed . . . The sight of Annabella, well again after a minor surgery at the Mount Sinai Hospital, brought back the color to Ty's pallid cheeks . . . Paulette planned to spend the day yachting with some Long Island friends . . . She arrived *sans* wardrobe so I almost believed her when she said she went along just for the ride and was returning the next day . . . We all flocked about Henry Wanger at his penthouse cocktail party, when producer-brother Walter, called up to inform him that he was about to become an uncle, come winter in Hollywood . . . Wall Street broker Henry is very fond of sister-in-law Joan Bennett. The only thing that mars their joy is the news that their uncle, refugee author Lion Feuchtwanger, has been arrested in France and will be returned to Germany to await the fate of all avowed enemies of Hitler . . . Speaking of Joan, friends report that the Gene Markey-Hedy Lamarr marriage floundered as early as the second month after the nuptials . . . Because of the I-told-you-soers, who tried to discourage Hedy's interest in Joan's former husband because they knew Gene was still in love with Joan, Hedy hesitated about an open break . . . Hedy is a glamor girl only in appearance, not in temperament, I understand . . . She likes the simple life, and adopted a child in the hope that Gene wouldn't miss his little daughter Melinda quite so much . . .

HAPPY ENDING: Saw Josh Logan and Barbara O'Neill off for a Cuban honeymoon after a wedding at the Long Island home of Barbara's parents . . . This romance goes back to the Falmouth summer stock days of Josh, Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart . . . Maggie Sullivan and Fonda were the other hand-holders who ended up at the altar . . . Josh and Barbara are sure that theirs is a happier ending . . . They waited until each had achieved the success that was so all important in those youthful days . . . Wasn't Barbara remarkable in *All This, And Heaven Too?* . . . Sonja Henie and Dan Topping having ended their Honolulu trip in an engagement, are spending a quiet summer in the Long Island country after their Chicago wedding . . . Mama Henie, for the first time in Sonja's

[*Continued on page* 76]

Wide World

Patricia Morison—who adopted her two English cousins, Ursula and Denis Skeate, for the duration of the war—came to N. Y. C. to meet them. They stroll in Park

DAINTINESS IS IMPORTANT! THIS BEAUTY BATH MAKES YOU **SURE**
IT'S SO EASY TO MAKE **SURE** OF DAINTINESS. JUST USE **LUX SOAP** FOR A LUXURIOUS DAILY BEAUTY BATH
YOU'LL LOVE **LUX SOAP'S** GENTLE **ACTIVE** LATHER- THE DELICATE CLINGING FRAGRANCE IT LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN!
CAROLE LOMBARD
STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

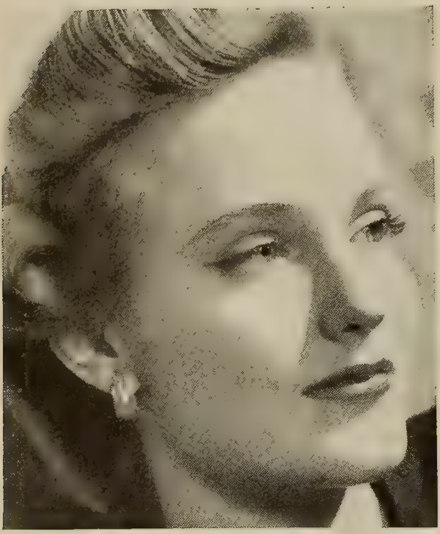
YOU will love the way a daily Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath delicately perfumes your skin—leaves it exquisitely fresh, *sweet!*

LOVELY SCREEN STARS, clever women everywhere use Lux Toilet Soap as a daily *bath* soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh from top to toe. You'll love this luxurious, *sure* way of protecting daintiness. You'll find this beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you—leaves your skin delicately perfumed, *sweet.* Just try it!

The Complexion Soap
9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th

BE YOURSELF BE NATURAL!



★ In make-up, as in all things, it is best to "Be Yourself . . . Be Natural". Use Tangee for a glorious lip color which is *yours* and *yours alone*. Tangee changes magically from orange in the stick to the ONE shade of red YOUR skin-coloring demands. That's the Tangee way to—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Your Tangee lips will be smoother ...evenly and beautifully made-up because there is NO grease-paint in Tangee . . . its pure cream base ENDS THAT "PAINTED LOOK" and helps you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ For complete make-up harmony use Tangee Face Powder and Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, as well. Then you'll

Be yourself...Be Natural

TANGEE
Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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City ____________ State ____________ F100

PICTURE PARADE

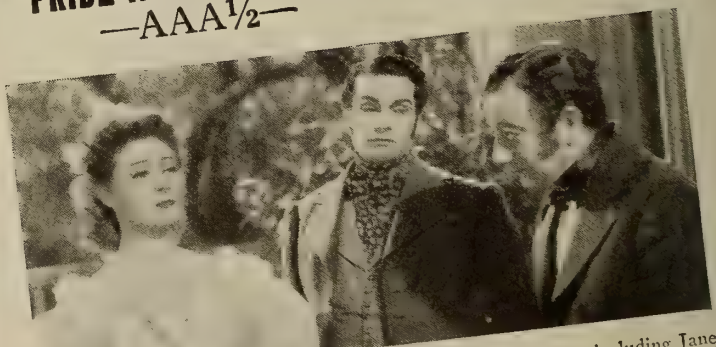
THE MAN I MARRIED

—AAA½—

Everyone—including Hollywood—has been slow in their indictment of Nazism but "better late than never," and so we applaud the movies—even if they are doing it for profit—in at last taking a stand on Hitlerism and presenting to the movie-going public its ideologies, its war aims and its persecution of minorities. You may call it propaganda—many do—but the whole world recognizes that the Nazis' greatest threat is its army of propagandists. So why not give them a dose of their own medicine? *The Man I Married* is based on *I Married a Nazi*, and while it's a fictional indictment much of the material can be recognized—if you read the papers—as the true conditions in Germany today. This is the story of an American girl (Joan Bennett) married to a German (Francis Lederer) and her experiences in the Fatherland. Joan Bennett and Lloyd Nolan, an American newspaperman, deliver the punches but all performances are excellent including Anna Sten's (a supporter of Hitlerism and the other woman), Otto Kruger's and Maria Ouspenskaya's. Don't miss this stirring, exciting *reel*ism of Germany today.—*20th Century-Fox.*

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

—AAA½—



While novelists have written volumes about the Victorian era—including Jane Austen whose *Pride and Prejudice* may well be considered the prize classic of the period—Hollywood has barely touched upon it. *Pride and Prejudice* is a comedy of manners and concentrates on the customs—especially romantic—of the *Bennets*, the *Bingleys* and the *Darcys*. Based on the dramatization by Helen Jerome, this reproduction of the Victorian age is done so well that you could hardly tell it from the original—in fact you can practically smell the lavender and feel the old lace. And Metro has given it an elegant production and cast—Greer Garson (*Elizabeth Bennet*), Laurence Olivier (*Mr. Darcy*), Mary Boland (*Mrs. Bennet*), Edna May Oliver (*Lady Catherine De Bourgh*), Maureen O'Sullivan (*Jane Bennet*), Ann Rutherford (*Lydia Bennet*), Frieda Inescort (*Miss Bingley*), Edmund Gwenn (*Mr. Bennet*), Karen Morley (*Mrs. Collins*), Heather Angel (*Kitty Bennet*), Marsha Hunt (*Mary Bennet*), Bruce Lester (*Mr. Bingley*) and Edward Ashley and Melville Cooper. Here's something really charming to add to your Victorian collection.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

DIG 'way back in your closet and pull out those old tailored dresses you're tired of, 'cause Chic has found some perfectly elegant ways to make them over into this season's latest raves . . . I got my first inspiration from little Ann Rutherford, who spends her spare time thinking up trick things to pep up the clothes she's tired of . . . The day I talked to Ann, she was wearing a plain black wool dress, made along classic shirtmaker lines . . . What lifted this dress out of the ordinary was the full-gathered apron of brightly-figured challis which she had tied around her waist with a bow in the back . . . Simple, isn't it? And there's no end to the variety you can get if you put that old imagination to work . . . If you have a plain colored cotton frock left from last summer, you can add a sarong skirt to it and be right up in the fashion parade . . . Gale Storm did that very thing with a white pique sport dress . . . She bought a huge Polynesian print cotton scarf—one of those triangular shaped things . . . Knotted around her waist with the point of the scarf hanging down the left side, she's right up to the minute with the current rave for native prints and costumes . . . Even the designers are going for this business of making two costumes in one with tie-on skirts and aprons . . . I saw Ginger Rogers at luncheon the other day wearing a costume from her latest between-seasons wardrobe . . . When I first saw Ginger, I thought she was wearing a tricky new coat, with a beige wool top, and the skirt of horizontally striped beige-to-chocolate wool. . . . Of course, I started to ooh and ah about her new coat, but Ginger put me in my place by showing me that it wasn't a coat, but a beige wool shirtmaker, with a skirt that buttoned on around the waist and gave that appearance.

IF THIS sort of thing keeps up, you're going to have to be a cross between a sleight-of-hand artist and a strip teaser to get the most out of these multiple costumes . . . Using this idea of two-in-one, I saw Constance Moore pull a fashion trick the other evening that had the rest of the Hollywood gals standing around with their mouths open . . . It was at one of those parties which last from early afternoon and cocktail time to evening dancing . . . Constance had been looking cool and smart all afternoon in a navy blue linen dress with a white pique bolero, topped off with a huge white pique cartwheel hat . . . Just before dancing started I went to the little girls' room to freshen up with some make-up. And there was Constance, buttoning a white pique floor-length flounce to the hem of her blue linen dress! . . . The buttons were concealed on the underside of the hem and when Connie finished her dressing by taking off her hat and pinning a diamond-and-sapphire clip in her hair, you would have thought she had just arrived freshly-dressed for the evening.

SPEAKING of make-up, Paulette Goddard created quite a sensation at the Victor Hugo the other after dark by wearing midnight *blue* lipstick and powder with a bluish tint . . . But let me warn you that it's a trick only a Goddard could use, so don't try it out on the boy friend if you expect to keep him hanging around . . . However, something he *will* go for is the use of fresh flowers . . . I don't mean a corsage which he will have to buy himself, but just the casual use of a few blooms you pick from your own garden . . . At least Anna Neagle didn't lack for admirers the other night when she wore a full skirted organza gown with a single rose pinned in the folds of the skirt, just below the waist . . . Anna told me that she changes the flowers to fit her mood. When she feels particularly gay, she uses a nosegay of field flowers. . . . I talked to a Hollywood florist the other day who told me that Anne Shirley has a tiny straw hat which she has him pin fresh flowers on . . . The day I was there he had just finished making a crown of tiny yellow rosebuds for her to wear to a dinner party . . . Speaking of Anne Shirley, she told me of a trick she uses with what she calls "foundation hats" that she thought you'd like to know about . . . These foundation hats are knotted turbans of silk jersey—one white and one navy blue . . . For wear with a dinner suit, Anne pins a jeweled pin in the center front, rajah style . . . The same turban, with a pottery or wood pin is just the thing to wear with sports clothes.

Mlle. Chic

S.O.S. — S.O.S.
Swell Music—but Wrong Girl

Stay popular! Every day..and before every date prevent underarm odor with Mum

IT WAS such swell music—and such a should-have-been swell girl! But just a *hint* of underarm odor—even in a pretty girl—and men are quick to notice . . . certain to disapprove!

To *stay* popular . . . from the beginning of the evening till it's time to go home . . . smart girls make a *habit* of Mum. It's never wise to expect your *bath* to keep underarms fresh! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor. Mum every day saves you worry—makes you "nice" to be *near!*

More girls use Mum than any other deodorant . . . and Mum makes new, delighted users every single day! You'll be sure to like Mum for dependability and—

SPEED! Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor *for hours!*

SAFETY! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to *any* kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

LASTING CHARM! Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration, but by preventing the *odor*. Get Mum today at your druggist's. Use it every day. Then you need never worry that underarm odor is spoiling your charm.

MUM AFTER EVERY BATH SAVES POPULARITY

BUT..WHY TAKE SUCH CHANCES, PEG? MUM AFTER YOUR BATH PREVENTS UNDERARM ODOR!
TO HERSELF: I'VE GOT JEAN – AND MUM – TO THANK THAT BILL'S IN LOVE!

For Sanitary Napkins
More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)

BEAUTY CREED:

"I'd rather have a beautifully-cared-for skin than Beauty." So you asserted pridefully—rightfully.

And, contrariwise, this beautifully-cared-for skin of yours proclaims you a Beauty!

For no girl who exercises such care of her skin—joyously and meticulously—ever fails to exercise similar care of two other aspects of her person which, indeed, set off her skin's beauty. Namely, the shining sculptured glory of her well-kept hair, the chic simplicity of her dress.

All three are matters of Taste. Games of Skill!

Play *your* part in the exciting game of skin care with enthusiasm and with a wise head—and you will have exciting rewards. Play it, as do many members of our foremost families, according to the authoritative rules laid down by Pond's:

There are five moves in this stimulating Game. Each has its definite intention, its ample rewards.

WOMAN-SKIN

so different from a man's in its compelling softness . . . its ineffably tender look and feel. Instinct-wise, women since time began have nurtured and protected the priceless heritage of flower-fresh skin, made it a true and natural accent of their essential femininity.

QUICK RELEASE—Bury your face under lush, luxurious Pond's Cold Cream, and *spank* it forthrightly for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes—with cream-wreathed fingers. Pond's *mixes* with the dried, dead cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on the surface of your skin, softens and sets them free.

REMOVAL—Clean off the softened debris with the white tenderness of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off also are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

REPEAT—A second time spank your face with cream-softened fingers. This spanking increases both the actions of Pond's Cold Cream—cleansing and softening. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Notice that superficial lines seem less noticeable—pores look finer.

COOL ASTRINGENCE—Now splash with cool, fragrant Pond's Skin Freshener, slapped on with cotton dripping wet.

SMOOTH FINISH—Last, mask your face with a downy coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's specific duty is to disperse remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, leaving your skin silky, smooth, pliant! Wipe off after one full minute for the richest rewards. Then observe with what ease your skin receives its powder, how surprisingly it holds it.

Play this through at least once daily—before retiring or during the day. Repeat it in abbreviated form when your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily rules for a fresh and flower-soft skin.

Send for Trial Case. **Forward at once the coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 6-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Please send me a complete Pond's kit of the 3 Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.**

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY (THE FORMER MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY), like many other members of distinguished American families, has for years observed the Pond's rules for skin care

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th

MAKING OVER MICKEY

THE MICKEY OF TODAY HAS HAD A LONG LOOK AT THE MICKEY OF YESTERDAY, AND HAS BLOSSOMED INTO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN. BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HIS CUT-UP DAYS ARE BEHIND HIM. NOW GROWN UP, HE'S MISTER ROONEY TO YOU!

By **DAN CAMP**

JUST about the time you read this, Mickey Rooney will be 20 years old! And now, pretty soon, they're going to have to do something about changing his name—again!

Not only just because he's 20 years old. But because, in addition to growing up in the matter of years and stature, Mickey Rooney has at last grown up mentally as well! Mickey Rooney, believe it or not, is stepping out of that pestiferously sophomoric, smart-alecky, militant cut-uppishness of his, and blossoming out into (of ALL unexpected things!) a young GENTLEMAN! And you simply can't go on calling a young GENTLEman "Mickey," can you?

So it looks as though, along with all the other metamorphoses that seem to be piling into young Rooney's life, he is facing, once again in his kaleidoscopic career, a change of name.

For after all, as you may or may not know, Mickey Rooney is NOT his name. His real name is Yule—Joe Yule, Junior. But because Joe Yule is his Dad's stage name as well as his true name, young Joe never did use the cognomen in his professional career. TWO Joe Yule's would have been too confusing.

First they just called him "Sonny"—which was when in his early years, he toddled around the stage with his old man.

Then when his pa and ma separated, Ma brought him to Hollywood, and one day when a producer needed a young kid to play the role of *Mickey McGuire* after the comic-cartoon character of Fontaine Fox, she blacked his ropy hair with shoe polish and took him to the studio and he got the job. It fitted him and he fitted it so well that he adopted the name of Mickey McGuire for his own professional name—and got tough, too, because Mickey McGuire was the toughest kid in his neighborhood.

It's taken Rooney a long time to grow out of that—even though he had to ditch the name of

[*Continued on page* 64]

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

No. 2 GREAT GLAMOR GIRLS of YESTERDAY and TODAY

WE CALL the girls with Oomph or what have you today, "glamorous." In the old days we said they were "vamps" and when Dorothy Dalton, Louise Glaum, Betty Blythe and Theda Bara led the sex parade we never thought to speak of them as having Oomph. In 1940 the word "vamp" is obsolete and so we call the girls who bring their admirers into the theatres Glamor Queens—and let it go at that.

It would sound funny to say Ann Sheridan is a vamp or that Lana Turner vamped her screen boy friends. Yet these two occupy the place once held by the earlier queens of torrid emotions—the first being Theda Bara, born in Cincinnati as Theodosia Goodman, a nice Jewish girl until William Fox changed her, by a simple twist of the wrist, into an Egyptian!

The first time I saw Theda was in Chicago on a day when the temperature was at fever heat. It was so hot, that poor as I was, I treated myself to a taxi for my appointment, because I was afraid I would drop over from the combination of the thermometer and Theda. La Bara was staying at the Blackstone Hotel and when I arrived there I found Ben Hecht of the *News*, and Mae Tinee, of the *Tribune*, also waiting to see the mystery lady.

Finally, after a proper wait, we were admitted to the Presence. Although it was midday, the room was in darkness with the exception of a single light—and in its ray, believe it or not, sat the Original Sex Queen swathed to her teeth in furs, regally waiting to receive us at the foot of her improvised throne! Her press agent loudly informed us that Her Egyptian Highness could not get used to our American weather!

Theda held out her hand, and with the air of the approach of slaves kneeling before the Queen, we went through all the necessary motions waiting until we reached the sidewalk to explode. Our roars of laughter could have been heard a mile. So you see Greta Garbo is not the first "mystery woman" concocted to impress reporters—though Greta, of course, never went to the Bara extremes.

Later, to the credit of Theda, she took down her back hair and told me how she hated all this silly build-up. She was a perfectly normal woman who loved the theatre, people and having fun, but Fox wouldn't let her appear in public without veils, chalk-white make-up and a weird red mouth. Just to prove that she didn't live on canary bird tongues and caviar, Theda used to feed me corn beef and cabbage behind locked doors in her studio dressing room.

I must add that she did ample justice to the meal and so did I. That was before I had to worry about my figure and certainly Theda didn't worry about hers because she was on the plumpish, seductive side—and nobody cared.

Theda's masterpiece, *A Fool There Was,* just about finished her because the world was growing up and vamps who lived in the shadow of the Sphinx were becoming out of date. Louise Glaum, a little later, was dubbed exotic and eccentric but neither she nor Betty Blythe was forced to go through the rigamarole with which the Fox company surrounded Theda.

DOROTHY DALTON was one of the first of movie vamps to prove that you could have a sense of humor and still be called a movie siren. Dorothy

Gloria Swanson was the greatest glamor girl of Yesterday. She may go down in movie history as the greatest of them all

Oomph girls of today are called glamorous. Yesterday they were called vamps. Betty Blythe vamped plenty in *Queen of Sheba*

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Six years ago Jean Harlow was queen of glamor girls. Miss Parsons doubts new crop can replace her. She lived 26 intense years

Theda Bara was the queen of vamps in the silent era—and what a vamp! She was the first mystery woman

A few years ago Corinne Griffith dazzled you with her breath-taking loveliness. No star could take a more gorgeous photo. Is now retired to private life—happily married

Barbara LaMarr, considered "too beautiful," sacrificed her life in dieting to slenderize her figure

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

At height of career Clara Bow was named "It" girl. Her dynamic personality made her favorite of army, navy, marines, collegians

loved to laugh and she openly ridiculed her seductive movie shadow.

I remember traveling on the same train with her. She was starting to put on weight but she said she would diet two days before the picture started and not a minute before. "Then I starve myself so Tom Ince won't scold," she laughed. Tom Ince was her boss and produced most of her pictures. Dorothy was most attractive with her dimples and her charming smile and in a way I think she was something of the Ann Sothern of her day.

Just a little after Dorothy, Gloria Swanson soared to fame—and it was Gloria who knocked the American paying-customers cold with her tricky hair-dos and her magnificent gowns. Gloria, in one grand leap, jumped from Sennett slapstick comedies to a De Mille bathroom—and I don't mean what you mean!

Of course, I knew Gloria long before she wore a Sennett bathing suit or became the swanky Marquise de la Falaise. I met her first when she left high school in Chicago to apply for a job at Essanay. She was the daughter of Captain Joseph Swanson and although her family was not rich they really didn't want her to seek a movie career.

Gloria was pretty—but more than mere prettiness she had a fascinating personality. Her tip-tilted nose, her big ice-water clear eyes and the way she wore her clothes all impressed the man who hired the talent. (We hadn't yet reached the dignity of the

Billie Dove was a rival beauty of Corinne Griffith a few years ago. And like Corinne she photographed like a million dollars. Now retired to a happy married life

casting director.) I was called out to look over the newcomer and the smile Gloria turned on me, hoping to win my favor, would have melted an Eskimo's heart.

Well, Gloria was given a small part in the *Swedie* comedies—and the first thing our new leading lady did was to fall head over heels in love with Swedie himself—Wally Beery—who was frankly, bored to death with her! He spent every spare minute trying to get away from the persistent Gloria.

"Don't tell her I am going down to the drugstore for a soda," Wally would say, but Gloria watched him with the vigilance of a Northwest Mountie after his man.

Finally, when Wally left to join Mack Sennett, Gloria followed and won. They were married soon after she arrived on the Coast. True, she nabbed Wally, but it didn't last long. She had her side and plenty and he claims he did, too—anyway that is ancient history.

IN rapid succession Gloria married Herbert Somborn, daddy of the famous Brown Derby restaurants, the Marquis de la Falaise, and Michael Farmer. She was the first glamor star to have a baby at the height of her career and what a sensation Baby Gloria caused. Gloria was always a wonderful mother. Her children had everything and even when times were hard for her, because she didn't know how to save money, her three youngsters had the best of everything.

In speaking of Glamor Girls—perhaps Gloria will go down in movie history as the greatest of them all. Certainly there never was anything to compare to her [*Continued on page* 58]

Lana Turner, who vies with Ann Sheridan as glamor queen, has dash and fire to make movie history if she'll just practice more self-control

Ann Sheridan as Oomph girl occupies place once held by vamps of Yesterday, though she lacks gift for creating headlines—like old-timers—in offscreen romances

IS LOVE INCIDENTAL TO GINGER?

GINGER ROGERS MAY BE MARRYING SOON AGAIN. BUT DON'T MAKE ANY BETS THAT SHE'LL LET NEW LOVE UPSET CAREER

By JOHN REESE

HOWARD HUGHES breaks flying records. George Stevens makes pictures. A mysterious third man now linked with Ginger Rogers in romance rumors may be a whiz at doing whatever he does. But this writer is betting that none of these men will be able to make Ginger forget career. Or even relegate career to second place in her life.

Not that she mightn't up and marry one of them. Or—more likely—one of several other eligibles she knows.

"I may marry again some day, if love comes to me. But I shall certainly never give up my career."

That's about as significant a statement as Ginger, generous with her quotes on most subjects, has given out about love.

Her very reticence makes me suspect that Ginger knows, only too well, that love must remain incidental in her life. Incidental to career. If she does recognize this as a dictum of her fate, she isn't likely to go out of her way telling people about it.

On the other hand, she may not recognize it. She cannot stand off and view her own life in its true perspective; no one can. If she could, she would read there, in large letters, a declaration of independence from the statement laid down in Byron's famous quotation:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."

Ginger's tremendous ambition, far greater, more intense than that of most other stars I know, dominated her early in life. Her first beau, a schoolmate named Charlie, didn't want freckled, serious, pigtailed Ginger to concentrate so fiercely on perfecting tap dances. Ginger continued to concentrate. Through marriages to Jack Pepper and Lew Ayres, she drove on toward goals of professional achievement. The same soul-driving ambition dominates her life now, and will

[*Continued on page* 62]

WHAT I'LL FIGHT FOR--ROBERT TAYLOR

By JAMES REID

THERE ARE PLENTY OF THINGS BOB'LL FIGHT FOR IF WE HAVE TO GO TO WAR. HE SPEAKS OUT LIKE HE NEVER SPOKE BEFORE

A NEWSPAPER lay on the desk in Robert Taylor's redwood-paneled dressing room. From its front page screamed the news of the day: *British Fight Off New Air Attack . . . Fleets Clash Off Sicily . . . Russia Makes New Threats . . . Japan Demands U. S. Apology . . . Mystery Sub Sighted Off Panama Canal. . . .*

How did a typical young American, of fighting age, feel about it all?

Bob took his eyes off the newspaper, and said humorously, "It's certainly wrecking my golf game. I haven't cracked 90 for a month. It's even getting hard for me to keep my mind on my movie-making."

He flipped up the cover of a box on the desk at his elbow, took out a cigarette, lighted it. Seriously, he said:

"Right now I'm making a story called *Escape,* which is about some people trying to get to a place where they can live freely and peacefully. That's a little ironic. There isn't a place in the world today where anybody can go and escape what's happening.

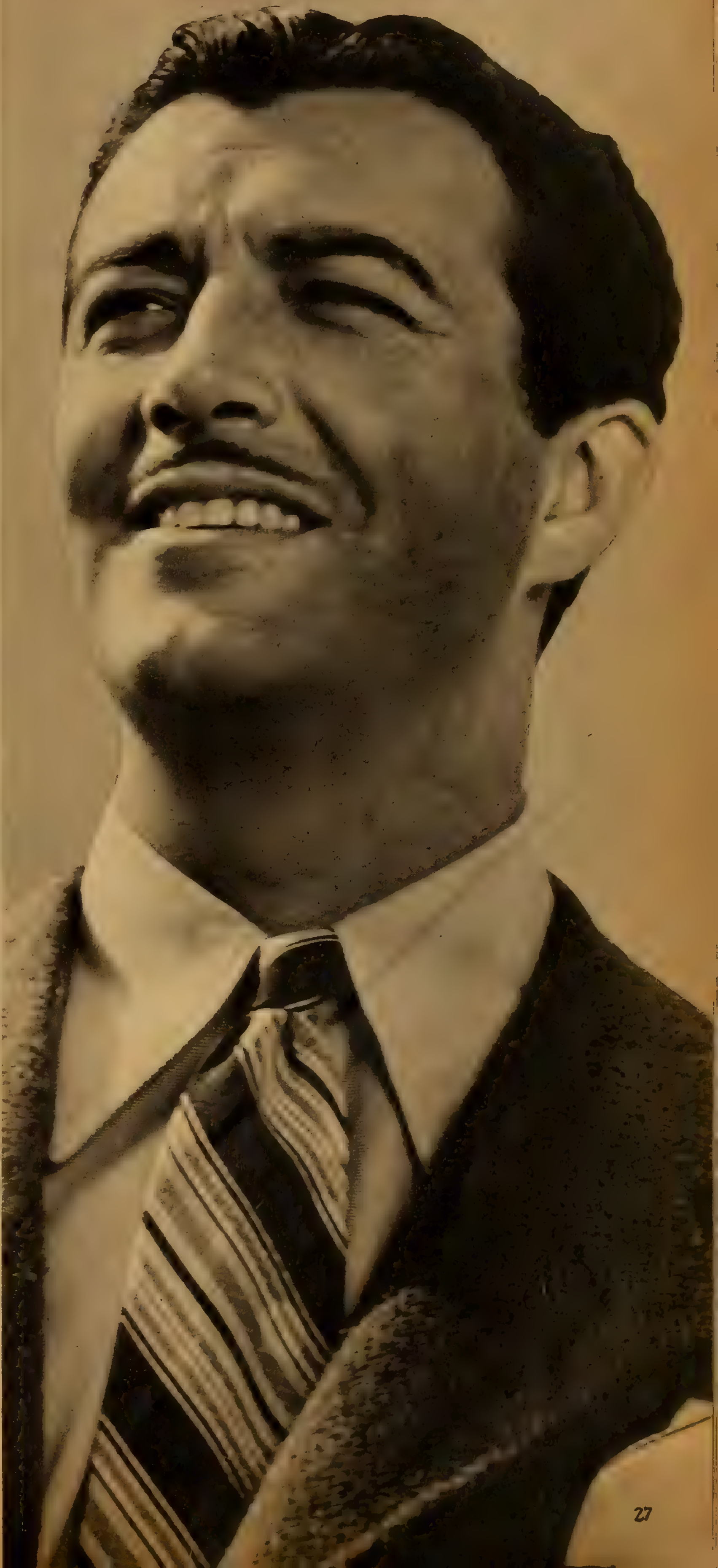
"You can't put on blinders and refuse to see what's happening. You can't plug up your ears and refuse to hear what's happening. You've got to stop, look and listen, and ask yourself, 'What kind of part do I want to play in all this?' "

His mouth twisted into what looked like an apologetic grin.

"I'm a glutton for seeing and hearing, myself," he said. "I stay up late, and get up early, so I'll have time to read the papers. And every time our favorite newsreel theatre changes its bill, Barbara and I gulp our dinner, so we can get to the first show. I even go back and see the same show over. And wonder why I have insomnia.

"I wonder why everybody doesn't have insomnia.

"We think of ourselves as a nation too big and too powerful and too far away for any aggressor to tackle. We're big, all right. Most of Europe would fit inside Texas. We have all kinds of room here, all kinds of natural resources, all kinds of wealth. But we're not too far away to tackle. Not if they can get [*Continued on page* 60]



SHE WON'T DEPEND ON THE LANDIS LINE

By GLADYS HALL

Carole is part Norwegian, part Polish—and 21. She eloped at 15, won divorce. Is married again

Carole wants to play big roles like Bette Davis. You'll make her mad if you call her "Ping" Girl

JUST BECAUSE CAROLE LANDIS HAS A FIGURE SHE DOESN'T WANT YOU TO THINK SHE CAN'T ACT. SHE INTENDS TO BUILD A CAREER ON TALENT—NOT ON SEDUCTIVE SPECIFICATIONS

THE physical measurements of Miss Carole Landis, as of 1940 A.D. are truly as you beheld them as of *1,000,000 B.C.* and are as follows:

Height, 5′ 5¾
Bust, 36½
Waist, 25
Hips, 36
Lower Arm, 8
Thigh, 21
Calf, 13
Ankle, 8
Upper Arm, 9½
Wrist, 5¾

Added to these seductive specifications, Carole is part Norwegian, part Polish. She is the tender age of twenty-one. She has that pale-gold hair, gray-blue eyes, one of those milky skins you'd love to touch, oh, and how! She weighs 118 pounds, wears a size 6 shoe, a size 6½ glove, a size 21½ hat.

For these reasons, sufficient reasons as ever were, I'd say, the publicity department at the Hal Roach Studio went into the beauty blitzkrieg, stormed the ramparts of the vocabulary in their efforts to find *the* word to describe this poem of symmetry and, their search unavailing, they took flight into the torrid zones of their imaginations and came out with the adjective "Ping!"

Miss Landis, they gasped triumphantly, would be known as the "Ping" Girl. But Miss [*Continued on page* 78]

Gary Cooper

Being in *North West Mounted Police*, Gary will not only get his man, but his woman, too, lovely Madeleine Carroll

Errol Flynn

Having won *Donna Maria* in *The Sea Hawk*, Flynn flew to Mexico. To try his luck with its Spanish senoritas?

GIVING JOAN THE WORKS

JOAN CRAWFORD BARES HER NEWEST PLANS. SHE ALSO BARES HER TOOTSIES WHICH ARE GIVEN THE WORKS IN A FIFTH AVENUE BEAUTY SALON

By LOUIS RAYMOND

IT WAS an unconventional interview, to say the least. But then Joan Crawford is an unconventional person. To choose a New York apartment, of all places, in which to spend the summer, to do her own marketing at the corner chain grocery, renew the friendships of her old Winter Garden chorus girl days would be sufficient to mark her down as different.

When, however, she selects the innermost isolation of a pedicuring parlor for a chat with your prying correspondent—it is indisputable proof of the girl's dislike of formality.

There was nothing about the setting, let it be said here and now, to suggest lavender and old lace. From my observations Joan doesn't go in for old lace, and I, assuredly, do not go in for lavender. It was a job that had to be done. It was strictly in the line of duty. If Joan's toes seem to intrude too much in this story it is because they were too close to a heel.

It was a humid, breezeless afternoon—the kind that in New York usually prefaces an electric storm. I had reached the large beauty salon in a Fifth Avenue department store a few minutes ahead of time in order to acclimate myself to glamor-in-the-making. I took a seat in the reception lounge. Show cases gleamed with cosmetics of every shade and hue and aroma. Girls in white uniforms bustled about. A few men with white robes such as surgeons wear in operating rooms darted here and there. There was about the scene something of the studied casualness of a musical comedy.

Indeed, the whole setting, in decor, in ensemble, in the air of exciting triviality conveyed, suggested the first act of a new Rodgers and Hart show. Only music was lacking. In a few minutes, of course, after the proper suspense had been built up, the star would enter, and the show would get really under way. Sure enough, presently, Joan Crawford bounced in with springy step, with just a hint of a stoop, sat down for a moment upstage right beside your hero. She looked taller than her 5 feet, 5 inches in height. Maybe, it was her grey woolen frock of simple

[*Continued on page 72*]

Joan was searching for Broadway play while in New York. In last film *Susan and God* she wears trick clothes (see left). She admits role of *Susan* is her best so far

Clark Gable

Judy Garland

SO

By

JAMES F. SCHEER

AN EMOTION such as embarrassment, whether it acts upon you or Greta Garbo, lasts less than one-tenth of a second in the human mind, say authorities. But its colorful accompaniment, the blush—which, contrary to sophisticates, didn't go out with good Queen Victoria—lingers on. And the memory of the embarrassing moment lingers even longer.

You don't have to page through psychology texts for proof. And neither does Robert Taylor, who, among scores of other Hollywood headliners, finds his memory better than he wants it to be. A number of years ago while working with Greta Garbo in *Camille,* Taylor's face went the gamut from white to rosy red.

It was one of the early love scenes, and Bob was anxious that it come off well. A number of M-G-M front-office officials sat at the edge of the set to see the Garbo-Taylor team in action. The script said he would have to carry Miss Garbo to a silk-covered soft couch and lay her down tenderly. Whistle blew; they began rolling 'em, and Bob lifted Greta. There was a love-light in his eyes, which were focused where they should have been—on Garbo's face.

Things went all right as far as he went. He set her down satisfactorily—with the exception of a small detail. The couch wasn't there!

Even the great are not immune to embarrassment. It is a well-known fact that if the sole of a star's shoe comes in contact with a slippery banana peel, he or she will loop the loop as well as any of us parishioners.

We need only dig into their pasts to find that they have as long an embarrassment record as we have—are as vulnerable to conversational blunders, circumstantial blunders, and gags as the best and worst of us.

We may admire or even love them, but this in-

Louis Hayward

Lynn Bari

RED THE FACE

JUST LIKE YOU, OR EVEN YOU, MOVIE STARS HAVE THEIR EMBARRASSING MOMENTS WHEN THEY BLUSH A DEEP ROSY RED. HERE ARE SAMPLE CASES

controvertible fact remains: they are not gods and goddesses. They are human beings with as much *embarrassability* as the rest of us.

LYNN BARI, who did a dandy job in *Lillian Russell*, proved this the first time she went to the Cocoanut Grove. It was her first formal date—the big benefit for Mary Blackford—so she bought a dress that was fire-truck red and had a long train. For effect she stopped at the head of the stairs that lead into the Grove, looking poised and regal—deliberately late because she'd read about "entrances."

She didn't have time to say "whoops" when she tripped on her train and, before hundreds of celebrities, bumpity-bumped down the whole flight, ending up on her shock-absorber just short of Comedy Producer Mack Sennett's table.

Blushingly, she scrambled to her feet, bowed low to the roaring patrons, and hid her hurt pride and other things by saying, "Maybe Mr. Sennett can use me to double in pratt-fall scenes."

Bon mots of the Noel Coward type that ease one from an embarrassing spot do not readily slip from the tip of the tongue; so more than one star has had to join in with laughers to save his face.

Clark Gable would just as soon let the past rest in peace so far as the picture *San Francisco* is concerned. Not because he didn't play one of his greatest roles. It was a shooting of the earthquake scene that neither he nor 500

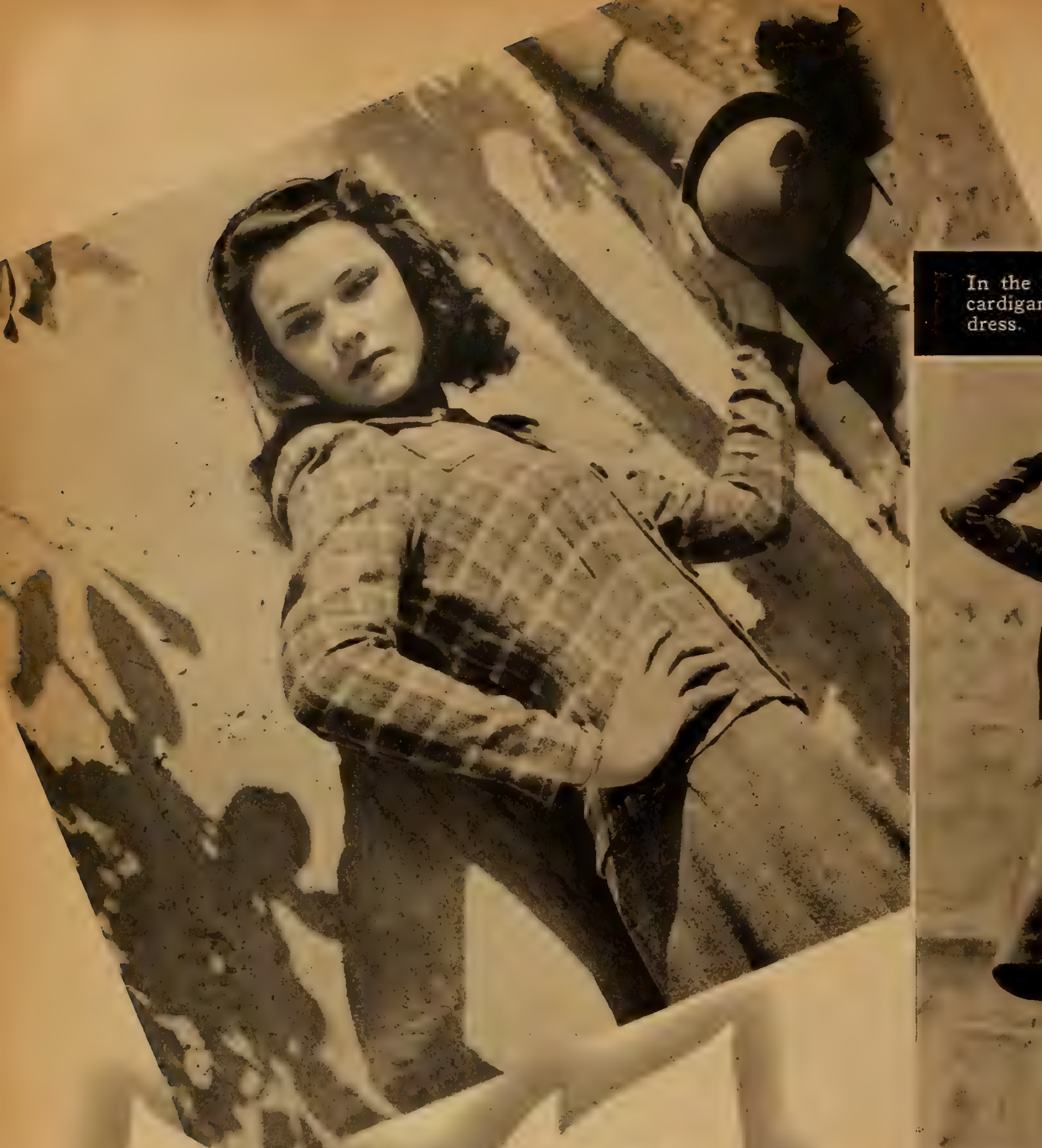
[*Continued on page 66*]

Betty Field

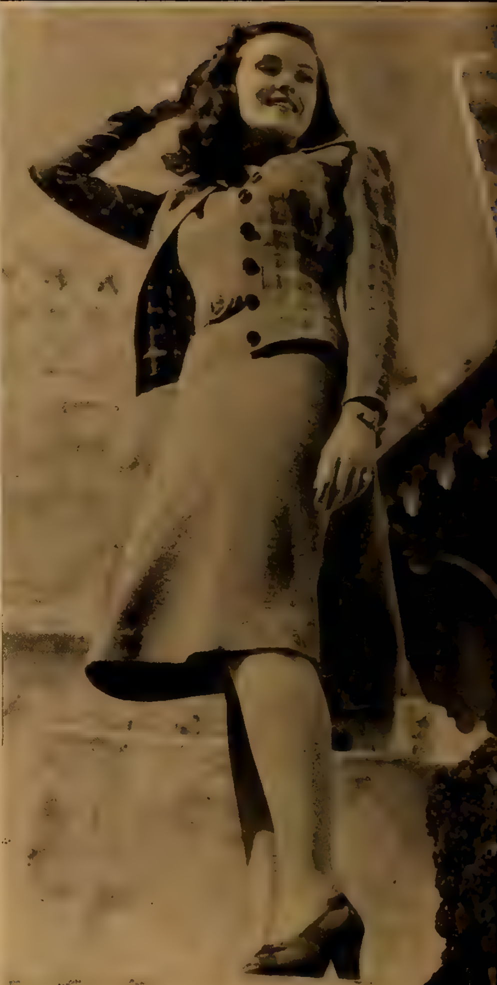
Norma Shearer

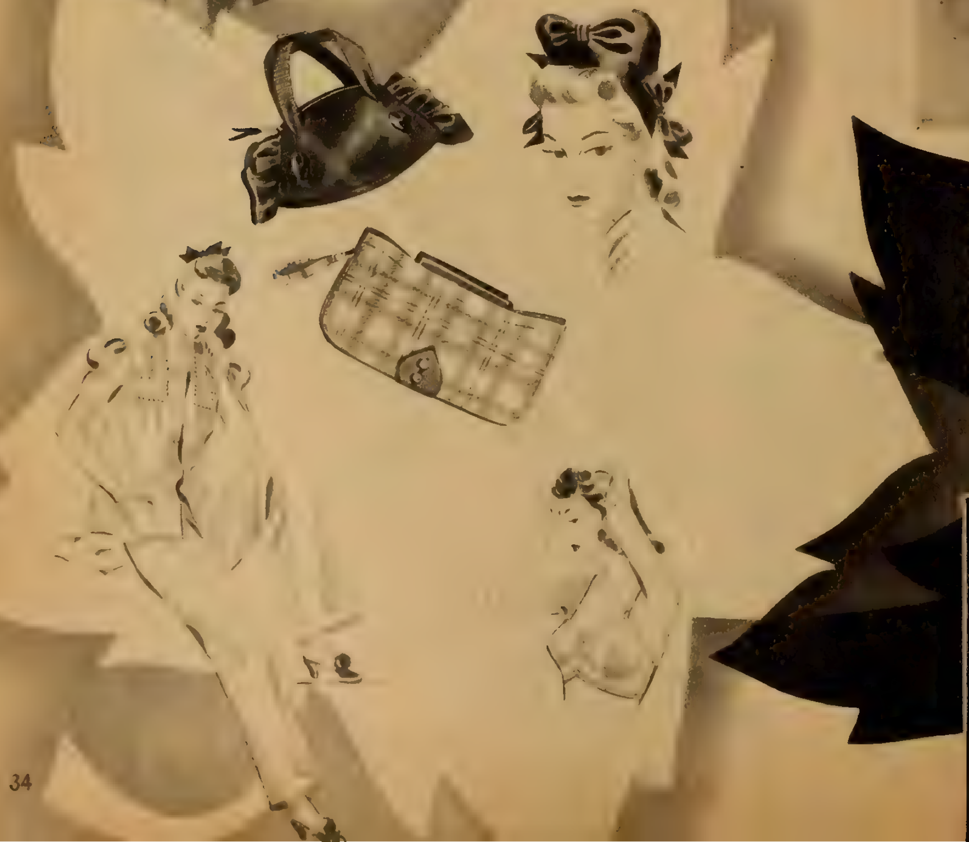
Maureen O'Hara

For first cool days, choose a double duty suit dress like Gene Tierney's. Her feathered pill box, for back-of-head wearing, is Betmar



In the sun, Gene unbuttons her plaid cardigan jacket to show tailored wool dress. You can buy this Babs costume



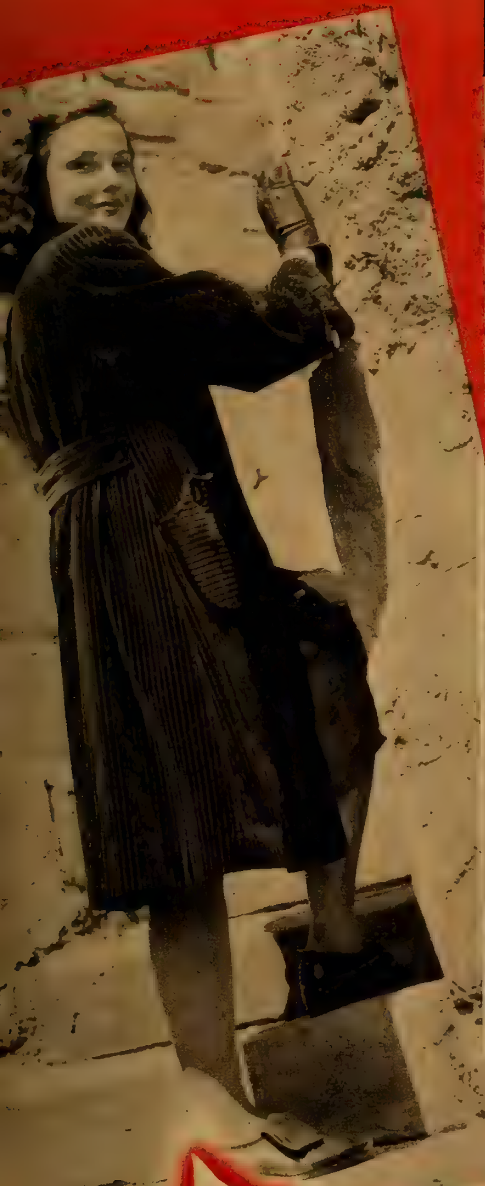


Be first to fall for Corticelli Slumber Togs—Butcher Boy pjs, or twin gown. Ruffled "skirts" decorate La France Bag of suede and faille. Bows are beau-catchers on a pompadour hat by Elizabeth. Fri-Lo plaid Swag-A-Bout has outside pocket for pad, pencil and cigarettes. Model Bias Cup Bra (McCreery's, N. Y. C.; The Fair, Chicago; The May Co., Los Angeles) lifts, locks bust in proper area

Write Candida for names of stores featuring these star worn styles. They're all inexpensive, sold near you. Address your letter to Candida, Fashion Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

FALL FIRSTS

By CANDIDA



Rain or shine, Gene is smart and comfy in cravenettes corduroy sports coat, designed by Audrey Jane. Kayser gloves are Pigtex and suede fabric. Gene's in *The Return of Frank James*

Audrey Jane created this town and country tweed suit for Gene and *you*. The jacket is new torso length

Why not choose a long fitted sweater like Gene's this fall? Of wool chenille, it has hip pockets, is from Rosanna

Be pretty [illegible]! Gene's Babs Frock features ruching, peplum, slim skirt. Her Betmar Hat, of stitched fabric, has ruffled edge. Gloves from Kayser

WHAT'S AHEAD FOR DOROTHY LAMOUR?

By

JACK HOLLAND

WILL DOTTIE STRING ALONG IN A SARONG? WILL SHE GO DRAMATIC? WILL SHE FIND THE RIGHT MAN? APPARENTLY A PUZZLE TO HERSELF, SHE HAS HOLLYWOOD PUZZLED, TOO

DOROTHY LAMOUR is, even today, Hollywood's most perplexing personality.

The town and its natives have yet to find the solution of Dorothy's problems, both as a career girl and as an actress. Her success, her ability, her romantic interests continually puzzle everyone, as they must even puzzle Dorothy.

It is particularly amazing that a career of an actress could be built upon such a thing as a sarong, and, whether anyone admits it or not, a slim piece of flowered goods has held Dorothy on an elevated plane far more than her ability as an actress.

No one suspected much of that little epic, *Jungle Princess,* that made its bow a few years ago. It was supposed to be just another innocuous and harmless "filler-in." But to the amazement of everyone concerned, the film did good business and made the country Lamour-sarong-conscious.

Behind that picture lies a story of a career that has been built on accident, yes, and on perseverance. It has also been built on the premise that sex appeal can be greatly enhanced if the giver-outer of s. a. dons a flimsy outfit.

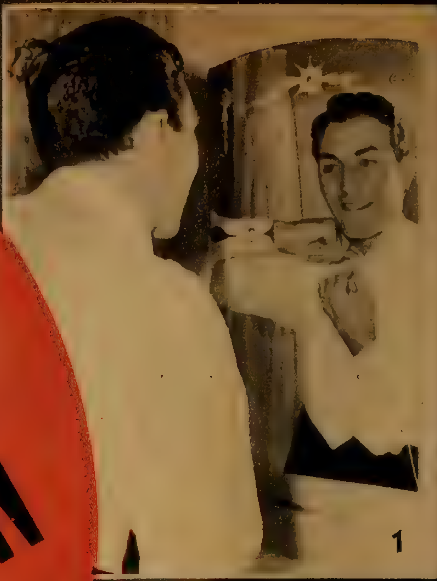
When Dottie first came here, she was cast in a picture, playing a very minor bit. She was to go through [*Continued on page* 56]

Dottie's figure, as well as career, has been bound up in a sarong. If she's determined to get out of it, she's also determined to find love in right man

Mary Beth Hughes

John Barrymore stars in *The Great Profile* but many would prefer being *featured* like Mary Beth

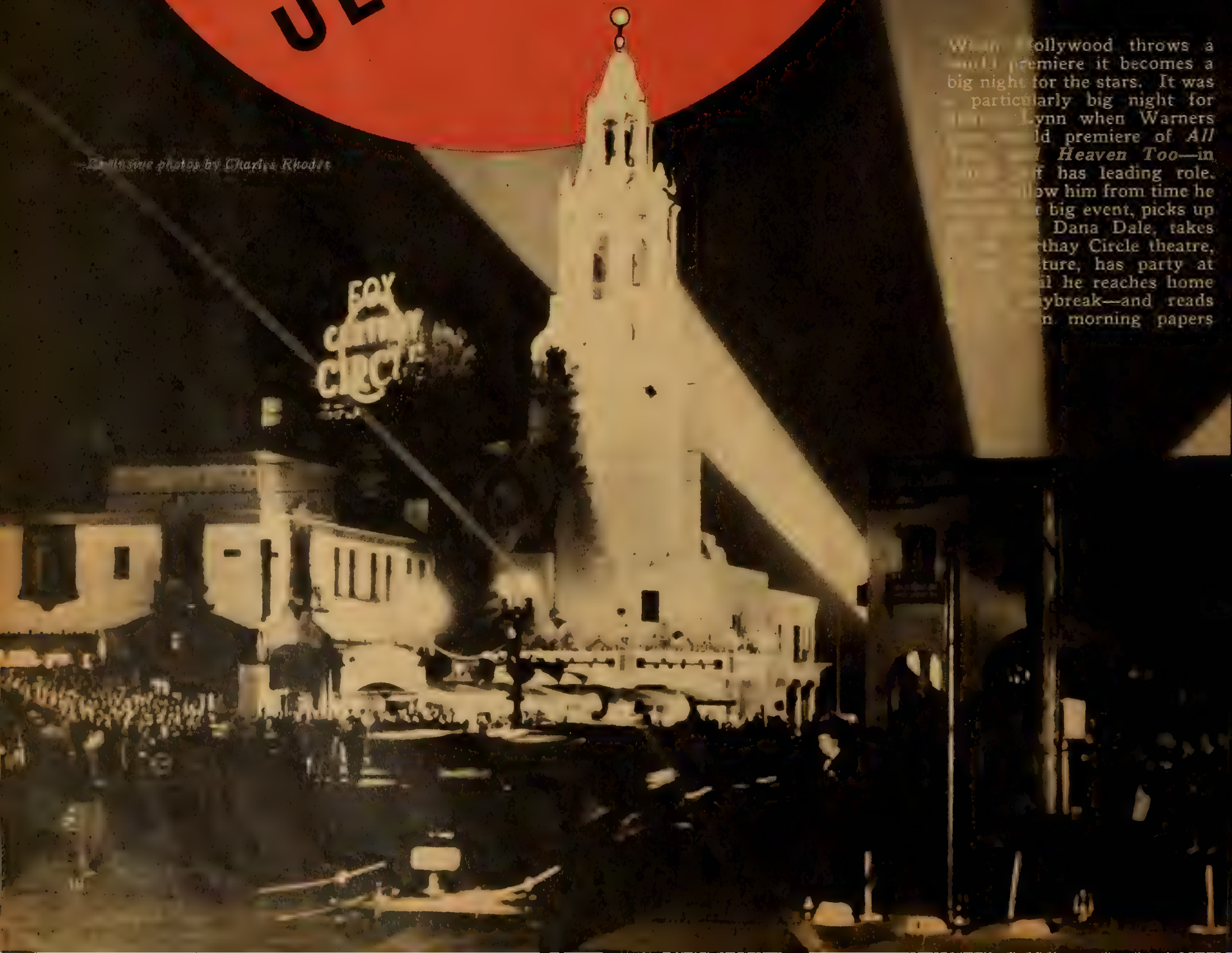
IT WAS A BIG NIGHT FOR JEFFREY LYNN


1

Jeff's big night starts when he dolls up for premiere of *All This, and Heaven Too.* Toughest job of all is buttoning collar. He keeps his temper

W[illegible] Hollywood throws a [illegible] premiere it becomes a big night for the stars. It was [illegible] particularly big night for [illegible] Lynn when Warners [illegible]ld premiere of *All* [illegible] *Heaven Too*—in [illegible]f has leading role. [illegible]ow him from time he [illegible] big event, picks up [illegible] Dana Dale, takes [illegible]thay Circle theatre, [illegible]ture, has party at [illegible]il he reaches home [illegible]ybreak—and reads [illegible]n morning papers

Exclusive photos by Charles Rhodes



In top hat, coat and all the trimmings, Jeff reaches Dana Dale's home to take her to premiere. She smiles approval after making sure it isn't butcher boy

As Dana tells Jeff—"I'll be ready in a jiffy," she makes sure he'll look extra nifty, pins carnation to his lapel

Now we have Jeff and Dana in car to Carthay Circle—and Big Night ahead. Jeff, hoping crowd will like him in picture, crosses fingers for good luck. Dana, out to help, crosses fingers too

Reaching theatre, Jeff takes crowds, lights and everything in stride as he helps Dana from car. But she wears perplexed look as if to say, "Must I face it?"

Approaching "mike" in front of theatre, Jeff tells radio audience he's glad to be there. Dana says, "Hello, everybody!"

Jeff and Dana get inside theatre without losing clothes in milling crowd outside. An usher escorts them to seats

But before our Big Night friends take seats they chat with Bette Davis who co-stars in film with Charles Boyer

9

The picture over, Jeff can't escape autograph fiends who gang up on him. As he signs and signs and signs, Dana smiles proudly to find boy friend so popular. Her day will come

10

The THING to do after a premiere is to celebrate at a night club. So Jeff and Dana go to Ciro's—THE place where Hollywood biggies gather after premieres—to celebrate

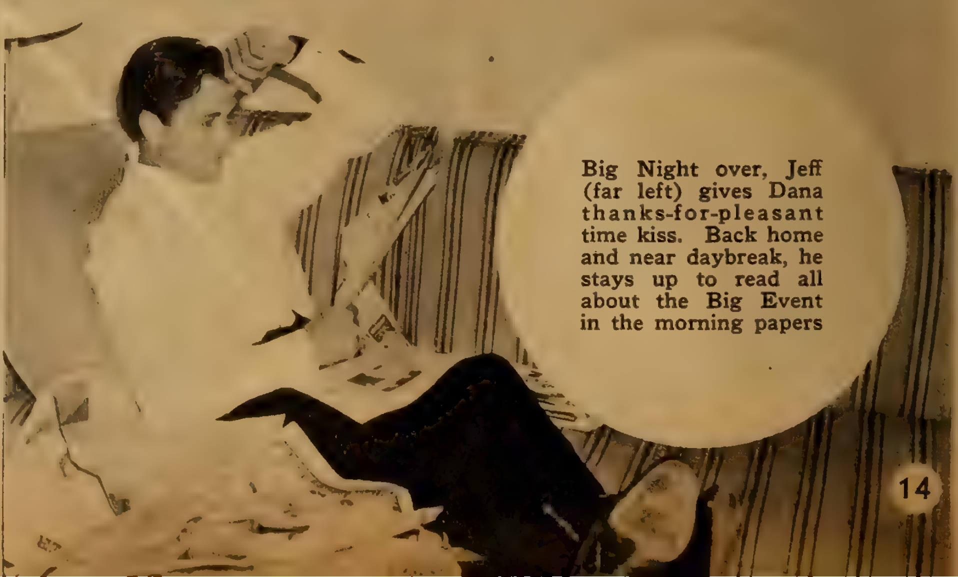
11

Everyone who's Who's Who in Hollywood was at Ciro's after premiering at *All This, and Heaven Too.* Here are our friends hoofing it—and with eyes only for each other

12

Jeff, having delivered a neat performance in *All This, And Heaven Too*, is congratulated on all sides. Eddie Albert really meant every word of it—sealed with a handshake

13



14

Big Night over, Jeff (far left) gives Dana thanks-for-pleasant time kiss. Back home and near daybreak, he stays up to read all about the Big Event in the morning papers

A FUGITIVE FROM HARD WORK

By
ROGER CARROLL

CHARLIE RUGGLES HAS DODGED HARD WORK EVER SINCE HE STOPPED WRESTLING PACKING-CASES FOR A LIVING. DON'T LET HIM KID YOU THAT MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH DOESN'T CALL FOR MUCH MENTAL EFFORT

IT'S funny, how some people become actors. Only most of them won't admit it. Ask them what made them actors and, with perfectly straight faces, they will tell you: hard work. That's what sets Charlie Ruggles apart. He admits that he became an actor because he was A Fugitive From Hard Work.

"All my life," he says sadly, "I've been lazy. Not exactly shiftless. But lazy."

Sadly, he shakes his head.

"That's what made me what I am today—instead of a great violinist, a Heifetz or a Kreisler."

It seems that, when he was 9 or 10, his mother's best comb came up missing. Charlie had it and, with a thin piece of tissue paper wrapped around it, was using it as a musical instrument. His mother's first impulse, when she discovered this, was to give him a taste of the brush that went with the comb. Her second impulse was to encourage his love for music. He was given a violin. He was also given violin lessons.

"I was given everything except a liking for work," says Charlie. "I was supposed to practice an hour-and-a-half a day. I had to rush home from school every noon, gobble my lunch, and practise a half-hour before rushing back to school. Then, after school, I had to come home and practise an hour before I could go out with the other kids. Even above the screeching of my fiddle, I could hear their joyous shouts at play. It ate into my soul that *I* had to work while others played. I stood it for nine months. Then I could stand it no longer. I rebelled. And the world lost a great violinist."

As a boy, he showed no thespic talent whatever. Nobody ever had the idea of trying to make an actor out of him. He was spared that.

He was born in Los Angeles—but in those days a child *could* be born in Los Angeles without his parents' wondering if maybe they couldn't get him into the movies. Movies were still in the incubator. And Hollywood was just an orange grove out in the foothills.

Los Angeles was famous then for only one thing: its climate. And Charlie was a living libel against the climate. He had asthma.

"Did you ever hear an old broken-down vacuum cleaner?" he demands. "Well, that's what I sounded like

[*Continued on page* 68]

THE DEAN SOUNDS OFF

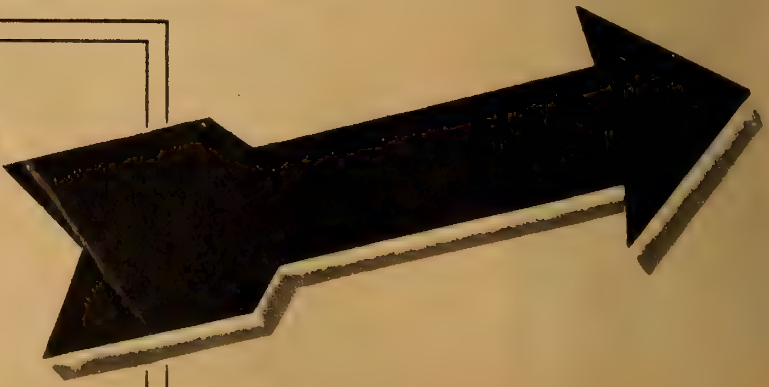
By
LEON SURMELIAN

DEAN JAGGER OF BROADWAY VIA INDIANA FARM, MADE THREE VISITS TO HOLLYWOOD BEFORE HE WAS DISCOVERED. IN ROLE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG HE MAKES SENSATIONAL HIT. TALKS UP PLENTY

TOO many decorative dames and not enough guys to go around has been a chronic situation in the cinematic market. Today the movie moguls are yelling for men louder than ever before. And they mean real men too, not photogenic tintypes. The golden era of the pretty movie boy is past, thank heaven. The industry needs new males—your Taylors and Powers and Holdens and Millands are old-timers now—but the frantic producers are yammering for fellows who can *act*. And Dean Jagger, rediscovered by Darryl Zanuck, fills the bill—and then some!

At this writing the whole town is talking about him. What a terrific break they say, for unknown beginner to play the title role in *Brigham Young*, the elaborate saga of the Mormon empire. Scores of well-known stage and screen actors were considered for this part and turned down for one reason or another. And Mr. Zanuck, who [*Continued on page* 84]

Bette Davis, long considered the foremost actress of the screen, now joins our gallery of exclusive color portraits. In *All This, and Heaven Too*, she gives one of her greatest performances. Next month, MOTION PICTURE presents the fourteenth in this series of gorgeous color portraits—James Stewart, starring in *Mortal Storm, No Time For Comedy*



LIFE IS REEL LIFE IS ERNST

By
E. J. SMITHSON

WHEN HOLLYWOOD MADE EYES AT LEILA ERNST, BLOND BOMBSHELL OF BROADWAY, IT BECAME AN EASY CONQUEST. SHE'S IN NO HURRY TO MAKE THE GRADE, PREFERRING LONG WAY AROUND TO STARDOM

DON'T permit the above title to dampen your enthusiasm for this little piece about one of Hollywood's up-and-coming girls—for this title is more apropos of the text than you might think at first glance.

Leila (you pronounce it LIE-la) Ernst is one young lady who literally crashed her way into the movies. As she tells it, referring to the experience of a year or so ago, she was bobbing up and down behind the wheel of her bedraggled one-lunged puddle-jumper when a telephone pole, apparently on the *qui vive* for an accident to happen, rushed out into the center of the road and refused to duck or budge.

Anyway, when Leila, who had been tossed into the bramblebushes, woke up a couple of minutes later, she discovered pole and puddle-jumper in a tight embrace. The car was without front wheels and front fenders! It cost Leila $38.00 even money plus sales tax to return the asthmatic chariot to a faint shadow of its former self.

"I didn't have the sales tax let alone the money," Leila claims, "and so far as I could see there was no way of getting my car out of hock unless I went to work. That seemed to be the opinion of the repairman, too, which practically made it unanimous.

"Now it so happened that I sang after a fashion. What I mean is that I'm a sort of in-and-outer when it comes to vocalizing. One day my voice will be as

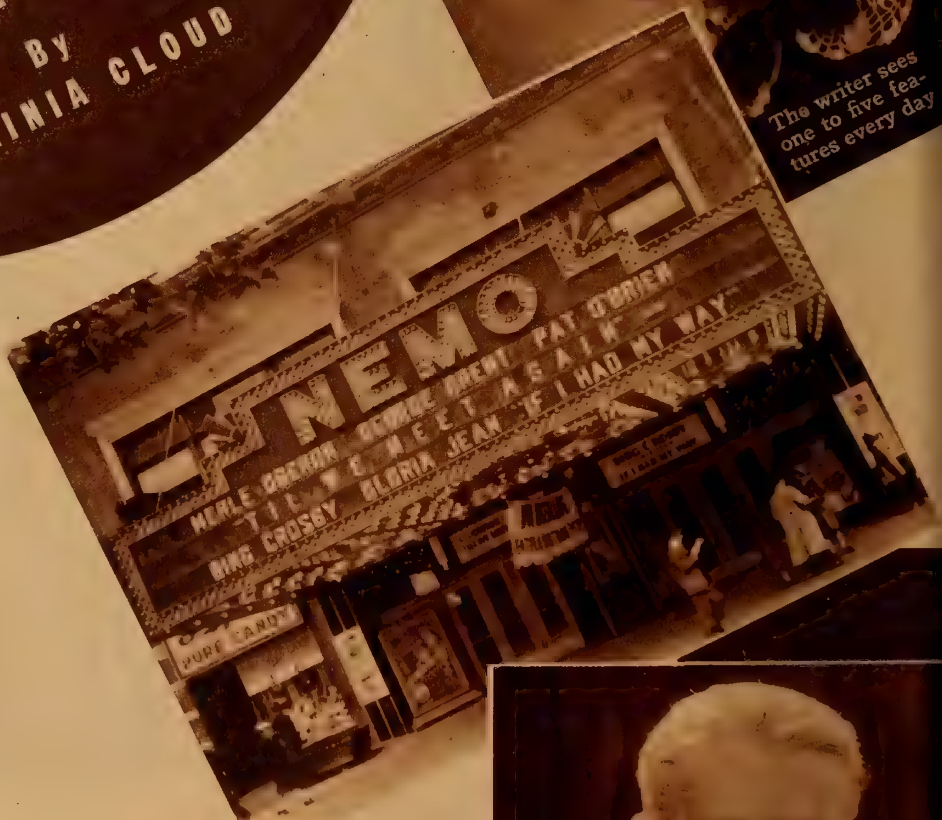
[*Continued on page* 70]

SO YOU THINK YOU LIKE THE MOVIES!

By
VIRGINIA CLOUD

The writer sees one to five features every day

VIRGINIA CLOUD OF NEW YORK IS PROBABLY THE WORLD'S CHAMPION MOVIE FAN. NOT A DAY GOES BY THAT SHE DOESN'T SEE A PICTURE. AND SOMETIMES AS MANY AS FIVE IN ONE DAY. SHE TELLS YOU WHAT'S WRONG WITH THEM TOO. SO IF YOU THINK YOU LOVE THE MOVIES, HERE'S A REAL FAN WHO SPENDS $250 A YEAR IN PAID ADMISSIONS!



Miss Cloud lives near the Nemo neighborhood theatre at 110th St. & Broadway, patronized chiefly by Columbia students. Here's where she sees most of the films

THERE is to be another census taken, I hear. This time not by Uncle Sam, but rather by Mr. Sam Goldwyn of Hollywood. The important thing the film industry wants to know is just what we—the public—think of double features. I wonder what Mr. G's man will think (and I do not mean J. Edgar Hoover's) when he learns that here is a girl who not only likes double features, but would be happier if there were quintuplet ones.

Will he believe me, do you suppose, when I tell him that sometimes I see *five* pictures in one day? If I mention that every day I go to the movies, and that I like to see two pictures in the morning, one in the afternoon, and then two more at night, will he shake his head and scribble in his record book, "Miss Nero. She fiddles away her life at the movies while a great part of the world is burning"?

Yes, I see every picture I can get to—A, B, to Z productions, and any chapter of a hair-raising serial I can find. Frequently I question my own sanity for taking such punishment, but, truthfully, I have yet to see any movie that has not

had something in it that I felt might carry a message to some one group or individual. When the story is weak, then the dialogue very often offers some compensation, or the cast is good, or the photography is worth while, or the music is inspiring.

IF EVERYTHING is too, too awful I just sit there and laugh at myself for being a sap. Or sometimes I begin slowly counting in French (and my French *is* slow) and hoping that before I reach ten the picture will begin to improve. Or the fellow behind me will have finished rattling the change in his pocket. Or if there is one present (and in New York there are many) I listen to the natural rhythm of a musical snorer. Some are talented, indeed.

The question I am asked most often is, "Do you go to the movies all the time for pleasure, or to study them?" The answer is, "Both." I began going regularly when I was a student of Motion Picture Production at Columbia University. Now I have the habit and go because I delight in going.

Pictures are getting better every day. The standard has been raised to a higher level than it was even a year ago, and the improvement is noticeable and encouraging. It appears that, suddenly, Hollywood has begun to mature, or possibly it is realizing that the public is not as childish as was once supposed.

Consider the pictures being shown right now. Could we ask for any finer entertainment than *Gone With the Wind, Abe Lincoln of Illinois, Young Tom Edison, Rebecca* and *Northwest Passage?*

Personally, my only criticism of double features is that through them Hollywood and the smaller theatres have cheapened themselves in giving the public too much for its money. Not so long ago I went to a theatre in a cheaper district, across town from my neighborhood, to pick up a film I had missed elsewhere.

It was Saturday afternoon, and for 15c I got three features, a chapter of *Dick Tracy,* two shorts, a colored cartoon and a newsreel—not to mention a silver-plated (guaranteed not to tarnish) salad fork. How can theatres make money, or discriminating people not become disgusted with such an indigestible film menu?

In all my movie-going career I consider Noel Coward's *Cavalcade* and David Selznick's *Gone With the Wind* to be the two best pictures of all time. I have seen each three times. Noel Coward's *Scoundrel* I think the most fascinating, and also one of the best. I have seen it five times, and each time get something more from it. It is a timeless picture (no pun intended), and I think one which will be classed as "great" as long as the film holds out.

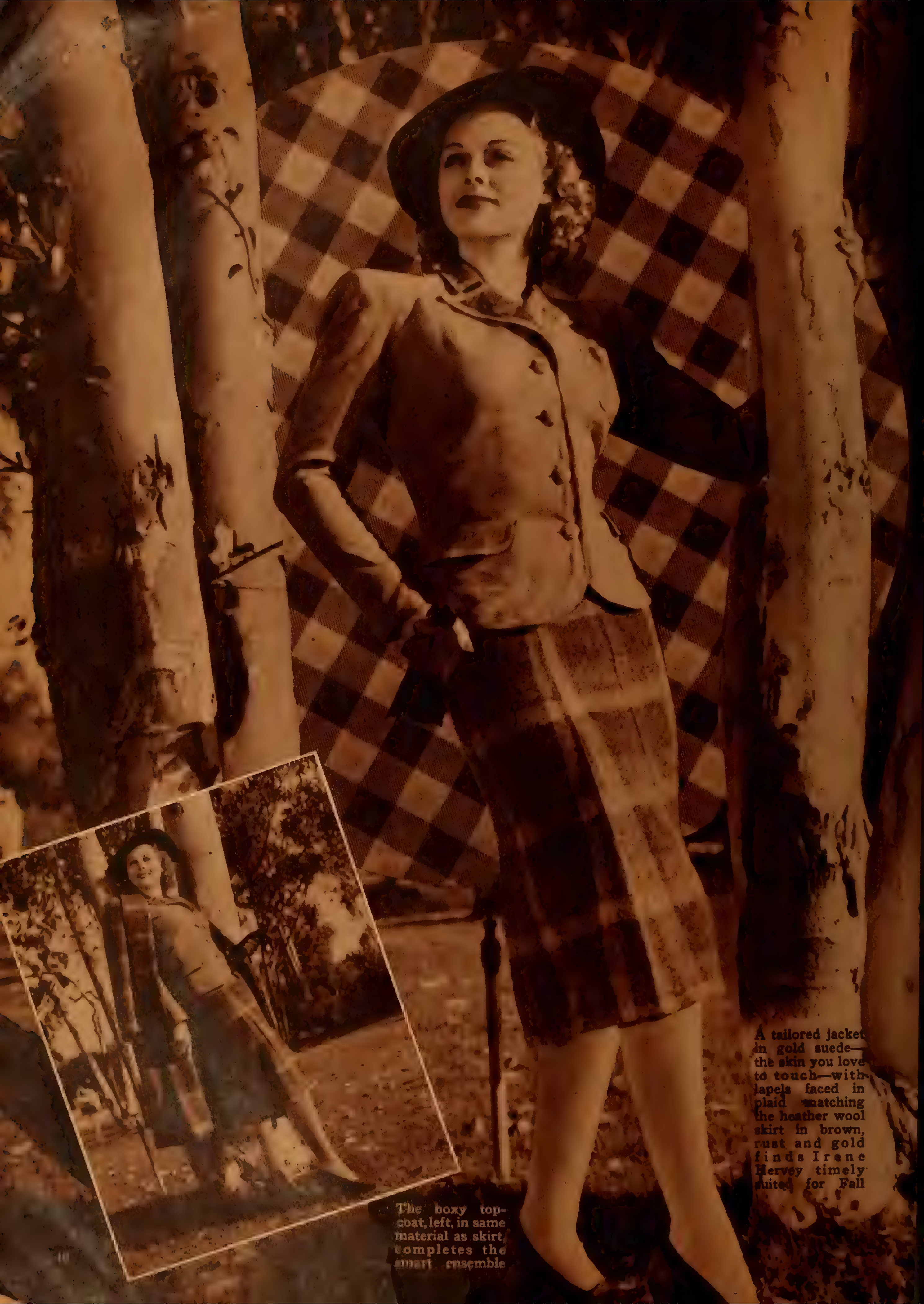
THE two poorest pictures I can think of are *I Take This Woman* and *Remember.* How these two ever got off the M-G-M lot is a mystery to me, but then I cannot abide the languid Hedy Lamarr.

Just why the English classics—when filmed—have not been "good box-office" is something that puzzles me; for *David Copperfield* and *The Mill on the Floss* were excellent pictures, both conspicuous in their absence of the usual tinsel and fanfare, yet productions of merit. Frank Lawton was in both, though, and this sensitive young Englishman is my favorite of all actors. I look forward to the day when he will be given a role worthy of his poetic talent [*Continued on page* 80]

Frank Lawton featured in *Cavalcade* and *David Copperfield* is her favorite actor. She hopes he'll continue in good roles

The writer finds something worthwhile even in the poor pictures. She considers *Cavalcade* one of the best of all time

Gone With the Wind shares with *Cavalcade* the big spot in fan's movie-going career. Has seen each one three times



A tailored jacket in gold suede—the skin you love to touch—with lapels faced in plaid matching the heather wool skirt in brown, rust and gold finds Irene Hervey timely suited for Fall

The boxy topcoat, left, in same material as skirt, completes the smart ensemble

What Every Girl Should

Build wardrobe around most becoming color, chum with older girls, says Brenda Joyce, U. C. L. A.

Don't miss getting acquainted with faculty says Brenda M

MALE OOMPH

HOLLYWOOD HAS SUDDENLY DISCOVERED THAT JOHN WAYNE, WHO HAS BEEN RIDING THE SAGEBRUSH IN HOSS OPERAS FOR TEN YEARS, POSSESSES A NEW AND DISTINCTIVE TYPE OF MALE OOMPH

By

GENE SCHROTT

IT WAS in one of those darkened projection-rooms that I heard the name of John Wayne for the first time. The lights had gone out and in the inky blackness that engulfs the room the moment before the film is flashed in, three men seated themselves.

"Watch Wayne," one of them admonished.

"Why him?" came back the hesitant question.

"Because in a few years, John Wayne is going to be one of the biggest names in pictures. He's going to be the man who makes the heart of every woman in the country do a sudden speed-up. He's going to be the guy who's going to do to the public what Gary Cooper did when they took him off a horse and put him in a drawing-room. . . ."

The rest of that conversation was lost in the opening bars of the music. But those stray remarks so casually overheard gathered more and more meaning as the film unfolded on the screen. There was really something about Wayne that made you remember him. There was something about his casual, matter-of-fact manner that made you aware of his personality. And though he wasn't thrust headlong at you, you couldn't very easily forget him.

Sure—there was something of the Gary Cooper manner about him. But it was not an imitation. Merely a faint shading. A mere reminder. There was strength and charm and a real down-to-earth quality. There was something about him that captured the imagination—something that men and women alike admired. It was a strange combination of iron and muscle and romance.

And yet for anyone to make so startling a prediction about John Wayne two years ago was like predicting Hedy Lamarr's future ten years ago. It just didn't mean a thing. Both were nothing but names. In all of Hollywood, probably not more than a mere handful of people had heard of John Wayne. To them he was just another cowboy who dashed monotonously over the sagebrush routing the rustlers or rescuing the ranch-owner's daughter from a fate worse than death.

That was the sort of guy John Wayne was. But that was two years ago. And if you had asked Hollywood's opinion of him at that time. [*Continued on page 72*]

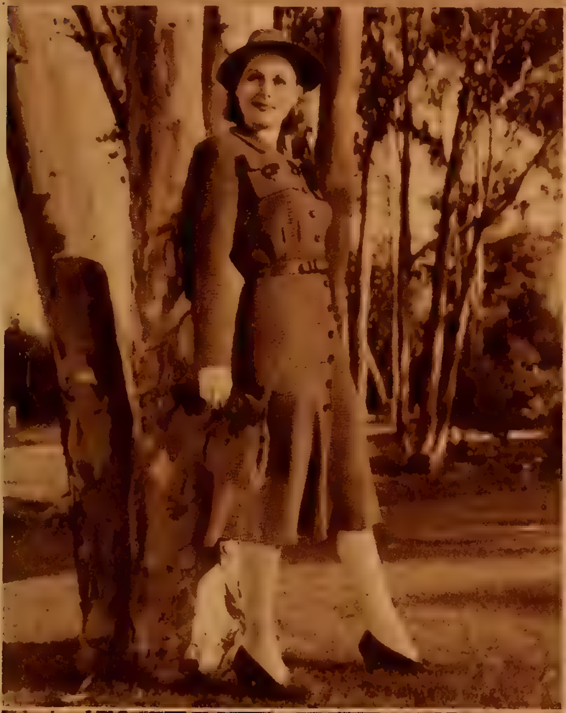
John was once a drugstore cowboy who really learned to ride. After *Stagecoach, Dark Command, The Westerner,* he's playing a sailor [illegible] *Long Voyage Hom*[illegible] O'Neill [illegible] smart ensemble

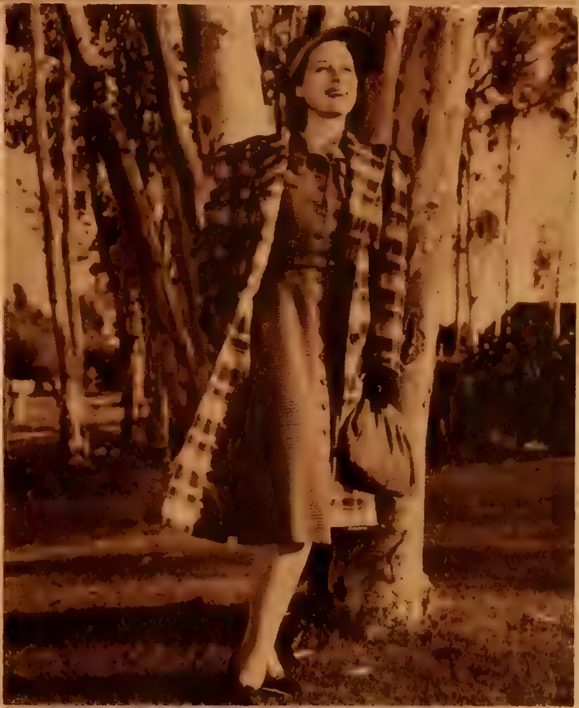
CHECKING

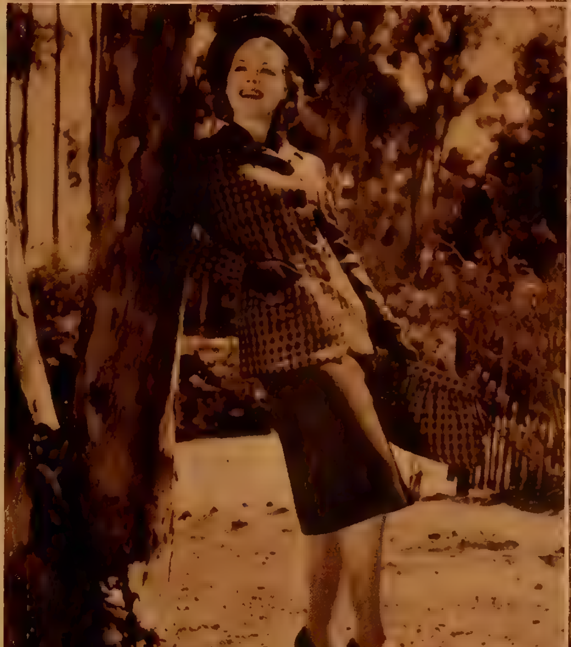
UP FOR FALL

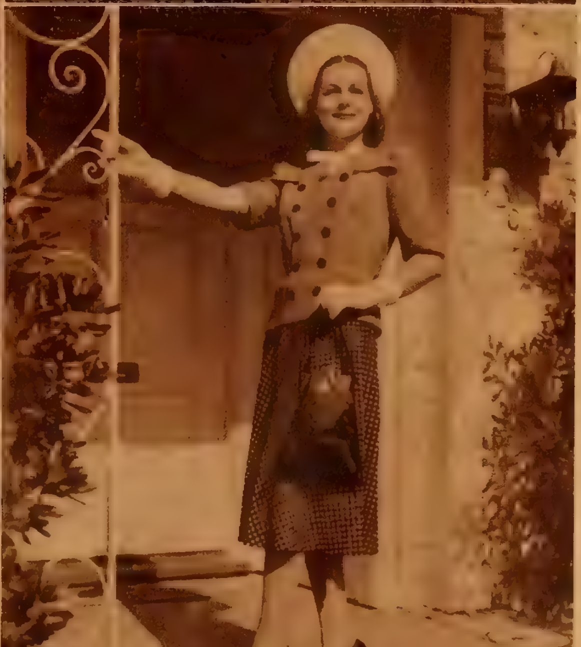
Irene checks in in a smartly tailored dress of shepherd's check in olive green and rust with buttons and belt in matching green leather

Double check Irene's companion coat loomed of same yarn as dress, hat and bag but with orange stripes. Irene's in *Boys From Syracuse*









Irene's checked mates are a long jacket, off-the-face beret and bag in hand-loomed shetland yarn in olive green and dark brown. Skirt is brown

Fall for Irene's bright red wool jersey double-breasted jacket and her black and white shepherd's check skirt. Accessories are black, white

You can't dive until you get into a diving position. Jane Wyman throws chassis forward, keeps legs rigid in test

Fastest - climbing starlet in Hollywood is Laraine Day who has femme lead in *Foreign Correspondent* with McCrea

Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland display musical talents in *Strike Up the Band.* Mickey leads, plays drums while Judy sings

If you think hot embraces went out with Gilbert and Garbo, get a load of Jon Hall and Lynn Bari appearing in *Kit Carson*

Rita Johnson gives Lew Ayres old-fashioned bunnyhug in *Golden Fleecing* — and don't make out Lew doesn't enjoy it . . .

Jim Cagney has reputation of being handy with "dukes." Uses headgear to avoid cauliflower ears in *City for Conquest*

THE TALK OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Cigars, Cigarettes, Bandages?

■ Hollywoodiana; Item No. 6,298,397: —in a Sunset Boulevard nite-spot. Two of Hollywood's citizens stage one of those fistic brawls. In the midst of it, the bored cigarette gal in the strip-tease costume goes calmly about her table-peddling:—"Cigars, cigarettes, IODINE, BANDAGES . . ."

Butler a la Hollywood

■ Eddie Albert has had to hire a new butler at his house. The other one quit just before a Sunday afternoon outdoors party Eddie was throwing. Because, he said, he refused to serve wieners to the guests.

"It's beneath my dignity," Albert says he complained.

Terse Verse

■ Boys who yearn for Annie Sothern
Certainly don't look for mother'n'.

Errol's Error!

■ Funniest faux pas of the month was pulled in South America by Errol Flynn, who's been knocking 'em dead on his personal appearance tour—with one exception. That exception was his speech in Rio de Janeiro. . . .

Carefully and painstakingly, Errol had studied a fine speech in perfect Spanish, for his Rio appearance. Then he got up before a crowded house and gave the speech—and wondered why they all grumbled and booed him. And not until he came offstage did somebody remember to tell him that in Brazil, they speak PORTUGUESE, and NOT Spanish!

He's Barrymore Than Ever!

■ Most ruthless jibes at John Barrymore are being uttered these days by John Barrymore himself. Conscious of his position in the theatregoing-public eye as No. 1 Swizzler of the Screen, Barrymore launches shaft after shaft at his own reputation. F'rinstance—

1—When he moved into Shirley Temple's bungalow at 20th-Fox for the few days which he occupied it before Mama Temple protested, John discovered a baby alligator which someone had sent to Shirley, and which had not yet been removed from the bungalow. John gave one startled stare and then cracked:

"My, he's certainly gotten smaller than when I left him on my counterpane in New York!" [*Continued on page* 81]

Last call for summer tanning finds Ann Sothern wearing red-and-white striped sun suit at Catalina. Next picture is *Gold Rush Maisie*

Irisher Maureen O'Hara, who's making big splurge in Hollywood, becomes comedienne in new film *Dance, Girl, Dance*

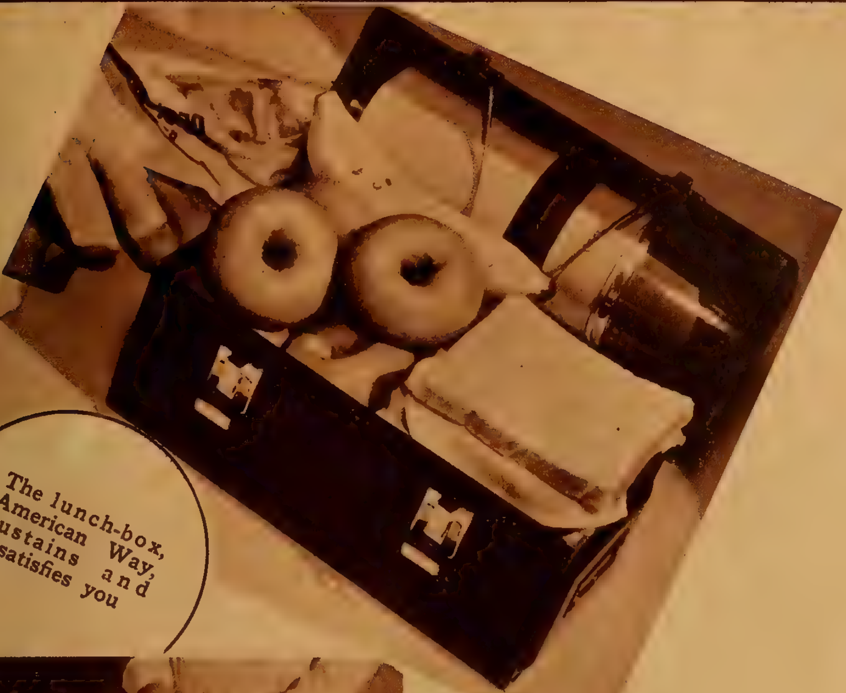
Martha Scott

Emily Webb of *Our Town* emerges as an elegant lady in *The Howards of Virginia* and makes American history

PACKING YOUR LUNCH AWAY

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

PACKING KITS FOR THE SOLDIERS ABROAD IS A WORTHY CAUSE BUT DO YOUR BIT FOR YOUR OWN HOME DEFENSE MEN BY PACKING LUNCH-KITS GENEROUSLY AND SERIOUSLY



The lunch-box, American Way, sustains and satisfies you

Assorted spreads add variety to sandwiches

Satisfy sweet tooth with frosted cup cakes

"SPEED Up," is the new cry heard the country over. Amid the rhythmic hum of engines and the staccato clang of hammers on steel, America is turning to longer hours and work shifts with less time out for meals. Results? The lunch-box is again high fashion, and mothers and wives are doing their peacetime "bit" by packing their men folks' lunch-kits generously and seriously.

Packing a daily dinner-pail type of meal for an active adult man is not exactly the same as filling the school-child's box—the former must be both sustaining and satisfying in a more than appetite sense. Not only must this portable menu offer wholesomeness and energy, but it should also be so prepared as to bring real pleasure into the noon hour pause for relaxation. For, after all, *eating is recreation,* and the lunch-kit, American Way, must bring genuine palatability and enjoyment into its eating, otherwise it cannot be considered a well-handled job. Pitted against strain, pressure or muscular fatigue, the worker seeks in his meals an emotional release not required by people under less tension.

What makes a satisfying lunch-kit meal? If you have any doubts on this point, make this test. Pack the box as usual, then bring it to your dining-table and spread its contents out on serving platter, dish and plate. What does it look and taste like compared to your usual average family dinner? Would you yourself get any or much enjoyment from eating it? Rate yourself 100% if [*Continued on page* 93]

Pastry turnovers provide energy, are compact

Rolled refrigerator cookies fill jar

Hot cheese and bacon snacks hit spot

GOING TO YOUR HEAD

By
DENISE CAINE

IF YOU WANT YOUR HEAD TO RULE YOUR HEART, OR IF YOU WANT TO WIN A NEW ONE, GET YOURSELF A NEW HAIR-DO AND SOME NEW BEAUTY TRICKS. HELEN PARRISH OFFERS HERS

What does Forrest Tucker say to Helen Parrish's *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now*?

WHEN a girl begins to play about with new hairstyles you know she's growing up. Because that means she's beginning to think about her appearance more!

Helen Parrish, whose pretty curls are brushed up into the sleek new pompadour hair-do in this picture, is no exception to that rule. Of course Helen has had to be interested in beauty tricks long before other school girls of her own age (she's only seventeen, you know, and under California law, has to go to "class" with teacher for three hours a day). But before this her beauty practices have been confined to the ever reliable soap, water, a bit of powder and a touch of lipstick. Always her hair has been groomed in simple side-parted styles, and curled into the soft end ringlets that look her teen age. So when I saw this new Helen, I had to find out afresh about all her beauty habits.

The girl has changed! She wears more make-up now—especially in the evening when she feels quite the glamor girl. That's when mascara, eyeshadow and a *glisteny* lipstick put in their appearance. That's when she goes in for pompadour swirls and chignon curls. But I was glad to find her still just as careful as ever about the regular day-by-day beauty care of washing her face, and brushing her hair, of scrubbing her teeth till they gleam, and paying attention to the little things like hand lotion and fingernail polish.

Because, while make-up and hairstyles look pretty important, they're only the frosting on the cake! If your skin is full of blackheads and marred with acne pimples, all the cosmetics in the world won't make you look your loveliest. And if your hair is dry and fly-away or even dirty, no hairstyle in the world will conceal that fact. Especially when hats, as the calots and turbans and bonnets do this year, sit way back on your head and let your bangs and curls make that vital first impression for you. Unless your hair is soft and *sheenful*, and yes, unless it really SMELLS clean, the boys will think you're not grown up enough to be dated after all! But just be the girl with the gleaming hair, and you'll get around fast enough.

How to get that way? That's what I asked Helen Parrish, and here are some of the pointers she gave me. First off, she has her hair washed at least once a week, whether it *looks as though it needs it* or not. "And you'd be surprised," Helen told me, "how much dirt can come out of clean *looking* hair." Helen's own hair tends to be oily, but even if your

Back to School?

Would you like a new hairstyle that shows off your best features, and makes you look as grown-up as you feel? How about a make-up analysis of your face, or help in getting rid of pesky blackheads, large pores and blemishes? Write Denise Caine about your special beauty problems today, and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. The address: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

hair is dry you should have it shampooed that often. Most movie gals have their hair washed several times a week, and I haven't found one yet that looked the worse for such frequent shampooing. Be sure, though, to select a mild shampoo, of the kind especially designed for your type of hair—then go to it! Helen likes a quick foaming shampoo that cuts every bit of excess oil (and dirt and dandruff) on her scalp, leaves it soft and shining, and clean as the proverbial whistle. But more about *that* later.

IF YOUR hair tends to be excessively dry or oily, use hair tonic between shampoos to correct that condition. Separate the hair into strands, apply the lotion with an eye dropper, or with pads of cotton, then work it into the scalp with your finger tips. Next take a clean brush, and brush your hair every which way until your arm is tired, and your whole scalp tingles. I can't stress this business of brushing your hair too much, because I think that it's another of the things that is responsible for the loveliness of Hollywood hair. You see, brushing stimulates the circulation, and therefore the oil glands of the scalp, persuades them to do their job more efficiently, and supply just the right amount of lubricant to the hair shafts. Brushing also distributes any oil there is on your scalp, way down to the tip end of the driest curl—and gives your hair that much added gloss. Besides which, it helps remove stray dandruff flecks, and the dulling dust film all hair just naturally collects summer and winter. If your hair looks rather dry from too much sunning and going without hats this summer, start brushing it now so it will look right for fall dances, and with the tricky profile beret you found the other day.

If you have a permanent, all the more reason for brushing your hair. Helen has one on her "ends," too, but it hasn't cut down on her 100 strokes a day yet! "I don't think hair should ever look too tightly set," she told me, "and I guess the rest of Hollywood agrees with me (or I with them) because they never set our hair to last more than a couple of days. That way it always looks soft and natural."

Of course not every girl can afford to have her hair set every other day—and she probably wouldn't want to take time to go to the hairdressers if her allowance could stand it. But you can insist that the operator brush your hair out so it looks natural before you leave. It's far better to have to do your ends up on curlers at the end of the week than to go home with curlers still in, and each wave glued to your head. If you haven't time to let your hair dry completely at the beauty shop, do, please, please do, tie a scarf peasant fashion around your head and under your chin, or twist one into a turban to hide your sins! And brush out your curls as soon as they are dry. Why save your wave—at the expense of your reputation for good grooming?

The week I talked shop with Helen she was making a series of personal appearances at one of the big Broadway theatres, and she found changing from costume to street clothes and back again several times a day pretty hard on her wave. But she got around that by setting it with cologne between shows, and again in the evening before her tub. The cologne, she finds, dries quickly, and scents the hair pleasantly. The cologne she uses matches her pet perfume, has a tangy, spicy fragrance.

Before you start experimenting with bangs and pompadours, and up and down versions of new hairstyles, I wish you'd write me for the names of some hair beautifiers I've been trying lately.

Does your shampoo leave your hair as soft and fine and silky as you would like? If not, then try one of twin quick-lathering cleansers I can heartily recommend. One is especially good for dry or normal hair because it contains certain mild lubricants; the other, for oily hair, is one of the most popular you could buy. It seems to cut every bit of excess grease, and leaves your hair fairly glistening with natural highlights. People always ask me what I've done to my hair, after I use either of these shampoos—and that's because my curls are so thoroughly clean that they look three shades lighter and brighter. Try the shampoo and see what I mean. You'll like the new sheen and sweet-smelling cleanliness of your hair—and you'll adore the compliments you'll get on its beauty! There's a ten cent size of each shampoo—write me so I can give you the name and tell you which to use.

Carmen Miranda, Brazilian bombshell who made hit in musical, *Streets Of Paris*, is featured in *Down Argentine Way*

I've found the grandest way of making end curls! With some tricky cloth-covered curlers that look like permanent wave sachets and a fine new creamy wave set. There's quite a trend to these cream type waving solutions, especially among the expensive hair preparations—perhaps because the manufacturers discovered that there are a great many girls whose dry hair needs to be lubricated as well as held in place! Anyway, whatever the reason, I'm all in favor of this particular pair of products. Rub the smallest amount of the cream into your hair while it is still moist from your shampoo (or between shampoos, rub a few drops into the dry ends that need re-curling), then insert a strand of hair between the folds of curler cloth. Simply roll up your curl and fasten it by bending the flexible ends of the curler. The cream is not the least bit greasy or sticky, but it does give a new life and lustre to summer deadened and dried hair. And the curls you make with it last amazingly long, and hold their spring the whole time. A tube of cream and 8 curlers cost only 25 cents—wouldn't you like the name so you can try these new products on your own hair?

WHILE I'm on the subject of sheenful hair I do want to tell you about a new shade of one of your favorite *glisteny* lipsticks. It's a clear peppermint-candy red, the same shade you've been admiring in many dollar lipsticks. And a shade that's smart with black, with greens, and with fall browns and golds. But the grand thing about this lipstick is that you can get a good-sized stick for only a dime! It's of the super-creamy kind that goes on extra smoothly, and gives your lips that soft, moist look that the boys love. Don't think, because I said the lipstick is creamy, that it will run all over your pretty little puss the minute you've applied it—it won't! I've always found it one of the most stay-on of all the lipsticks I've used—and you can guess how many I try each week! There's a larger-sized stick in a smart and convenient swivel case for a quarter. Want the name?

Just room enough to tell you about a new hair brush that is entirely man-made. And by that I mean that the bristles grew in a laboratory, instead of on a ferocious boar in the wilds of Siberia, and that the back is one of those new transparent plastics that are so exciting looking! The back has been fluted so that it catches the light just like a fine jewel. And jewel-like are the colors, too—a clear crystal, a soft rose-quartz, pale sapphire blue and a light emerald green, good on any dressing table! The white bristles are as sturdy and efficient as they are clean-looking, and will stand months of steady brushwork, and countless launderings. You'll probably be impressed with the light weight of the brush—I know I was—as well as with its eye-appealing features. And if you like things that do all your work for you, then this brush is your dish. It sweeps through the hair with no effort on your part at all. Sold in transparent cases almost everywhere, for about $2. Interested?

Write me before October 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

What's Ahead for Dorothy Lamour?

[*Continued from page* 36]

the typical training that falls to any newcomer. True, she had made an impression on Paramount "execs" when she sang sultry songs at a local night club, but acting was another thing. That had to be handled with finesse.

When the rushes of Lamour's first day's work in this first film were shown, a group of studio bigwigs did a double take, made a few gasps and said: "Hold everything! That girl's so sultry we can't waste her in a small part! She's a sure bet."

So Dottie was taken out of her first bit and put, as you'd say, "on ice." In fact, she was kept "on ice" so long that people almost forgot about her at the studio.

Then came *Jungle Princess* and its success. Right on the heels of the film's smash, there came the most thorough publicity campaign ever thought up by one individual. To this day, Hollywood is expressing amazement over the work done by the then head of Paramount's publicity, Terry DeLapp.

Dottie was photographed in a sarong at her apartment. Around her were tropical fruits, which she was supposed to eat for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. By her side sat a "loving" monkey, the same monkey, in fact, that cavorted merrily with Dorothy in the epic of tropical frustration and naive innocence. Recipes for tropical food, supposedly concoted by Dorothy, were released for public consumption and indigestion. And when it was all over, even hill-billies were trying to buy sarongs and were storming grocery stores for some cocoanut milk and papaya juice. As for Dorothy, her career was sealed up in a sarong and songs of the jungles.

When you come right down to it, there was nothing about Dorothy's work in *Jungle Princess* that should have caused such a furore. There is no doubt about it that she looked very enticing in her flimsy garment. And she sang with enough "oomph" to provide many a thrill. Her acting was confined to expressions of infatuation, sorrow, happiness and despair. Still, no one seemed to mind.

For some time, with *Hurricane* and others, Dorothy continued to be the screen's ace essayer of How To Live in a Tropical Jungle and Have Modern Conveniences. And she continued to use the same expressions, sing songs in the same way, and wear sarongs or sinjangs.

This could only go so far when, finally, Dorothy would insist upon a rebellion. No one was surprised very much when it came.

For a while, it looked as though she would win her battle. It looked as if hopeful fans, who were hanging by breathlessly during the tempest, would never again see the curvacious figure of Lamour in anything more than a fur coat with ear muffs. But those in the know grinned mischievously and knew that Dorothy was too smart a business woman to throw away her stock in trade. In the meantime, it all made good copy.

It did look for a time as though Dorothy was really going to be clothed. In *Spawn of the North*, she wore the heaviest of garments, did straight acting, and received lukewarm praise as far as her portrayal was concerned. After this, though, it wasn't long before the argument was over and Dorothy's fans were promised that she would continue to bare her limbs, live in trees, and teach stranded men from civilization how to live. And, of course, they would teach her how to speak English after many painful Hollywood operations and would even go so far as to show her the ecstasy to be found in learning how to kiss *a la* American.

In a way, no one can really doubt that rebellious Dorothy wanted to do something about her career. Her whole life, tough and difficult as it was, seemed to cry out for success of a basic value. But here is where many writers overlook a salient factor in discussing the career of Dorothy Lamour.

When Dottie came to Hollywood, she did so at the behest and advice of her closest friend, Dorothy Dell, the girl with whom Lamour had shared many disappointments, struggles—the girl upon whom she had placed all symbols of success. It meant far more to her that Dell was making good than it did for her to succeed on her own. And always in her mind was the pact she and Dorothy Dell had made years ago—a pact that bound their futures and their success together—a pact that assured one assistance if the other gained recognition first.

On Hawaiian vacation Dottie is said to have felt romantic about naval officer. Now she is going places with Greg Bautzer who was Lana Turner's Big Moment until Lana replaced him with Artie Shaw

But the tragic death of Dorothy Dell in an automobile accident ended that pact and left a mark on Lamour that has somehow never healed. Miss Dell's mother tried to carry on the agreement between the two girls when she was influential in getting Dottie a look-in at the studio, but for the girl who arrived in Hollywood in time to meet the tragic end of her symbol of success, a new problem had to be confronted.

That problem was simply to prove to herself that she could succeed and to carry on the ideals she had gained from her friend. In the back of Dorothy's mind was the image of Dorothy Dell and the memories of a background that was far from illustrious, that was built on tireless effort and a firm desire to erase the thoughts of the poverty that was once hers.

Like any girl, deprived of comfort and glamor, Dorothy was determined to make a name for herself. Hollywood wasn't always in her mind, but it was undoubtedly a goal that was remote and yet accessible. And when she did finally gain recognition, she was hopeful that it would continue. Then, as she realized she was making no progress, that she was in a rut, she began to wonder if she hadn't fallen down on that pact with Dorothy Dell and if she hadn't let success drown her innate ambition and allow her to become complacent.

Therefore, in the line of this analysis, Dorothy's rebellion was sincere, for no one doubts her ambition and her determination. But the question is: has she managed her career rightly? Has she been too amenable to an "oomphy" build-up?

In one picture, *Johnny Apollo,* Dottie completely abandoned all of her former characterizations and mannerisms and delivered a fine performance, though some critics felt that she could have been more convincing. At least it was a step in the right direction, and Dorothy tried harder than she has ever tried in her life to make good in her biggest chance.

But what happened to her? Back she went to a sarong and a dowdy old housedress in *Road to Singapore* and to a sinjang —so we are told—in *Typhoon*—in which once more, she straightened out a stranded American and where she, once more, was taught how to make love and kiss according to civilized standards. And, currently, she's back at it again in *Moon Over Burma.*

As a result her career, seemingly, still depends on a sarong. She has yet to achieve an ambition that must be burning inside of her all the time. The only answer then to her future—a future she must regulate herself—lies within that ambition and how strongly it can be shaped to provide her with the unanswered solution to the problem, "Can Lamour act?"

In her private life Dorothy is just as much of a mystery. Her marriage had for a long time been a symbol to her of the happiness for which she had always longed and of the first step forward in achieving her ambition. Certainly, she must have loved Herbie Kay. He embodied so many things that were ideals to her. He brought her into a world that had always been a vague dream in her life. And yet—it, too, met frustration.

The answer from the Hollywood standpoint to the end of her marriage with Herbie Kay was separation. (Herb being an orchestra pilot and engagements called for him to be separated from Dorothy at considerable intervals.) But there was more to the story than that. Hollywood was telling the world that Dorothy was professing to be happy with her husband while seen out with various young men about town. And that she was going to retire and have a baby.

The real lowdown was that Dorothy and Kay had agreed that she could go out with

[*Continued on page* 98]

"A Miracle is happening to You right now
A 'NEW-BORN-SKIN'
for your OLDER Skin!" says Lady Esther

Is that possible? Yes it is! It is not only possible, it is certain. For right now, nature is bringing you a wonderful gift, a gift of a New-Born Skin. It can make you look younger, it can make you look lovelier and my 4-Purpose Face Cream can bring to this New-Born Skin a newer and more flattering beauty.

JUST BENEATH your present skin lies a younger and a lovelier one! Yes, with every tick of the clock, with every mortal breath you draw, a new skin is coming to life on your face, your arms, your entire body.

Will it be a *more glamorous* skin? Can it make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, it *can!* If . . .

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin can be revealed in all its glory!

Why should *any* woman risk this menace to her youthful loveliness? Yes, why should she be a victim of her old, her worn-out, her lifeless skin? asks Lady Esther.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently, soothingly permeates these lifeless flakes . . . and the tiny rough spots vanish! Impurities are lightly whisked away . . . your skin looks fresh as youth itself . . . so smooth that powder stays on *for hours!* Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses so *thoroughly* and *so gently* that it actually helps nature refine the pores! All the world sees your skin in all its New-Born Beauty!

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Only the purest of creams can make your budding skin as beautiful as it should be.

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition*, administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

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Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense*. See if it doesn't bring you New-Born Beauty—if it doesn't keep your *Accent on Youth!*

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Your Hollywood—And Mine—

[*Continued from page* 25]

triumphant return to America after she had made *Madame Sans-Gene* in France. The little girl who was born in Chicago achieved what amounts to a royal ovation when she was welcomed home. Motorcycle sirens, and thousands of fans cheered her as she and her bridegroom, handsome Marquis de la Falaise, rode through the streets. How Gloria loved being Madame de la Falaise. She accepted the plaudits of the crowd as regally as though she were in truth a queen and not merely a movie queen.

But Gloria's hour of triumph was short lived after that hysterical demonstration. Unfortunately, *Madame Sans-Gene* was a bad picture and led to the start of her decline as the undisputed queen of the movies.

ENTIRELY different from Gloria, but equally vibrant, was Clara Bow, who, at the height of her career, was named the "It" girl by Elinor Glyn.

Clara's appeal was for the Army, the Navy and the college boys and the fiery little redhead was so pretty and such a bundle of excited emotions that they all fell for her. Incidentally, it was MOTION PICTURE that discovered Clara, she having won a Fame and Fortune contest conducted by the magazine. But Clara's heart ruled her head—she got into the headlines through one escapade after another until, at last, her career ended.

The last Bow scandal was the straw that broke her studio's back and her contract was terminated. We who knew her were sorry—for little Clara, whose only sin was really her love of life, never deserved the bad breaks she got.

She was a lonely, misunderstood child, frightened of Hollywood, because she was afraid she would be snubbed. Her favorite pastime was playing poker with her servants in the kitchen or attending a movie by herself. She had a terrific inferiority complex.

I smile even today when I recall the first time I met Clara. It was during my New York days. Her press agent was none other than Morrie Ryskind, today a well-known playwright. He telephoned me to have luncheon with Clara, who was to leave for Hollywood. We agreed to meet at the Ritz. But just before I left the *Morning Telegraph* to keep our appointment, the phone rang. It was Morrie. "If you don't mind," he explained apologetically, Clara doesn't want to lunch at the Ritz. She wants to go to a chop suey parlor on Broadway where there is music and dancing."

My first glimpse of her sitting with Morrie is a memory that will remain with me always. She was truly a picture with her great shock of red hair, her big brown eyes, and the jaunty red cap she wore.

"Tell Miss Parsons" coached Morrie, "how much you enjoy her column."

"Oh, I do," piped Clara obediently. "I read you every day in the *World*."

"*Telegraph!*" hissed Morrie, in a stage whisper. "Oh, the *Telegram*," corrected Clara lamely.

"Now tell the truth Clara, you've never heard of me have you?" I laughed.

"You won't be mad?" countered Clara, still with an eye on Morrie who had broken out in a perspiration. I promised I wouldn't.

"Then" said Clara, "I never heard of you until today honest!" From that moment on we became friends—and I've never known a more honest little person in my life. Later, when I wrote her life story we had another good laugh over that day when we met in a chop suey restaurant on Broadway. Today Clara is a model wife and mother and with her husband, Rex Bell, lives on a big ranch in Nevada.

BEFORE we talk about the glamor girls of 1940 I would like to say a word about Corinne Griffith and Billie Dove, rival beauties on the Warner-First National lot years ago. They were breath-taking in their loveliness and never were there two actresses so gorgeous to photograph. Like two Helens of Troy they dazzled, had their day in the sun, and retired to happy married lives.

However, their peaceful private lives today are the exception rather than the rule that women of the screen who have had great sex attraction achieve happiness.

Wide World

It's all over. Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr who were steady stepper-outers, stepped out for one last fling before the bust-up. No new romance for either so far

Lovely Barbara LaMarr, whom a judge decreed was "too beautiful," soared across the screen for a brilliant moment only to sacrifice her very life on the altar of a heart-breaking diet to keep her figure.

I BELIEVE Gloria Swanson is a lonely woman today. Clara Bow's health is miserable. Exotic, platinum-haired little Jean Harlow lived but 26 short, intense years. Many men loved Jean. Her first husband, Charles McGrew III, never got over his love for her. Paul Bern's devotion to her was the greatest tragedy of her life. Her marriage to Hal Rosson went on the rocks. She worshipped the ground William Powell walked on—but there was precious little happiness in life for Jean who was so adored herself.

Today Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan are vying for the throne once held by the unforgetable, vivid little Harlow. I doubt if either of them will ever take her place—but there's no question that they are the leading exponents of sex on the screen today. Indeed, no one can deny that they are the most seductive young actresses in Hollywood.

I feel that Ann Sheridan started off under a terrific handicap. A luscious-looking girl, she has been press-agented into the spotlight—and a good share of the public, who might have fallen for her, hook, line and sinker if they had been left to discover Ann for themselves, have built up a resentment hard to overcome.

Privately, Ann does not seem to have the gift for creating sensations our other glamor queens have achieved in their offscreen romances. Of course, she has been rumored as the apple of George Brent's eye and Anatole Litvak's secret heartbeat—but since both of these attractive gentlemen are also on the Warner lot the aura of publicity also hangs over her supposed romances.

La Sheridan was divorced from Edward Norris a few years ago—but this parting brought out none of the sob stories that surrounded the romances and rifts of Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow. But I happen to know that Ann is working hard, hoping to make some of the carping critics eat their words that she is not a gifted actress. It looks like she is well on her way to achieving her ambition, as well as being an "Oomph" girl, for she was very good in *It All Came True*, and also *Torrid Zone*.

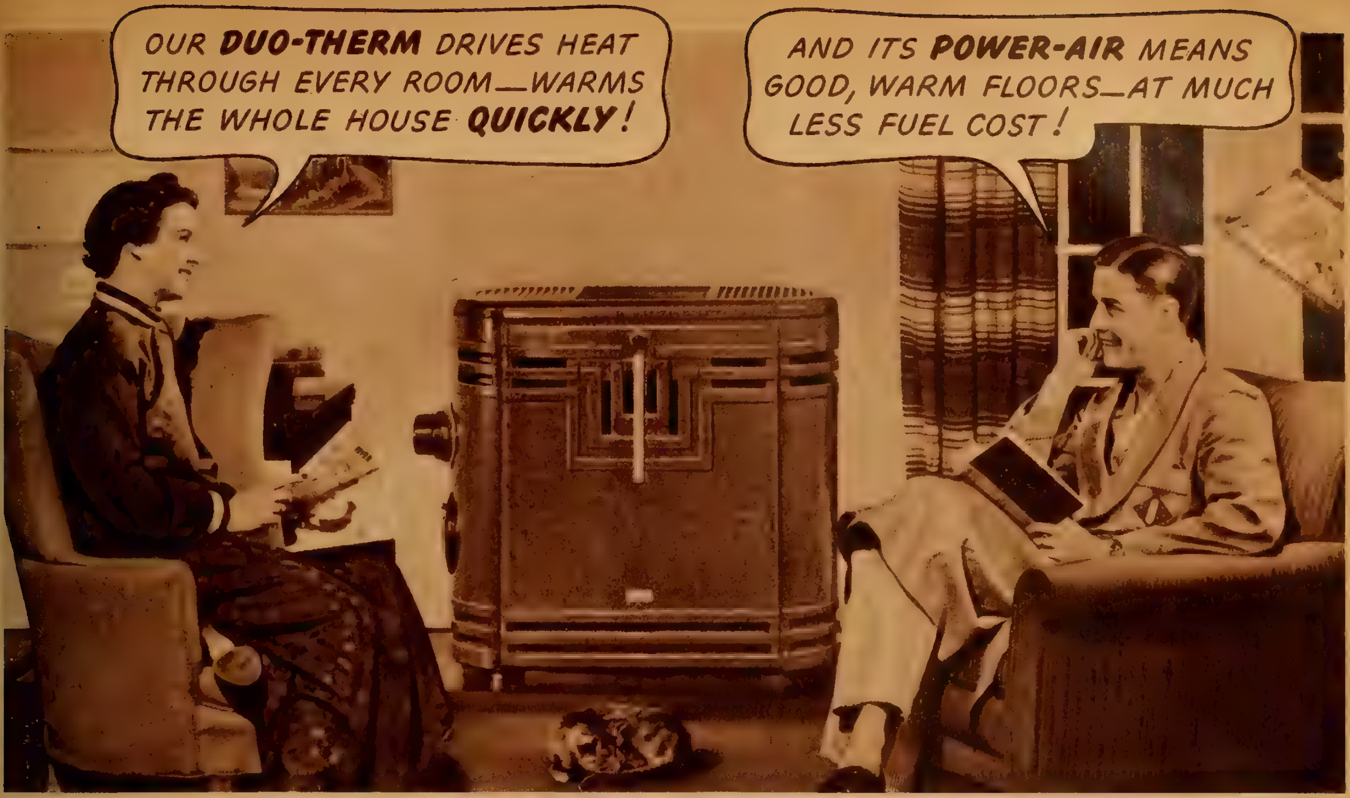
Lana Turner is something else again! If anything, this exotic youngster has been overlooked by the M-G-M press department. Here is a movie natural if I ever saw one—a beautiful child, flaming, intense and headed for plenty of excitement that will land her on the front pages—unless she watches her step.

Lana has everything—except discretion. Her heart rules her head and she never heard of the old adage of looking before leaping. Already her offscreen love affairs have been a seven day wonder in Hollywood. Practically at the altar with Greg Bautzer, handsome young attorney, she bowled the town over by eloping in the middle of the night with Artie Shaw, king of Swing. That lasted only a few months and something tells me we have not yet had our final shock from this triangle.

The little Turner girl loves night clubs, excitement, gay times. Her clothes are a sensation. I'll never forget when this twenty-year old child swept into Ciro's with a decollette white satin gown, white satin turban with paradise feathers, and a white cape swirling around her. Also her crimson play-frocks at the opening of Arrowhead Springs had all the men gaping.

Truly, Lana has the dash and fire to become one of Hollywood's unforgetable glamor queens if she only won't go so fast and wait for her career to keep apace with her own restless spirit.

She has hard work ahead of her—for she is not the best actress in the world yet. She should not burn the midnight oil too late, for one of her chief charms is her freshness and youthful appeal. She should go to movies and study the performances of more polished performers—and then, my friends, I promise you that Lana Turner will be a name and a personality long remembered and will take her place among the glamor girls of all time.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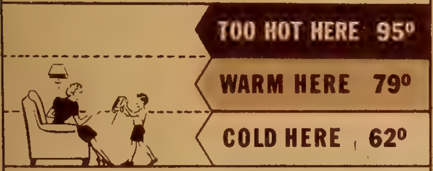

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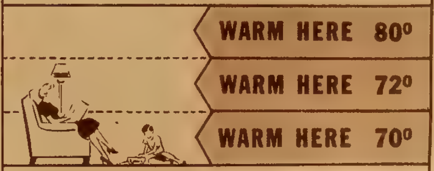

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What I'll Fight For - - Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 27]

control of the seas, not if they can get a foothold south of us. We aren't so powerful that we're scaring them out of making plans to come over here one of these days. We aren't united yet behind one big idea.

"We could use more of the attitude that anybody here who isn't in favor of the American way of life is against it—and is too dangerous to tolerate."

BOB took a vehement drag on his cigarette.

"I've been reading a book called 'Secret Agents in America.' I try not to read it at night. It keeps me awake. I toss for hours, thinking about it, getting madder by the minute. Everybody in the country ought to read it. It would scare a few million people into realizing the dangers we face, make them want to fight those dangers—before it's too late."

(The author of "Secret Agents in America" leaves no doubt that agents of foreign powers know every American military and naval secret, with one possible exception: the bomb-sight. America has been that much off its guard, he says. And that isn't all. Other secret agents are here for other purposes. To spread reports that will lull us into a false sense of security. To foster criticism of the government. To promote resentment against more taxes for armaments. To stir up unrest in industry. To do anything and everything to keep Americans from putting up a united front.)

"We know," Bob said, "that the government is keeping a sharp eye on possible Fifth Columnists—which is too good a name for spies and traitors. No one is going to betray America if the government can help it. But that isn't enough. Something has to be done to awaken Americans to a fierce willingness to do something to keep what they have.

"I'm so hepped up on the subject, I go around buttonholing people, asking them if they've seen this or read that. They're beginning to say, 'Here comes Preparedness Taylor.'

"But what good is it going to do us to have fifty thousand airplanes if Americans aren't prepared to fly them? What good is it going to do us to become better armed than any other country in the world, if Americans aren't prepared to keep what they have?"

Bob made a gesture of blowing off steam.

"There's just one time when I wish I were a good public speaker," he said, with a self-chiding grin. "That's when I get steamed up on this subject."

Chas. Rhodes

On their first wedding anniversary Bob and Barbara Stanwyck attended night game at Hollywood Ball Park. He gets all steamed up over America and its preparedness campaign. "I don't like war," he says, "but if we have to go to war, I'm enlisting"

I had known Bob for four years. I had seen how he reacted to the greatest wave of popularity that ever hit any actor. I had seen how he reacted to career-ruining attacks by lampooning reporters. I had never seen him as intense as he had just been. I told him so.

"It's time to get excited," he said.

He crushed out his half-smoked cigarette.

"I don't have any more use for war than the next guy," he continued. "I'm still in my twenties, with a lot of life ahead of me. I'd rather do my job six days a week, and play golf on Sundays, and spend every evening with my very swell wife, than go off to war.

"I'm not a fighting man, but there are a few things about America I'm willing to fight for."

Bob was silent a moment. The silence was punctured by the sound, from the floor below, of Nelson Eddy *ah*-ing his way up a scale.

"I'd fight to give Nelson a sound-proof dressing-room," said Bob, with a laugh.

But immediately he sobered. He was in no mood for joking.

"Seriously," he said, "I'd fight to keep America a country where the little guy has a break. That's another way of saying: I'd fight to keep America a democracy.

"Any other set-up—no matter what you call it—puts the power in the hands of the few.

"The little guy has to obey laws that he had no hand in making. He's taxed without representation. If he's haled into court, he has no guarantee of justice, because he doesn't get a trial-by-jury. If the heads of the state don't want him going to church, assembling with his fellows, he can't go to church. He may be happy where he is, but if the heads of the state want him to migrate somewhere else, he has to migrate.

"He can't speak freely, even to his best friend. His best friend may report him to the secret police. He can't read freely: everything he reads is censored. He can't educate his own children as he sees fit: he has to turn them over to the state for training as the state sees fit. His sons must be raised to be soldiers, and his daughters must be raised to be housewives and mothers—no matter what other talents they may have. Nobody can have freedom of ambition, because there is no freedom of opportunity.

"Do you want that instead of what we have? I don't. And I'm willing to fight to keep what we have."

HE HELPED himself to another cigarette.

"I'm a little guy." Bob—six feet tall and built in proportion—was speaking figuratively. "But I'm free to enjoy the life God gave me. I live in America.

"I'm a descendant of other little guys who got something out of life because they lived in America. They were free to choose their professions. Most of them chose to be farmers. They could make good livings, even on small farms. They couldn't have done that in Europe. For centuries Europe has had expensive rulers and expensive wars, and for centuries the little farmer—they call him a peasant, over there—has been taxed poor to pay the bills. Here we've had peace and Presidents. The little guy on the farm has had a chance to be independent. Not only financially, but every other way.

[*Continued on page* 83]

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Ship ahoy, mates—aye, captains too!—did you ever see such bewitchingly beautiful fingernails anywhere—on land or sea or in the air? A striking new beauty that you've never known—your own fingernails can have it with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that has swept America because it's *different, better!* For Dura-Gloss goes on more evenly, keeps its gem-hard, glass-smooth lustre longer, resists chipping *longer!* Your fingernails—the most beautiful in the world! Go to any cosmetic counter today—no, it's *not a dollar,* as you might expect,—but *10 cents!*—so buy—enjoy Dura-Gloss.

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Making Over Mickey

[*Continued from page* 21]

McGuire some years ago, because Fontaine Fox owned the rights to it and didn't want Mickey to use it any more when he began playing other roles. So the young actor changed it to Mickey Rooney, which he's been ever since. But changing his character was tougher.

It's only just now that young Rooney is showing those definite signs of approaching adulthood. Most startling manifestation of all, in recent months, was that little incident at Ciro's, the other night—

Mickey came in, as he often does to Hollywood's night spots. But up to recently, his entrance had been conspicuous by its loudness. Loudness of clothes, for one thing: Mickey went in a big way for violent checks and plaids, and you could hear him coming long before he hove into sight.

But loud, too, in the actual sense. Hardly had Mickey entered a place than he was about, slapping people on the back, and chortling "Hiya, kid!" or "How's it go, toots?" These greetings were not reserved for his own younger set alone—but the grown-ups of Hollywood, be they male or female, be they dignified or the hail-fellow-well-met group, they all got the same Mickey Rooney treatment.

Hollywood has lots of answers for the change in Mickey, but the best one has to do with his having three fathers—one his real dad, another his foster-father, and the third, Lewis Stone—who, as *Judge Hardy*, deserves most credit for making Mickey over

But the other night at Ciro's, something amazing happened. Mickey walked in calmly, quietly and sedately—and a half-dozen people nearly swooned. For he wore a dark blue suit, as conservative as you could wish, and his haberdashery matched in calmness. And when Mickey espied Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald dining there, he walked over and—

NO—he didn't slap Jeanette on the shoulder blades. Instead, he stood beside her, and with a bow that would have done credit to Little Lord Fauntleroy or Lord Chesterfield, he picked up her hand and KISSED IT!

And somehow or other, THAT was the tip-off to Hollywood that Mickey Rooney has decided to be a gentleman.

Now all Hollywood, appreciating beyond words this decision, is wondering WHY? and HOWCUM? and what's the explanation? Hollywood wants to know what changed Rooney, who got into everybody's hair, into the suddenly calm, dignified, rather nice young fellow of today.

Hollywood, as usual, has lots of answers. Some of them say that Louis B. Mayer, who is boss at M-G-M, got Mickey into his private office and laid down the law . . . Others maintain that it's merely that Mickey's growing old.

But the real insiders know the real reason. And that real reason is one of the most entrancing stories that's ever come out of Hollywood. It's the story of the Boy with Three Fathers—and the story of how the Third Father is making Mickey Rooney over into a gentleman.

You see, young Rooney has really had three Dads in his life. As a matter of fact, he's got three Dads right now.

The first is his REAL father—Joe Yule, Sr., the former burlesque comedian who is now, thanks to Mickey himself, working in movies at M-G-M.

The second is his foster-father, attractive, youngish Fred Pankey, the M-G-M accountant whom his mother married about three-and-a-half years ago, and with whom Mickey now makes his own home in the big house he bought his mother.

And the third is—of ALL people!—Lewis Stone. Now Lewis Stone, as you well know, is *Judge Hardy* in the *Hardy* series, which is built around young Rooney's screenly famous *Andy Hardy* character. But the association between Stone and Rooney carries over from the stage into real life—and today, those who really know, will tell you that Lewis Stone is the greatest paternal influence in the life of young Rooney—and the real factor behind Mick's emergence into a gentleman.

You see, too—Mickey Rooney NEVER had any family life. He was born virtually backstage. His ma and pa toted him with them on their burlesque circuit, and backstage and boarding-houses was the only life the kid knew. He toddled onto the stage when he was three, and has been there ever since. When ma and pa split up, Mickey went with ma, and there still wasn't any home life.

And NOT UNTIL THAT DAY THE CAST GOT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST *HARDY* FILM—*A Family Affair*, wasn't it?—did Mickey suddenly find himself within a milieu that could be called a "family." Artificial it was—but nonetheless, it was the first time in his young life that Mickey had been made aware of any form of family life. And he liked it, and it grew on him—and when the courtly, sedate, utterly fine gentleman of Hollywood who bears the name Lewis Stone was inserted into that group to be Mickey's Dad, it was one of the finest things Fate could ever have done for a lad who needed a father, above all else!

Not that Joe Yule wasn't a good Dad. Joe did more for young Mickey, believe us, than many another father has ever done for his kid. But Joe Yule's gifts to his son were limited almost entirely to professional gifts. Joe (whom Mickey still swears is the greatest comedian the world has ever known) gave to the boy all his undoubted ability and genius; he gave to the lad, through the formative kid years, a wealth of knowledge of the profession that is making Rooney rich.

BUT of fatherliness as the run-of-the-mill world of humdrum people know it, Joe Yule never gave his son any. He never COULD. It wasn't that sort of family, nor that sort of life.

Nor did young Rooney's step-father ever supply that. Pankey, living with Rooney, is more of a companion, a pal to the boy. He's not, by any stretch of the word, a father. Pankey is Mickey's mother's husband, and aside from that, he's Mickey's warm friend.

Which left the situation ripe for the entry of Lewis Stone, the screen father who has, somehow, filled a vast percentage of that great empty spot in Mickey Rooney's life that their own real fathers fill for normal-lived boys.

Lew Stone is Mickey's idol. Mickey adores him, admires him, and because Mickey is smart and acquisitive, Mickey tries to learn from Lew Stone the right things to do.

Now Lew Stone IS a gentleman. A gentleman born, not a gentleman made by a fancy tailor and some lessons in deportment. Lew Stone is New England born and New England reared. Lew Stone is a philosopher and a thinker.

Lew Stone is a man of wealth—wealth of earthly possessions and wealth of possessions that cannot be counted in dollars—such as possessions of the mind.

When the Lew Stone-Mickey Rooney axis was formed, there on the *Hardy Family* set, it marked the turning point in the life of a lad who, quite conceivably, had to choose then between eventually amounting to something worth-while—or remaining forever a brat with nothing but a lot of money. Hard words? Well, maybe—but Hollywood is realistic, and that's Hollywood's verdict.

So, learning from Lew Stone, Mickey

[*Continued on page* 95]

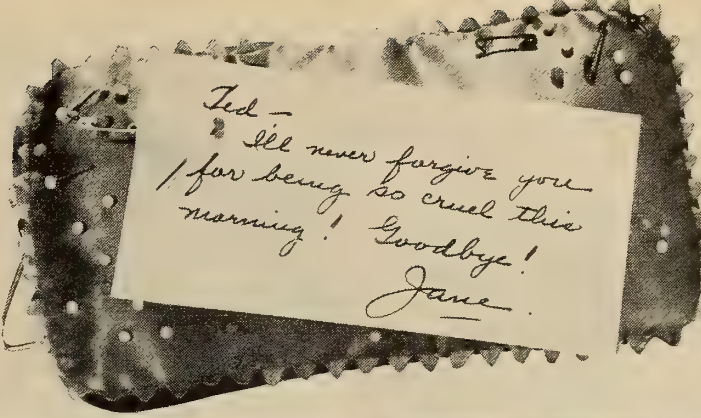
Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

GAGGIEST party-of-the-month—was the surprise birthday party given Rosalind Russell on the set of *No Time for Comedy* . . . Stage-managed by Jimmy Stewart, the party started in the afternoon when an actor made up as a French chef walked onto the set carrying a huge birthday cake . . . It was one of those monstrous whipped cream covered cakes, and just as he was about to present it to Roz, he tripped and fell—his face landing right in the middle of it, in true Mack Sennett style! . . . Later that evening when Rosalind went to the photo gallery to keep a date for some portrait sittings, she was surprised to find the whole cast and crew—and practically every one else on the Warners lot—assembled to carry on with the party . . . Gag gift of the evening was the large floral wreath, festooned with VEGETABLES, presented by Bette Davis . . . Nite club trick-of-the-month—is the one the stayer-uppers are pulling these nights at the Grace Hayes Lodge . . . Along about early morning, when the party spirit starts to die down, there is a prize offered for the best hat-modeling *man* in the crowd . . . And if you could have seen Big Boy Williams walk off with the prize when he modeled the bit of fluff Mary Brian insisted was her hat, you'd know why this trick puts enough pep in the party to make it last till scrambled-egg time.

MOST hilarious party-of-the-month—was the one staged, NOT by the movie boys and girls, but by their mamas . . . To celebrate their first year as an organization, the Motion Picture Mothers of America took over the Pirates' Den, invited their offspring and threw a party that Hollywood won't forget for a long time . . . The impromptu entertainment, conducted by Ken Murray, had everything from a square dance to a jitterbug tango! . . . The Pirates' Den is one of those nite-spots where the waiters are in on the fun . . . So every time a mama would try to get out of doing her stint of entertaining, a waiter would unceremoniously throw her into the brig till she had time to repent . . . Highlights of the evening were the square dance and waltz contest won by Mickey Rooney and his mother, Mrs. Nell Pankey; and the hour or more when the whole place was quiet listening to Tom Brown's dad, Harry Brown, play and sing the songs from 'way back . . . Party invitations of the month—were those sent out by Irma and Al Rogell. They read: "Admit bearer and *one* wife!" . . . Most exhausting party-of-the-month—was given by Janie Withers in honor of little Jane Reynolds, her house guest from Indianapolis . . . The party started out innocently enough to be a 2-to-8 affair, but by the time the guests took advantage of the badminton courts, archery range, swimming pool, marble machines and portable dance floor, it was well after midnite before all was quite at the Withers' . . . After the outdoor dinner of barbecued beef, Mexican beans and corn-on-the-cob was served, the portable dance floor was set up by the pool and Jane, with the help of Joe Brown, Jr., entertained her friends with impersonations.

"GRABATERIAS" is the word coined by Ida Lupino to describe her Sunday night buffets . . . Ida and her husband Louis Hayward always entertain their friends at swimming and tennis on Sunday afternoons . . . The "grabateria" part comes in when the guests help themselves when and as they please to the sumptuous buffet which is always on hand . . . A little bit of England was brought to Hollywood when Virginia Field entertained some of her British friends at dinner . . . In fact, it was at The Little Bit of England, owned by Virginia's childhood nurse, Nanny Best, that her guests dined on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, steak and kidney pie, and finished up with a "trifle" . . . Richard Greene, Bob Coote, the Nigel Bruces, Barbara Read and other of Virginia's guests could tell you that a "trifle" is sponge cake soaked in a liqueur, then topped with strawberries and whipped cream.

WORST stag-party-of-the-month—was the one John Shelton gave to a bunch of his pals to show off the new house he has purchased in Westwood . . . Buddy Westmore, Bill Lundigan, Lee Bowman and the rest of the gang gave the house a good inspection, then spent the evening assuring John that it was a bad buy!—Among other things, the ceiling was too low! and the rooms would be like an oven in summer! the heating system would never work! and to top it all off, Buddy told him not to worry because the termites would devour the place within six months, anyhow . . . Poor John was just about ready to sell the place when his pals returned a few days later loaded down with house gifts and told him it was all a gag . . . Kid party-of-the-month—was given by Carmel Myers and her husband, Ralph Blum, to celebrate the eighth birthday of their son, Ralph, Jr. . . . Little Ralph chose the entertainment himself and gave his guests an afternoon of Mickey Mouse movies, out-of-doors games, with *lots* of prizes, and a supper . . . Like a kid's dream come true were the little gingerbread houses filled with candy which each child found at his place.



Ted —
I'll never forgive you
for being so cruel this
morning! Goodbye!
Jane.

MATILDA: Oh me, oh my—read this. I knew there'd be trouble if Ted didn't stop picking on Jane.

SUSAN: The poor creature! He raised such a fuss about his shirts—she got desperate and left. Come along, Matilda—we'll fetch her back and show her how to keep the brute happy.

SUSAN: You heard me, young lady! He wouldn't be always storming about tattle-tale gray—if you'd stop using weak-kneed soaps that *can't* wash clean.

MATILDA: Change to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. Either way, you get richer, *golden* soap working with *gentle naptha!* That team sure makes dirt scat!

TED: Yep—the merry-go-round next! My shirts look so swell since you put that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha to work, I'm going to treat the three of you to everything in the park!

SUSAN: And take it from your wise old auntie, Jane, nothing beats Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for washing machines. *Huskier, golden* chips—they're not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders.

Golden bar or golden chips

FELS-NAPTHA BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

Wherever you use bar-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap.
Wherever you use box-soap,
use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO

So Red the Face

[*Continued from page 33*]

extras will forget—even if the film that recorded it ended up on the cutting-room floor. Buildings were crumbling, water-mains bursting, horses running madly, and Clark was avoiding falling wreckage. He sprang aside, and as he did so, his trousers caught on the nail of a wooden beam.

With a rip they came off. And there was Mr. Gable caught short. Extras broke into hysterical laughter. Clark ran for cover—swearing he'd *never* wear purple shorts again!

JUDY GARLAND was equally mortified at the age of seven when she appeared in vaudeville at a theatre in Kenosha, Wisconsin, ex-hometown of Don Ameche and Orson Welles, as one of the Gumm Sisters. (Try to get her to believe psychologists who say embarrassment lasts less than one-tenth of a second!) She almost quit the theatre for life.

For the finale of the act, she was supposed to duck into the dark wings, strip, and slide into a flesh-fitting Peter Pan suit.

"I was late. My sisters were already doing the cue song. In the rush, I pushed both feet into one leg," she says.

She lost her balance and thudded to the floor. Her sisters wore out the cue song, waiting, and still no Judy. Finally worried stage-hands hurried to the wings. There in the flashlight's white beam was the personification of helplessness: two legs stuck in one pants leg and three-quarters of Miss Garland outside the suit!

Ex-vaudevillian W. C. Fields doesn't recall a physical mishap on the stage—such as getting konked on the noggin with beer bottles he juggled in his act. But his most embarrassing moment is a tale of bottles and men and is based on the fact that he has never been distinguished for his sobriety to the extent that the W.C.T.U. has seriously considered him for its male auxiliary.

While playing in Oakland, California, about 15 years ago, he was to meet a group of clergymen one night after his last show. Friends warned him to stay away from bars, maintaining that bars wouldn't come to him. It was a torrid type of day that makes manufacturers of scented soap happy, and W. C., alone for the afternoon, thought one wee refreshing drink would do no harm. Just one—at a time! First he lost count; then he lost interest in counting.

Recalling the old saying, "By their breath ye shall know them," W. C. maintained his distance as he zig-zagged down the street with his clergymen friends. A strong offense as his defense, he maintained in his polysyllabic best that the clergymen were inebriated and that he was as sober as a judge. On the verge of being convincing, he glanced up at a big illuminated clock in the steeple:

"My God, it's night!" he groaned. "It's 11:20! My show—I missed it!!"

There was a tense silence. The gentlemen of the frock looked at one another and broke into hearty laughter.

"What do you mean—missed the show?" one of them said. "You staggered through your acts and brought down the house with two encores!"

Was his nose red? Or in the Fieldsian vernacular, "Did my proboscis assume a scarlet hue?"

Since both W. C. Fields' and Joan Fontaine's major embarrassments had to do with bottles, it may be proper to mention them in the same alcoholic breath. Recently Joan made the error of trying to out-fox Director Alfred Hitchcock, Doctor of Practical Gags, while they worked together in *Rebecca*. With elaborate ceremony she presented him with a bottle labeled "Napoleon Brandy," which contained a mixture from the film laboratory. Everyone from Laurence Olivier to the least significant extra knew of the joke and swore to be a sphinx about it.

Days passed and Hitchcock said nothing about the "Napoleon Brandy." One morning Joan ran out of patience.

"Did you enjoy my gift, Mr. Hitchcock?" she asked. Everybody on the set stopped work to listen.

"The gift?—oh!" answered the director, his face suddenly becoming grave. "I passed it on to a close friend of mine who has been ill." He shook his head. "Poor fellow! He's taken a turn for the worse."

Horrified, Joan sprang to her feet: "I've . . . I've poisoned him!" she cried, her eyes filling with non-glycerine tears.

"I don't think so," said Hitchcock quietly. "You see, I have no such friend!"

No one likes to see his own gag boomerang. No star likes to play the role of a goat on or off the screen. And David Niven is no exception. Before leaving for England and the war, he told friends about his most embarrassing experience, which occurred while he was in army service some years ago.

"It was on a golf course at Malta," he said. "I was playing a twosome with my colonel, and, at the 12th hole, got stuck in a deep bunker. I thought it would be a novel stunt to have the caddy toss sand in the air at the same time that I would throw the ball out onto the green. We both laughed. It was a jolly idea.

"I picked up the ball and tossed it out just as the caddy threw up a handful of sand. We turned to leave the bunker, and there on the rear edge stood the colonel like the Great Stone Face." From then on David's conversations with his officer were monologues.

ROBERT YOUNG once had Niven's luck, but it wasn't on the golf course. In his youth he was a copy boy on a Los Angeles paper, and while he should have been working, did impersonations—far from complimentary—of the night editor.

One night while the boss was absent, Young squinted, grimaced like a gorilla after a vinegar highball, and shuffled across the copy room. As usual the office boys laughed heartily—so heartily that Young failed to hear the door open. The night editor, framed in the doorway, needed no interpreter to tell him that the impersonation was not of Lionel Barrymore. Caught, Bob's face lit up like a stoplight. The editor came in. Bob went out, realizing, during his non-stop flight, that journalism was not for him!

The Brothers Marx, authorities on matters comic, once displayed a surprising lack of anatomical knowledge that put them in the red—financially and facially. It was in 1918 when they opened their first show near the populous army camps in Battle Creek, Michigan.

The seating capacity of the auditorium they rented was 3,000. Along came the "flu" epidemic, and when the curtain went up, the Marxes found the audience outnumbering them by four.

They lost $6,000 the first week, and the second week looked even more promising, and, to top it off, they were hooked by a contract with all the theatres in which they were to play. Escape through legal loopholes was in order. Sickness would solve everything. A coercion-committee of three forced Harpo to his bed, informing him that he was suffering from acute appendicitis.

The stage was set. Harpo, groaning like Man Mountain Dean in a headlock, clutched his side as the doctor strode into the room.

"What's this?" he asked. "Another one of your gags?"

"Why?" moaned Harpo, struggling to a sitting position.

"The next time you get appendicitis," advised the Doc, "hold your right side instead of the left!"

NOT only do Hollywoodians act themselves into embarrassment; they often do what we do: talk themselves into it. Penny Singleton, on the set of *Blondie Has Servant Trouble* at Columbia, told this about herself:

"My ears warm up every time I think of the prize boner I pulled at a wedding in the East a short time ago. I received a phone call that a Western Union messenger was coming to the party to deliver an important telegram to me.

"In the milling group, I saw a young man in uniform. His back was turned, but his neck was neatly trimmed and youthful-looking.

" 'Boy!' I sang out. 'Oh, Boy!' I attracted everybody in the room. He turned around. The *boy* was a West Point cadet!"

It hardly need be stated that stars and their satellites are as adept at putting their feet in their mouths as the well-known man on the street.

What Mr. "Dictionary" Webster defined "a suffusion of the face with red, as from shame or confusion" is a thing Betty Field endured often during the days of pigtails, freckles, and stilty legs.

She feels—with due acknowledgement to all psychologists—that she has gone through her share of "one-tenth of a second" of agony and recalls one event in particular that made a red indelible impression. It happened years ago at the scene of her later triumphs—the legitimate theatre.

Mrs. Thomas Mitchell, wife of the Academy Award winner, took her young daughter and equally young Betty to see her husband play the role of a cop in the Broadway production *Night Stick* before a packed house.

This was all brand new to Betty. And she had a hard time keeping her excitement self-contained. The theatre was quiet except for soft voices from the stage. Suddenly the stocky Mr. Mitchell emerged. With the delight of an Archimedes, Betty sprang into the aisle, yelling "Look, there's your poppa!"

These days Norma Shearer, returning to the screen in Metro's picturization of the best-seller *Escape*, thinks of poise as something you haven't got when you need it most. Recently at a Santa Monica grammar school's P.T.A. meeting, she gave a lecture on how to make children live together and like it by using simple psychology on them. She was surprised and pleased when, upon finishing, the whole group applauded vigorously. The meeting adjourned, and the women left the building, stopping to chat on the school grounds. One of them with Norma commented, "No doubt your children behave well. Not like *those* lads!"

All eyes followed the woman's finger to two belligerent boys, scuffling and trading lefts and rights. The mothers gasped with surprise, glanced at Norma, then smiled tolerantly—too tolerantly. One of *those* lads was her son, Irving!

Everybody suffers from embarrassment, but the extremely sensitive person suffers in direct proportion to his sensitiveness. Louis Hayward, when he first came to Hollywood from England, was much more easily embarrassed than he is today. Hardly had he unpacked his trunks and seen the inside of the studio when he was invited to a formal party.

"In London, 'formal' means 'white tie and tails,'" he says, "so I spent a great deal of time dressing. I wanted to make an impression, you see—to make people notice and like me.

"They noticed me all right! When I arrived, the announcer looked at me strangely but called my name. I stopped—petrified! Every man in the room was in a tuxedo. I stood there in tails, trying to shrink into my collar, eyeing the nearest exit.

"But that wasn't the worst of it. A group of pretty girls glanced toward me, smiling because of my obvious confusion. As if that weren't enough, one of the guests, probably near-sighted, bellowed at me, 'Usher, come here a moment!'

"My embarrassment and I left the room like Sir Malcolm Campbell in high gear!"

SOMETIMES circumstances beyond your control make you an unintentional clown. Or so observed spontaneous, reddish-haired Maureen O'Hara as she sipped a Pepsi-Cola between shootings of *Dance, Girl, Dance!* She's an authority on such subjects after what happened during a personal appearance at a large Chicago theatre in conjunction with her picture *Bill of Divorcement.*

She stepped up to the stage "mike" to say a few words. She smiled and started speaking, but nothing came out. It was a sudden attack of laryngitis. The color began creeping into her cheeks as the crowd laughed good-naturedly. Maureen's distraught expression brought the M-cee out. She whispered and pointed to her throat. Displaying his best dental and vocal charm, the M-cee explained "the unfortunate thing that had prevented Miss O'Hara from saying at least a *few* words."

As calmly as her self-control could make her, Maureen walked toward the wings. Just as she was about to step out of sight, she stopped, faced the audience, and tried to form the words "thank you" with her lips. Suddenly from nowhere her voice falsettoed forth—"Thaaaaank Youoooooooo!" . . . Her face matched her hair!

These are just a few testimonials in opposition to sophisticates who would have us believe the blush disappeared with good Queen Victoria. There are scores of other Hollywood stars—of sound mind and body—who will testify against them.

So long as there are conversational boners and circumstantial blunders our Garbos, Gables, Taylors, and O'Haras will feel their cheeks ripen to a rosy red. Embarrassment cannot always sidestep these human beings we are inclined to think of as gods and goddesses. Nor can stars always sidestep embarrassment. There is no immunity for the great or small.

HE WILL SAY *Your Eyes* ARE BEAUTIFUL TONIGHT

Because—a touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow subtly accents depth and color . . . Maybelline Mascara gives that desired effect of dark, long, curling lashes . . . Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil easily tapers the brows to a new winged victory! Every day—every night—wreathe your eyes in beauty with world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c Stores.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in smart gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in convenient zipper case, 75c. Same shades (applied without water).

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in matching shades. (Blue is for eyelid liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six most flattering shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

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1. "Football practice?" queries Jack's mother. "Not till he clears this drain!"

2. "Sa-ay, haven't you heard about Drāno?" marvels his pal "I'll get some."

3. "Now watch. Drāno's specially made to put the heat on down where the stoppage exists. Its churning, chemical boiling melts greasy muck. Soon, all's clear!"

4. "That Drāno's swell!" enthuses Jack, heading toward the field. "You say you can keep drains clear by using Drāno regularly? That's worth knowing!"

Drāno
CLEARS DRAINS

P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes *guards against* clogged drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

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A Fugitive From Hard Work

[*Continued from page* 41]

at 13. Every breath was a wheeze. Every doctor in Los Angeles had a try at me, and still I wheezed. I was wheezing away to an early grave when my aunt in San Francisco said, 'Send the boy up to me. I'll cure him.' It was a last chance. I was sent.

"My aunt was a very definite woman, with very definite theories about what ailed me. 'You've been mollycoddled,' she said. 'You have no resistance.' So what did she do? She made me part company with long underwear, even though my legs turned a numb blue hue. And she made me sleep with the windows wide open, even though the fog rolled in so thick that I couldn't see the foot of the bed. I thought she was trying to kill me. Instead, in two years, she made a man of me. I haven't had asthma since."

When it began to look as if Charlie might live to manhood, Ruggles *pere* began to wonder what Ruggles *fils* might become. Ruggles *pere* was a traveling salesman for a wholesale drug firm. He thought Charlie might do worse than learn the drug business. With that thought in mind, he started taking Charlie along on some of his trips.

"Every little town we'd hit, he'd say, 'Now, son, watch how I do it.' He'd head for the biggest drugstore in town, walk in and say to the proprietor, 'How's the cat?' In those days, you could always count on a druggist having a cat around. That was before druggists sold suits of clothes and lawn hammocks and things like that. The proprietor would say, sort of warily, 'Why, the cat's fine.' That broke the ice. My father would whip out his card. The druggist would say, 'I'm afraid I can't do anything for you today. Your competitor was here last week. I'm all stocked up.' My father would say, 'Well, that's not going to keep my boy and me from buying a soda from you.'

"So we'd sit down and have a soda, and my father would start telling funny stories to the druggist. I'd get bored as soon as I finished my soda, because I'd heard all the stories before, and I'd wander out onto the street and sit on the curb and watch the farmers' wagons go by. About twenty minutes later, my father would come out, writing the last of a hundred-dollar order in his book. He'd wink at me and say, 'He said No, but it meant Yes to me.' I never could understand it. It didn't make sense that clowning paid off like that.

"He was always clowning. Every time there was an Elks parade, he was the fellow who dressed up in a baby bonnet or something else silly."

Charlie was barely into his teens when school began to pall on him. Higher mathematics had become hard work. He told his father that he was going to quit school and get a job. (It was his firm belief that no job could be as tough as geometry.) His father, sorrowfully reconciling himself to the fact that Charlie was no scholar, got him a job in the San Francisco office of the wholesale drug firm.

"He told my boss, 'Charlie isn't shiftless; he just doesn't like to concentrate too severely. But I think he'll outgrow it.' I was put to work sweeping out the floor, and wrestling packing cases, things like that. I worked from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m., and I was paid $10 every two weeks. My father told me that if I attended to business, I might be head of the department some day. I didn't have any other ambition—if that could be called an ambition. It certainly couldn't after I had been there two years and made an appalling discovery. The head of the department received only $90 a month. And he had been there fifteen years.

"One day I was walking down Market Street when I bumped into an acquaintance I hadn't seen in quite a while. He asked what I was doing, and I asked what he was doing. He said he was acting at the Alcazar Theatre—playing extra. With all the bluntness of youth, I asked, 'How much do you get?' He said, 'Twenty-five dollars.' I said, 'A month?' He said, 'No, a week.' In my surprise, I nearly fell through a manhole in the street. I said, 'H-h-how do you do it? I mean, how do you become an actor?'

"He said it was a cinch. He told me to meet him after supper and he'd introduce me to the stage manager. If it was a cinch, I was interested—particularly if it paid so handsomely. I showed up, and he introduced me to the stage manager, who said, 'You're a pretty good-looking kid. How old are you?' I said, 'I'll be seventeen next month.' I was a naive sort; it didn't occur to me to make out that I was older. But the fact that I hadn't lied made an impression on the man. He took my name and address and said he might be sending for me.

"ON SATURDAY I got a call. I was to be at rehearsal Monday morning. I got Monday morning off on the plea that I had to go to the dentist, and reported to the Alcazar. After rehearsal, the manager said he could use me—at $15 a week. That was $10 more a week than I was getting at the drug firm, and the work was like play. I accepted. After lunch I went back to the drug firm and announced I was quitting, as of that afternoon. 'You can't do that,' my boss said. 'I'll tell your father.' That was a dreadful thing to contemplate. But I was desperate for those ten extra smackers a week. When 6 o'clock came, I walked out, never to return.

"At five minutes after 6, I was at the Alcazar, though the curtain didn't go up till after 8. I wanted to learn something about make-up. I was self-conscious about my round face, my dimples and my baby-blue eyes. I felt I looked kind of sissy, and kind of young. The first actor who showed up, I asked, 'How do you make yourself look like a man?' The guy must have had a sense of humor. He drew lines on my face that made me look a hundred. The stage manager nearly had apoplexy when he saw me. I was supposed to be playing a schoolboy. I had to get it all off before the show could go on.

"The play that week was *Nathan Hale.* I appeared in a schoolroom scene, without a word to say. It seemed to me like taking money under false pretenses, just sitting there, doing nothing. So I made a couple of faces at a couple of spots in the dialogue. The audience laughed. The stage manager decided I deserved some lines. So, the next performance, I had lines. And ever after that. I was never an extra boy, except for that first performance."

HE HADN'T told his family about this new adventure. He hadn't dared. But when he started getting in at 11 p.m., instead of the accustomed 9, his aunt wanted an explanation.

"I told her, 'I'm working at the Alcazar Theatre.' She said, 'But, Charles, is there any future in ushering?' I had to come out with it. 'I'm not ushering. I'm acting,' I said. She nearly passed away from the shock. She hated to contemplate what my father would say, when he arrived in town next week. So did I.

"She told him ominously, 'Charles has something to confess to you.' Feeling like a criminal in court, I gulped and said I wanted to work in the theatre. What doing? *Acting?* He wouldn't have felt so badly if I had said I wanted to take up ditch-digging. I begged him to go and see me, anyway. I gave him a ticket.

"That week I was playing a young American in *Soldiers of Fortune.* I was one of the soldiers who arrived to save the citadel. I leaped up on the ramparts, flag in hand, and cried, 'Here we are.' It was the big moment of the drama. Before the show started, I looked through the peekhole and spotted my father out front. I put everything I had into my one line. That night, when I got home, I said, 'Well, Dad?' He said, 'I want you to come down to the office tomorrow. I want to talk to you.'

"He said, the next day, 'I've been thinking it over. Even if I told you that you couldn't, you'd still keep on acting, wouldn't you?' I admitted I would. I said hopefully, 'You must think it's all right, Dad. I noticed you clapping like everybody else, when I jumped up on the fort.' He said, 'I wasn't applauding *you.* I was applauding the flag.'

"He wanted to know what name I was using. I said, 'Charles Sherman.' My middle name was Sherman. When I was a kid, I had disowned it, because the other kids called me 'Shermie'—when they didn't call me 'Charlie Giggles,' because I laughed all the time. But not knowing how my family would take my going on the stage. I thought I'd better not use 'Ruggles,' and I resurrected the 'Sherman.' Dad said, 'You'd better use your own name. Call yourself Charles Ruggles'—which was *his* name.

"After lunch, he took me down to the Hub Clothing Company and bought me $300 worth of clothes. And still he didn't give in. I said, 'Thanks, Dad.' No answer from him. He was an awfully stubborn man. Years later, my aunt said, 'He must have thought you were going to be all right. He wanted the Ruggles name in there.'"

And that's how Charlie Ruggles became an actor.

"My brother Wesley got into the business the same way. By accident. He was swimming at the Athletic Club one day when a movie scout came around, looking for someone to double for Syd Chaplin in some swimming scenes, and offered the job to Wes at $35 a week. Wes had a good job at the time, with an oil company. He asked me if I thought he should quit it and take the

[*Continued on page* 75]

Glamour on a Budget!

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Tea Rose and White

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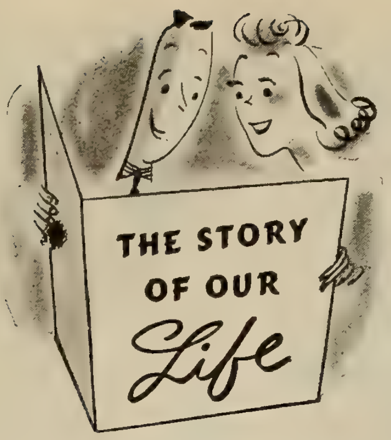
THE STORY OF OUR Life

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Life Is Reel—Life Is Ernst

[*Continued from page* 45]

good as it ever will be which is nothing to brag about and the next day I can't do a thing with it. It will go up when I want it to go down and vice versa.

"None-the-less, I began an immediate search for a singing job—on foot, too. And I finally landed one in a night club. For reasons that I'm unable to explain to this day, I pleased the cash customers—at least to the extent of the repair job and through that incredible achievement I decided to go theatrical in a big way. So I joined up with a summer stock company."

NOW that we've got Leila into the theatre we're going to keep her there while we present a few off hand, off-stage vital statistics about her.

First, she was born in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, on July 28, 19 years ago. The blessed event *had* to happen in summer because, so Leila claims, "no one lives there in winter!" And so Leila claims again: "it *had* to be Jaffrey because father was headmaster of a boys' prep school whose summer camp was located there."

The family went into winter quarters at Salem, Mass., remained there three years and then moved to Wellesley—the college town. Come the age of nine and Leila, a golden-haired blonde by now with a mind of her own and as tomboyish as gals ever grow in any town in the East, was carted off by her parents to San Remo, Italy, where she enrolled in an English school.

"I was there for five long and dreary months," she says, "suffered several whippings for what was called minor infractions of discipline and was miserably homesick every minute of my stay. The family finally decided that Italy was no place for me and I was brought home to attend public school in Wellesley."

Leila's checkered scholastic career next brought her to a French school at Cannes, France, where she was the only English-speaking pupil. "But I was unhappy there," she says, "and believe me, I let the family know it and so back I came to settle down in Dana Hall at Wellesley, and followed that up by later attending the Beaver Country Day School at Brookline, a suburb of Boston."

WHILE Leila is taking time out in Boston we might as well straighten you out about the publicity that had her foregoing a gay life in that city's social whirl. She became, or so stated the publicity releases after she came to Hollywood, a debutante and an extremely popular one. She "came out" at Chestnut Hill, Mass., where the family resided for a time. Two months of luncheons, parties, dances, compelled Leila to chuck the whole frilly business. Her heart wasn't in it, so the publicity releases went on to say. What Leila said when she read 'em is something else again.

"In the first place," she says emphatically, "I never 'came out' in society, mainly because I never was what you might call *in*. To be frank about the whole matter, my family never had the money to set me up as a deb. As for the luncheons, teas, parties, I attended my share of them and had fun—but they were never staged by what is known as the upper crust. I knew several girls and boys of wealthy families—still do in fact. And I chummed and bummed around with them. But I never considered myself a member of high-hat society—and no one else did. So I never chucked nor gave up the butterfly life that existed according to the publicity releases."

And that, so far as Leila is concerned, is that.

The annual season of summer stock lured her to Ogunquit, Maine, and before she had time to unpack her trunk she got her first real break in the theatre. The intended ingenue had left the company flat and Leila was awarded the lead opposite Donald Cook in *Soubrette*. She did so well that before the season was over she began to receive letters from motion picture studios. "I didn't answer any of them," she explains, "because I felt pretty sure that I wasn't ready for Hollywood and that Hollywood wasn't ready for me."

But to get ready, being a smart young lady who seldom misses a bet, she enrolled at Leland Powers Dramatic School in Boston. The news got around as to her whereabouts and a few months after her enrollment an emissary from Paramount's eastern office visited the school, and won Leila's promise to come to New York for a brief session of coaching in film technique.

As it happened there wasn't time for a formal screen test and no doubt that was the chief reason why nothing came of this trip. Meanwhile to get herself ready for some quick opening when opportunity really arrived, she got herself an acting chore with the Bass Rocks, Mass., Mercury Theatre Group.

Of that experience she says: "I painted scenery, washed floors, sewed seat covers, took care of the box office—such as it was—did publicity and whenever I got a chance, I acted."

UP UNTIL now the studios had merely made eyes at her. But before the summer was over they got down to cases and began bidding for her services. Paramount again asked her to make a flying trip to Manhattan for a test. But before that happened she discovered that she had won the femme lead opposite Eddie Bracken in an Eastern road company of *What a Life*.

And once again something happened. And how! Eddie Bracken learned that his boss, George Abbott, the famous Broadway producer was readying up a cast for a musical show called *Too Many Girls*, and Eddie, always ready to help a pal along, tried to set up an audition for Leila for a singing lead—all this despite the fact that so far as qualifications went, Leila had done no warbling aside from her night club engagement.

"But Mr. Abbott," says Leila, "had no use for me and told Eddie Bracken so, and Eddie told me. So there I was stymied as neatly as you please. However, one little 'no' never bothered me much and I waited until the producer started his dance auditions. Then I sneaked onto the stage. There was no pianist available and just when it looked as though my audition was ended before it started, a musically-inclined stage carpenter came up and offered his services. He didn't know the song I wanted to sing, but made a stab at it by striking chords.

"It was pretty awful and no one knew it better than I. *Too Many Girls* could never use me. I could see that with half an eye and I began backing away toward the wings. Before I could escape, Mr. Abbott yelled out, "Who are you?" and I yelled back my name and he yelled something about remembering me as the girl Eddie Bracken had recommended and then he said—and I'll never forget those seven words as long as I live: 'Well I've got a job for you.' Just like that. You could have knocked me silly."

Leila's employment in *Too Many Girls* began unauspiciously—a five-line part and an assortment of walk-ons. But by the time the show got to Broadway she had been promoted to the character of *Tallulah Lou*, the Southern girl comic, one of the principal roles. Which certainly is nice going in any theatrical league.

IT WAS from the success she attained in this role that she was finally drafted for Hollywood (together with her young patron, Eddie Bracken) to play opposite Jackie Cooper in Paramount's *Aldrich Family*, the second of the series which started with the screen version of *What a Life*.

The sum and substance of Leila's screen career has director Ted Reed, claiming her the ingenue find of the year. He refused to quit singing her praises until the studio signed her to a long-term contract. Now, anybody who is anybody on the Paramount lot has copy-catted director Reed. The girl is coming 'round the movie mountain full steam ahead and if she doesn't get sidetracked into picayunish roles she's sure-fire star material.

Leila's back on Broadway right now, doing a show. But she's due back any day to take up her screen assignments.

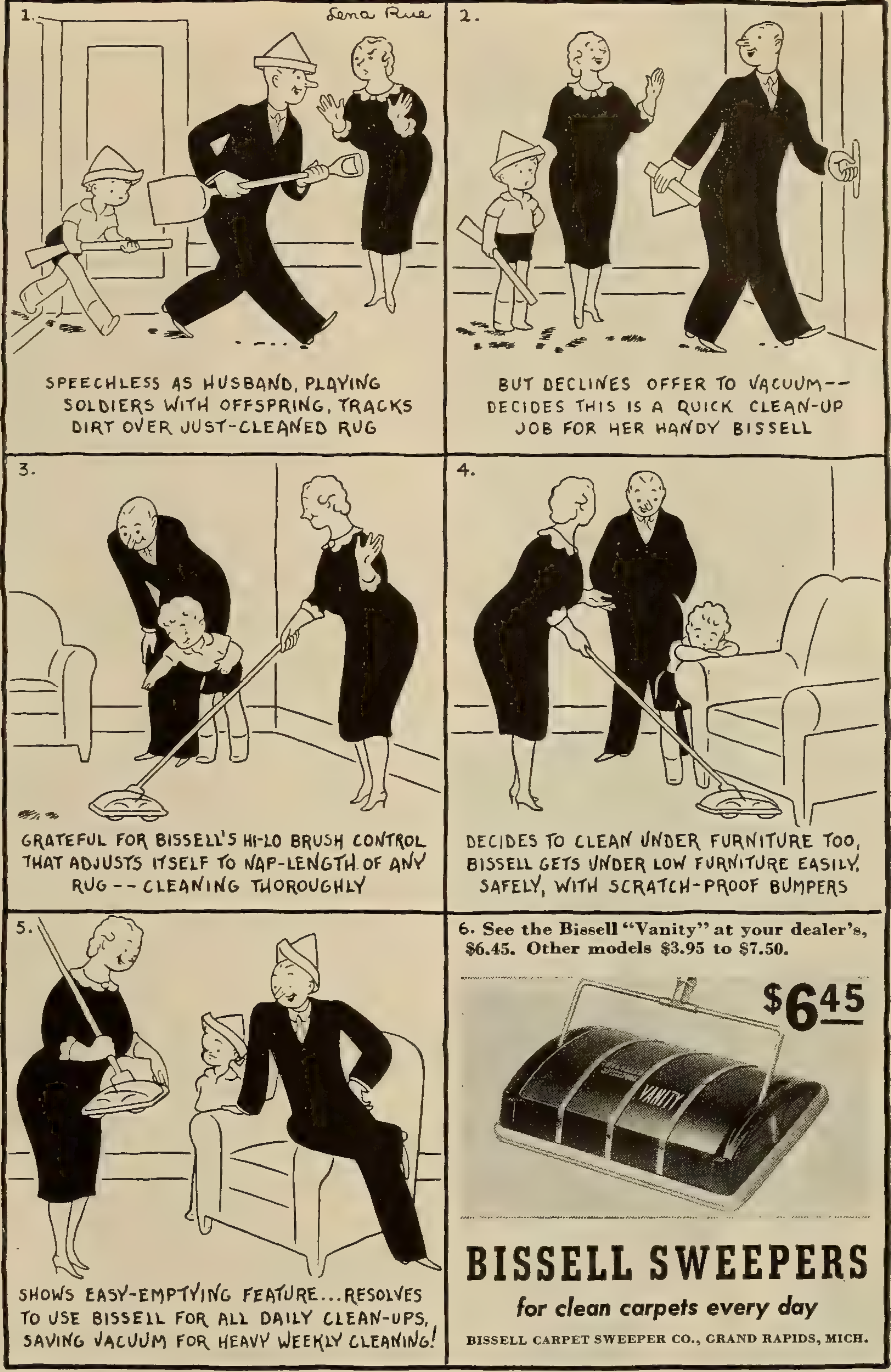
She's a vital, gay, laughing, carefree young lady with a wise head on her pretty shoulders. Differing more than somewhat from the run-of-the-mine feminine aspirants of the screen, she prefers the long way around to short cuts in her road to stardom.

"I'm in no hurry," she explains, "and I'm not ready yet. I've seen and read about too many girls who hit the top via the high-pressure build-up method and I don't want any part of the heartaches that spring from this sort of thing. I want to stay in Hollywood a long, long time and the only way I can do that is not to get my acting neck out by taking on roles I can't do. There's a lot to learn in this business of becoming a good actress and you can't learn it in a week. I'm going to take my time."

Leila is five feet, four inches tall, has blue eyes and honey-colored hair and weighs 105 pounds after a big meal. She has no steady boy friend, not in Hollywood at least. During the filming of the second *Aldrich* picture Jackie Cooper squired her around to any number of open-air hamburger stands, where he'd spend, so Leila says, as much as sixty-five cents on her. (Jackie, you know, is on a strict $10.00 a week allowance and has to thin out his money for entertainment purposes.)

When Leila returns from her Broadway chore she'll live in the same modest apartment now occupied by her mother. Maybe she'll bring along her two brothers as well as her father. Being strictly a family girl she'd like nothing better than to have them with her. "I always feel happier when I'm with them," she says.

The moral (if there is one) to this story is as plain as the nose on Jimmy Durante's face. If you want to get into the movies, crack up your puddle-jumper and then, if your singing voice is an 'in-and-outer' like Leila's, crash a theatre stage where a famous producer is trying to whip a Broadway show into shape, get yourself a pianist from the boys in overalls, and start warbling something sentimental. It's a cinch . . . That is, if you're as clever—and as lucky—as Leila.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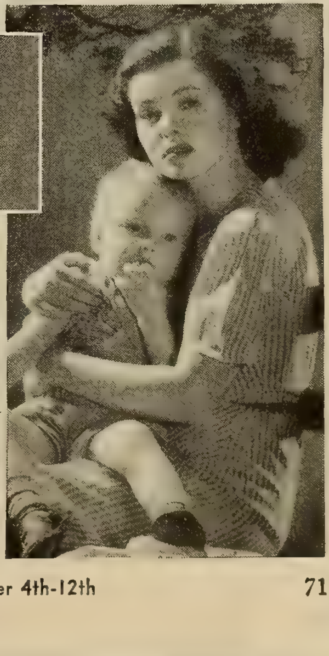
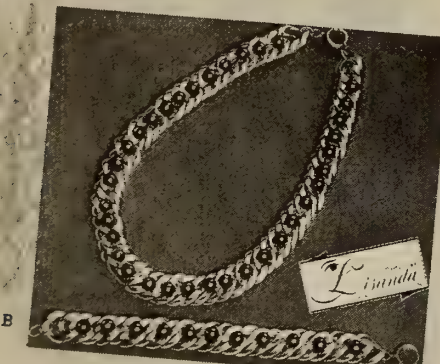


Fashion Discoveries* OF THE MONTH



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Giving Joan the Works

[*Continued from page* 31]

lines which set off her slim streamline chassis to advantage. On her reddish hair was one of those cupcake bonnets of pink. Over her greenish grey, rather serious eyes was a pink veil. Her ridiculously tiny pumps were grey, her stockings tan. She carried pink gloves. She looked the part of the star. All she needed was an entrance song—something about "Gotham in the Spring."

A slender, pretty Irish girl in white uniform approached. "I will take you, today, Miss Crawford," she smiled, and her eyes were even wider with delight. We followed her to Room 10, Joan walking briskly, I trailing helplessly, running a gauntlet of women who, tilted back in chairs, were getting the works. There seemed a lack of levity among these women and the white-garbed gentry attending them with deft, precise movements of arms and hands. Their faces were grim and determined. Apparently, getting a hair-do is no laughing matter on Fifth Avenue.

Room 10 was perhaps some ten feet square. Its main decoration was a chaise longue, covered in chintz. Numerous accessories necessary to the prettying of fingers and toes were about. The management had taken no chances of spontaneous combustion from a strip-tease. The walls were lined with a metallic composition.

I was asked to stand outside while Joan disrobed and donned a special blue cotton smock for her ritual. When I reentered she was stretched out on the chaise longue, and the Irish lass, a Florence Reilly, was concentrating on Joan's big toe. At last there was privacy. At last we could talk, undisturbed. . . . And then the door opened. A matronly figure in white beamed at Joan.

"*WILL you have Applause or Red Dragon, today, Miss Crawford?*"

Joan turned to me. "Which shall it be?" I didn't know what she was talking about, but I said, "Make it Applause."

"Make it Applause," she repeated to the figure in the doorway. Presently, the matronly one was back with a small bottle of red liquid. So that was Applause. The color was lighter than that on her finger-nails.

"That's Red Dragon on my finger-nails," Joan said. "You like the other shade better?" I agreed I did. "Well, let's try it," she said. The interruption over, I asked Joan how long she planned to stay in New York.

"Until autumn. Then I have to return to the studio to make my next picture. It's called *A Woman's Face*. Ingrid Bergman acted a Swedish version of it some time ago. I'm hoping it is as good a role for me as *Susan* in *Susan and God*. That's my best part so far, and ......" The door opened. A tall, young man entered, handed Joan some hair pins, said:

"*Got 'em at the five-and-dime. I believe they're what you wanted.*"

"They are," replied Joan. "Thanks, Isadore." Isadore smiled and was gone. Joan reached into a grey bag a foot-and-a-half square, pulled out some yarn and needles and began to knit.

"Who's Isadore?" I asked.

"Isadore works in the M-G-M publicity department here, helps to make life smooth for me when I come to New York. He was so helpful on a trip I made to New York shortly after it had been reported I was to marry Franchot Tone that I suggested to the publicity department he might be very useful. He was a Western Union messenger at the time. When I got off the train at Grand Central there was a crowd of reporters and movie fans waiting. They bombarded me with questions about the rumor. I was bewildered. I didn't know what to say. I turned to the Western Union boy standing at my side. 'What'll I say?' I asked him. 'Say: Time will tell,' he answered in a flash. I appreciated his quick-wittedness. It helped me out of an embarrassing moment."

JOAN said she had made three trips to New York in the last six months. This was the longest stay, however, she had made since she danced and sang in the chorus of the Winter Garden under the name of Lucille Le Seuer. I asked if the report were true that she had been looking up some of her old friends of those days. She said it was.

She looked at me quizzically as if to ask if there is anything strange about that, as if to set at rest any stray notion that because one reaches the top in Hollywood one must necessarily become high hat or must give oneself henceforth to new environments, new positions, new friends. After all, opportunism is a compelling force in the amusement world.

"I've aways looked them up," she declared. "The fact that I may have been luckier than they doesn't mean they're no longer my friends."

The toes were assuming a rich carmined hue by now. The art work was fascinating to watch. I noticed a thin bracelet around Joan's ankle, said something about it. Joan bent over, adjusted the charm which revealed a heart-shaped ruby surrounded by diamonds, looked to me for appraisal. I played safe—I didn't set a price. The door opened slowly. Another woman in white stuck her head in, purred:

"*Would you like to visit our Silhouette Shop after you're through?*"

No, Joan didn't think she would today. The door closed.

"What's a silhouette shop?" I asked.

"A room where you get streamlined—face and body treatment, exercise. Hollywood gives you plenty of exercise."

"But do you get any exercise here?"

"Plenty. Mostly walking. I walk Pupchen, my dachshund, several times a day. I go on shopping tours afoot. I go marketing every morning and push a little cart around a store selecting groceries and vegetables. It's a lot of fun. I've done some horseback-riding, too."

JOAN has her own home in New York for the first time in many years, having leased a furnished apartment in East End Avenue. It was a pleasant change, she said, from hotel life. She has also rented a limousine and hired a chauffeur, and she goes on frequent rides in Westchester County and Southern New England. The greenery of Connecticut especially enchants her.

"I stop the car often," she said, "just to feast my eyes on the green landscape. I had forgotten anything could be so green. At first I had planned. . . ." The door had opened again. Would these interruptions ever cease? A short, plumpish, good-natured woman inquired:

"*Would you like something to drink—a Pepsi-Cola or an orangeade? It's such a warm day.*"

Joan refused. I didn't. I could have guzzled a pail of Pepsi-Cola.

"Yes, I had planned," she resumed, "to rent a place in Connecticut for the summer, but the New York apartment seemed more convenient. I decided I wanted to be more accessible to theatrical producers' offices."

Joan Crawford, it is well known, is looking for a play. Not any kind of a play. Not a play which, like too many of her pictures, she would have to carry, but one which would stand by itself upon its own merit. She does not want to duplicate the experience that was Katharine Hepburn's in a fiasco called *The Lake* nor that of Ruth Chatterton last Spring, whose play never even reached Broadway.

"For six years I've been looking for a suitable play," she said. "I have read more than 500 manuscripts, including picture ideas in that time . . . . "

"Let me get you an ice pack of cologne?"

The soft drink woman had returned with my refreshment and had seen Joan bathing her wrists. The suggestion appealed to Joan and shortly she was holding an ice bag drenched with cologne on the back of her neck.

"Yes, I'd like to do a play," she went on, "but it must be a good play and not just a vehicle for a star. I've had plenty of opportunities to play in musical comedy, but that would mean dancing and singing and I don't want to do either. I want to get my teeth into a good dramatic role."

Perhaps, her brilliant screen performance in the Gertrude Lawrence role in *Susan and God* will stimulate some dramatist to fashioning a play that will suit her, a drama that will be written not for a specific Hollywood star but for an actress who has steadily developed an ability to probe deeply into character, who can present not just another case of make-believe but a genuine slice of life. For Joan Crawford has come far since the days of the *Dancing Daughter* type of film. Her character has matured. She wants not only to have friends but to influence people.

She wants to do the worth-while thing in her design for living as well as in her career. Beneath a still happy-go-lucky exterior she has found new happiness, new responsibility in the baby girl called Christina, she has adopted. She is proud of her enterprise in collecting through the sale of her autograph a considerable sum for the International Committee for Refugees in France.

Anyone who wants her autograph must pay her 25 cents. In an hour in a department-store, recently, she collected more than $27.00 for the fund.

THE pedicuring job was finished. The effect was rather startling to the eye. Startling, but not shocking. Joan Crawford has good-looking feet—small, well-shaped and substantial, with not the slightest sign of disfigurement.

She could never qualify for a bunion derby, your correspondent can testify. Yet, she couldn't repress a wonder if the day will soon be here when those who can qualify will have their bunions painted. She pulled on her stockings and shoes, relaxed again for the finger-nail smearing. The door—the ever-busy door opened. A telephone operator appeared.

"A call from California!"

Joan was back directly and in a few minutes her fingers were as bright red as her toes. A finger as with a house takes, it seems, three coats of paint. We had been an hour-and-a-half in Room 10. Joan had enjoyed the relaxation. And she added that her present trip to New York had been pretty much one of relaxation.

"I have seen only one play this trip and I have attended no sports events. Most of my time has been spent at home reading plays, shopping around and taking motor rides in the country."

"Haven't you even been to the races?" I asked.

"Not once. I don't care for horse racing, even under the most attractive conditions as in California. I'm getting acquainted with the folksy side of New York, am living the kind of life that the great majority of its citizens live, and I like it. I'm hoping I don't get called back suddenly to the studio. If I do, well I'll just have to pick up Pupchen and hop a train."

Joan's appointment was over. For not more than a minute I stood outside while she dressed. Firemen have nothing on Hollywood stars in the business of getting dressed rapidly. We made our way to the lounge.

A thunderstorm was breaking. Joan and I got into her car. Pupchen was there. So was the ever-faithful Isadore. She was holding her hands up awkwardly in front of her. She didn't want to ruin the paint job. The crack of thunder, the flash of lightning made her uneasy. She wanted to get home as quickly as possible. Some schoolgirls edged up to the car windows.

"Will you be coming out tonight?" they asked, hopefully.

"Not if it's like this," Joan replied.

"Do you ever get tired of people tagging you around?" I asked.

"Tired? I love it."

A forthright person, Joan Crawford.

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MEN behind the STARS

CLARENCE BROWN

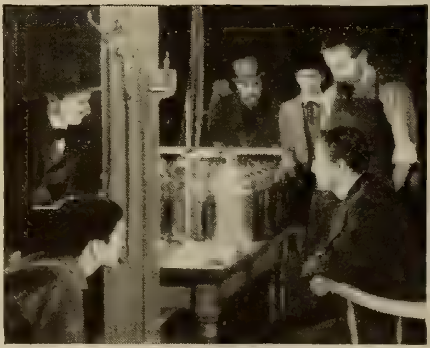
Director of "Edison, the Man"

"UNDERSTANDING people from whom you're trying to get a job done, is one of the prime requisites of success," says Clarence Brown, who has just rounded out twenty-five years of directing motion pictures. "Without trying to impose myself upon the star, I have attempted to get close to the individual's personality. I have tried to make a minute analysis of each star I've worked with—not only of his ability, great or mediocre, as the case may be, but of his emotional set-up. I have saved considerable time and no end of emotional strain by discovering that loud laughter disconcerts Joan Crawford; that Paul Muni is easily taken out of a mood by a noisy conversationalist; that cigar smoke upsets Helen Hayes."

Clarence Brown has never made a flop. From his first assignment in 1915—the Clara Kimball Young production, *Trilby*—he has advanced, step by step, with the screen. He contributed such triumphs as *Anna Christie, Anna Karenina, Conquest*—all starring Greta Garbo—*Idiot's Delight, Ah, Wilderness,* and *Edison, the Man,* which starred Spencer Tracy.

When making *Edison, the Man,* Tracy, whom Brown considers a great actor and a grand person, revealed many facets of his personality to the director who was deliberately watching for them. That is how he likes to learn about his people—furtively—when they are completely unconscious of his observations.

His genius for getting along with people springs from his tolerance and from his analytical study of them. "Stars of the screen, are constantly being blamed for temperament — unjustifiably," says Brown, defending the acting craft.



Browns latest triumph, *Edison, the Man*, stars Spencer Tracy as inventor. Scene shows the electric light invention

"A star," says Brown, "will frequently react to something seemingly unimportant which may interfere with a mood or train of thought. This is often taken for temperament, but is really a defense against a mental sidetrack that will interfere with the work of acting. What the star is actually doing is setting up a barrier against interference with the job at hand. It's purely a matter of self-protection.

"His ability to do this, however, is what makes the actor or actress great. When a mind is sensitive to extraneous impressions, that mind is also sensitive to dramatic suggestions. The director's task then is to implant dramatic suggestions, and protect the player from extraneous suggestions.

"I know I get furious if, when concentrating on how to play a scene, some genial soul comes up, slaps me on the back, and tells me what he won at the races. He's actually interfered with my job, but if I show I'm sore he'll look reproachful and declare that 'Brown's feeling his art and getting temperamental.' "

Directed Big Names

MR. BROWN was twenty-five years old before he had an opportunity to "express himself" in the then new medium of entertainment. Born in Clinton, Mass., he studied engineering at the University of Tennessee where he received degrees in electrical and mechanical engineering.

It was during the post collegiate years when he had established an automobile agency in Birmingham, Ala., that the early celluloid ventures exerted a tremendous appeal on him. So much so, that he gave up selling autos and set out for the studios at Fort Lee, N. J., where he was engaged as assistant director to Maurice Tourneur on the production of *Trilby*.

For the next six years Mr. Brown learned his trade at the same studio before United Artists secured his services in 1921 and brought him to Hollywood. Five years later he moved over to the M-G-M lot, where his first assignment was the direction of a promising young actress, Greta Garbo, in *Flesh and the Devil*.

The list of stars he has directed in their best efforts reads like a Hollywood "Who's Who." It includes Garbo, Valentino, Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, Myrna Loy, Charles Boyer, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March, John Barrymore, Nelson Eddy, Lionel Barrymore, Jeanette MacDonald—to name some of the headliners past and present.

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A Fugitive From Hard Work

[*Continued from page* 69]

movie offer. I said, 'No. You might not be a good actor.' But he asked his girl, and his girl said 'YES'—so he became an actor. Now look at him. He's a director.

He doesn't know how he became a comedian.

"I didn't plan it that way. I never had the idea I was a comic. If I had a comedy part to do, it didn't bother me. I was willing to play anything.

"I was doing a play for Oliver Morosco here on the Coast, when Edgar Selwyn wanted to borrow me for a comedy part in a New York show. Morosco said, 'I think he's a lousy comedian.' Selwyn said, 'I think he's a good comedian, but a lousy dramatic actor.' I didn't know, myself. It didn't matter to me what kind of part I played, as long as it paid off. So I became a comedian for Selwyn, and later I became a dramatic actor for Morosco.

"For a while on the stage I was an hallucination guy—one of those characters who hear bells. I first went into the movies as a drunk. After that, for a few years, I was a henpecked husband. The last few years, I've played old men, fathers. Now I'm playing well-dressed sports. After just so much experience, you can adapt yourself to any part. The trick is to get the experience. I got most of mine in stock companies here on the Coast, over a period of ten years, playing a different role every week."

Learning a new role every week isn't everybody's idea of easy work. But then, as Charlie says, not everybody has had a taste of what it's like, wrestling packing cases.

He's convinced that he was lucky in his movie debut, in *Gentlemen of the Press*—playing an editor with a continuous snootful, whose clothes looked slept in. "If I had had to dress up, and worry about my looks, I'd never have made the grade."

There is no doubt that he has made the grade, even if he isn't a pretty boy. Most of the pretty boys can envy his weekly salary—which Warners have lately been paying gladly, to have him in *No Time for Comedy* and *Honeymoon for Three*. Hollywood is full of heroes. But actors who can make any picture amusing are rare.

He wouldn't have to work so hard—or, at least, so often—if there were more comedians. That thought has made him toy with the idea of starting a School for Comedians, and placing the graduates in the movies. The only trouble is, he became a comedian so unintentionally himself, he doesn't know what the required courses ought to be.

"All I know about comedy is that you have to observe human nature seriously to be able to portray it comically. That's why most comedians are such sourpusses in private life. You *have* to be serious to be funny."

He smiles too frequently, himself, to be labeled a sourpuss. But he insists he is a serious man. Certainly he isn't a playboy. The Hollywood night-spots never see him. When he dines out, he finds the most inconspicuous spot in a restaurant. (In the Brown Derby he hides at the corner table behind the cashier's booth.) He has none of the urges of the show-off. The way he puts it is: "Garbo and I—we don't get around much."

Seven or eight years ago, he wondered what it would be like to live in an orange grove. He bought a place in the Valley, to find out. He's still there, surrounded by flowers he has grown, himself—to his own surprise. "When I feel an urge to bet on the horses," he says, "I buy a plant, instead, and put it in the ground, which not only gives me something for my money, but gives me exercise." He also keeps that waistline down with handball, at which he is a champion. He has a schoolboy complexion, which completely belies the fact that he has been in the theatrical business better than thirty years.

Today, his affections are mostly concentrated on his dogs—of which he has approximately a hundred.

His liking for liquor is confined to fine wines—which means he isn't an inebriate. Neither is he a hen-pecked husband. He was married once, briefly, "but it didn't take." He isn't a father, and he isn't an old man. He dresses well—but conservatively, not sportily. In other words, he hasn't been playing himself on the screen. He has been acting . . . Which, Charlie insists, is the easiest form of work *he* has ever heard about.

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Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 12]

young life, is separated from her daughter . . . She'll make her home with son Leif, in California . . . Dan wants his bride to give up her career . . . He doesn't object to her producing an Ice Show in which she doesn't appear . . . It would be just too bad if the new Mrs. Topping didn't get a chance to show off her new figure on the screen . . . She is pounds thinner, and so cute . . . Eleanor Boardman is back after ten years residence in France . . . She rushed here after learning that her former husband, director King Vidor, brought their two daughters over from Biarritz without her permission . . . With the turn the war has taken since, Eleanor isn't too sorry . . . But she wants the children back in her custody . . . Her long time romance with Harry D'Arrast recently ended in marriage . . . Bob Montgomery turned over his upstate Brewster farm to the wife and children of Emlyn Williams, the author of *Night Must Fall* . . . Bob rested up in the country before leaving for the Coast . . . He will use all his leisure time to raise funds for the Red Cross and arrange for homes for refugee children . . . Patricia Morison greeted two young cousins from England . . . They will make their home with her for the duration . . . If Richard Greene goes over shortly, which seems likely now that Britain has called to service English actors in the United States under thirty-one, Virginia Fields will accompany him . . . Only fear that marriage might hurt Dick's career, already hampered by so much illness and bad luck, has kept the pair from Yuma . . . Richard Ainley, whom Connie Bennett has introduced to Hollywood and the screen, is another actor subject to call at any moment . . . Laurence Olivier being thirty-three, will remain here for a while longer, sponsoring benefits for the British cause . . . He auctioned off dances at a recent Westchester affair . . . After watching the scramble that ensued, there is no doubt that the British government is correct in assuming that Larry, and the other English actors resident in this country, are more valuable on this side, than as raw recruits on the other . . . Jill Esmond and the Olivier youngster arrived in Canada, on their way to the United States . . . Vivien is greatly worried over her own six-year-old child . . .

THISA AND THATA: The Zorina-Balanchine marriage is giving George unhappy moments . . . It's the old story of the difficulties besetting any glamor-studded couple, with the bride out-shining the groom . . . Warner's are backing Ezra Stone's new play, which he will direct and appear in . . . If it clicks, Ezra will be groomed to give Garson Kanin competition . . . Gar and Ezra were George Abbott apprentices at about the same time . . . The New York Board of Education is devoting an entire chapter in a civics book to Carole Lombard's statement last year that she just loves to pay her big income tax to the government each year . . . Muriel Angelus was a restless gal around town while trying to make up her mind to wait for the new theatrical season . . . Paramount didn't pick up her option, but there was handsome publicity director Cliff Lewis who did . . . So Muriel is giving Hollywood another chance to discover that she can sing, and would like to . . . Helen Gahagan and Melvyn Douglas were California delegates to the democratic convention . . . It may be Douglas For President, someday, who knows? . . . Lela Rogers will produce a play on Broadway this Fall . . . There's a Boystown in Tokyo, inspired by the picture showing the Nebraska youth home . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow will make a picture for the Canadian government . . . Back-home friends of Mary Healy are saying that it is a home town law student who is waiting for Mary, not Peter Hayes . . . If Wendy Barrie feels like tripping the footlights this Fall, there's a nice part in *English Accent* for her . . .

HOT OR COLD? George Raft did a lot of long-distance phoning between races at the local track, baseball games, and night-clubbing . . . But he did have an eye for the blondes at his Hurricane Club . . . The Shearer influence wasn't much in evidence in Georgie's choice of cronies and social diversions . . . He's still the most popular ex-Broadwayite to return to his old haunts and old friends and not even those snappy clothes of his have changed . . Martha Raye and Ruby Keeler aren't being very friendly even if they are in the same show . . . There is talk that either Ruby or Martha will be a show casualty before *Hold On to Your Hats* reaches Broadway . . . Lionel Stander has been out of this Jolson show for weeks . . . Martha is yearning for hubby David Rose, though she has been getting her laughs with Don Budge . . . Martha had hoped Rose's interest in Judy Garland would wane; but it's Judy's first serious romance . . . And serious it is for all concerned . . . Phyllis Brooks checked in at the Pierre . . . Lady Jersey—Virginia Cherrill to you and you—was forced to leave her famous estate, Osterly, because it is being constantly threatened with bombings . . . And wasn't that Cary Grant in the Green Room at the Edison? . . . Deanna Durbin's most ambitious movie from a musical standpoint, is being written by Robert Stolz, composer of fifty-two European musicals . . . A self-imposed exile from Vienna, he turned down Hitler's offer to remain in Germany as dean of all German musicians, because he felt no real artist could work under existing Nazi conditions . . . Around Town: The Gary Coopers at the La Rue . . . after attending the fashionable wedding of Henry Ford's grandson . . . Franchot Tone at the Ambassador Gardens . . . Franchot and Adele Jergens aren't dating . . . or even speaking . . . and the Broadway beauties are making merry . . . Tone isn't playing favorites any longer.

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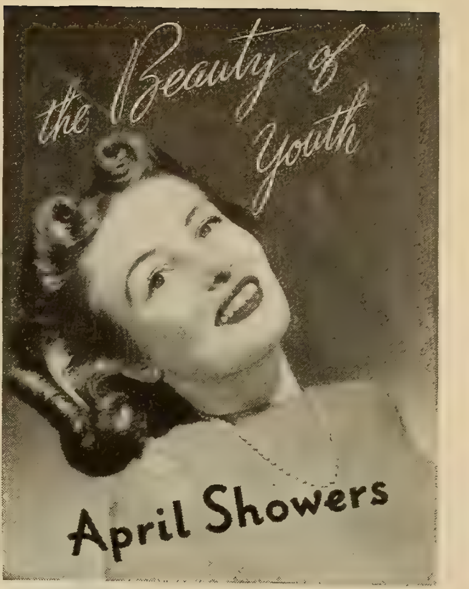
ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

An informal conference on sidelines finds co-stars Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers with director Lewis Milestone between scenes of their new opus, *Lucky Partners*. It's a comedy in which the stars become joint owners of a winning sweepstakes ticket

MOST PUZZLED MAN in Hollywood is Francis Lederer . . . He's not sure whether it's his romantic appeal or some hidden "karloff" trait in his make-up that caused that silly happening on the set of *The Man I Married* . . . It all came about when the prop-man working on this picture out at 20th-Fox, asked for the first pass he's ever requested in his sixteen years of work . . . The pass was for his brother and family to visit the set and see how movies are made . . . In the party was a nineteen-year-old gal who has an extra special yen for this guy Lederer . . . What with the excitement of being on a movie set and seeing her idol in person, the gal just folded up and fainted away . . . Then when she came to and found it had been none other than Lederer who picked her up, she passed out for the second time! . . . The gal having the most fun in Hollywood these days is Carole Lombard . . . For hours every day, Carole practices carrying stacks of dishes for her role as a waitress in her next film . . . With the help of a real waitress from the studio commissary, Carole is learning the gentle art of carrying plates of food balanced the length of her arm . . . So far the casualties have been 13 plates, 40 saucers and the waitresses' nerves . . . And if you think the Lombard isn't taking advantage of her opportunity to smash up china, you don't know the gal . . . That hefty punch you're going to see Jimmy Cagney land on the shoulder of Ann Sheridan in *City for Conquest*—so hefty that it spins the gal clear around—is a phony . . . When Jimmy first read the script and found he was supposed to take a punch at Anthony Quinn, miss fire and hit Ann instead, he balked . . . Remember it was four years ago when Jimmy last hit a lady in a film?—and he says never again! . . . So, for two weeks Cagney practiced, with the help of his athletic conditioner and the pugilistic adviser on the film, till he had perfected a blow that would go by Annie's shoulder, smack into his own open palm for the desired sound effect, and fool the camera into making it look like the real thing.

IF YOU WONDER why Randy Scott wears a glove on one hand during his scenes in *When the Daltons Rode* it's because he slammed a car door without first removing his finger, and has to wear it in a splint . . . It's going to make you positively dewy-eyed—that big romantic scene in *Brigham Young* . . . It's got all those heart-pullers from 'way back. Covered wagons, campfires in the distance, soft night sounds of cattle and the boy (Ty Power) taking the girl (Linda Darnell) in his arms at the fade-out . . . But to Annabella—Mrs. Power—it's not so hot . . . Annabella was visiting the set the day they shot the scene, and when it was all over, Director Henry Hathaway asked her how she liked it . . . "It was all right . . . Except I didn't think Tyrone was so good . . . *I've* known him to kiss better than that!" . . . She should . . . Ronald Colman is going to be careful where he wanders to practice his lines after this . . . The other day over at RKO where he is making *You Can't Be Too Careful,* Ronnie went behind the scenes to do a little dialogue practice . . . But didn't stay long . . . While back there, he stepped on gripman Eddie Trickle's latest invention for catching mice . . . It's a weird confusion of tin and wire, baited with cheese, and hooked up to the electric light system . . . Colman doesn't know about the mice-exterminating qualities of it, but it felt like an electric hot-foot to him.

THERE'S ONE THING Director Mervyn LeRoy demands in his pictures, and that's realism . . . That's why, when you see *Escape,* you'll suffer with Bob Taylor as he is being questioned by the two Gestapo agents . . . Bob looks like he's supposed to—a man talking for his life, perspiration forming on his forehead in big drops—and running down his cheeks and off the end of his nose . . . A swell piece of acting . . . But Mervyn assured himself of the right effect, regardless of the acting, by placing a gas burner under Bob's chair! . . . Because Kay Francis is allergic to hay and goes off in fits of sneezing and nose-blowing whenever she gets near it, the hay you will see in some scenes of *Little Men* is *perfumed*! . . . Yep—every morning the haystacks get a cologne bath so Kay won't get a whiff of what Nature meant hay to smell like, and spoil the scenes . . . On the same set, Jack Oakie and Charles Winninger are going around on built-up shoes, because Kay is so much taller than they! . . . There's still some modesty left in Hollywood . . . Little eight-year-old Joan Carroll had to do a scene in *Laddie* in which she was spanked . . . One of those good old across-the-knees, skirts-up businesses administered by Martha O'Driscoll . . . After several bad takes the director told Joan she wasn't acting natural . . . From her very undignified horizontal position, Joanie came back with this very un-Hollywoodian remark:—"I'm sorry, but I'm so embarrassed with my skirts up that I *can't* act natural!" . . . Brian Aherne is nothing if not a gentleman . . . After hitting Rita Hayworth so hard over the head with a kewpie doll for a scene in *It Happened in Paris* that the gal passed out, Brian sent her six dozen roses as a peace offering.



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She Won't Depend on the Landis Line

[*Continued from page* 28]

Landis said poo to Ping. She would have none of it. She would have none of the party planned to introduce the "Ping" Girl to the Press.

AMBITIOUS to be of the school of Bette Davis, Margaret Sullavan, Vivien Leigh, Carole intends to build her career on her abilities as an actress, not on her bust, hip and waist measurements. To this end, she is working hard. She is taking diction and singing lessons. She is studying piano and French. She studies the performances of other actresses. She was positively rapt when she spoke of Vivien Leigh's work in *Waterloo Bridge*. She has seen every picture Bette Davis has ever made, not once but at least three times. When she was at Warners, she spent every minute she could manage on the Davis sets, watching Bette work, observing the way she uses her hands, the inflections of her voice.

Miss Landis, alas for "Ping," is more than a touch on the serious side. She collects records, for instance. No, not Swing. She is building up a library of classical music, Debussy, Sibelius and such. She belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club and discussed with me Sir Neville Henderson's *The Failure of a Mission*, Will Durant's *The Life of Greece* and the lesson taught all belles who rely upon their beauty in the delicate tragedy of *Mr. Skeffington*.

She doesn't like night-clubbing. She enjoys going to the movies. She likes to go to home parties. She likes little, out-of-the-way places for dinner. She loves to putter in a garden. She loves dogs and has three, two cockers and a huskie. Or rather, she had three, the two cockers were recently kidnapped. She is in love (of which more later) and says so. She is honest and forthright. She has the attitude of mind you might expect to find in a plain woman with a Phi Beta Kappa key on her charm bracelet, but which is startling to find in a girl with, well, I can't seem to keep away from it either—with the specifications of a Landis.

Not that she's frumpish. Heavens, no! Like all girls, she's clothes-crazy. She just bought herself a silver fox coat and described it to me, gloatingly. She's crazy to have "a wonderful white fox coat." She said, "I love clothes. I think there's nothing on earth like clothes. I'd like nothing better than to take all my money, every week, and blow it all on clothes!"

But, to balance this, Miss L. has sensibly supplied herself with a manager who doles out her money to her, thriftily and systematically. She has no intention, has Miss Landis, of ending her career in a rooming-house with full scrapbooks and an empty stomach. In five words, she hasn't a butterfly-brain.

When she told me her life story she was honest, making neither evasions nor excuses about some of the things some girls would duck and dodge.

She eloped at the tender age of fifteen. Her bridegroom was nineteen. The youngsters ran away to Yuma, of course, and were married on January 14, 1934. "It was," smiled Carole reminiscently, "a very hectic thing."

Immediately after they were married, they drove back home in time to have Sunday dinner with Carole's mother. Carole hid the license in her bureau drawer until dessert. Then she broke the news. Stunned, her mother, at first, gave them her blessing. Later thinking it over, realizing the babies they were, she insisted that Carole remain at home, go back to school. . . . "That was pretty awful," Carole laughed, "because, of course, I'd said dramatic goodbyes to all the kids at school when I left that Friday afternoon. I told them I was going to be married and would never, never be back. And then, come Monday morning, I *was* back. Married, but in name only. Married, but still saying 'yes, teacher' just the same."

Mrs. Ridste (Carole's real name is Frances Ridste) then had the marriage annulled. Which, of course, added flame to the fuel of the sundered lovers. Carole appealed to her father who, separated from her mother, gave his sanction to the marriage. Whereupon the two young people, feeling like characters out of a best-selling novel, got married again, went to live with the bridegroom's mother, had clashes and separated, this time without parental pressure, in a month's time.

"I didn't try to get a divorce until last year," said Carole, "I thought I'd be safer, married. I was such an insane kid. I was really quite overboard—"

AND now, of course, Carole being Carole, she is in love again. We have Ouija's word for it that Carole is in love. And Carole doesn't contradict Ouija. It happened like this: Carole was having her hair done one day not long ago. The operator produced a Ouija board and, while Carole was drying, invoked the spirit of Ouija.

Ouija was asked, "Is Carole in love?"

"Yes," said Ouija.

"Who is Carole in love with, Ouija?"

"Bill Hunt," Ouija spelled out and added, knowingly, "he's a yacht broker."

Carole's hair dried, then and there, by the natural expedient of standing straight up on end. For she was "keeping company" with one Bill Hunt, a yacht broker but, the operator manipulating Ouija had never heard of Bill Hunt nor, she later explained, of yacht brokers!

She has now, though, for Carole proved Ouija right when she eloped with Bill to Las Vegas recently.

The most likable thing about Carole is her humanness. She's really just like folks. Almost any girl reading about her can say, and will say, I'm sure, "Why, *I* used to be like that," or "I used to do things like that, too!"

Carole was born in Fairchild, Wisconsin, January 1, 1919, one of five children, three are now living. When she was less than a year old the family removed to San Diego; later to San Bernardino where Carole went to school, grew up.

She was about five, she told me, when she first began to notice movies. Alice White, Billie Dove, Lillian Gish (her own middle name is Lillian) were her favorites. She cut their pictures out of magazines and thumb-tacked them to her bedroom wall. Her mother un-thumb-tacked them because she didn't know that they were the right influences for Carole. Theatre people, dear me, the Ridstes had never. . . .

Buddy Rogers was her first love. . . . "Oh, he was my love," she told me, "he was *really* my love. . . ." Eddie Quillan and Bob Steele got portions of her little-girl heart, too. But though she loved pictures and picture people, she never thought she would be a part of their world. She had a lovely voice and thought she would be a singer.

She was, she said, very unhappy during her school days. Partly because she was always the scape-goat for mischief she hadn't committed but mostly because she was constantly in love with someone who didn't know she existed.

"I was a very sentimental person," said Carole. "I was always in the throes of a great love for some fellow who never even looked at me. I was the kind who always attached some torchy song to some particular boy. There was one boy in particular . . . he was the president of the senior class when I was a sophomore. I'd pass him in the halls and give him that look. There was a big field near the school and I'd sit there and write poetry to him. He became engaged and that tore me to pieces. Much later my hero, his engagement broken, asked me for a date. We danced and—I got no reaction. I don't know which is more painful, to dream in vain or not to dream at all.

"But mostly I was in love with movie actors or football heroes or band leaders, boys who certainly didn't know I existed. Dick Powell was my big yen for a long time. To me, Dick Powell was all but—I kept a scrapbook of all his pictures. I'd go to see his pictures with my girl friend and I'd warn her, 'don't talk, don't talk!' When he was going with Mary Brian I actually prayed, 'Don't marry her, don't marry her!'

"I'd dream of how someday I'd get to Hollywood and how I'd meet Dick Powell and how he'd like me. When he married Joan Blondell I had a bonfire and burned my scrapbook of his pictures, feeling that I was burning him in several effigies! Later, I did get to Hollywood. I did meet Dick Powell. The first picture I made, *Varsity Show*, at Warners, was with him! No, I never told him but don't tell *me* life doesn't work in curious ways its wonders to perform! Why, if anyone had ever *told* me. . . ."

WHEN Carole left San Bernardino to make her way in the world, she didn't head for Hollywood. Still it didn't occur to her that she would ever be "a part of it. . . ." She went to San Francisco. She danced and sang with orchestras and did right smart for herself. She saved her money. And then, her self-confidence hypoed, no doubt, by the instant recognition she had received in San Francisco, she decided to try Hollywood. She gave herself a certain amount of time. She budgeted her money. She lived simply and kept her eyes and ears wide open.

She read there was to be an open interview at Warners. It was a dance call. She was one of hundreds at that very open interview. Many were called but few were chosen. Carole was among the chosen. The dancing was tap. Carole couldn't do tap. But she thought, I'll go right out and find a teacher, I'll know how by tomorrow! But there wasn't any tomorrow. It was then and there, or never.

Carole doesn't know how she did it, but do it she did! The picture went into production and Mr. Warner saw the rushes. He asked who she was, the blond girl with the—er—specifications. . . . That question was virtually the answer to Carole's career. For upon the strength of it she was put into the big finale number.

"In that picture," she told me, laughing, "every time you saw Dick Powell, you saw my face. There had to be a reason for putting me in the finale so they gave me bits to do in just about every scene. When I signed my contract I thought it would continue to be like that. It didn't. The biggest part I had on the Warner lot was in *Blondes at Work* with Glenda Farrell. I had a line to say in

[*Continued on page* 89]

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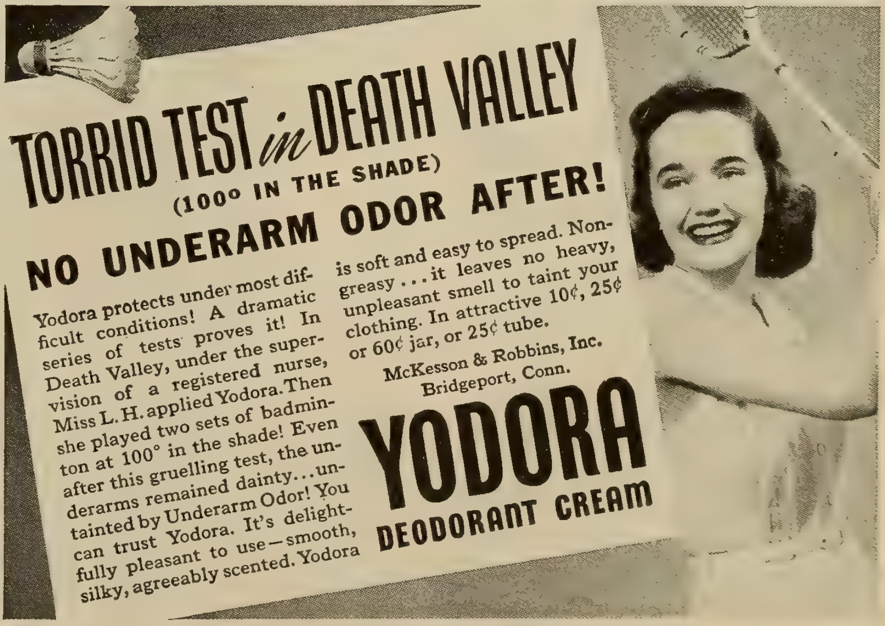

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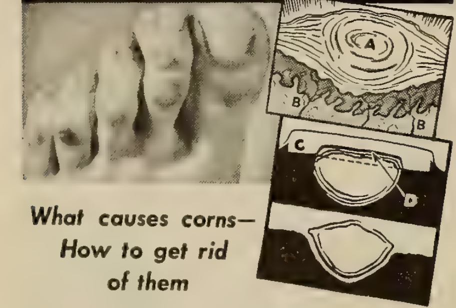

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So You Think You Like the Movies

[*Continued from page* 47]

Love From a Stranger, with Basil Rathbone and Ann Harding, and *Night Must Fall* and *The Earl of Chicago*, both with Robert Montgomery, are, to me, the most gripping pictures I have seen.

I wish we would get more of these so-called psychology films; for what can be more interesting than the inner workings of the human mind—especially the twisted mind?

NATURALLY I have some pet movie peeves, the greatest of which is the present epidemic of re-makes. Too many pictures made today are "do-overs" of those we have not had time to forget. To see a favorite of six or seven years ago done over, recast and somewhat changed is like looking upon an old friend with his face lifted. He is the same and yet he is not, for his original personality has disappeared.

Another thing that is tiresome and confusing is the repetition of certain words and phrases in picture titles. They hit upon one word or idea that sounds good, and the first thing we know every studio in the business has taken a crack at it in a title, and some of them twice.

And speaking of "good" words—what a grand time they had with that heavenly word "angel." There was *I Married An Angel, Angels With Dirty Faces, Only Angels Have Wings,* and *The Angels Wash Their Faces.* Each day I expect to see Asta, the pup, appear in one called *Just Dog Gone Angel.*

Then for a while numbers were *the thing.* I can remember when the following were all appearing in local theatres at one time: *Melody For Two, First Hundred Years, Three Blind Mice, Three Comrades, Three Loves Has Nancy, Four Men and a Prayer, Four Daughters, Four Is a Crowd, Port Of Seven Seas, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, One In a Million,* and *A Hundred Men and a Girl.* I looked for District Attorney Dewey to break up that number racket, too, but gave up and bought myself a tally to keep score and avoid getting my numbers mixed.

As for endings—I prefer those that stimulate the imagination, and provoke some thought after one has left the theatre. The best of this type was Warner Brothers' splendid story of political greed and lynching—*They Won't Forget,* and *Gone With the Wind,* of course; for who among us has not discussed the ultimate fate of *Scarlett* and *Rhett?* Did she succeed in winning back his love? As with the book that will remain the unanswered question of the age. Thanks to Mr. Selznick for not attempting to answer it for us.

About censorship I have changed my mind—very definitely. In my early college days I was a great advocate of the Censorship-Strangles-Art movement, but since then I have done social settlement work among New York's underprivileged children. These little tots with their alert and impressionable minds manage—somehow—to see many movies, and by these movies they are surprisingly and vividly influenced.

I agree now with the Hays Office that we cannot be too careful in our restrictions. Until there is a rigid law which prohibits small and impressionable children from seeing *any* picture, unless educational (or Walt Disney's), we adults will have to struggle along as best as can without "Art" of this kind.

If Hollywood is smart, however, it can treat any number of ticklish subjects intelligently and maturely and still not offend the censors, nor harmfully influence the young and impressionable. That excellent picture, *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet,* has proved this. And what a beautifully handled and executed production Warner Brothers made of this, the life of Dr. Ehrlich. Praise Allah, too, that at long last the genius of Edward G. Robinson's acting was given a chance to be recognized!

The situation in Europe at present is effecting our film market drastically, and I hear that stars and executives of most of the studios have agreed to take large salary cuts so that we may continue to enjoy our usual inexpensive entertainment.

As one who has no connection whatsoever with the film industry, I think we should—each and every one of us—as a gesture of appreciation for what Hollywood has given us in the past—support the movies now as far as our incomes will permit.

There are 65,000,000 people (Sam Goldwyn's figures) attending the movies every week. Let us assume each goes only once; if they went as much as five times, the weekly attendance would increase to more than 300,000,000, or if each went as often as I do (average seven times a week) the attendance would amount to something around 455,000,000. WHAT an answer to a producer's prayer that would be!

I AM a little impatient with those people who rave about the films of "the good old days." I have spent some time in New York's Museum of Modern Art where many of the old films are shown. Some of them were good, yes, but the majority of them appear crude and rather unbelievable, now.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Mabel Normand and Rudolph Valentino were charming personalities, and their work great because it was a foundation on which has been built better structures. I wonder, though, if time will not cast a more glowing shadow upon today's screen personalities.

Will we not in ten or fifteen years from now look back and reminisce, nostalgically, about an English girl by the name of Vivien Leigh who won in *Scarlett O'Hara* the most coveted role in film history, and proved herself worthy of it?

Will we not one day sigh at the memory of the homespun Spencer Tracy, who captured the hearts of American women, and at the same time succeeded in holding the respect and admiration of the ever-hard-to-please American man? Won't we tell our children and grandchildren of the gifted Paul Muni, who with a motion of his hand could be as eloquent as a Webster?

And last—but not least—will we not speak in superlative terms of the tousle-headed Mickey Rooney—who as *Andy Hardy* made us forget for a while a Dictator of the same initials? (If you have said that, Mr. Winchell, I have not heard it; so please do not accuse me of swiping it from you).

So—say what you may, and think what you will. Call me balmy, or an escapist, or anything, but to me the movies are still the greatest of all entertainment of all time, and war or no war I intend to keep right on going to them—and every day, too—as long as there is a theatre left.

You bet I love the movies. To the tune of nearly $250 a year for paid admissions!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 51]

2—A she-visitor to the set where John's doing his *Great Profile* stuff noticed a piano on the scene. Up she gushed to John with:

"Oh, Mister Barrymore, do YOU play the piano?"

Gravely and sardonically, the great Jawn replied:

"No, madam—they've closed all the places where I played the piano."

Besides that, the town reeks with other Barrymore tales. But most of them I can't tell you. Not even the one about what John told the clerk to do with the shirts he didn't want.

Now, Woo-Woo's Who?

■ Hollywood is still snickering about the gag that Hugh Herbert and Peter Lind Hayes played on that New York audience, while Lind was doing his recent personal appearance there. From the stage he announced he was going to give an imitation of Hugh Herbert. Then, loosening his tie, he dashed off into the wings—and in an instant, re-tightening his tie, he came back out and gave a PERFECTLY MARVELOUS impersonation of Herbert—so true-to-life that the audience broke into cheers as he dashed off again and kept up the cheers as he came back on-stage, loosening the tie again . . . . .

And not until they read this will any of that audience know that it really WAS Hugh Herbert, and NOT Peter Lind Hayes who gave the imitation of Hugh Herbert with his "woo-woo!" Lind had kept Hugh in hiding backstage, just for the gag!

Terse Verse

■ Gals who fall for Jonny Hall
Will fall and fall and fall and fall.

Maxie's Cracksie!

■ The Marx Brothers tell this one on Maxie Rosenbloom:—It seems that Rosenbloom, accompanied by Chico Marx, went to a real-estate agency to try to find a house for Maxie to rent. The agent described a certain Beverly Hills house in glowing terms—and Maxie was just about to sign on the dotted line when the realtor, in a final burst of enthusiasm, said:

"Mr. Rosenbloom, I want to tell you that this house has absolutely NO FLAWS!"

Rosenbloom threw down the pen and stalked out with a disgusted: "What the hell am I supposed to walk on, then?"

Terse Verse

■ Gals who look like Brenda Joyce
Need never, never lack for boyce!

But Shirley's No Dummy!

■ Hollywood giggled all over when that wag at the restaurant, the other afternoon, seeing Mrs. Temple and Shirley and Edgar Bergen having lunch together, wanted to know if Bergen was trying to make a deal to use Shirley on his knee instead of Charlie McCarthy!

As this is written, Shirley's future is still up in the air. A deal with Joe Pasternak went flooey when Pasternak explained that he wanted not only to cut Shirley's curls, but wanted her to share starring honors with Gloria Jean . . . . !

Meantime, Shirley should worry! She got a contract settlement from 20th-Fox. And even her fellow-students at school are sure she's not going to make any more pictures. One little girl from Shirley's class really came home to her mama the other day and said:

"Shirley isn't going to work any more—until she starts her farewell tour when she's 13 or 14!"

Another Shirley Problem?

■ Next of Hollywood's child stars to head for the 'tween-age hurdle seems to be Janie Withers . . . .

Within less than a year, Janie has gained some three inches in height, and is growing fast. So her studio is taking time by the forelock: they're rushing her into two pictures in very quick succession, so they'll capture what's left of the Janie we all love. And then they'll sit back and see what Jane develops into.

[*Continued on page* 87]

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Creamy . . . . ☐	Green . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Medium. . . . ☐	Hazel . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . ☐	LASHES (*Color*) Light . . . ☐ Dark. . . . ☐	
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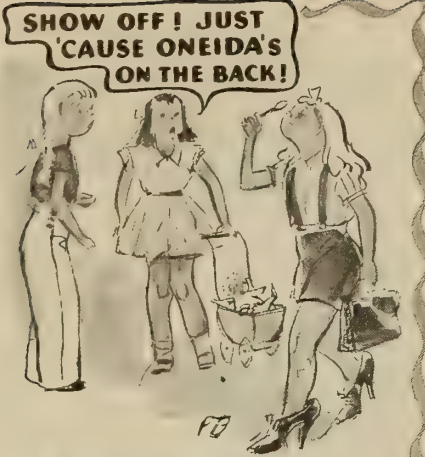
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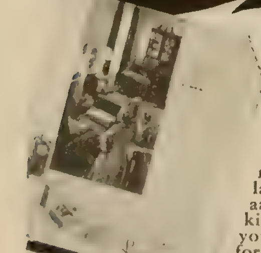

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PICTURE PARADE

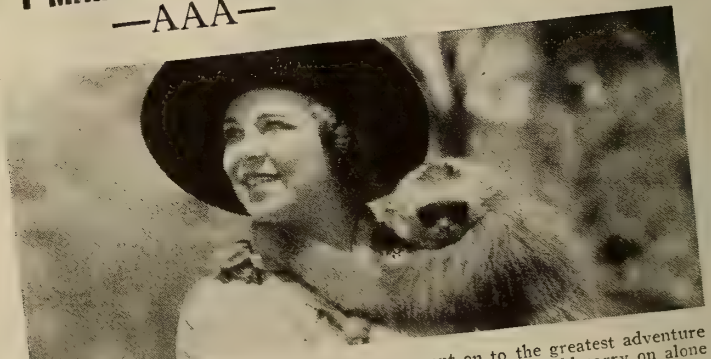
I WANT A DIVORCE

—AAA—

Our reaction to *I Want a Divorce*, co-starring Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, was rather negative, but the answer to that may be found in the fact that we are not a young married ourself and therefore lack the maturity or the experience necessary to comprehend the seriousness of divorce—a problem which the movies would have us believe faces a large percentage of young married people today. We tell you this because it was apparent that a number of our fellowmen—and women—in the audience were deeply stirred by this dramatic expose of divorce and upon checking discovered that these people were not living alone and liking it,—which may be true of you, too. *Jerry Brokow* (Joan Blondell) meets *Alan MacNally* (Dick Powell), a young law student, during her sister *Wanda's* (Gloria Dickson) divorce action. But that doesn't discourage *Jerry* and *Mac* and before long they're Mr. and Mrsing, too. It isn't long before they start having their little differences and only *Wanda's* suicide makes them realize that divorce is not the end but only the beginning of heartbreak. Joan and Dick and the others are swell.—*Paramount.*

I MARRIED ADVENTURE

—AAA—



When Martin Johnson, the w. k. explorer, went on to the greatest adventure of all a few years ago, his lovely wife, Osa, said that she would carry on alone the spirit of adventure. And so she has for in a few short months she has given us adventure between the covers in *I Married Adventure* and now on the screen in the film based on her book-of-the-month-club-selection. *I Married Adventure* is the story of the Kansas boy and girl who embarked on their first exciting adventure 27 years ago through the South Sea Islands and who have explored on foot, on camel back, by auto and finally by air the vast expanses of darkest Africa. The Johnsons were not big game hunters, they were explorers who "shot" their way through wild country, wild animals and savages with a camera and you'll find that the result of their "shooting" expeditions makes a thrilling motion picture. Most of the film consists of authentic shots taken by the Johnsons but the studio had to manufacture some footage to add continuity to their story. But it is done with such skill that the average eye will find it difficult to discern the real from the reel.—*Columbia.*

What I'll Fight For - - Robert Taylor

[*Continued from page* 60]

"My father was a farmer. Soon after I was born, my mother became seriously, chronically ill. Doctors said nothing could be done for her. My father couldn't believe that. He made up his mind to study medicine himself, to find a cure for her. We moved to a town where there was a medical school, and he went to school. My mother is still alive because my father found out how to make her well. But in what other country on earth would a farmer be able to make himself over into a doctor?

"I wanted to be an actor. I didn't have any theatrical background. I didn't have any dramatic training. I didn't have any pull.

"It was determination, more than anything else, that got me past my movie test. It was determination, more than anything else, that kept me plugging away for two years after that, trying to learn something about the business—hoping for a break. The point is that, in America, a little guy *can* hope for a break if he tries hard enough. Everybody has equal opportunity.

"There's an old Hollywood saying so true that it's trite: 'Better be nice to the office boy. He might be a producer tomorrow.'"

Bob grinned chipperly.

"Yessir, something I'm willing to fight for is freedom of opportunity," he said.

"And something else worth fighting for is the right of the little guy to have some say about who will govern him and how he'll be governed. Under the American set-up, he has some choice. Every time there's an election, he has his choice of executives and his choice of law-makers, and elections come often enough so that the boys can't hold their jobs very long if they don't do right by the little guy. I've skipped voting a few times in the past. But no more. From now on, I'm voting in every election.

"And I'm willing to fight for justice for the little guy—the right to be judged in public, by a jury of his equals. When that kind of justice goes, freedom goes with it. Tyranny takes its place.

"MAYBE I don't go to church as often as I should, but as an American I have the right to go, any time I choose, to any church I choose. I'm willing to defend that right. Where there isn't religious freedom, there isn't any other kind of freedom.

"I believe in free speech. If you can't speak freely, you have no control over your own destiny. I want some control over mine. And there's another reason why I'll fight for it. It was freedom of speech that made America a great nation in the first place; it's what has kept it a great nation; and it's the hope of its continuing to be a great nation.

"Men have been free here to exchange ideas, free to try to advance civilization. All through history, other people have been deprived of that freedom, and every time, their civilization has taken a setback. Look at what's happening in the world today because a few dictators stifled free speech as soon as they got into power.

"I'm willing to fight for freedom of education. The little guy doesn't stand a chance if he isn't educated—and educated according to his talents. Everybody has some talent, of some kind, no matter how little a guy he is. I'm in favor of compulsory military training, because I'd like to see this country so well prepared that no one would dare tackle it. But I'm not in favor of drilling children. Let them have the fun of being children. But when a boy is through school, and about to accept the responsibilities of manhood, let him have six months of military training. It would make him fit, physically, for any job. And it certainly would be good for national defense."

He was interrupted by the jangle of the telephone, calling him back to the set to make love to Norma Shearer. As he hung up the receiver, he said, "They tell me I may get off early, have a chance to play golf."

As we walked out the door, he asked, "Well, how about it? Have I put it across that I don't like war, but there are some things I'll fight for?"

I told him that some people say that actors can do more for their country in time of war by not fighting—by sticking at their jobs as entertainers, keeping up public morale.

"I don't agree," said Bob. "Actors can do more for public morale by enlisting. If an actor isn't afraid to fight, there are a lot of other people who aren't going to be afraid to fight. If we have to go to war, I'm enlisting."

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FACE POWDER

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WORLD'S PRODUCTS CO., Spencer, Ind.

The Dean Sounds Off

[*Continued from page* 42]

has a habit of making his own stars, chose an absolute beginner.

All of which is a bit annoying to Dean Jagger. "Oh, I'm grateful all right, and thrilled too, but I'm not overcome," he said, while telling this writer his amazing story. "This is my third trip to Hollywood, and I was doing pretty well on the New York stage. Why, they even tried to stick a clause in my contract to change my name! But I'd rather chuck the whole thing than change it."

Dean speaks in a racy vernacular—the colorful language of the theatre. His refusal to change his name is characteristic of the man. He is honest, outspoken, and wants to be known for what he is, his harsh-sounding name included. When you meet him in person, you realize that it fits him well.

He has a certain earthy quality about him. He is a big, powerfully-built guy, towering to a height of 6 feet, 2 or 3 inches, and must weigh around 200 lbs. He is more virile than Gable, and has the fire of Fonda. His blue eyes blaze in a square-jawed ruddy face, which has the necessary appeal for the femmes.

The path of the man who wants to act not for the money and the glamor of it, but because he can't help himself, can be a very thorny one. And Dean has had his share of troubles in Hollywood. Although the film capital forced him to seek refuge on Broadway by casting him in lousy pictures, he is not bitter against Hollywood. He talks about his misfortunes here in strong words, but with philosophic good humor.

He has the common sense and humility of those who have toiled with their hands, and prides himself on being practical-minded. He is relaxed, self-confident, and speaks his mind. You don't see on his face the telltale marks of constant worry and nervous tension which lie behind the copyrighted smiles of so many screen heroes.

"Hollywood is a town of fear," Dean said. "They are all afraid, of whom and of what I don't know. They are afraid of losing their jobs, afraid of everything and everybody. They are jittery, from the highest to the lowest. They don't seem to enjoy working. The moment you finish your work in Hollywood, you want to go somewhere else. What kind of business is that? So many of them want to make money as fast as they can, and then retire and take it easy. But I have no intention of ever retiring. I'd rather act than eat."

Indeed, the average fan has no idea of the tremendous fear complex in all the brackets and branches of the motion picture industry! At least the stars have far more leisure than the average stenographer and salesgirl, and the millions of words you have read about their tough lives in Hollywood's glamor factories are just so much balloon juice.

"It isn't so in the theatre," Dean explained. "One reason for this freedom of stage actors is that they aren't under the tyranny of what I may call the *mechanism* of motion picture production. Eighty per cent of your success on the screen depends on what cameramen, sound engineers, etc. can do for you. But when I'm on the stage, I don't care what the director says, who wrote the play, or who is producing it. I stand squarely on my own feet, and the responsibility of my success or failure is entirely my own. I deal with my audience directly.

"It's a wonderful feeling when you know that you've gained a mastery over your audience and you can do anything with it you like. You can make them laugh or weep without having to worry about how far you are standing from the camera and microphone, and whether or not there is a shadow on your nose."

The movie star's best scene may lie on the cutting-room floor. And he has to do his acting piece-meal, with no opportunity for continuous sustained effort. The end of the picture may be shot before the beginning. And there are all kinds of interruptions. At least 300 other people are in some way responsible for his success or failure. Hence, among other things, the practice of giving expensive gifts when a picture is finished.

"In New York," Dean continued, "you're free to live your own life. But here everybody seems interested in you and in what you're doing, and people are so disconcertingly friendly. You feel that you're being constantly watched, and if you don't reveal yourself to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, you're accused of being snooty.

"I'm not a very revealing guy. The only time I can really reveal myself is when I'm acting. And in the final analysis, both in pictures and in the theatre there's only one thing that really counts, and that's what you do up there, on the screen or stage.

"There are no tags attached to the players informing the audience that this guy is good, that guy is bad, this one is wise and that one is foolish, this one comes from a good family and that one was born on the wrong side of the tracks. Can you interpret the character you are playing so sincerely and believably that you carry the audience with you? Can you infect the audience with your own emotions? That's what really matters."

Show business, according to Jagger, is a cruel world. "We actors are egomaniacs, highly emotional people. I'm already something of a veteran in show business, and from time to time newcomers seek my advice. I wish I knew the magic formula of success, and could say that 2 and 2 is four. Luck is necessary for success, of course, and so is a certain amount of experience. But I don't think success is entirely a matter of ability, luck and experience.

"One thing, though, the beginner has to overcome if he wants to succeed as an actor, especially in Hollywood. And that's fear. He notices how jealous, or cynical or skeptical they are about him. He must know exactly what he can do and have self-confidence, otherwise he's sunk. Since eighty per cent of his success on the screen depends on mechanics, he must have a hell of a lot of confidence in the other 20 per cent to make good. My advice to beginners is never to ask for advice, but know exactly what you can do, and go ahead and do it."

Dean distinguished himself in New York by grabbing jobs when stage roles were few and far between. He became a sort of minor legend of success, and a certain highly ambitious but unsuccessful young actress, Antoinette Lawrance, heard so much about him that she wanted to meet him. A year later after an introduction she became Mrs. Dean Jagger.

He was at the time under contract to Paramount. The studio let him take four days off to get married. He put in a hurried long-distance call to his fiancee in Boston, then hopped the first plane East. But bad weather forced the plane down eight times, and when our groom arrived in Boston for the wedding, he was three days late—and the wedding ceremony had been postponed three times!

After five years of married life the Jaggers are still madly in love with one another. They never have any petty arguments. They are inseparable companions, and when Dean goes on location or a stage tour she is sure to be with him. They have many close friends from various walks of life, "from the important to the most unimportant," as he puts it. Perhaps their closest Hollywood friends are the Fred MacMurrays. Dean met the pride of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, when they both entered pictures at about the same time.

"*Brigham Young*," Dean said enthusiastically, "is the best part I've ever had. Henry Hathaway is a great director, and I'm very happy to work under him. If I fail in this one, I won't ever make another picture. But I hope to turn in an outstanding performance. I don't mind saying that my great ambition is to be a first-rate creative actor, and not merely a good one."

Incidentally, his wife in this picture is Mary Astor, who was also his wife in *The Woman From Hell*. "It started out to be the first of the talkies," he recalled with a smile, "and wound up as the last of the silents."

Jagger first came to Hollywood when they took him out of a vaudeville skit and put him in *The Woman From Hell* as a leading man. That was his first picture, and because of various mechanical difficulties, proved to be a rather unfortunate one. From then on he went down and down, and nobody would give him a chance to do some real acting. He played cowboys and Indians, and, once, for two months, lived among Hopi and Navajo Indians to write a story about them, which he couldn't sell. When they shaved off his brown hair and made him an Egyptian prince in *The Sign of the Cross*, he thought he had had enough of movie glory and went back East to the New York stage.

That was in 1932. He talked his way into a role in *Tobacco Road*, and later made a hit in *They Shall Not Die*, with Claude Rains. This success resulted in another movie offer, this time from Paramount, and he came back to Hollywood to show 'em what he could do. But it was substantially the same old story again. He stayed with Paramount a year and a half, and then free-lanced for a while.

"Three years ago, after working in some thirty unimportant pictures, I left Hollywood with my wife and went East," Dean said. "I have nothing against those standardized, small budget B pictures. There must be a demand for them, or they wouldn't make them. And if you're happy working in them, it's swell, but I wasn't. In fact, on an average only ten out of every hundred pictures are worth working in. A small budget necessarily doesn't mean a bad picture, but usually a good picture costs money. Good writers, directors, actors, are expensive.

"So we went East, and I did a play in summer stock. The name of the play was *Michael Drops In*. It was the lowest moment in my life. Here, I had come back to the stage and given a bad performance. I felt terrible. I kept telling my wife that night that I was a failure—went at it for hours. Failure in pictures, and failure on the stage. I got her terribly upset.

"But the next day, a representative of Guthrie McClintic of the Theatre Guild, told me that I had been chosen to play Jesse James in the *Missouri Legend*, opposite Dorothy Gish. It was from one extreme to the other in twenty-four hours. Was I thrilled! Life was worth living again. I did several other plays on Broadway, and I was preparing to go into William Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song*, when I was offered this marvelous part in *Brigham Young*. So here I am back in Hollywood, but as you see I'm no beginner."

Like the Mormon prophet he portrays, Jagger has a tremendous vitality about him, combined with a certain spiritual quality which can be traced back directly to his early contact with the soil. He was born on November 7, 1903, on an Ohio farm, and when he was five years old the family moved to another farm in Indiana. He was so big and mentally mature for his age that at 17 he was appointed as teacher in a rural school where the ornery farm boys had repeatedly driven out a succession of women teachers. Dean took charge of the situation and soon made himself very popular with the students.

While doing chores on his father's farm he recited poems and made speeches to imaginary audiences. Splendid foundation and background for his subsequent career as an actor. Jagger's head may be in the clouds, but his feet stand firmly on the ground. You feel the earthly power of the man as you talk to him. He knows the psychology, the secret longings, the unvoiced joys and sorrows of the people who work with their hands, who till the soil and make things grow from it.

"You can't push those people around," he said, with a prophetic gleam in his eyes. "You can't scare them and you can't ever fool them. I can talk their language and I know them, and I hope when they see me acting they'll know me, recognize me as somebody they can understand."

Hollywood is getting closer to the problems of the so-called common people, who number at least 120,000,000 in America. Artificial plots are gradually giving way to real stories of real people.

The people have elected Mickey Rooney King of Hollywood, and we have such a picture as *The Grapes of Wrath*. The false glamor of former days, all those fantastic sets and silly heroics of standardized cinematic tintypes, all that awful tinsel, is now nearly vanished.

As real people and real situations replace them on the screen, real acting is demanded of our movie stars. They are charged with the responsibility of interpreting the realities to our filmgoers who are like the characters they see on the screen. Hence, we have a new Ginger Rogers, a new Marlene Dietrich. And at last, an actor like Dean Jagger gets a real break.

WE APOLOGIZE

Last month the editors promised MOTION PICTURE readers that they'd find a pertinent story—WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD "NO" AT COLLEGE—in the October issue. We're sorry we had to disappoint you, but the story was unavoidably delayed. However, you will surely find this story in the November issue of MOTION PICTURE. You don't have to go to College to appreciate this entertaining story containing advice to you from Hollywood's star graduates.

"Tops in Hollywood!" says MAUREEN O'HARA starring in "DANCE, GIRL, DANCE" an RKO Radio Production

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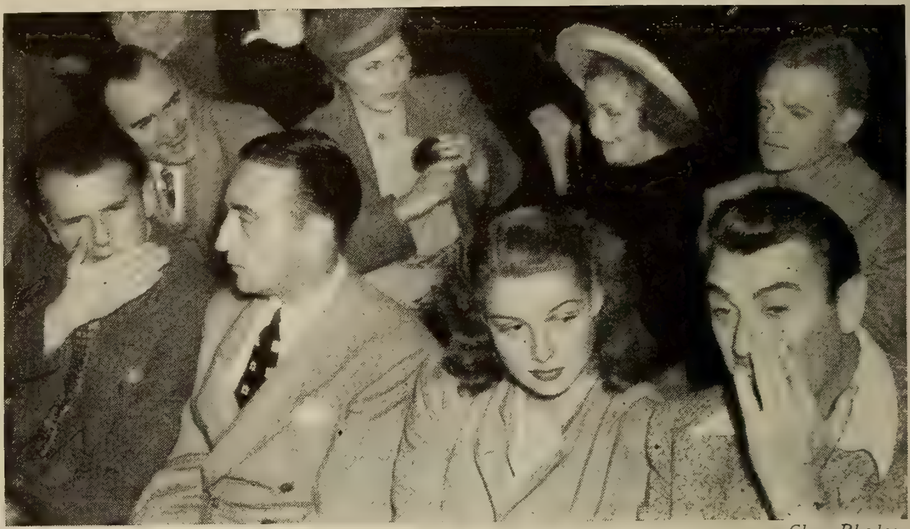
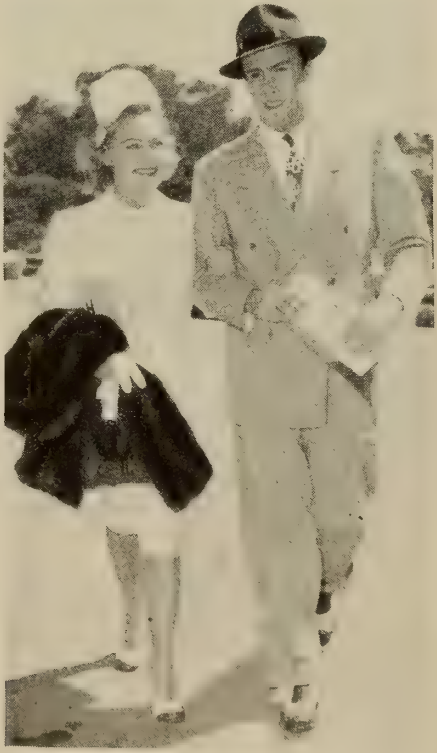
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]



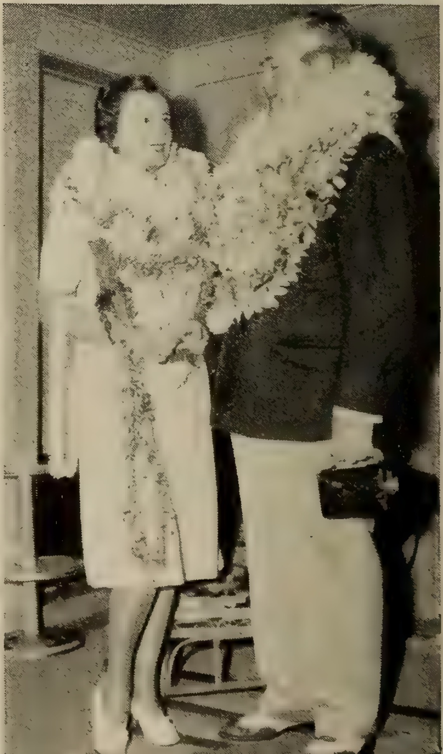
Chas. Rhodes

W-B stars, workers at studio mass meeting heard H. M. Warner speak against Fifth Columnists. Down front—the Pat O'Briens, the Cagneys, Ann Sheridan, Brent



Chas. Rhodes

Before Sonja Henie and Dan Topping flew to Chicago to be married, they attended races at Hollywood Park. Meanwhile honeymoon is being spent at Easthampton, L. I., and Eastern race tracks



Pan Pacific Press

Hollywoodians are decorated with tropical leis when arriving or departing from Honolulu. Irene Dunne and hubby, Dr. Francis Griffin, are decorated when leaving the islands on the *S. S. Matsonia*

MAYBE they never will get married—your Old Tattler is one of those who's going to lose a bet if they DO!—but all the same, George Brent and Ann Sheridan are certainly stupendous good friends! Their latest hangout is that Chinese restaurant run by Cameraman James Wong Howe, called "Ching Howe's." They're there sooooo

[*Continued on page* 88]

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 81]

And so will the Withers family . . . with fingers crossed.

What's in a Name?

■ And M-G-M answers that if it's Ruth Hussey's name, there's a lot of grief in it . . .

Ever since the Hussey has clicked so big, the studio has been in a stew about that name. Particularly because a lot of exhibitors from the midwest are reporting that some of their more straight-laced patrons are complaining that "hussey" is NOT a nice word!—even if Ruth IS nice.

On the other hand, it's too late to rename Ruth now. Renaming of stars-to-be usually happens long before they make reputations for themselves. Ruth has already made a name for herself.

Terse Verse

■ But folks who rave about Ruth Hussey
Certainly wouldn't be so fussey!

Here's How Rumors Are Born

■ All Hollywood was agog the other day, when from the studio came reports that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are anticipating another stork visit . . .

Traced down, the rumors were found to have come from the visitor to the set who saw Joan, between takes, knitting a tiny sweater—a garment obviously much too small for Ellen Powell, the youngest of the Powell tots.

BUT—if the visitor had stayed on the set a few minutes longer, the truth would have come out: for at noontime, Joan's maid carried onto the set a little two-months-old cocker spaniel—and Joan tried the sweater on it for a fitting.

And not even Hollywood could say that Joan's gonna have pups!

Lionel's Rebellion

■ Not all the wise-cracks in the Barrymore family come from John. Now and then, brother Lionel makes one. Like the other day, when he protested against plans to cast him in another role that requires him to sit through the picture in a wheel-chair.

"I'm fed up on wheel-chairs!" exploded Lionel. "I've been sitting in one so long that my—ah—legs look like a waffle!"

Gypsy Rose Auer!

■ The patrons in that downtown Los Angeles burlesque house will probably NEVER get over the shock of what they saw the other night. A trio of Hollywoodians—Edgar Kennedy, Eddie Quillan and Mischa Auer—went to the show just for fun, and got so full of the spirit of the thing (anyway, SOME kind of spirits) that they stomped right up onto the stage and did an impromptu black-out—climaxed with an utterly astounding strip-tease act by Mischa Auer.

How Will Hays' ears must have burned —*all* of 'em!

Jackie Gets His Pitcha Took

■ Most mortifying experience in all of Jackie Cooper's life facing a camera lens came the other day—

After years of training in the basic rule of a movie actor's creed:—NEVER look into the camera lens!—Jackie had to have THIS happen to him: Along with 274 classmates in the graduating class of Beverly Hills High School, Cooper was grouped on the school steps for the graduation-day group photo. All of a sudden, the commercial photographer popped out from under his black cloth and screamed:

"Hey, you—you guy in the third row there—don't YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO LOOK AT THE CAMERA WHEN YOU'RE HAVING YOUR PICTURE TOOK?"

Yes—it was Jackie Cooper!

Incidentally, here's a little item we don't think is common knowledge. Jackie's mother, one of the most beloved screen mothers in all Hollywood, made this lovely gesture: she supplied the bouquets and the graduation gowns, as well, for sixteen girls in Jackie's class, who, because of slim family finances would otherwise not have had these bits of finery!

Fish Story a la Hollywood

■ It remained for Guy Kibbee to bring back a new kind of fishing story from a recent piscatorial expedition into the wilds of upper Oregon. Well aware of the skeptical guffaws that greet most fishermen's tales of their catch, Kibbee left nothing for his friends to laugh at—

From his fishing trip, he dispatched several big salmon he had caught, to an Oregon cannery, and had them pack the fish in tins bearing a specially-printed label telling that the contents had been caught by Guy Kibbee on such-and-such a day.

And Guy sent a can to each of his friends in Hollywood.

Terse Verse

■ Gals who jitter about Richard Greene
Always stay mentally sweet sixteen!

Hollywood Chatter

■ The town is glad to see that Sylvia Fairbanks, after months of poignant grief over the death of Douglas, is beginning to be seen out again . . . war charity work, Red Cross activities, are helping bring Sylvia out of the depths of her mourning . . . old-timers' set-of-the-month is the *King of the Royal Mounted* stage, where one-time silent-movie stars Bryant Washburn and Herbert Rawlinson are in the cast—and also Wallace Reid, Jr., son of the greatest silent-days star of all . . . trickiest fan-letter of the month came to little Edith Fellows on the set of *Out West With the Peppers*—it was an eight-foot square of woven kelp, from a fan in far-away Solomon Islands, and painted on it was a huge oriental character—which the studio research department discovered was ancient Fijian ideography meaning "sound health and good fortune" . . . screwiest eater-outer in Hollywood is Alan Mowbray—he starts with his dessert and finishes with the soup—and drives waitresses nuts!

Terse Verse

■ Girls who dream of Orson Welles
Usually wake up uttering yelles!

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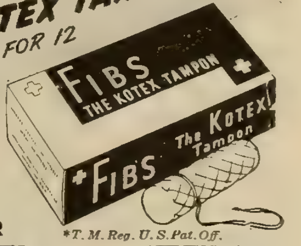

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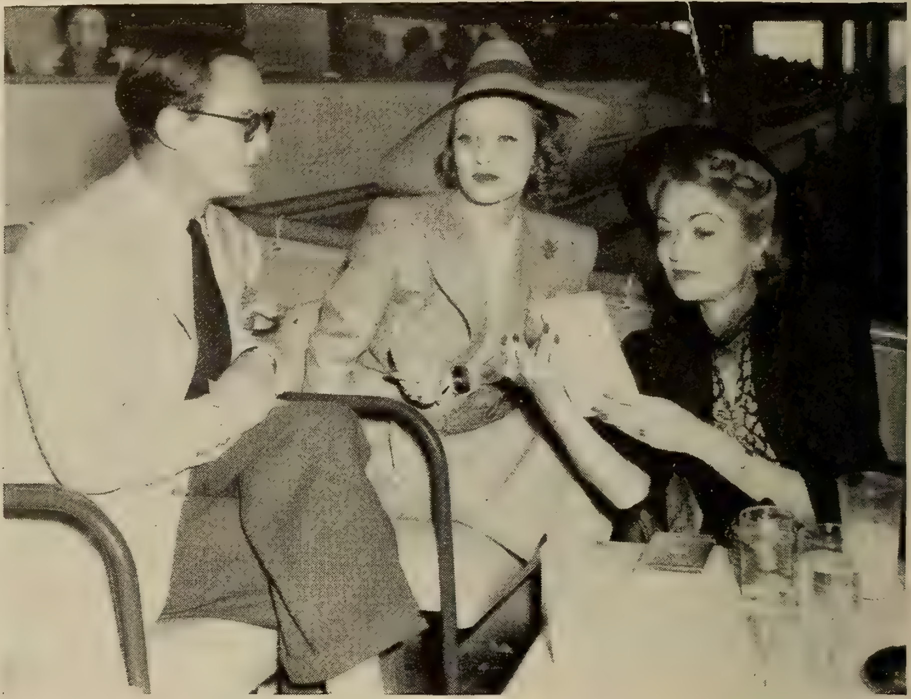
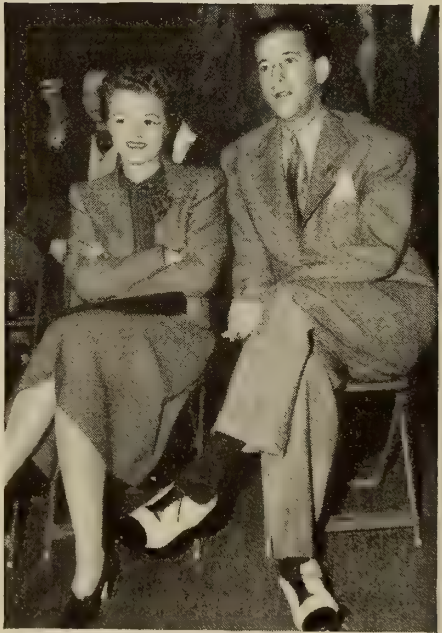
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 86]



Chas. Rhodes

Hollywood is cuh-razy over hosses. Among those who like to see 'em run at Hollywood Park are La Dietrich, Connie Bennett, and latter's new palsie-walsie Richard Ainley



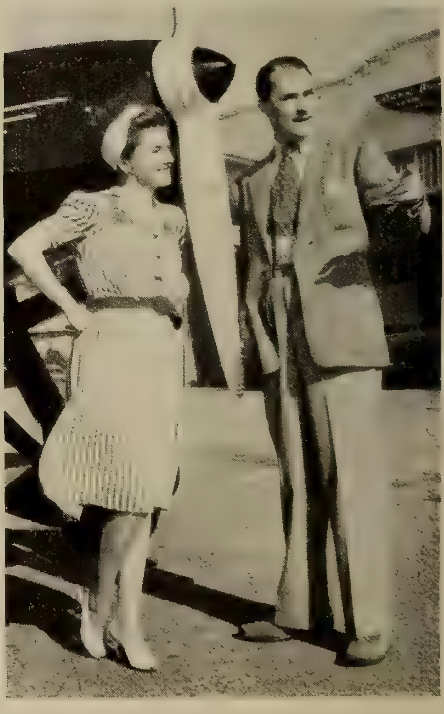
Chas. Rhodes

Janet Gaynor and Adrian are a proud mammy and pappy now—through the arrival of a seven-pounder, Robbin Gaynor Adrian. Mom will combine mamahood with her career. Pop will rock the cradle

often, gazing into each other's eyes with might and (chow) mein!

Ann just gave George a birthday present—some super-magnificent sets of sword-fishing tackle, powerful enough to even hook a 110-pound girl, if need be!

[*Continued on page* 90]



The Brian Ahernes fly their own plane. When they're grounded Mrs. A. (Joan Fontaine) visits hubby—who, this time, is explaining things on set of *Hired Wife*

She Won't Depend on the Landis Line

[*Continued from page* 79]

Over the Wall with Dick Foran, *Hollywood Hotel* and lots of others. I spent most of my time watching Bette Davis work, digging my nails into the palms of my hands wishing I could do things like *Jezebel* and all. . . ."

Carole had a fling at the legitimate stage in the west coast edition of *Roberta,* with Bob Hope, in 1938 Laurence Schwab saw her in it, offered her a part in *Once Upon a Night,* the play he was producing in the East. In Carole's bedazzled eyes the beacon light of Broadway beamed and beckoned.

"We opened in Wilmington," sighed Carole, "and closed in two nights without so much as a breath of Broadway. Ken Murray, also in the show, was awfully sweet to me, then. He lugged me around Central Park in a cab, consoling me. But I was pretty inconsolable. My agents had got me a release from Warners. I had no contract to come back to. And I knew enough to know that to come back to Hollywood after doing a floppola on the stage is not exactly the open sesame to stardom.

"I came back, a pretty limp Landis. I started studying voice again. I did a little picture at Republic with John Wayne, a couple of horse operas. And then my agent told me Mr. Roach was testing for the part of *Locna* in *1,000,000 B. C.,* D. W. Griffith was to direct and I . . . I was to be among those interviewed!"

Carole knew that "D. W." was looking over anyone and everyone. When she went to keep her appointment with him she was terrified. A man who knows so much, she thought, this is going to be dreadful! D. W. gave her a pantomime scene to do. He went out of the room, giving her time to think it over, figure it out. "That was so sweet of him," said Carole, "so perceptive and sensitive, to give me time to rally some intestinal fortitude. I should have known a Great Man would be like that. . . ."

When D. W. came back and began to direct, Carole reacted to everything he told her. He seemed pleased. The next day she got a call. D. W. then made a screen test of her. Mr. Roach made a screen test of her. There began a series of tests that lasted from August through October.

"You may imagine my suspense," said Carole. "I knew they were testing everyone in town. I'd heard about Steffi Duna being tested, Evelyn Keyes, Beverly Roberts, dozens. . . . I'd read about this one and that one and I'd think, that's that!

"I had a sort of option-contract to cover the series of tests. The contract expired and I all but expired with it. Three days after the expiration, they called me back. They showed me one of the tests of another girl, the test they liked best so far. They said, 'If you can do better than this girl, the part is yours. . . .' "

THE part, as we all know, was hers. That's when the Landis Line became something to talk about, like Sheridan's "Oomph" and Dietrich's legs. That's when we read "a prehistoric peach," "a blonde and comely cave woman" and all that sort of Ping-thing. And that's when Carole began to worry. She didn't want to be typed as a curvesome cutie who depends on slithery sarongs and leopard pelts to get along.

She made *Turnabout,* a comedy instead of an antediluvian melodrama, but she was pretty comely in that, too, in a naughty nightie and all. She was loaned to Paramount for *The Mystery Sea Raider.* She is now making *Road Show,* on her home lot, with Adolphe Menjou and John Hubbard.

She wants to carry on in the same versatile fashion. She'd like, especially, to do serious drama. . . . "Maybe it's the ham in me," she laughed, "but serious drama is what I hope to do. When I saw Vivien Leigh in *Waterloo Bridge,* noticed the little things she did to make that girl she played break your heart, I came out of the theatre, praying, 'Oh, please let me do things like that!' "

Well, Hollywood believes; Mr. Roach very definitely believes; and judging from Carole's pyramiding fan mail, you fans seem also to believe that Carole's prayers will be answered—that she will "do things like that" and many of them. . . . P. S.: Without benefit of Ping, too.

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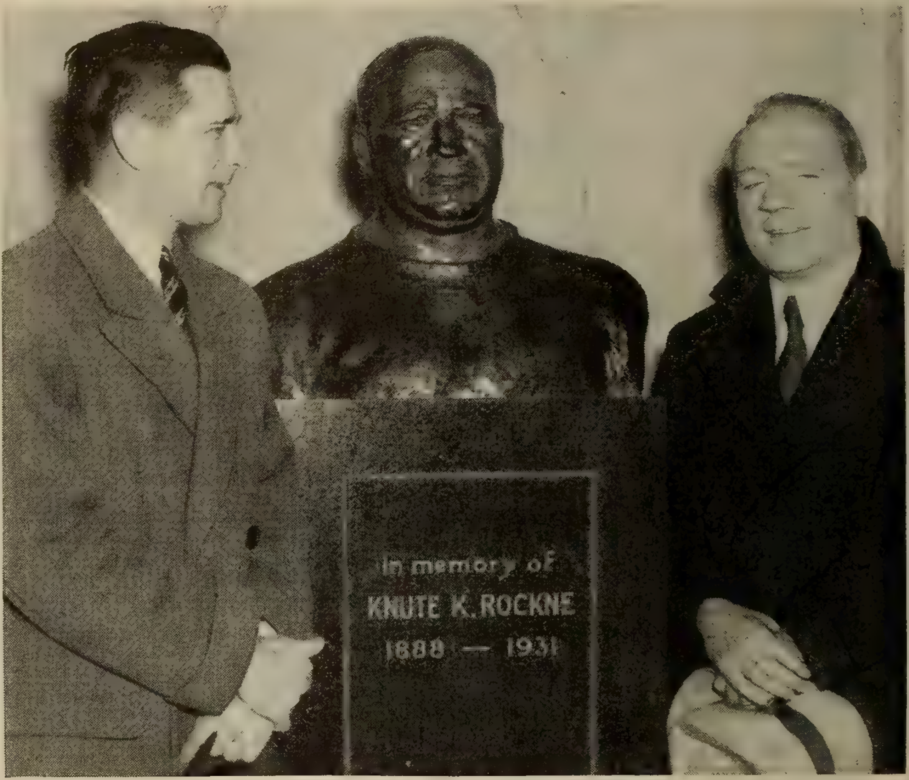
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 88]



Elmer Layden, head football coach at Notre Dame, is amazed over Pat O'Brien's likeness to late Knute Rockne during Pat's visit to college to honor the great "Rock"

Old Doctor Stork arrived right on schedule at the John Payne-Anne Shirley home. He left a little feminine bundle, weighing 6 pounds. Anne won't give up career

CUPID'S UN-COUPLET:
Kay Griffith and Johnny Howard—
There's a romance that has soward.

LOOKS like Greta Garbo's latest romance has gone pfft, just like all the others. Anyway, whereas not so many weeks ago, the Garbo and Doc Gaylord Hauser were seen everywhere together all the time, it's rare now that they're even seen talking to each other.

■

YOU'RE just as liable as not to be deluged with a whole flock of phony reports about George Raft going cold on Norma Shearer. You'll probably be reading in your chatter columns, or hearing over your radio (if you haven't, already) that Raft is sending flowers to Marlene Dietrich, and laying siege to Louise Stanley, or stepping out with some other beauty.

But it's just a smoke-screen. The truth of the matter seems to be that George has suddenly gotten scared (as he usually does) at the spot he's in, with his open protestations of affection for Norma Shearer—when, as yet, he hasn't gotten any closer to settling things with his undivorceable wife than he ever has.

Not until, and if, he manages to get the divorce he's been hoping for, for years, can George ever really lay his heart at some other woman's feet. But now and then, George's enthusiasm runs away with his caution, and he breaks down and lets the world know how he feels. That's what happened in the Shearer case. So madly in love with Norma is Raft that he talked too much, and it got printed, as he well

After hours of practising French *Can-Can* for *Dance, Girl, Dance*, Maureen O'Hara is as fresh as daisy. Dance Director Matray and Mary Carlisle ask her how she does it

might have known it would. Result: George is in a marital crossword-puzzle again, and now he and his best friends are trying to tone down the heat by starting a campaign of phony rumors linking George with other Hollywood lovelies.

But you can skip 'em. It's Norma in his life, and ONLY Norma . . . And even though Norma is reported a bit peeved over some of the super-enthusiastic things Raft has said about their romance, you can bet she won't stay peeved very long or very much.

However, she herself insists she will NOT marry Raft—never, never, never. Not because she doesn't like him but—well, here's Norma's own explanation: "I won't marry George or anyone else. I take marriage very seriously. I was ideally happy with Irving Thalberg. I never expect to have such happiness again—and so it would be wrong for me to marry anyone!" But she may change her mind—every woman has that privilege you know.

■

LORETTA YOUNG, whom a great row of Hollywood males have yearned to marry but never got beyond her "NO!", has fallen at last for another try at matrimony. But it isn't a handsome cinema star. It's Radio Executive Tom Lewis. He's 38 years old—and he's never tried marriage before.

[*Continued on page* 92]

Taking up where Dad left off, Tim Holt is new sensation among galloping heroes. Is rated high goal poloist. Now training Texas mount to gallop into dying sun

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the loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

It's literally meant for love —this alluring new Chiffon Lipstick. New, smoother texture that lends a soft enchantment to your lips. New, costlier perfume that adds a rapturous ecstasy to each kiss.

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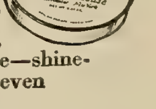

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 91]

With summer close to fade-out, Olivia de Havilland takes to swim-suit and diving board. But first she must test temperature of pool with tootsies before plunge

Chas. Rhodes

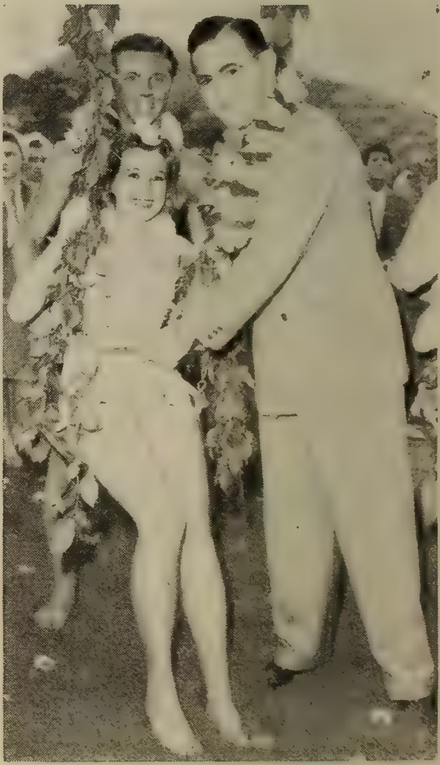
Remember Simone Simon? She's bobbed up in Hollywood, cigarette girl for a day at Carmel Myers' Red Cross fashion show. Cash customer is Irene Dunne

It won't make Agent Myron Selznick too happy, either. Loretta has been twosoming around town with Myron so much that a lot of whisperers have been guessing that maybe she'd become Mrs. Selznick. But the insiders have known for a long time that Tom Lewis had the inside track—but not that Loretta was ready to say her I-do's!

Loretta was married once before, as you probably know. To Grant Withers. But that's been over for a long, long time.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Magician Frank Swann and Linda Darnell—
Looks to me like they're hotter than you know.



Benny Goodman, who's leading his swingsters in Casino at Santa Catalina Island, "swings it" with bathing beauty in a garlanded swing on steamer dock at resort

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis—
He admits she's driving him simply nurtis!

■

THERE'S certainly been a lot of guessing and iffing around Hollywood over what movie hero is the love-light in Countess Barbara Hutton's eyes. Some people hold that Ricardo Cortez holds No. 1 place in the multimillionairess' love dreams. And others insist that it's the handsome, virile Cary Grant.

What keeps the chatterers guessing is the fact that Barbara is still sticking

[*Continued on page* 94]

Visit Your Neighborhood Drug Store During Nationally Advertised Brands Week—October 4th-12th

Packing Your Lunch Away

[*Continued from page 53*]

you can answer "YES" to this question! All too frequently a "lunch-box" means a couple of soggy or wilted sandwiches, a knobby fruit and a hunk of "store" cake as dry as shredded tissue paper.

The lunch-kit, American Way, must be packed to the lid with a selection of the following food and taste needs:

Meats or Proteins: Meat Loaf, home or canned; Meats, sliced or minced; Sausage, dry type; Bacon; Salmon, canned; Baked Beans; Cheese, sliced or grated; Eggs, hard or minced; Nut butter spreads.

Starch-Sugar Energizers: Bread, Cake, Doughnuts, Cookies, Tarts, Pie, Chocolate, Jam, Jelly, Raisins, Figs, Dates, Bananas.

Fat Energizers: Butter, Vegetable Margarine, Salad dressings, Mayonnaise.

Moisture Liquids: Fruit Juices, Mashed or Shredded Fruits and Vegetables, Fresh or Canned Fruits, Soups, Milk, Cocoa, Malted Milk, Sparkling Carbonated Beverages, Coffee.

Flavors: Seasonings, Onions, Pickles, Relishes, Catsup, Olives, Oranges, Apples, Apricots, Grapes, Chocolate, Maple.

Notice that the entire first group consists of compact forms of highly concentrated foods; the second offers the energy of starch-sugars; the third the high energy obtainable only from fats; while moisture, flavor and general palatability is secured from many sources.

SANDWICHES are all-important because they compress meat, starch and flavor all in one. But they must be well made! Gain variety by using different breads—white, brown, rye, raisin, with buns or biscuits as a change. Texture as well as taste can be had by making the filling uniformly chopped or minced or shredded, with fine and high seasoning.

Satisfy that sweet tooth and energy-hunger with plenty of starch, sugar, or fat items. Delicious doughnuts carry excellently; small cup cakes with thick, fresh home-made frosting are also tops for packing in small space.

Moisture is much needed in many a lunch-box and the "salad-sandwich" is one excellent way to secure added moisture. While fruit juices, canned soups, and of course the usual beverages of milk, cocoa, coffee or their variations, are essentials. Fill the beverage bottle with canned soup, for a change, either chicken soup, tomato soup, or any of the cream soups.

What price lunch-kit? Frankly, many women do not take this portable meal for some member of their family with sufficient seriousness. If the daily packing of a lunch-box, either for child or adult seems just a chore, isn't it perhaps because no special place or space is allowed for its preparation? Why not clear off some kitchen shelf and devote it to relishes, condiments, jams, packaged crackers, canned meats, individual baked beans, small dime size cans of fruits and juices, waxed paper and paper cups, and at the same time reorganize the refrigerator for space to place perishable salad dressings, jars of "spreads," etc.?

Here are suggestions and recipes suitable both to the lunch-kit or to the snack meal often required at late or irregular hours:

Liverwurst-Cheese-Egg Spread: 7 slices liverwurst sausage, ½ package cream cheese, 3 hard-cooked eggs, 3 tablespoons salad dressing, ½ teaspoon minced onion, salt and pepper. Mash first 3 ingredients thoroughly, add remaining ingredients, and blend well. (Makes 1½ cups)

Energy Sandwich: 8 strips bacon, ¼ pound liver, 1 hard-cooked egg, ¼ clove minced garlic, ¼ teaspoon onion juice, 1 teaspoon horseradish, 2 tablespoons sour cream, white bread, butter. Fry bacon until crisp then remove and fry liver. Put bacon, liver, and egg through food chopper. Add seasonings and cream. Mix to spreading consistency. Spread thickly on buttered bread slices. (4 sandwiches)

Walnut Cookies: 1 cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, well-beaten, 3 cups cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup grated raw carrots, juice ½ lemon, grated rind ½ lemon. Cream shortening, add sugar, and beat in eggs. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add to raisins and nuts. Combine carrots, lemon juice and grated rind. Add alternately with dry ingredients to nut and fruit mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheets. Bake in hot oven (400° F) 12 to 15 minutes. (Makes 24 rich, large nut cookies)

Pastry Meat Turnovers: Any creamed diced cooked meat, veal, chicken, or ham; canned peas; salt and pepper; medium White Sauce; quick biscuit dough. Combine 2 cups creamed meat mixture with ½ cup peas. Add enough White Sauce to blend, and season. Roll dough out and cut in circles, size of large saucer; place large spoonful of mixture on one half of dough, fold over remaining half and prick edges together with fork. Bake in hot oven until brown. Cool before packing in waxed paper. Substitute other mixtures such as tasty lamb stew with finely diced carrots, creamed flaked canned fish, sausage meat, corned beef hash, etc. Make dough of richer crust if desired. These "turnovers," eaten out of hand, compactly afford meat, starch and fats, and are a welcome change from standard sandwiches.

Quick Chocolate Frosting: 2 squares unsweetened chocolate, 1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk, 1 tablespoon water. Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add condensed milk and stir over boiling water 5 minutes until thickened. Add water and blend. Cool. Spread thickly on small cup cakes, layer or loaf cake. (Covers 24 cup cakes)

But of course you'll want more of these unusual sandwich spreads, cookies and meat specialties for packing the lunch-kit. Fill out the coupon for free leaflet, today!

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page 92*]

around Hollywood instead of returning to Honolulu, as she said she planned to do so long ago. They reason that SOMEthing or someBODY must be keeping her here—and when they say somebody they mean some Hollywood hero—you can take it. Anyway, Barbara has taken the Barthelmess house on a six-months' lease, and her young son, Lance, is living there with her.

There is some gossip that Barbara is NOT going to get tied up with ANY Hollywood handsome boy. And that she liked Cary Grant fairly well until the gossips started talking about it—and it was just to turn the gossip OFF that Barbara began turning her smiles on Rickie Cortez.

However, make note of this in your date-book for 1941. In February, Barbara will get her final decree of divorce from Count Kurt Haugwitz von Reventlow, the Danish nobleman. Too, she'll get her citizenship back.

And after all, Cary IS a charming fellow. Even Millions-of-Dimes Barbara oughtn't to object to being Mrs. Cary Grant. Or Mrs. Archie Leach, which, while it doesn't sound quite as romantic, is nevertheless Cary's real name.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now it's Tim Durant—and Maria Montez—
That lad gets around, is what we sez!

■

DOLORES DEL RIO says that she CAN'T announce her engagement to Orson Welles on account of she's still married to Cedric Gibbons. But even so, WHY would any gal want to be engaged to a guy who takes her out to dinner, forgets to bring any money, and has to borrow the cash to pay the check from the gal herself— which is what Orson did to Dolores at the Beverly Tropics the other night.

■

LUISE RAINER, for whom life—both professional and romantic—hasn't been any too sweet, is in the middle of another romance, take it from your old Tattler. . . .

Not yet over the scars of the Odets break-up, Luise has fallen in love again, and this time with an English army officer whom she met during her London stage engagement last year. Luise, admitting that she's in love, won't tell his name—but she does not deny that she's praying that her fiance might be spared. Fate certainly plays no pleasant tricks on this Austrian girl.

■

WONDER how Nancy Kelly knows, from day to day, whose who she is? You remember, don't you? It was all Edmund O'Brien, only a short time ago, and even the wedding date was rumored set. Then Nancy and Edmund had a tiff, and Edmund went to New York, and Nancy started going out with Irving Cummings, and pretty soon, Hollywood heard that she was going to become Mrs. Cummings. But wham went the wheel again, and next thing Hollywood knew, Nancy was out-stepping with (of ALL people!) Ken Murray.

But now—well, now Edmund O'Brien has come back to Hollywood after touring with Olivier and Leigh's *Romeo and Juliet*—and now Nancy and Edmund are like this again—and this is where we came in, isn't it?

■

CLEAR-IT-ALL-UP party of the month was the one given by Marjorie Weaver for Isabel Jewell and Donald Briggs and Donald Briggs. You see, Marj has been stepping out with Donald Briggs, a business man from a small suburban town near Hollywood. And Isabel has been two-ing with Donald Briggs, the actor. So Marjorie gave a cocktail party, at which she, herself, and Isabel and the two Donald Briggses met everybody—so that everybody could tell whose Don was whose.

■

COME, come, come, Judy Garland. Is it Dave Rose or isn't it? When a gal steps out three nights in a row with the same man at the same place, it's more than accident or coincidence or even mere appetite. Anyway, Judy and Dave (he's Martha Raye's ex, in case you'd forgotten) ate together three nights running at LaMaze. And from there, they switched to Little Hungary for a row of dinners.

Usually, there's another couple with them, most frequently Judy's closest chum, Betty Asher, and some other man to complete the foursome. Judy's friends say that it's just a fine friendship between her and Dave, and that you mustn't overlook young Bob Stack, who seemed to be head man in her life, just a week or so ago.

BUT—Stack's been buying goodies for N. Y. debbie Esme O'Brien, lately.

■

THIS Desi Arnaz lad is doing pretty well for himself. Even with the gals who are more or less definitely linked up with some other guy—for instance, he's been stepping out with Lucille Ball and Betty Grable and Patricia Dane, among others.

Hollywood insiders say, however, that there's no fire in all this. Desi, they point out, is just another Cesar Romero—the sort of a guy a guy'd trust his gal out with when he can't date her out himself. Desi is a swell dancer, very handsome, a nice kid—and his mama is here with him, too. And there's that curfew that won't let him stay out too late nights.

■

ANNIVERSARIES of the month: Barbara Stanwyck got a topaz-and-ruby bracelet from Bob Taylor for their first wedding anniversary . . . the ruby being for Ruby Stevens which is Barbara's real name . . . and Barbara gave Bob a wrist watch and a fancy

[*Continued on page 96*]

Making Over Mickey

[*Continued from page 64*]

has quit being a pest. When he first achieved stardom, he took it big, like a burlesque comic might. He was all over the place, roaring up and down the Boulevard in a big blue car. He wore clothes that not even Joe Yule, Sr., would have dared to wear on the burlesque stage. He made personal cracks and got away with them, to people far older and more important than himself. He toted a great wad of bills and flashed them like a clown, which he was. He never really harmed anyone—except maybe himself, a bit—but he antagonized everybody.

TODAY, that's all gone. That hand-kissing gag he did at Ciro's with Jeanette MacDonald WAS a little bit elaborate. It WAS a gag—but don't overlook the fact that it was, even more than a gag, an INDEX.

Mickey has gotten rid of his valet. He discovered that gentlemen get along very often without them. Not only Lew Stone is his idol, but Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy are minor idols in his estimation, too. And they don't have valets.

Nor do they go around flashing thousand-dollar rolls. They save their money. That's why Lew Stone is wealthy today. So Mickey is saving his money.

And picture after picture, Mickey Rooney is learning what American family life means. Those *Hardys* have been a revelation and a lesson to him. Life with the *Hardys*, AS a *Hardy*, gave him a realization for the first time of what an American family really is—and that this nation is made up NOT of smartcracking young Mickey Rooneys, but of staid, sober-minded, fine people who think of other things than gags and spot-lights and making 'em laugh and dating dames and being big shots.

Love Finds Andy Hardy seemed to be the picture that crimped Mickey's own off-screen girling around. *Andy's* calf-love antics made Mickey think; made him realize that he was being a bit of a horse's patootie himself in his carryings-on with girls in Hollywood's scene. He realized that people must have thought him as addle-minded as he saw *Andy Hardy* to be. So Mickey, being fundamentally shrewd and smart, pulled in his neck and stopped being the potential young "Don Juan" he has been called.

For he IS shrewd. Among the other qualities that his own, real Dad bequeathed him is that of shrewdness. And it was sharpened, inevitably, by the dog-eat-dog life that is the life of the small-time burlesque stage people.

Say what you want to about Mickey Rooney—either the Mickey Rooney that was, or the Mickey Rooney that is. No matter what you may say, you can't say that he isn't smart. You can't say his brain and his mind aren't as keen as a razor. Mickey Rooney doesn't ever need a house to fall on him. Mickey Rooney will probably be able to see for himself what's the matter with Mickey Rooney, long before other people start telling him so.

Today, Mickey Rooney, at 20, has had a good, long look at the Mickey Rooney of the 'teens.

I don't think today's Mickey likes yesterday's Mickey any more than the rest of Hollywood did.

Yesterday's Mickey Rooney is dead. And there's a new Rooney—MISTER Rooney, to you!

Thank God!!—and Lew Stone.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 94]

belt because, says she, all you have to do to make Bob happy is "give him a watch and a piece of leather. . . ."

And the Gene Raymonds (she's Jeanette MacDonald, in case you just don't pay attention) celebrated their third anniversary. They swapped gifts—from him to her, a gold ring to wear over the wedding band on her finger, and from her to him, an oil painting—of herself.

Just to show how they feel about each other, the Jon Halls celebrated their second anniversary together in Arizona, where Jon's on location—even though Frances Langford had to drive 700 miles to be there with hubby.

The Fred MacMurrays had a party of friends in for a brawl at their home to celebrate their fourth anniversary.

And the champ anniversary celebrants of the month were Fay Holden (*Ma Hardy* to you) and hubby Dave Clyde, brother of comedian Andy.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Band-man Tex Harris and Mary Beth Hughes
Are one of Hollywood's hottest two's.

■

HOLLYWOOD BABY-TALK—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have bought a dog and are having it trained to be a guard for their baby—the one that's coming next January, and they've even got the name picked out: Louella (guess after whom?) or Ronald—it'll be mid-September for another Burns in the Bob Burns family—and the Kent Taylors should have theirs by now—it's a January date for the Frankie Albertsons who hope it'll be a girl-friend for the boy they've got now—and the Vincent Prices won't have any name trouble, on account of no matter whether it's a boy or girl, they'll call it Barrett Price, after its mother whose name was Edith Barrett—and the Henry Wilcoxons have made their youngster's name of Wendie Joan official, with a christening—as for the Jimmy Stephensons, well, they haven't YET named theirs and continue to call it "It" until they can settle on a name—and meantime, all their pals are kidding them—they insist that both Stephenson and his wife are SO British that already the baby cries with a clipped English accent already. . . . Oh I say, my bottle please!

■

WOOSOME TWOSOMES—it's every nite for Dana Dale and Jeffrey Lynn . . . Betty Peacock, who's only a secretary at Paramount now, may turn out to be Mrs. Robert Paige almost any moment . . . Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper are getting to be a habit . . . Gilbert Roland and Evelyn Keyes are a newsome . . . and is it romance between Arnold Kunody and Evelyn Drew? . . . Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan are just as much as they used to be . . . Mary Brian and Big Boy Williams trying a retake . . . Lew Ayres and Elyse Knox are keeping the nite-spot corners busy . . . Helen Wood and Frank Feltrop, the golfer, doing a twosome on and off the links . . . Helen Gilbert and Vic Orsatti only have to wait until September for her divorce to be final . . . and Tony Martin wires forget-me-nots to Alice Faye.

■

NO GREAT surprise to anyone in Hollywood was the bust-up of Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey. Hedy's own explanation—"for many months we have been incompatible"—was no secret to those who knew the couple.

Most active I-told-you-so-ers around town now are the same ones who whispered, when Gene and Hedy were first married, that it was really not a love-match anyway. They said Gene was just on a rebound after Joan Bennett had divorced him, and that Hedy, whose pictures weren't clicking at that time, was so mad at movies that she married for spite. None of that gossip was true, of course.

■

IT WAS a Caesarean baby for Janet Gaynor (Missus Adrian to you!)—but it weighed seven pounds, is healthy as all get-out and so's Janet—and it's a boy, so Janet is overjoyed. They've named him Robbin Gaynor Adrian, and with a name like that, he ought to be a great success. . . . Janet says she's going right back to the screen, now that her fling at mamahood is done.

■

OL' Doc Stork arrived on schedule at the John Payne-Anne Shirley house. He left a six-pound girl. . . And you can add this to your Hollywood baby-talk notes: The John Waynes will make it four in a row before very long.

■

EVEN though Carole (What Curves!) Landis' mama stopped her first elopement try, Carole went right back the very next day and fooled mama. That's the real story of her marriage to Willis Hunt, Jr., rich Hollywood broker.

It seems that Carole and Hunt, who've

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been giving the gossips plenty of tongue-fodder for months, eloped to Las Vegas early in July, got their marriage license and were all set to say their I-do's when Carole's mama suddenly appeared, having gotten wind of the elopement. Mama somehow talked them out of it, and back they all went to Hollywood.

BUT—overnight, Carole thought it over and decided she just COULDN'T wait any longer, and anyway, who was doing this marrying?—she or mama? So the very next day, she and Willis flew right back to Nevada, with the very same license, and made it final.

■

MOST amusing ALMOST-elopement of the month was the one staged by Huntz "Dead End" Hall and Elsie Anderson, chorus beauty. They drove all the way to Tia Juana, south of the Mexican border—BUT were stymied when they learned Elsie would have to swear she was of legal age. Elsie isn't, and wouldn't—and so now it'll be Christmas or later before she's Mrs. Dead End.

■

BUST-UP: Bing Crosby's brother, Larry, and wife. She's filed for separate maintenance.

■

SILLIEST love affair of the month involves Deanna Durbin—BUT withOUT her consent. Like this: the other afternoon, servants at Deanna's home saw a lad loitering about. The butler told him to scram. He told the butler he wouldn't. Said he: "I LOVE Deanna, and I want to see her." The butler slammed the door and the man stepped into Deanna's car, in the garage driveway. Deanna's pa went out and told him to scram. The man refused. Said he: "I LOVE Deanna and I'm going to stay here till I see her."

But he didn't. The cops were called and chased him away. But even as he fled, he cried: "I LOVE Deanna!"

■

SMILEY BURNETTE, "just an ol' cowhand," has built a swimming pool on his piece o' land . . . and has invited all the neighborhood kids to use it. Smiley's no plutocrat—he aims to please, bein' as how he's as democratic as the kids . . . Where you find Raft, you will also find Shearer . . . Playing personal appearances in NYC at the Strand and visiting the night clubs, one in which, The Hurricane, he has financial interest, and attending Saratoga, George is having the time of his life. And Norma came on to share the fun . . . Plans have been made for Hollywood's English stars and American friends—such as Doug, Jr., to adopt for the duration the sons and daughters of English players residing in the "tight little isle" . . . Frances Dajkosion—Francisca Gaal to you—has Clippered to Lisbon, from where she'll manage somehow to reach Hungary to visit her mother who's ill . . . Mervyn LeRoy and other Hollywood horsemen went East to visit Saratoga . . . To pick up some new geegees at the yearling sales? . . . Florence Rice, M-G-M star and daughter of Sports Columnist Grantland Rice, won her divorce from Robert Wilcox . . . In her grounds for suit she claims he stayed out late o' nights . . . Lana Turner's back. But back from Honolulu, and not back with Artie . . . And no sooner was she back, than Greg Bautzer, ex-boy friend, readied plans for Honolulu . . . The Don Ameches have increased the population of our fifth city, Los Angeles. Their fourth son arrived to fill a new bassinet . . . Incidentally, 20th-Fox chieftain, Darryl Zanuck, had hoped to tie up the approaching event in the Ameche menage with the release of *Four Sons* (in which Don was featured), but the lil bambino arrived too late, thus spoiling a nifty for the alert publicists who give their all for Mr. Z . . . Carol Stone, one of Fred Stone's dancing dotters, living in New York suburb, Forest Hills, is now Mrs. Robert W. McCahon, the groom a lumber dealer of Brookline, Mass. . . . Hollywood's newest glamour girl, Elsie, the Borden bossy of the New York World's Fair, is celebrating blessed event . . . The Alex Kordas (Merle Oberon) hosted a party for the Ernst Lubitsch's fifth anniversary. All Hollywood was present.

■

EXCITEMENT of the month came when Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart chartered an airplane and flew away together. Everybody was sure it was an elopement. . . .

BUT it was only a little luncheon trip, to Coronado.

However—there's a little bird that whispers that Jimmy and Olivia were just making a little experiment to see whether or not they could get away with an airplane elopement without the boys from the press finding out. They learned they could NOT.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Dennis O'Keefe and Steffi Duna May marry next month or even suna!

■

THIS-AND-THAT: Just because Cary Grant is paying some attention to Katie Hepburn is no reason why some people must think that it's all over between Barbara Hutton and Cary . . . The Fred MacMurrays have adopted a baby . . . Society deb of New York—Brenda Frazier—has come to Hollywood, but only for vacation (so she says) not for movie test . . . Mebbe she wants to see what Esme O'Brien, her rival in Debbie-land, has accomplished in the way of conquering the Kliegs . . . No tanking she'll go home now, meaning Garbo . . . She has become a U. S. citizen and will give up European glamour roles for American-made maids . . . Tale bearers from Virginny say that Columbia has something in its *Howards of Virginia*, with Martha Scott and Cary Grant giving performances that will win 'em Oscars come Academy Dinner night . . . Reports from Sugar Hill in New Hampshire's White Mountains say that Bette Davis (who's on a three months' vacation) is having the time of her life, fixing up the old manse she bought and to which she'll retire permanently when she tires of movies. There's a trout stream close-by that takes her mind off movie scripts.

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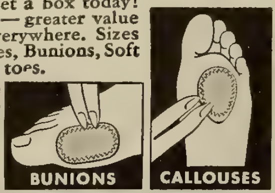

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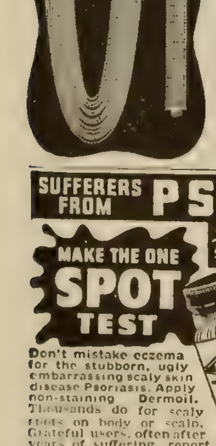

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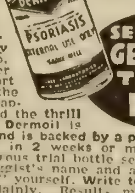

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What's Ahead for Dorothy Lamour?

[*Continued from page* 56]

other men while she was in Hollywood and he was on tour with his orchestra. Well, it being a modern world, this explanation seemed plausible. To strengthen the idea further she even sang with his orchestra when he was here in Hollywood. And, too, she flew to see him several times during his out-of-town engagements.

But as to Dorothy's statement that she was going to have a baby, a real answer is still more difficult to find. Whatever the reason, it must be assumed that someone had a peculiar quirk as far as publicity was concerned. Having a child was hardly a thing to discuss if marital happiness wasn't a certainty. Yet, Dorothy must have felt she could make a go out of it. She was still trying desperately to prove that she had found happiness, and very likely she was sincere in trying to make the world believe that a baby meant a great deal to her.

However, by the time for her retirement from the screen had arrived, she and Herbie Kay were no longer married. Once more the cards were stacked against this girl who had found success but not much happiness.

Some have said that after the break-up, Dorothy erected a "defense mechanism" for herself. Noted for her frankness, she began to speak freely of her dead marriage; she began to go out with several different men; she began to dismiss, momentarily, a career that had meant so much to her. And what's the answer? Well, she's simply trying to find a happy and contented solution to that ambition that keeps driving her.

Her romance with Robert Preston, for example, brought her into the limelight with a bang. It is still being referred to. Rumor has it that Preston, when working with Dorothy on *Typhoon,* was still in love with his old girl friend. But love does funny things on studio sets, and the Preston-Lamour romance began to blossom.

Some blame the end of this romance on the studio. But Dorothy was quoted as saying before she left for Honolulu that Bob was a grand person but that he couldn't make up his mind. At any rate, Dorothy seems to be out of the picture, and Bob's being seen with other cinema girls.

As for Lamour, she still has illusions of the perfect romance. We all know that she's being seen around Hollywood with Greg Bautzer whose most famous romance was with Lana Turner prior to her marriage to Artie Shaw. And Hollywood says that Greg and Dorothy are deeply in love. Maybe Dottie and Bautzer are in love. Who knows?

Dorothy's loves, to put it mildly, are spontaneous and combustible. She is usually more sincere and honest about them than the man in the case. She doesn't care what the world thinks of her choice if she's interested in him.

She's an amazing combination of frankness and secrecy, of ambition and indifference, of decision and indecision, of loneliness and preoccupation with others, of a girl yearning for a real love and doing everything to escape it, and of resignation to a set existence and a determination to make a new one.

The only solution seems to be in her finding herself. She will continue to be a mystery to others until she stops being a mystery to herself.

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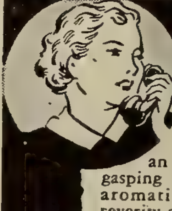

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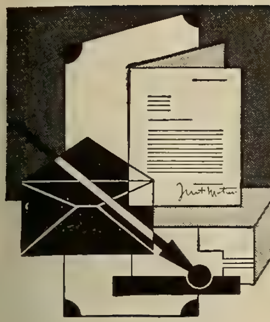

PRIZE LETTERS
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MAN TO MAN
$15 Prize Letter

THIS is officially and publicly to inform one and all that anybody who even suggests to me that Mickey Rooney, screen star of deserved popularity, is just a mugging, clowning ham will receive from yours truly a definitely cold and indignant stare, and will insure complete and lasting enmity in our relations ever after. I have just come from *Young Tom Edison* and, even more strongly than heretofore, I am convinced that young Rooney is nothing less than a prodigy, a genius, one of the screen greats. I am locally something of a dramatic critic and a student of acting, and have acted myself. I know that the art of making a character from a cold playscript is an awful lot harder than it looks, let alone climb bodily into the spirit of that character and become it. And one more thing. At the end of the Rooney picture, applause, hearty and nearly deafening, broke out in the packed theatre. You and I know that audiences seldom, if ever, applaud at the end of a motion picture as they do at the end of a stage play. And the hand clapping at the end of Mickey's performance would have melted the heart of the most sophisticated trouper.—*Ray Ellsworth, 255 Avenue A, Rochester, N. Y.*

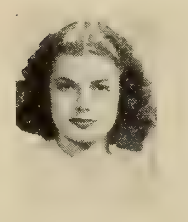
Mickey Rooney

LESS BONE-RATTLING PLEASE
$10 Prize Letter

I'VE been reading your magazine for some time but until now I have never had reason to write you. I now have a reason but unfortunately my first letter to you is a complaint about the movies—they are becoming too gruesome. Now don't think I'm a 'fraidy-cat and get chills from seeing *Dracula* or *Frankenstein*—I get a laugh out of them—but what I'm protesting about is the so-called "stark realism," such as the burial of *Grandpa* in *The Grapes of Wrath*, and the cannibalistic *Ranger* in *Northwest Passage*. I know the directors were following the stories when filming these scenes, but don't they realize that reading a story and seeing it dramatized are two different things? I'm not a blue-nosed censor, but am just asking for a little less bone-rattling and blood-dripping via the silver-screen. I don't mind supernatural horror as personified by Lugosi and Karloff, but when horror becomes plain gruesomeness, I believe it has reached the limits of good taste. What do you think?—*Paul L. Smullin, 5947 S. Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill.*

IT ALL CAME TRUE
$5 Prize Letter

I DON'T know what people want of Ann Sheridan. They are saying she is just an "oomph" girl and that she is the one person in Hollywood least likely to succeed. If people who read her publicity would also see her pictures, they wouldn't say that "oomph" is Ann's only asset. In *Castle on the Hudson* she proved her acting ability and in *It All Came True*, she showed us that she could be a fine actress as well as possess beauty. This also proves that given the right part an actress or actor can be successful. So please Hollywood give Ann some good pictures and see if she won't prove her worth to those Harvard men and anyone else who doubts Ann's ability.—*Ada Canonica, 349 E. Union St., Tamaqua, Pa.*


Ann Sheridan

AT LONG LAST
$1 Prize Letter

JOAN CRAWFORD is standing at the threshold of a new career which will see her out of the glamor girl roles and into characterizations that call for the sincerity, the fire, the drama which she is really capable of. *The Women* gave screen audiences their first glimpse of this new Joan. Again I noticed the new Joan Crawford in *Strange Cargo*. Her role in this picture was the one I have been waiting to see her in for quite sometime—a role which gave her a chance to emotionalize once again. So I say to Hollywood producers give Joan more roles like the one she had in *The Women* and in *Strange Cargo*. I do not say that she is in the class of the so-called cinema genius, but I do say that such a talented actress deserves a better opportunity to show her ability. Her career has been one of straightforward achievement and no side roads have been hers.—*Robert Brimlett, 1407 De Siard St., Monroe, Louisiana.*

Joan Crawford

PRIZES FOR LETTERS!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10, and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered. Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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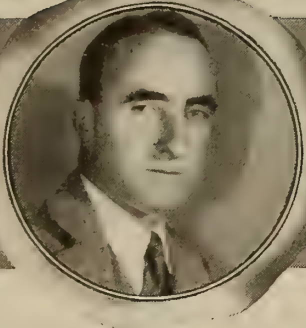


BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

FROM all accounts, Sam Goldwyn started something when he said that Hollywood is making too many pictures—that if all studios cut production the public wouldn't be surfeited with double features and second-raters. We all know that the ace pictures can play the bigger towns for continuous runs, but the small town exhibitors would have to show the ace to all the cash customers in three or four days. So to attract his fans he must seek a constant turn-over. And has to take the grade B's to keep up with the procession.

If every studio made nothing but an ace picture Hollywood would be a film Utopia. But if nothing but ace pictures were made, what would become of hundreds of players and workers who are regularly employed on the B's and C's? The answer is Hollywood would have an economic situation on its hands—for these players and workers would be thrown out of work.

It's my opinion that Hollywood will continue to turn out Grade B's just as book publishers will continue to turn out Grade B stories. There certainly is an audience for these Grade B pictures, otherwise there wouldn't be an average under 65,000,000 movie tickets (Mr. Goldwyn's figures) sold every week. That's a mass of tickets even though it has dropped from 80,000,000 in the past ten years.

We hear protests from articulate moviegoers—that there are too many pictures. But the faint voices of the dyed-in-the-wool fans are seldom heard. And it's these fans who keep Hollywood at work—chiefly the players and workers on the cheaper pictures.

A Voice Is Heard

ONE voice is heard in this very issue of MOTION PICTURE (you'll find her story on page 46—and she stands up for the Grade B's—and even C's. She finds something worthy in the poorest picture. It may be found in the photography, in an inspired performance—or she may get a laugh out of some scene that was supposed to be taken seriously. This particular fan sees a feature picture every day of the week—and sometimes as many as five a day.

It's this type of fan that keeps the wheels of Hollywood going—irregardless of the controversy going on all over America concerning double features. But if this fan was deprived of her double feature she'd doubtless sit through a repeat showing of an ace picture. For she admits having seen GWTW three times.

It comes right down to the point where some fans simply can't get enough pictures. These dyed-in-the-wool fans are doubtless in the minority, still they are to be reckoned with in the problem of too many films and double features. It would be interesting to learn how many cash customers go to movies to enjoy a double-bill or to win a set of dishes or a ham.

Fans Know Answers

ONE thing you can't get away from, it's the steady customers who know the answers to Hollywood—before Hollywood has asked the questions. They are the ones who discover the new stars, who keep up the fan mail of the press, who cause Hollywood to turn thumbs down on slipping stars—who elevate the new names to star rank.

They are the ones who REALLY discovered Linda Darnell and are pleased to find her co-starring now with Tyrone Power; who likewise discovered Brenda Joyce, Jeffrey Lynn, Ellen Drew, Brenda Marshall, Martha Scott, Penny Singleton, Maureen O'Hara, Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland, Laraine Day, Kenneth Howell, Judy Garland, William Holden, Betty Field, yes, and Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin and James Stewart. For most of these stars were apprenticed out to the Grade B's before graduating into Grade A's—with the approval of the cash customers. If the latter don't approve of the graduating exercises, Miss New Star is dropped back among the also-rans, despite glorified publicity and the fan clubs organized to keep her up front.

Champion Worriers

NO PRODUCER starts out with the deliberate intention of making a poor picture. And he's as disappointed as you are if, like Topsy, it "just growed" into one. And while he's giving thought to bearing down on over-production, and agreeing that the double-feature is a menace—and doing his darnedest to please you, he's being hammered on all sides by "Why don't you do this?" and "Why don't you do that?"

He's worrying about the loss of the European market and how to win more South American customers. He's worrying about the frequency modulation (FM to you) broadcasting that starts next January—and which makes possible a radio station in every small town. He's worried because the exhibitor is worried; he's nervous about the nickel-in-the-slot movie machines about to invade the highways and byways. He's just an old worrier if you ask me—and has carried his headache ever since he started to put stories and stars on celluloid. If he didn't have something to worry about he and his product would become stale and static.

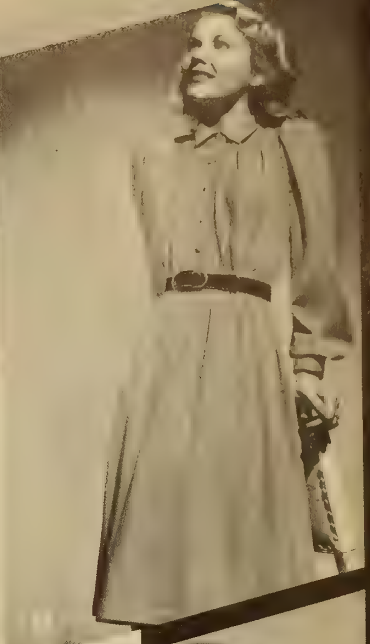
Personally, I like to hear them stew, and read about their stewings in the press. Like *Casy* of *Grapes of Wrath* they're thinking things out. All are trying to do the best they can with what they've got. And by "got" I mean money, equipment and personnel. With money to pour into good stories, and well-equipped studios in which to turn them out—and the Gables, Durbins, Davises, Rooneys, Stewarts, Grants, Leighs, Arthurs, Sullivans, Tracys, Robinsons, Boyers, Stanwycks, Dunnes to interpret them, all the producers would need to worry about here is a demand for more of the same from the exhibitors.

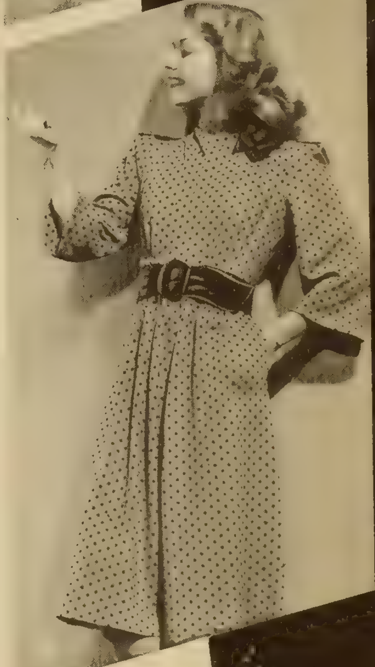
For as M-G-M boss, Nicholas M. Schenk, once said: "There's nothing wrong with the industry that good pictures can't cure." Walt Disney seems to have the best cure-all for worry. Columnist F. P. A. says it's because Walt makes a better mouse than anyone else.

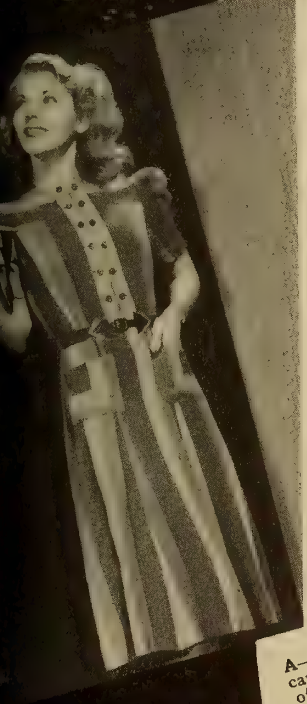
So it comes right down to this: if you can make a better mouse, mouse-trap and picture than your neighbor, the public will beat a well-worn path to your door. Disney is certainly not one who stews. Neither is David Selznick. And even Sam Goldwyn, himself, has no reason to stew over his own productions. When he stews it's because he's trying to help his neighbors see things his way. Both Selznick and Goldwyn—and yes, Disney—have spent fortunes making better pictures. How they must burn to find their Grade A's on a double bill. Can you imagine crockery given away with *Rebecca?* No? Neither can I.

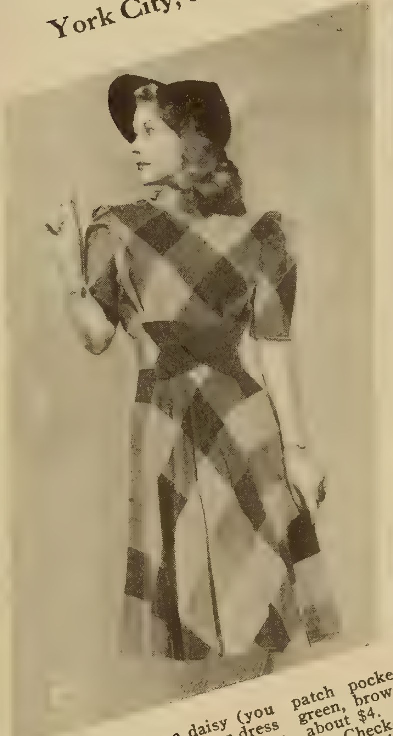
ARRED *fashions for fall*

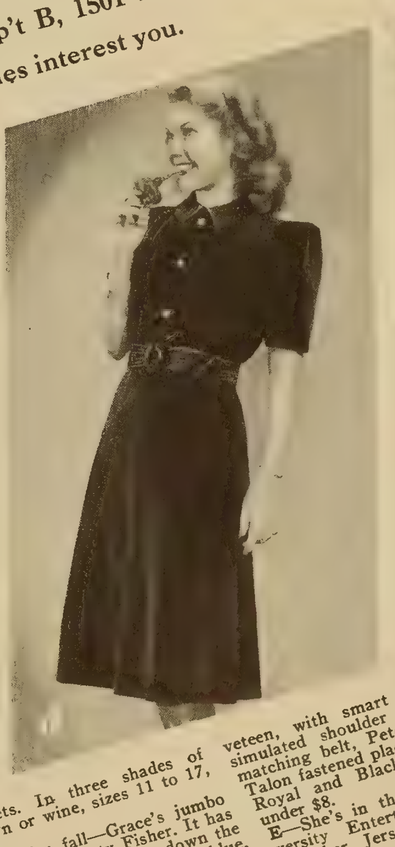
Pert Grace McDonald, shopping in New York after making *Dancing on a Dime* for Paramount Pictures, selected a wardrobe of casual frocks that can go anywhere, do anything, at almost any time. All these clothes can be bought in your local stores for little money. For further information on colors and materials, and "where-to-buy", write Candida, Dep't B, 1501 Broadway, New York City, stating which styles interest you.











A—Grace looks fresh as a daisy (you can too) in a Freshy Sportswear dress of soft wool jersey with drawstring belt to give modified dirndl effect. Jersey is important this fall, so are the cuff-linked long tailored sleeves and metal "studs", so note this for office, school and around-the-house wear. Available in Perc Westmore selected colors, in sizes 10-20, about $8.

B—She learns her lines—and so will you — in an Ombre-striped Meadowlane Frock of Spicella fabric (Crown Tested Rayon and Teca yarns). Built on a shoulder yoke, it features new-looking collarless neckline, double rows of tortoise-shell buttons, and patch pockets. In three shades of green, brown or wine, sizes 11 to 17, about $4.

C—Checked for fall—Grace's jumbo plaid designed by Kitty Fisher. It has high cowl neck and buttons down the back, comes in multi-shades of blue, combinations of rose, brown and green, and blue, mauve and green, is good for office or school. Sizes 9-15, about $4. With it, she wears a Byron bonnet, in green, with snap brim and short "streamers", about $5.

D—Off to a football game? Dropping in at the Dive for a coke and a rhumba afterwards? Wear Grace's Kitty Fisher "Yes-No" dress in Rocky Green Velveteen, with smart slim skirt and simulated shoulder pockets. It has matching belt, Peter Pan collar and Talon fastened placket. Also in Wine, Royal and Black, sizes 11 to 17, under $8.

E—She's in the velvet, in her University Entertainer. Of Velva-Ray Heather Jersey, it has suede belt and flower, cowl neck, three-quarter sleeves, insert pockets and the new front fullness. In rose, with wine belt, flower and velvet polka dots, blue with navy, natural with brown, grey with black. It has Talon back fastener, comes in sizes 9-17, and 10-18, and costs about $8.

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OLLYWOOD STORY BY
LOUELLA O. PARSONS

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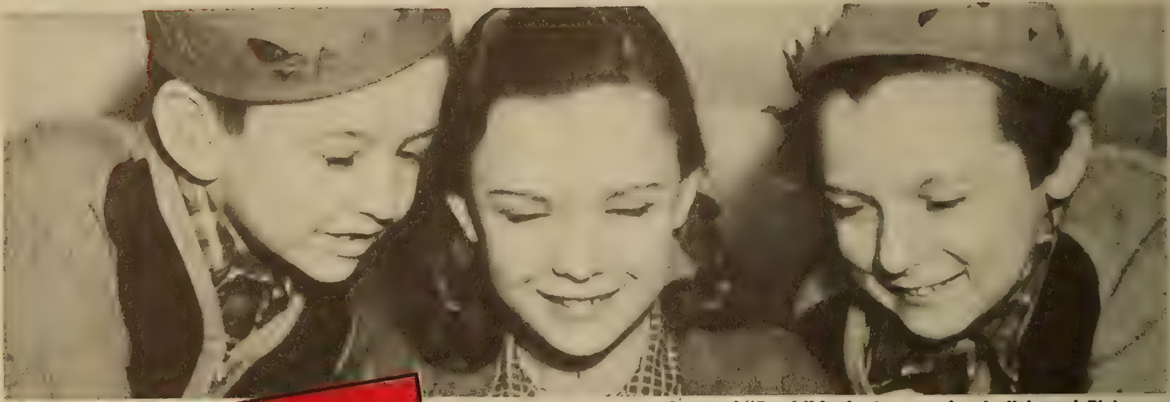
REE COLOR PORTRAIT OF JAMES STEWART IN THIS ISSUE

Salute TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA



"Buddy" Brown, Gloria Jean and "Butch" Lenhart, appearing in Universal Pictures

FROM cover to cover and coast to coast, America's boys and girls—and their parents, too—are reading WHIZ COMICS, the comics magazine that has everything: Clean, wholesome adventure stories illustrated in exciting, full-color drawings and told in giant type that's easy to read.

IN gratitude for the ever-growing popularity of WHIZ COMICS—here's a salute from CAPTAIN MARVEL, World's Mightiest Man; GOLDEN ARROW, Robin Hood of the West; LANCE O'CASEY, Sailor of Fortune; SPY SMASHER, Relentless Foe of Enemy Agents; DAN DARE, World's Cleverest Detective; DR. VOODOO, White Ruler of the Jungle, and IBIS THE INVINCIBLE, World's Greatest Magician—ALL WHIZ STARS.

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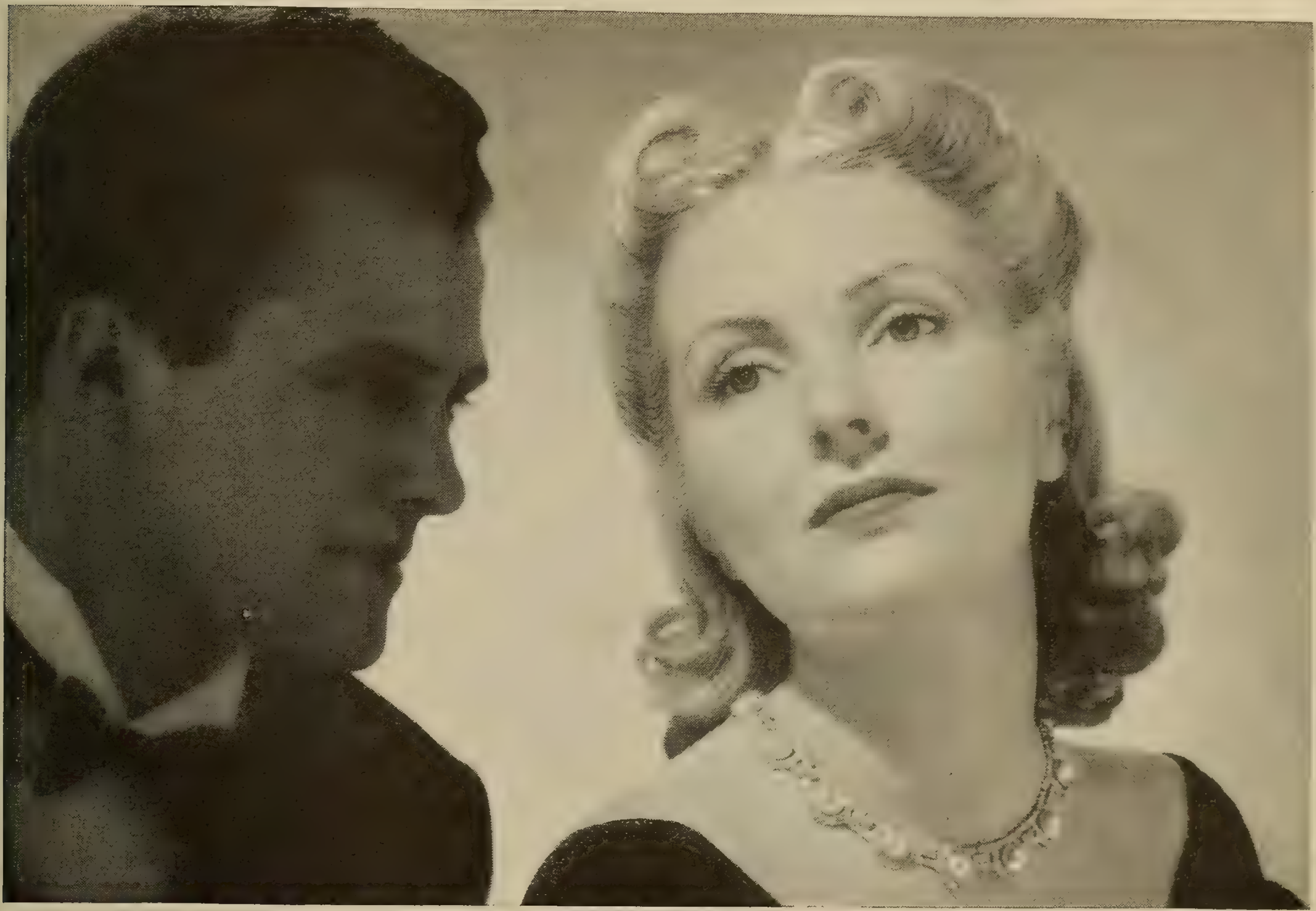
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

WHIZ COMICS

HIS EYES SIGNALLED:

"YOU'RE THE SONG IN MY HEART!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



Protect your own bright smile. Let Ipana and Massage help guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"!

SHE HAD ALWAYS HOPED it would happen this way—soft lights, smooth music, his eyes speaking volumes: *"You're beautiful,"* they said, *"beautiful"!*

But then—she smiled! And his eagerness gave way to indifference. For beauty is always dimmed and darkened under the cloud of a dull and dingy smile.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES with your own priceless smile . . . with your own happiness. Give your gums as well as your teeth the daily care they need. And never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"! The minute you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*make a date to see your dentist.*

And take the advice he gives you.

WHAT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" MEANS. "Pink" on your tooth brush may not mean serious trouble, but let your dentist decide. Chances are he will say that your gums, denied hard chewing by the many soft, creamy foods we eat today, have become tender, weak from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but to help invigorate the gums. So, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums whenever you brush your teeth. The pleasant "tang" you'll notice—exclusive with Ipana and massage—is evidence that gum circulation is increasing—helping gums to become firmer, healthier.

GET A TUBE OF IPANA TODAY! Start the healthful dental habit of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage . . . and see how much it helps your gums to become stronger, your teeth brighter, your smile more radiantly lovely.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush, too—specially designed with a twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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LION'S ROAR

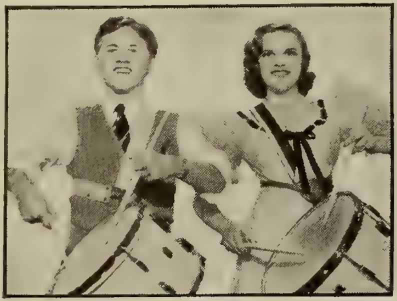
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

Although we've never had our face lifted, we do know what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

★ ★ ★ ★

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.



That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

★ ★ ★ ★

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

★ ★ ★ ★

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never palls.

★ ★ ★ ★

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear *you*. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

★ ★ ★ ★

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

★ ★ ★ ★

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town."

★ ★ ★ ★

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder we're singing —*Leo*

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President
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Volume LX. No. 4 NOVEMBER, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

Romance—With Thrills.... *Louis Reid* 21
Your Hollywood—And Mine (No. 3—The Great Social Queens) *Louella O. Parsons* 22
The Actress Without an Act.... *Roger Carroll* 26
How Hepburn Licked Hollywood.... *John Reese* 31
Heil Hynkel.... *Dan Camp* 32
The Take-A-Chance Girl.... *Frank Fleming* 38
What Every Girl Should "No" at College.... *Jerry Lane* 46

Personalities

She's Terrific (Gene Tierney).... *William F. French* 28
Just an Old Smoothie (Herbert Marshall).... *Henry Mills* 37
The Plot of the Storey (June Storey).... *E. J. Smithson* 42
Male Oomph (John Wayne).... *Gene Schrott* 45
New Answer to Old Prayers (Desi Arnaz).... *Gladys Hall* 52

Pictorial Features

Lucille Ball.... 19
George Raft.... 27
Gene Tierney.... 29
Cary Grant.... 30
Joan Bennett.... 36
Escapists.... 39
James Stewart.... 43
How Hurrell Shoots a Star.... 48

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler.... *Harry Lang* 6
Stars Over Broadway.... *Dorothy Lubou* 12
Picture Parade.... 14
Hollywood Parties.... 17
The Talk of Hollywood.... 50
Between Ourselves.... *Larry Reid* 92

To the Ladies

Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips.... 15
Fall in Line!.... *Candida* 34
Winter Suits You.... 40
Motion Picture's Fashion Spotlight.... *Candida* 53
You Can't Go Wrong With the Right Silver.... *Mrs. Christine Frederick* 54
Ring Around a Rosy Finger.... *Denise Caine* 56

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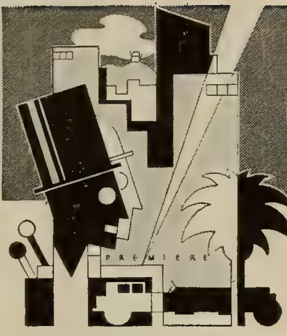


THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

CERTAINLY Hollywood's most demonstrative "friend" is Norma Shearer.

"Friend" is all she is to George Raft—so says Norma loudly and repeatedly. BUT—when George left Hollywood for a series of New York personal appearances, there at the airport was a cute Norma in white slacks, and then and there, before hundreds of people, she KISSED Friend George a walloping smacker on the lips as he stepped to the plane.

But then, friendship is like that!—in Hollywood . . . . . .

Laraine Day, lead in *Foreign Correspondent*, left tennis togs at home when she made her first trip to NYC recently. She did take slacks for bicycling in park

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Bobby Oliver and Elaine Shepard—
Y' hardly ever see 'em separd!

■

LANA TURNER (oh, g'wan; you DO remember her, don't you?) telephoned her lawyer recently and told him to snap it up and get that divorce from Artie Shaw in a hurry, now. The lawyer (he's Richard Cantillon, one of Hollywood's toppest) was in Reno on some other business when Lana hit the phone and told him to step on it. And with the end of that affair in the offing, M-G-M hopes that Lana will lay off elopements for a few months, now.

Gene Tierney, who shapes up as one of the best "finds" of recent years, shows shapeliness too. See page 28 for story

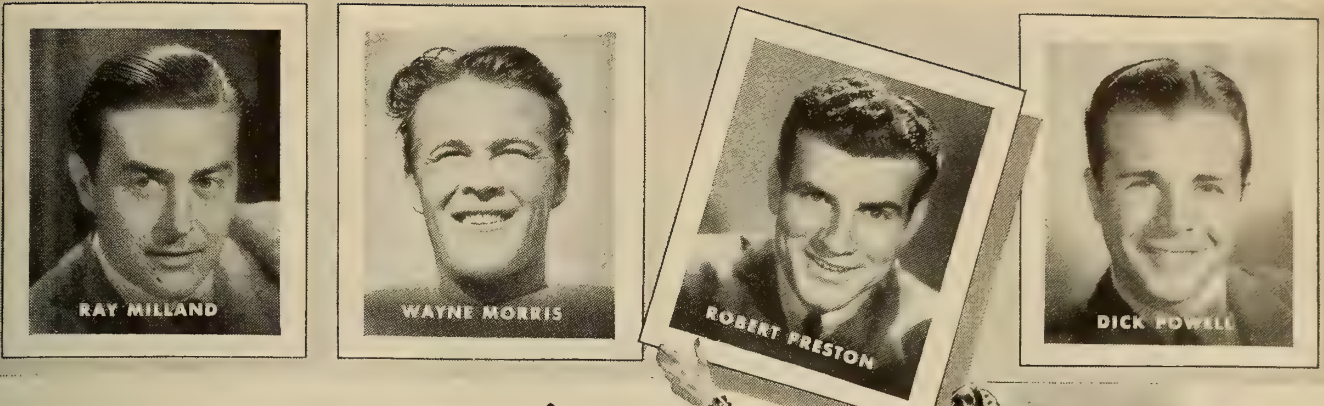
Meantime ex-hubbie Artie isn't weeping about it. He's having a swell time with other Hollywood honeys, among 'em Pauline Byrne, Frances Neal, Isabel Jewell, and even—believe it or NOT—Alice Faye. They were a twosome at the Club Bali the other night.

Meantime, IF there's any new love-light in Lana's eyes, she's keeping the lids down. As for the gossip that there may be a retake on her one-time romance with Greg Bautzer—Hollywood is skipping it. Dotty Lamour isn't letting Greg go.. Especially NOT back to Lana.

■

WONDER what Al Hall thinks about Desi Arnaz, the new circulating-heater from Cuba? Desi, who's taken the town by storm, seems to have

[*Continued on page* 8]



Lucky Girl... 4 big Paramount DATES!

Lucky *everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment.* For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, **"THE QUARTERBACK"**, featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, **"MOON OVER BURMA"**, with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in **"CHRISTMAS IN JULY"**, with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, **"ARISE MY LOVE"**, directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.

. . .with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 6]

had toppest effect of all on pretty Lucille Ball. And Lucille, in case you'd forgotten, used to be Al's, all Al's . . . !

Now it's Desi and Lucille, wherever you look—any nite-club corner at all is liable to blossom out with Lucille and Desi. And to make it even more interesting, it seems that Lucille's ma and Desi's ma are going around together, two of the warmest friends in the town's mama-colony.

And that's what's happened to the three-year-old Al Hall-Lucille Ball engagement!

■

TORCH-CARRIER FORREST TUCKER doesn't know whether to be en-or-dis-couraged by the fact that his beloved, Helen Parrish, is dating 'em in bevys. Charles Lang, the RKO lad; James Corner, who played opposite her in *Winter Carnival,* and Edward Arnold's son, Bill, have been a few of Helen's most active escorts.

Tucker thinks maybe there's safety in numbers, and he's still got a chance, so long as Helen doesn't concentrate on ONE guy.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lew Ayres or Eddie Norris?—
Evelyn Keyes can't seem to make her chorris!

[*Continued on page* 10]

Bob Young went back to Hawaii for holiday—first time in 8 years—remembered to wear lei, drink pineapple juice

Mickey Rooney cuts up all kinds of didos while doing the conga with Judy Garland in *Strike Up the Band.* This is the picture where Mickey triples in brass, as it were—leading the band, playing the drums and vibraphone. Here they dance on drum

When Loretta Young got married the second time she chose Tom Lewis, radio executive. Loretta's 27, Tom's 38

HEY! Look Who's Here!

SECOMA
"Your place is in the home —the old ladies' home!"
"The waterfront's my home—and I'm going to do some house-cleaning!"
A.O.F.

They're back again— Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle—the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction—coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them—in the happiest hit of any year!

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

with
MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN
Directed by **LEWIS SEILER**
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINE

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Be Yourself.. Be Natural!

★ Before you despair of ever finding the one lipstick shade which suits your coloring best...turn to Tangee's NATURAL. Just make up with Tangee's NATURAL Lipstick, the matching Rouge, and Tangee's Face Powder...and...

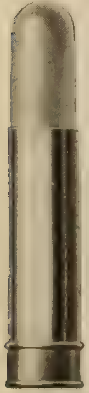
Be yourself...Be Natural

★ Tangee's NATURAL is orange in the stick but, as it is applied, your own most flattering shade of rich blush rose is produced like magic. That's how Tangee's NATURAL will help you—

Be yourself...Be Natural

★ The pure cream base in this world famous lipstick ends that dry, drawn feeling...helps prevent chapping...And Tangee's NATURAL *really stays on*...giving you smooth, soft, inviting, kissable lips for hours and hours.

Be yourself...Be Natural



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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Chas. Rhodes

Just because arrival of li'l' Daphne has made them a threesome is no reason why Doug Juniors can't step out at Ciro's

Linda Hayes, talent quest winner, is doing okay for herself. Is five feet, five in height. Sends out love call thru grey eyes

HAPPIEST gal in town is Virginia Field, since the Canadian army turned down Richard Greene.

"If King George doesn't want him, I still do," is Virginia's idea.

■

SERIOUS manifestation and consequence of being in love, as exemplified by Mary Martin:

Having lost weight through strenuous rehearsals, Mary was ordered by studio and doctor to eat more, regain her poundage. Wept Mary in reply:

"I can't do it. I'm soooooo in love with hubby that I haven't any appetite!!"

Hubby, in case you've forgotten, is Paramount's story editor Richard Halliday.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: BOBBY JORDAN and Edith Fellows—

He's the tops of Edith's fellows!

[*Continued on page* 87]

Too Many Girls **being film of co-ed college life, Richard Carlson, romantic lead, has to go collegiate, sport crew haircut**

Here Is the story of a girl whose passion betrayed her on the eve of the only happiness she had ever known, and of a man who must abandon pride and dreams and honor to hold the one love of his life . . . Here is romance that is unforgettable, played to the hilt of heartbreak in the brilliant climax of two famous screen careers . . . Here is *1940's Greatest Drama*

CAROLE LOMBARD
CHARLES LAUGHTON

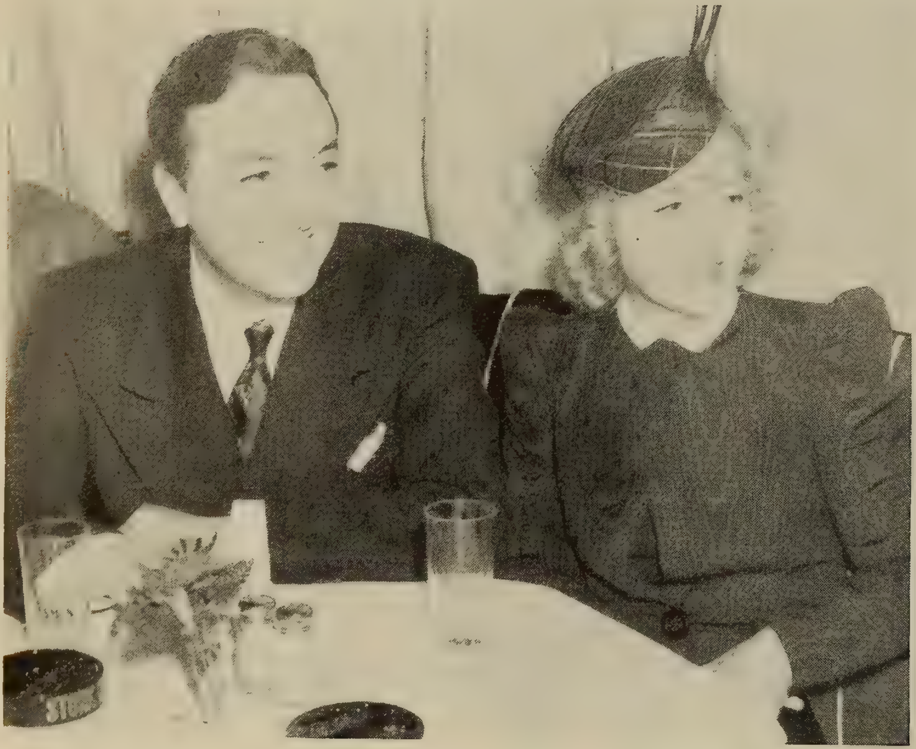
"They Knew What They Wanted"

With WILLIAM GARGAN • HARRY CAREY • FRANK FAY
Directed by Garson Kanin
Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • RKO RADIO PICTURE • Produced by Erich Pommer
Screen Play by Robert Ardrey • From the Pulitzer Prize Play by Sidney Howard

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU



Jack Haley, who deserted Hollywood for Broadway to star in musical *Higher and Higher*, has returned to the Coast to renew film work. At Stork Club with Missus

Sonja Henie, honeymooning in New York and Easthampton, L. I., with hubby Dan Topping, celebrated Henie Day at World's Fair by visiting Ford exhibit

THEY'RE BANNED if they do and panned if they don't, these Britishers ... It isn't fair to crucify the British actors, hereabouts, who are doing so much to help in a practical way with their sponsoring of war charity events and fund-raising activities ... Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anna Neagle, Edna Best, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh have done important work for the British War Relief Society in Canada and New York ... Their immediate concern is the child refugee problem ... The children of English theatre folk are being sent here in their care ... It is in such services that they can best help the cause, they have been assured ... The Jones family: Allan Jones was back at the Paramount recently with Irene Hervey ... The singer is no longer a number two company of Nelson Eddy ... He definitely scored in *The Boys From Syracuse* ... The autograph situation at the Paramount reached a new low when the fans gave Jones the rush act on his previous appearance ... They still dashed down to the footlights at the end of the show, reaching up for the Jones signature ... There is always one, braver than the rest, who yanks Allan's handkerchief from his breast pocket and makes off with it in high glee ... That's a lot of handkerchiefs, doing five shows a day for two or three weeks ... Being on the practical side, Irene suggested that a kleenex tissue might fool the little darlings ... Came the next performance ... and the fans ... One of them grabbed at the tissue square and held it up to the gaze of the audience in audible disgust! She didn't mince her words ... Allan's face was still a shocking pink during my visit ... And there was a pile of new handkerchiefs on the dressing-table.

Chas. Rhodes

The Bill Gargans, who like to see horses run, visited Hollywood Park before heading East for vacation—to see Brooklyn Dodgers play, and horses run at Saratoga

A DAY IN MANHATTAN: Producer Walter Wanger brought young starlet Laraine Day to town ... And to town Laraine went ... Most often with Sydney Guilaroff, Metro's hair stylist. Laraine had her first subway ride ... an Automat dinner ... and all the exciting things a Utah girl saves up for that first big city trip ... Round-eyed, sweltering in a silver fox great coat, she clung to Sydney while they joined the Broadway crowds who walk up and down just to look at the lights ... And no light was brighter than Laraine's eyes ... She remained for the opening of *Foreign Correspondent*, which is another "first" ... opening, or rather reopening of the Rivoli after being closed for the summer ... She met the press at the Wanger exhibit of paintings created during the filming of *The Long Voyage Home* ... As an experiment, the producer brought to Hollywood nine American artists, among them Grant Wood, Thomas Benton, and Georges Schreiber ... From the same basic materials and under identical conditions they produced a series of paintings of the cast members that should hold interest for motion picture lovers as well as patrons of the art galleries ... Don't miss it when it comes to your town.

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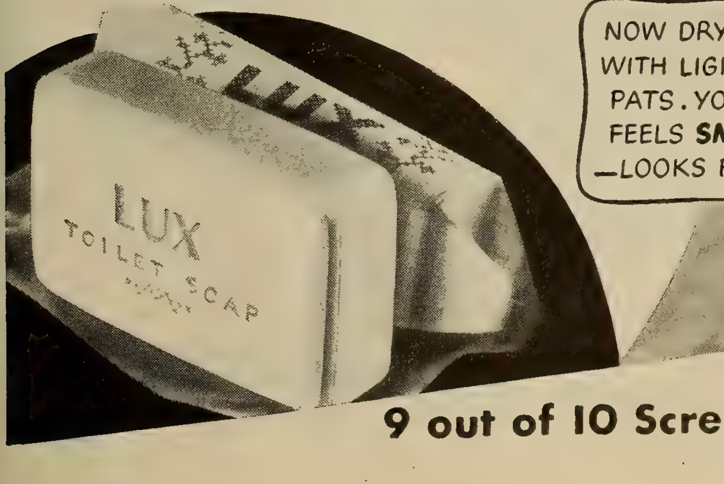
NOW DRY WITH LIGHT, QUICK PATS. YOUR SKIN FEELS **SMOOTHER**—LOOKS FRESHER!

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX STAR



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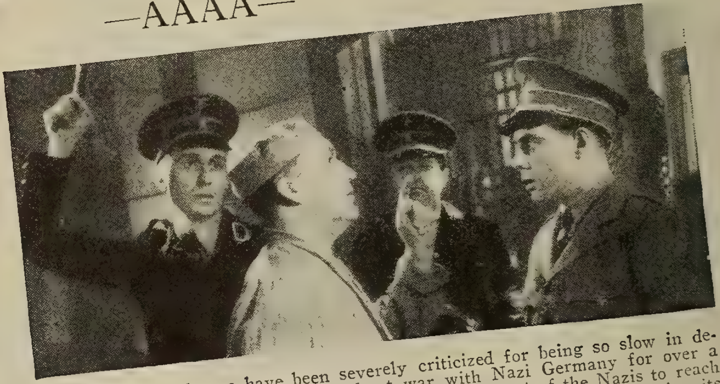
PICTURE PARADE

PASTOR HALL

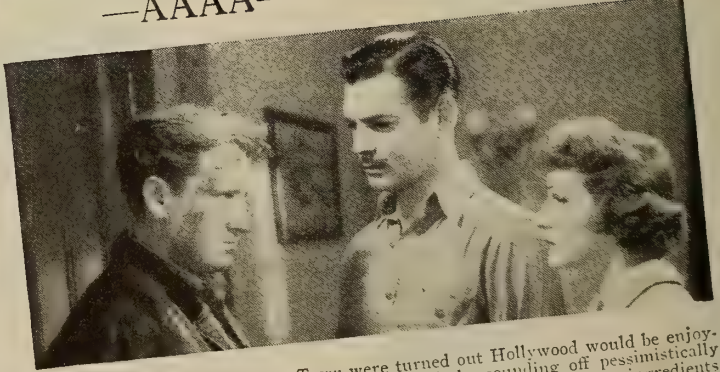
—AAAA—



Hollywood producers have been severely criticized for being so slow in delivering anti-Nazi films, yet England, at war with Nazi Germany for over a year, has been slower still—for this is the first indictment of the Nazis to reach the screen from there. And if you still believe that England is following its appeasement policy wait until you see *Pastor Hall* and find how wrong you are, for this is the most bitter incrimination of Hitlerism yet seen. *Pastor Hall* brings to mind the story of Father Niemoeller. It is a quality production with a quality cast. Wilfrid Lawson (remember him in *Pygmalion?*) plays the title role and Nova Pilbeam (who hardly needs an introduction) is his daughter *Christine*. There's also Seymour Hicks as *General Von Grotjahn*, an old friend; Marius Goring as *Fritz Gerte*, a Storm Troop Leader; Brian Worth as *Werner Von Grotjahn*, *Christine's* fiance; Percy Walsh as *Herr Veit* and Lina Barrie as his daughter *Lina*, parishioners. The camera focuses on *Altdorf*, a happy little German town, before the Nazis, but travels to a concentration camp and back when *Pastor Hall* refuses to submit to the new regime.—*James Roosevelt-U. A.*

BOOM TOWN

—AAAA—



If more pictures like *Boom Town* were turned out Hollywood would be enjoying a boom of its own, Sam Goldwyn wouldn't be sounding off pessimistically periodically for *Boom Town*—a thrilling melodrama—has all the ingredients necessary to satisfy every type of audience—a magnificent cast, an excellent story, splendid pictorial effects and superb direction. The cast, headed by Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert and Hedy Lamarr, also includes such talented names as Frank Morgan, Lionel Atwill, Chill Wills, Marion Martin, Minna Gombel, Sara Haden, Joe Yule, Horace Murphy and Frank McGlynn, Sr.; the screenplay by John Lee Mahin is based on James Edward Grant's story and Harold Rosson and Jack Conway are responsible for the photography and direction. *Boom Town* is the story of men and women—their passions and their pleasures—against the dramatic background of an Oklahoma oil city. In close-up Spence and Gable are partners and friends with interruptions—for Spence's gal, Claudette, marries Gable—during the fighting era of the oil boom. In addition to its dramatic value *Boom Town* also offers educational value.—*M-G-M.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

FRESH from fashion-conscious Hollywood, the latest thing in cottons for day *and* evening is—of *all* things—DENIM!! Yep, the same material they use for making overalls . . . And if you could see some of the creations the movie gals whip up from this inexpensive fabric, you'd have more respect for your brother's jeans . . . I got this choice bit of news from no less a glamor gal than Carole Lombard . . . And you can be sure that anything Lombard goes for in the way of clothes is smart and practical . . . I saw Carole on the RKO lot the other day wearing a cute-looking peasant pinafore of cornflower blue and white striped cotton . . . The frock had a gathered skirt and scalloped bib which buttoned over a frilly blouse of white lawn . . . Carole told me this type of peasant pinafore was her second choice for casual wear . . . She prefers slacks and shorts of denim, and always wears them on her ranch . . . Her favorite short suit is blue denim with both the bottom of the shorts and jacket fringed in the best western style . . . After talking to Carole, I kept my eyes open to see what the other gals were doing with this material . . . The first person I saw was Linda Hayes wearing a three-quarter length jacket of this same blue fabric . . . Linda's jacket was cut along boxy lines and she wore it over a white pique sports dress . . . Linda told me she has a blue and white striped denim skirt and white linen blouse which she wears with the jacket for variety . . . So, honey, you'd better trot yourself downtown and buy yards and yards of this easily laundered (and *cheap*) material. While you're about it, get some in one of those attractive "awning stripes" to use for an evening gown . . . Quite the smartest-dressed gals I've seen dancing this month were Maureen O'Hara and Constance Moore, but wearing *gowns* of denim . . . Maureen's dress, made with an extra long bodice and full box-pleated skirt, was of striped dark red, beige and coral denim . . . Constance's red-and-white-striped denim was made in pinafore style and worn with a fluffy white organdy blouse . . . Red linen sandals and a red-and-white rose pinned in her hair completed the costume.

OF COURSE, if you just don't like denim, your white pique is still at the top . . . Dorothy Lamour was dancing (with Greg Bautzer, of course!) in a white pique evening gown with *long sleeves* . . . Above the bust and hip lines were inserts of white embroidery thro' which ran narrow violet velvet ribbons . . . The bodice of the gown had a Buster Brown collar and buttoned down the front with white pique buttons . . . All of which made Dottie look very youthful and like something out of *Little Women* . . . All this wearing of cotton brings on a new flood of accessories and gadgets that you couldn't possibly wear with any of the other materials . . . One of the most popular group of accessories are those made of raffia . . . There are clips, pins, bracelets, even buttons to fasten summer dresses . . . Linda Hayes, the day I talked with her on the Boulevard, was wearing a wide basque girdle of gay-colored raffia with her white pique dress . . . Gale Storm admitted that she does most of her gadget buying at the dime stores and has a lot of fun buying the little pottery figures and matching them up on the lapel of her jacket . . . When I talked with her she was wearing a bright yellow duck gawking at a brilliant blue airplane.

WHILE we're on the subject of head coverings, here's an advance tip from Chic about this Fall . . . You're going to wear a lot of beanies! . . . I was on the set of Ginger Rogers' new picture the other day when she had her milliner bring her a selection of new Fall hats for her to choose from . . . Ginger chose a beanie and ordered it made up in five different colors! . . . Next month I'll tell you a lot more . . . In the meantime, here's one to pass on to that gal friend of yours who likes to dress her small child and herself in those mother-daughter outfits . . . I saw Joan Bennett and her daughters, Diana and Melinda, at the ball game the other night dressed in matching outfits . . . Joanie's suit was a navy pleated jersey skirt and a navy, green and yellow plaid collarless cardigan . . . Her vagabond hat and bag were navy felt . . . Diana and Melinda wore jackets and skirts of the plaid with matching glen caps.

Mlle. Chic

Easier to fire Helen than to say "You Need Mum"

We regret to inform you that after the 15th of the month your services will no longer be required.

Life's more fun . . . success is surer . . . for the girl who guards her charm with Mum!

WHY didn't somebody tip Helen off? One of the other girls *could* have done it. But it's hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That's why *every* girl should use Mum *each* day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl's not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she's just not smart *enough!* It's so easy to understand that underarms perspire . . . that a bath, while it's grand for *past* perspiration, can't *prevent risk of odor to come!*

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the *perspiration*—but by neutralizing the *odor*. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds and you're through. Slip right into your dress.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you'll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be sure *you're* safe from underarm odor. Use Mum *every* day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM

WHAT A DAY! 'PHONES RINGING—ALWAYS ON THE RUN. LUCKY I REMEMBERED MUM!
TO HERSELF: HECTIC OFFICE DAYS NEVER BOTHER ME! I'M ALWAYS CERTAIN MUM KEEPS UNDERARMS FRESH AND SWEET...
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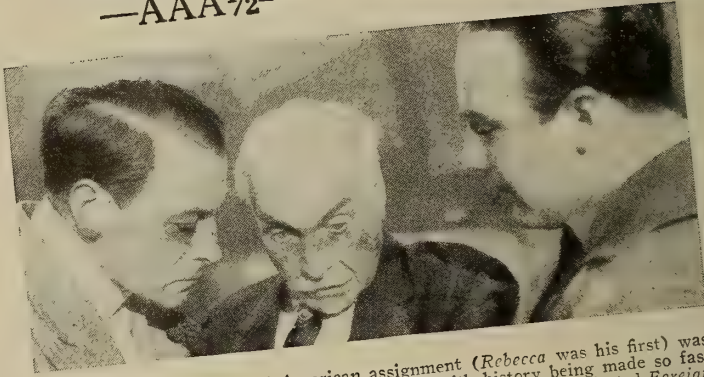


Alfred Hitchcock's second American assignment (*Rebecca* was his first) was to be Vincent Sheehan's *Personal History* but with history being made so fast across the Atlantic, Mr. Hitchcock abandoned these plans and substituted *Foreign Correspondent*, an original screenplay by Charles Bennett and Joan Harrison. And while *Foreign Correspondent* remains a story about a newspaperman in Europe during the hectic period before the second World War it is fictional. *Johnny Jones* (Joel McCrea) is sent abroad to get a fresh slant on the European situation as his editor figures that *Stebbins* (Robert Benchley), the *Globe's* foreign correspondent, is too close to the forest to see the trees. *Johnny* does get a story but it isn't the one he expected to get from *Van Meer* (Albert Basserman), a member of the Peace Conference—instead he uncovers an international spy ring. *Johnny* not only gets his story—he gets his girl, too—*Carol Fisher* (Laraine Day).—*Walter Wanger-U. A.*

RHYTHM ON THE RIVER

—AAA—

Bing Crosby really goes to town in *Rhythm on the River*, one of the best musi-comedy vehicles he has ever had. It's a neat little story with amusing lines and swell tunes and Bing and Mary Martin—together and alone—give it all they have—and believe us that's more than the price of a seat in the orchestra. *Rhythm on the River* also gives Mary Martin an opportunity to fulfill the promise she showed when singing "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" on the New York stage and which was so sadly missed in her screen debut—the elaborate *The Great Victor Herbert*. She not only photographs to better advantage but she is more relaxed and at ease—dramatically and vocally. Also in the cast are Basil Rathbone, Oscar (Information Please) Levant, Oscar Shaw, Charlie Grapewin, Lillian Cornell. Wm. Frawley, John Scott Trotter, Jean Cagney and others. The story revolves about *Oliver Courtney* (Basil Rathbone), a successful songwriter who owes it all to his ghosts—*Bob Summers* (Bing Crosby) for the music, and *Cherry Lane* (Mary Martin) for the lyrics. Bing and Mary not only make a grand songwriting team but a romantic team as well. As to Oscar, he tickles the keys—and you, too, with his inimitable wit.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page 77*]

Hollywood Parties

MOST Extraordinary Party-Gown-of-the-Month—was the one Elsie wore! Elsie, you know, is Elsie the Cow. We hardly know whether to call her Miss Elsie or Mrs. Elmer (she was palsie, you know, with Elmer the Bull at the New York World's Fair but checked him out for a Hollywood career), but then, after all—well—ah, um—uh—the fact IS that the gown Elsie wore at her Hollywood debut—well, it was simply a MATERNITY gown, my dears!!!! . . . Yeah, Elsie the COW! . . . No kiddin' . . . Mexican Party-of-the-Month—was the real south-of-the-Rio Grande brawl thrown by newlyweds Noah Beery Junior and Maxine Jones, who are such addicts that they spend most of their spare time south of the border . . . The other night, they threw a Mexican shindig in their new San Fernando Valley place, which was really rich with the atmosphere of Old Mexico . . . Right at the entrance way, the touch of Mexico was apparent—for the driveway was lined NOT with Hollywood-gaudy electroliers, but with candles, set in paper bags anchored down with a fistful or two of sand in the bottom. The bags made windshields for the candles, and glowed beautifully . . . Maxine wore a full-skirted Mexican fete dress, and Noah wore gay caballero garb, with sombrero . . . The Beery servants, in true Mexican style, are actually a Mexican family—and in addition to being house servants, they provided the entertainment, in Mexican style, for the evening—songs and music for dancing . . . Highlight of the program was the bull-fight, staged by Bud Boettoicher as the toreador and Big Boy Williams as the bull . . . For supper, there was a midnight Mexican *comida*—with *tortillas, enchiladas, chile relleno, tostada, tamales and arroz con pollo y con mole.*

MOST Nostalgic Party-of-the-Month—was the one that carried Henry Wilcoxon's guests back to their Sunday School picnic days, when he and wifie Joan Woodbury entertained the members of the cast of his latest picture, at their Malibu Lake ranch. . . . Entertainment was the same old kind you used to squeal over at those Epworth League outings. . . . There was a three-legged race (you know; the kind where your left leg and your partner's right are tied together and you race a lot of other couples similarly hobbled) which was won by Wilcoxon and Carole Landis (and who WOULDN'T like to be tied to EITHER of Carole's legs?); for the water relay race there were water-pistols for prizes; winners of the wheelbarrow-pushing race won miniature bow-and-arrow sets. . . . Meal-of-the-affair was the GOAT-meat barbecue, prepared by Wilcoxon in person. . . . Guest-of-Honor-LESS birthday-party of the month—was the one which Joy Hodges did NOT attend, even though it was HER birthday party. . . . The dinner party was at the Somerset house, but just as everybody got ready for the festivities, Joy got a studio call—and in Hollywood, you can't even DIE when the studio calls, so Joy's birthday party simply went on WITHOUT her. . . . Celebrants *sans* Joy but with joy included Ronnie Reagan and Jane Wyman, Henry Willson, Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. . . . Oddest Commencement Exercises of the year—was the One-Student Graduation Party that was set on the sound stage at 20th-Fox. . . . Graduating student—who was everything from Class Orator to Class Comedian—was Ann Baxter, the 17-year-old honey, who completed her school course (as prescribed by Los Angeles school regulations, to be held on the set if under-age actors can't go to regular school because of their work). . . . The party was started by Ann's teacher, but pretty soon the cast took over—Gregory Ratoff and John Barrymore in the fore. . . . What made it most amazing was that the blushing graduate had just finished a hot (BUT TORRID!) love scene with Barrymore himself! Speeches were brilliant—but hardly academic!

MOST Patriotic Party of the Month—was also the most colorful Kiddie Party of the Month—when Hollywood's children gathered at the Hutson home in Beverly to celebrate little Mary Eileen Hutson's fourth birthday . . . It was a red-white-and-blue party, with wartime trimmings. All the boys wore soldier caps, and the girls wore Red Cross caps and capes . . . Highlight of the afternoon was the "mechanized" division's march—with the tots mounted on flag-adorned bikes, tricycles, kiddie cars and hobby horses . . . Sergeant-at-arms was Director Woody Van Dyke himself, splendid in his full uniform as major of the United States Marine Corps reserve . . . The supper was on a red-white-and-blue decorated table . . . Most Bacheloresque Party of the Month—was given to a six-year husband, John Garfield . . . It was his sixth wedding anniversary, and it was celebrated at NTG's Florentine Gardens show—and the bacheloresque part of it came when ALL the chorus lovelies in the show, one after the other, marched past John and each of them kissed him smack full on the lips . . . All the while, Mrs. John Garfield sat by, grinning . . . So John tried to laugh it off—until Master-of-Ceremonies brought him back to reality with:—"You're laffin' now—but you'll get HELL when you get home!"

FREE

Next month—in the December MOTION PICTURE—you'll find a beautiful color portrait of Laraine Day, free of printed matter front and back—just like the photo of James Stewart on page 43 of this issue. This will make a valuable addition to your portrait gallery as Laraine Day is rapidly becoming one of Hollywood's most popular stars. These exclusive color portraits are a monthly feature of MOTION PICTURE.

HAWAIIAN Party of the Month—was given by that too-rare host of Hollywood, George Brent, who hardly ever throws a party. . . . But when he does! ! ! ! It was held at the House of Murphy's Fight Room—which is a helluva place for a Hawaiian Party. . . . Nevertheless, the place was well camouflaged, with palm leaves, bamboo and potted palms, into a Hawaiian setting, Murphy or no Murphy. . . . The feast itself was truly Hawaiian—and there wasn't a touch of corned-beef-and-cabbage to it. . . . It was "pig and poi" and Murphy himself with the aid of Hawaiian technicians, supervised the roasting of the two suckling pigs, and the preparation of the poi and other Hawaiian dishes served in cocoanut shells. . . . It was Brent's gesture of appreciation for the many honors accorded to him in his recent Hawaiian trips. . . . Guests of honors included Mrs. Clara Inter, noted Honolulu singer, and the Nine Royal Hawaiian Surf Riders, who helped entertain George in the Pacific paradise. . . . And George's own guest of honor—pshaw, you've guessed it!—was Ann Sheridan, in a South Seas frock that was an eye-knocker-outer. . . . She wore sea-shell leis around her throat. . . . The dessert was a wow—a huge cake, topped with a Hawaiian beach scene, all done in sugar, sporting surf-board riders.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

● "I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with my skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous!"

Camay now Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
At your dealer's now, no change in wrapper!

● "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR

MRS. PHILIP HARDING
(ALICE ASTOR)

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR

AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl's face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin's smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond's ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, *soignée* daughters of America's foremost families.

BATHE your face in an abundance of luscious Pond's Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 3 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 2 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by *mixing* with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

WIPE OFF with bland and persuasive Pond's Tissues—and you've wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

FLOOD and SLAP a second time with releasing Pond's Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

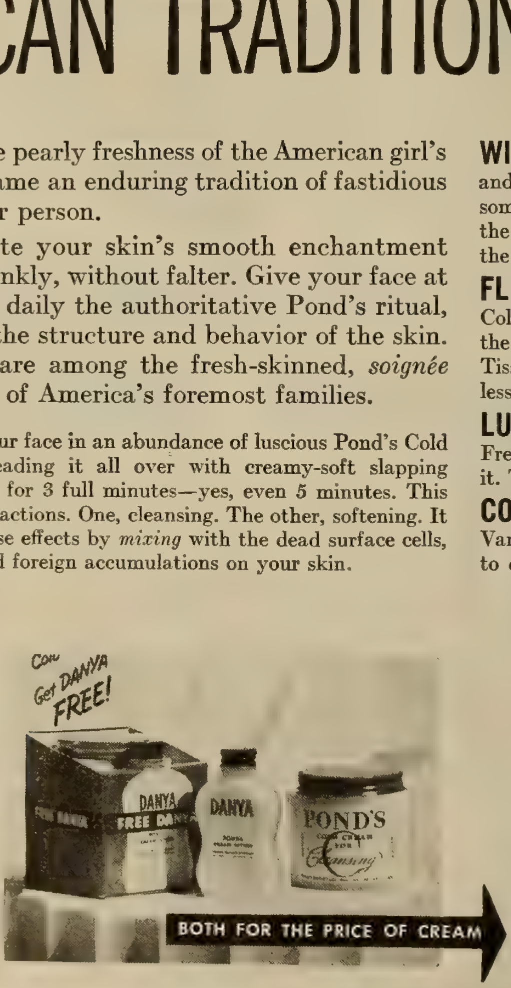
LUXURIATE now in the cooling astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

COAT your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin's satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's!

WOMAN-SKIN

owes its witchery to that tender *look* and *feel*, so different from a man's. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.



GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-large Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond's ritual... MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians' Emergency Fund

LUCILLE BALL

La Ball who's been bouncing right along since you discovered her in *Stage Door*, again demonstrates that she's one of our best comediennes in role of wise-cracking gold-digger in *Dance, Girl, Dance*

20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR!

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY

Introducing tantalizing, torrid-voiced CARMEN MIRANDA She's terrific!

with

DON AMECHE
BETTY GRABLE
CARMEN MIRANDA

and

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

J. CARROL NAISH • HENRY STEPHENSON • KATHARINE ALDRIDGE • LEONID KINSKEY • CHRIS-PIN MARTIN

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck
Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Directed by Irving Cummings • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg • Story by Rian James and Ralph Spence

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met", "Down Argentine Way" (Argentina), "Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda: "South American Way", "Bambu", "Mamae Eu Quero", "Touradas Em Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine! A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross! Show-stopping new personalities! Romance — the South American way! *The spectacular entertainment two continents have been waiting for!*

ROMANCE—WITH THRILLS

By LOUIS REID

Madeleine's new picture is *Virginia* —based on modern Yank invasion

MADELEINE CARROLL'S LIFE THE PAST YEAR IS PACKED WITH ADVENTURE AND ROMANCE. SHE SAW TRAGEDY IN FRANCE AND FOUND LOVE. NOW THAT HER AVIATOR IS BACK FROM WAR, PARIS'LL BE FINE THIS AUTUMN

THE pastoral peacefulness of Virginia seemed an eminently proper setting for a girl whose life in the past year had been so turbulent. Here was dramatic contrast that would have satisfied the most exacting playwright. In the remote serenity of the Blue Ridge, Madeleine Carroll was finding, not unexpectedly, the lull *after* the storm.

And yet the very undisturbed loveliness of the landscape made all the more poignant the mental and spiritual turmoil through which this girl has passed since Hitler sent his legions marching. It brought to her mind all the more sharply the chaos and disaster that have been visited upon those places and persons closest to her heart.

Madeleine Carroll, let it be understood at the start, is not one to parade her memories, no matter how affecting, upon her sleeve. She is too sensitive for that. And too sensible. Whether she is riding to hounds on location as one of the new gentry of Albemarle County, Va., suh, or whether, the day's work done, she is relaxing on the broad lawn of the Farmington Country Club overlooking the picturesque valley of the Rivanna, she keeps her real emotions to herself.

It is only when you seek her out and talk with her [*Continued on page* 68]

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

No. 3 THE GREAT SOCIAL QUEENS of HOLLYWOOD

Marion Davies could still wear the social crown if she desired. Her wit, charm and beauty attracted the great of two continents to her beach property

Marion has entertained noted statesmen, artists, writers, titled men and women at her big, white beach house at Santa Monica—including G. B. Shaw

HOLLYWOOD, the town every noted person yearns to visit, has been without a social leader since Mary Pickford and Marion Davies brought the great of the world to our fabulous city. Mary and Marion were the real leaders, and the newcomers who have set themselves up as social arbitrators are only pretenders to the throne.

Today, Hollywood, unfortunately, is without anyone whose personality is vivid enough and whose position is important enough to attract the famous visitors who came in former days.

Pickfair, the unofficial White House, brought the Duke of Alba, the King of Siam, the present Duke of Kent and the Crown Prince of Japan. Douglas Fairbanks adored titles and he was so likeable, so witty and so captivating that these men and women of the international social world accepted his invitations to visit in Hollywood.

Mary, on the other hand, was never excited about royalty. She was happier surrounded by her own relatives and friends—but it made Doug happy to have dukes and duchesses as his house guests—so Mary opened her home and presided at gala dinners.

I have spent some of the pleasantest hours of my life at Pickfair, as Mary and Doug usually invited me when they had their most interesting guests.

Marion Davies could still wear the social crown if she desired—but she spends little time at her famous Santa Monica beach house these days. Her wit and charm and beauty brought the great of two continents to her big white mansion on the Pacific Ocean. There I met renowned statesmen, celebrated artists, famous writers and titled men and women who were frankly delighted with their beautiful blond hostess.

Marion could have been the greatest snob in the world, but she is fundamentally too sweet and unaffected to let any big name impress her. I have heard her exchange witticisms with George Bernard Shaw, talk on political subjects with the late Speaker of the House Nicholas Longworth, and act as hostess to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland.

It was through her that I met Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, Winston Churchill, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, Lady Drummond Hay, Kathleen Norris and scores of other brilliant men and women. But of all the illustrious visitors, there is no one I remember as well as George Bernard Shaw.

THE "bearded bard" took an instant liking to Marion and he has written her on several occasions joking with her and expressing interest in her plans. It

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

was through Marion's influence that G. B. S. let me have the first interview he gave in America.

I wrote what I thought was a literary masterpiece—but he had other ideas and decided to edit my newspaper gem. Well, when he finished I must admit that it was more what Mr. Shaw thought about himself than what I had originally written. "Here—take this" he said handing me the edited copy in his own handwriting, "some day you can sell it and make a lot of money."

Later, I mentioned to William Randolph Hearst, what Shaw had said, and Mr. Hearst suggested that I publish my copy as edited by the great Shaw. I couldn't very well tell my boss that I would certainly lose face as a reporter were I ever to publish those corrections of the great G. B. S., since it was 98% Shaw and 2% L. O. P.

I think it is Marion's simplicity that the men who gather around her dinner tables most adore. She has a knack for keeping a dinner going. She has no affectation and she always listens to what her guests have to say. Few women have Marion's keen knowledge of world events, and her art gallery is famous. She does not care for the new school of artists but favors Gainsborough, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Watteau, Greuze and the artists whose works are priceless today.

Truly, Marion and Mary are the two women who have really graced the Hollywood social scene with their charm and wit and hospitality.

BUT pause for a moment and look over Hollywood's 1940 social set-up. The women who give the most parties are Mrs. Basil Rathbone and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson. It is unfortunate for their social prestige that neither of these hostesses is a stellar personality herself—but are merely married to two well-known actors.

Mrs. Jack Warner, whose husband runs the Warner studio, for a time led the social parade, but Ann cares little for the social glitter and prefers to have fun with her friends. Also she is terribly upset over world conditions and thinks it is frivolous when the world is in such an upset condition, and in such turmoil, to give big expensive parties. Her last important affair was for Lady Diana Manners and her husband, Alfred Duff-Cooper, prominent in the English government.

Mrs. Darryl Zanuck could easily set herself up as a social dictator of Hollywood if she chose—but Virginia is too busy with her children and in looking after her husband's welfare to take time for such exacting outside interests. She is far more interested in packing at a

It was thru Marion Davies that Louella Parsons met Lindbergh, Churchill, Shaw, and other big names. All the celebrities enjoyed her hospitality

Mary Pickford was one of two real social leaders of Hollywood. She and Doug kept open house at Pickfair for royalty, and the international socialites

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

moment's notice to accompany Darryl on one of his jaunts to far-off places, or places close by like Sun Valley, than in concentrating on being a social queen. Like the Warners, the Zanucks feel the world is too sad today for Hollywood to indulge in too much of a social whirl.

So Mrs. Basil Rathbone and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson vie for what social honors Hollywood has to offer. Ouida Rathbone has indefatigable energy and nothing is too much trouble for her if it is in the interest of charity. She is much discussed as Hollywood's social leader, and not always flatteringly. But in spite of a very unkind article recently published in a national magazine, the two big parties she staged for the Screen Actor's Guild were enormously successful.

Ouida's smaller parties are perhaps her most successful. She is very considerate of everyone's comfort. She is a vehement foe of the uncomfortable buffet dinner or supper parties where guests are expected to balance plates of food on their knees. She has entertained as many as one hundred and fifty guests at a "sit down" dinner with beautifully decorated tables and excellent service.

Gladys (Mrs. Eddie) Robinson loves to be arty. She likes nothing better than to discuss Eddie's art collection, which is amazing, numbering as it does Picassos, Renoirs, Rembrandts, and other masterpieces ranging from the modern to the old world. Gladys, herself, has ambitions to be a writer and does a monthly stint for Bob Wagner's *Script*.

As Gladys Lloyd she was an actress—but those were the days before Eddie became world-famous. The Robinsons gather at their home noted musicians and artists and go in heavily for the cultural influence. Also, they are definitely social problem-minded and take up the cudgels in behalf of under-privileged children and the migratory farmers.

BUT there was a time fifteen or twenty years ago when the world was in a happier mood and Hollywood was not so serious-minded about its society. Those were the days when Hollywood society had "color"—to put it politely.

Gladys (Mrs. Edward G.) Robinson entertains noted musicians, artists. Caters to cultural-minded. Mrs. Basil Rathbone (below) gives most parties today. Has entertained 150 at a "sit-down" dinner

Lilyan Tashman was once called Hollywood's best-dressed woman. Loved to give small exclusive parties . . . Was the first hostess to entertain Garbo

GEORGE RAFT

As a two-fisted truck-driver in *They Drive by Night*, George took love and al[illegible] high. In *South of Suez* he has his work cut out for him. Being a[illegible], he makes it look easy

SHE'S TERRIFIC

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

YOU'LL LIKE GENE TIERNEY—THE DEB WHO'D RATHER MAKE GOOD ON HER OWN THAN BE A FLUFFY-DUFF PRETTYING HERSELF UP AS HUSBAND BAIT. SHE'S THE BEST DISCOVERY HOLLYWOOD HAS MADE IN A LONG TIME. EVERYBODY IN TOWN SAYS SHE'S TERRIFIC

THE man who fancies Hollywood's latest discovery, the restless and shapely Gene Tierney, will probably have to do his courting on the wing. Gene never lights long, and when she flits she leaves the impression of having been born on a bicycle and weaned on a roller-coaster.

Not that swains haven't tried anchoring her with chains of love. One well-known drama critic attempted to rush her off her feet in New York and landed on his ear in Hollywood. Her footwork is that good. And why shouldn't it be; she's from a true Irish family and got her early training playing Indian and shadow-boxing with her brother, Butch.

Frankly, Gene's a bit of an anomaly—a debutante in overalls, so to speak. She's the sort of person who is invited to Europe as the guest of a countess and ends up in a shabby hotel in Budapest, her room strung with young men's shirts she has just washed and her lap full of socks to be darned. That's what really happened.

You couldn't help liking Gene Tierney. She looks like an Irish elf and acts like a whirling Dervish. And the critics say she showed enough personality and natural ability on the New York stage to make her success in Hollywood a cinch.

For the sake of the record, Gene is the living embodiment of the sort of beauty that has made the Petty girl adored by millions of grads and undergrads from Yale to Cal. Tech. She is five feet, five-and-one-half inches tall, has reddish-brown hair and green eyes. She attended fashionable schools in Connecticut, New York City and Switzerland.

Like most girls of her age—and she's just 20 years old—she has definite likes and dislikes. In music she likes Debussy and Cole Porter and loves to dance to Emil Coleman's orchestra. [*Continued on page 62*]

GENE TIERNEY

Her beauty and coloring are right up the Technicolor alley—as proved in *The Return of Frank James*, in which Gene, a Broadway "find," made her debut. Her coming-out party on the screen beats coming-out deb parties all to hollow

CARY GRANT

Cary, who knows his way around romantic comedies, knows how to win back a wife as played by Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*, based on "Main Line" society. And Jimmy Stewart also stars

HOW HEPBURN LICKED HOLLYWOOD

By

JOHN REESE

KATIE HEPBURN, WHO WAS A PUSHOVER FOR PUNISHMENT AND PERSECUTION, RETURNS TO HOLLYWOOD, A CONQUEROR. IT TOOK COURAGE. TERMS OF SURRENDER ARE HER OWN

KATHARINE HEPBURN took Broadway. Then she marched from that conquered territory into a stunned Hollywood.

It can't happen here, but it has. Katie, unrepentant, flaming head unbowed, returns to films in triumph. Her re-entry is not the humble, thanks-for-the-chance comeback trail, but the parade of a victor into the fallen citadel of a vanquished foe.

The terms of Katie's return to Hollywood are her own. She not only sold *The Philadelphia Story,* her big stage hit, at her own price and on her own conditions, but tacitly reserved the right to be the same "Heppy" some filmowners hated so bitterly, attacked so viciously.

There are those who think Katie has changed. Many others consider her unchanged. I am one of the latter. To me, the only change that has occurred is in Hollywood's attitude toward the red-head. It is ready to kowtow, now, or at least to treat her humanly, to strive to understand her.

Katie is ready to meet such a movement halfway. In the past she has been equally ready, but due to filmtown's attitude toward her, she kept more on the defensive. There have already occurred incidents, minor but significant, that show she is still going to insist on what she considers her "rights."

No, it is Hollywood that has changed, that has surrendered. And that's divine justice, for among all Heartbreak Town's misunderstood people, few have ever been victims of so many cruel, cowardly attacks and persecutions. And none was shaped by nature to suffer as keenly and as long.

Katie suffers not only because she is sensitive, and lacks protective philosophy, but because she has high courage and principles. The latter make her stand her ground when, as she might put it, "I'm getting hell kicked out of me."

A less courageous and principled soul would run away or say "uncle," and escape a lot of punishment. She just couldn't do that. The same red-headed, adrenal, uncompromising courage that has given her a great triumph over failure,

[*Continued on page* 58]

HEIL HYNKEL

THE GREAT DICTATOR—CHAPLIN—TAKES OVER

BY
DAN CAMP

Chaplin in army greatcoat and cap carrying insignia of double-cross, plays dual role—that of a Yiddish barber who accidentally becomes the dictator of Tomainia. And is "heiled" as Furor Hynkel

THE gods must have been in a particularly prankish state of mind, 'way back there in that certain week in April of 1889. . . .

In that week, they caused to be born two babies, just four scant days apart. Two boy babies, who, by diametrically opposite routes, grew up to be two of the most famous men in the world today.

One of them (he was born in an Austrian village on April 20 of that year) grew up to be Adolf Hitler, the world's greatest exponent of pomp, and the man who has brought more misery into the world than any other one man.

The other (he was born four days earlier than Adolf, in a little flat over a London saloon) grew up to be Charlie Chaplin, the world's greatest destroyer of pomp—and the man who has brought more fun and joy into the world than any other one man.

But what makes the devilish ingenuity of this Olympian prank all the more astounding is this: after a half century of working to the top in fields utterly remote from each other, these two men, far removed from each other in everything but looks, are suddenly going to clash head-on in the most amazing collision of ideals and philosophies that this dizzy old world has ever seen. . . .

For today, just as Adolf is busily gobbling up everything he can to build up this pinnacle of power and pomp, Charlie is about to release *The Great Dictator*—a picture which kids the life out of power-crazed, self-appointed dictators.

Indeed, with the merciless weapon of ridicule, Charlie debunks dictators. You won't be fearing Charlie's dictator and calling him an ogre. Instead you'll be laughing at him. And wouldn't it be utterly amazing if this climactic effort of Chaplin's should prove more potent than cannon and bombs and propaganda and politics—and that by the weapon he most fears, *ridicule,* Adolf Hitler should go into a fade-out??

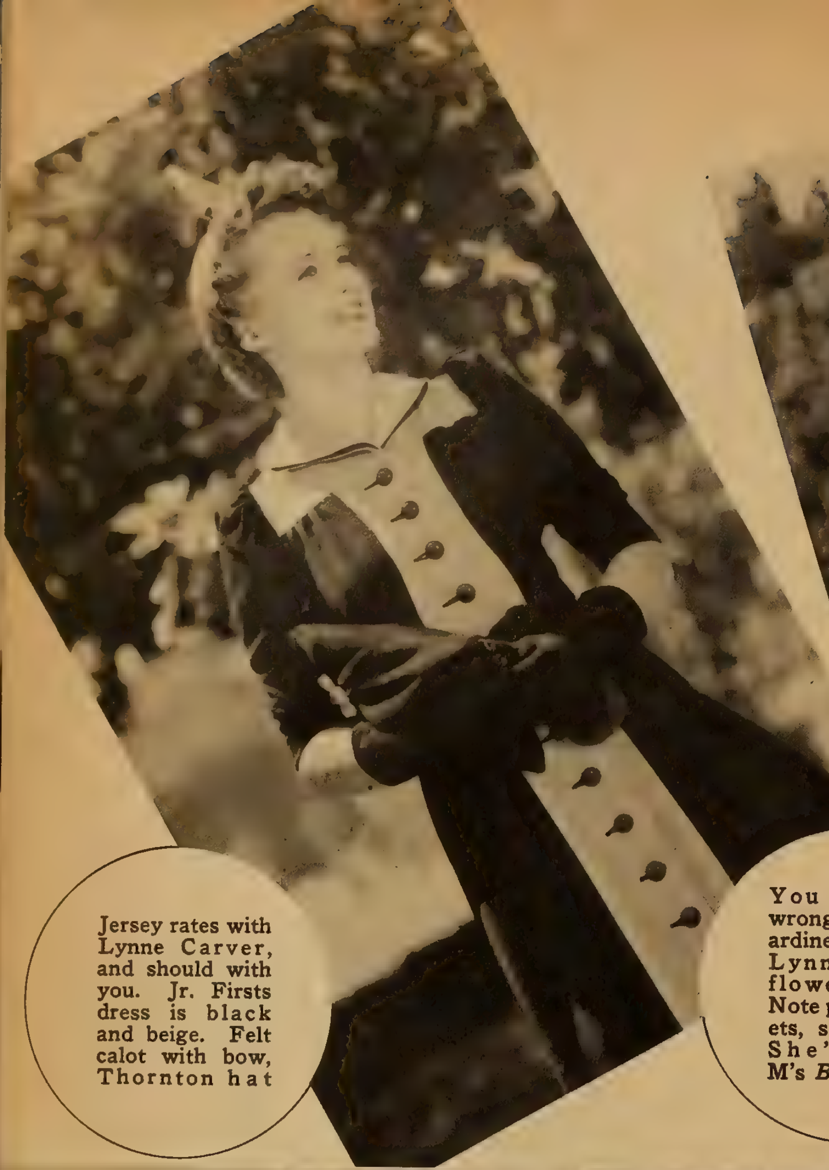
If they ever let Hitler see the picture he'll probably pass out fuming, foaming, hopping with anger when he sees Chaplin, with that itsy-bitsy moustache (which he wore in comedies long before Adolf came to power) come strutting into the screen with a chest full of decorations and a "Heil!"—to be made an object of downright buffoonery by the little Yiddish barber who accidentally usurps the Dictator's place. That, basically, is the entire story of the film.

BEHIND the making of *The Great Dictator* is the story of a Chaplin re-energized. Into this film, Chaplin poured not only his full professional zeal and pride, but far, far more. Ever since this strange little man came out of the shadow of his London slum-life—his early [*Continued on page* 70]

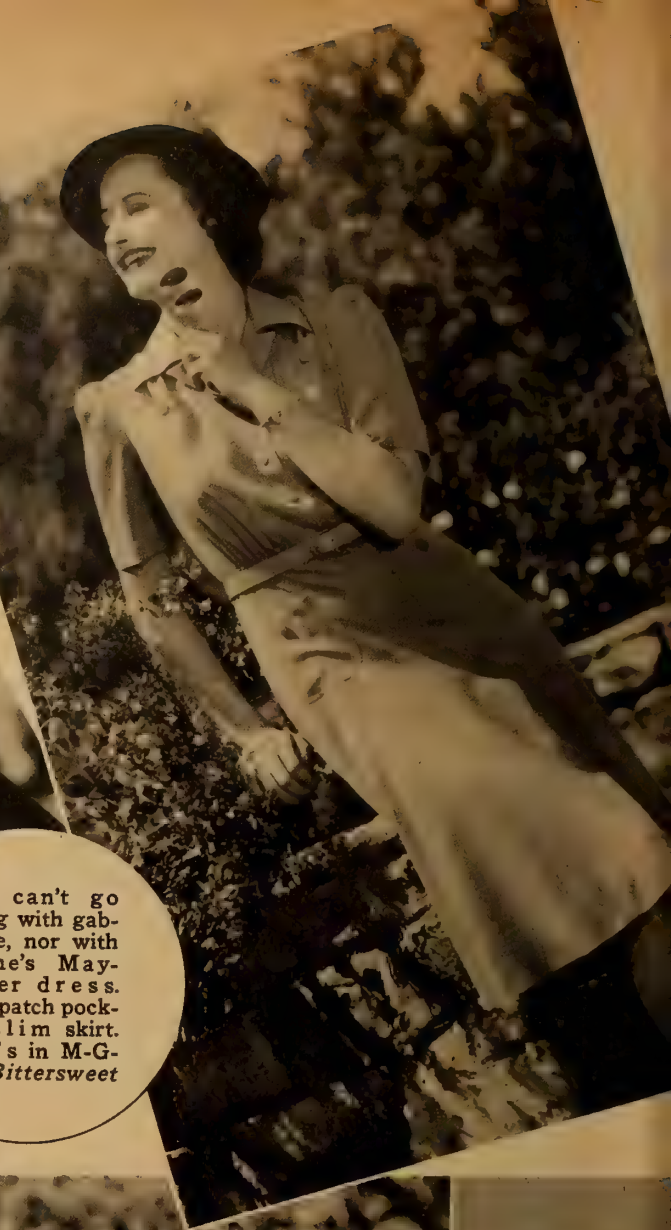
Paulette Goddard gets a hair-do from barber Chaplin (top) before he's put in concentration camp. He escapes, throws Dictator Hynkel into the camp, and takes over

Charlie has argument with storm-trooper. After he becomes dictator and rescues people from tyranny he piles on buffoonery and ridicule — as only he can do it

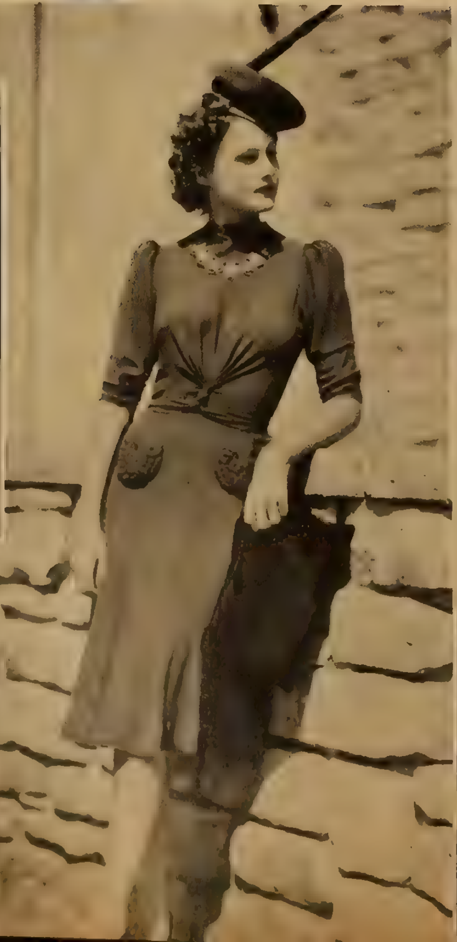
When the barber throws the real dictator into concentration camp he masquerades as Furor Hynkel, Dictator No. 1. Dictator No. 2 is Jack Oakie, playing Napaloni



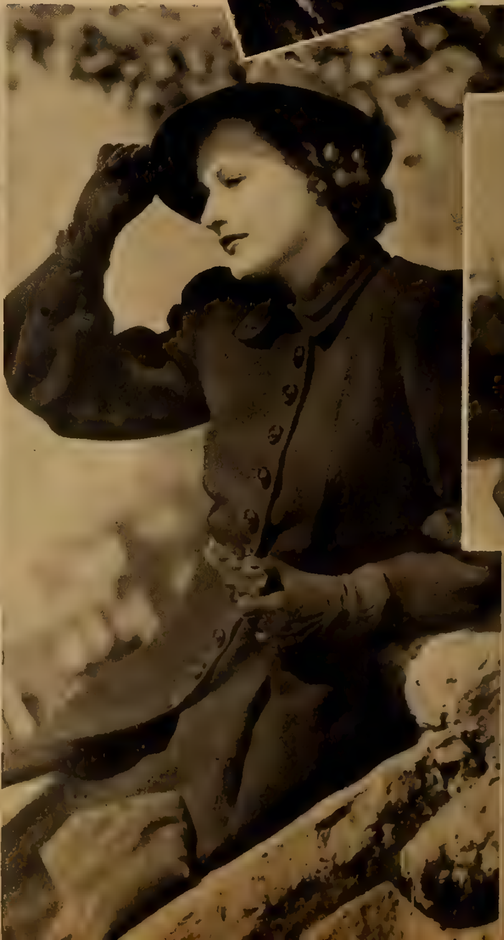
Jersey rates with Lynne Carver, and should with you. Jr. Firsts dress is black and beige. Felt calot with bow, Thornton hat



You can't go wrong with gabardine, nor with Lynne's Mayflower dress. Note patch pockets, slim skirt. She's in M-G-M's *Bittersweet*



Front draping, pockets, Sales Tested Fabric make Lynne's Norman Jacobson dress a good buy. Brewster beret. Charlotte escalator jewelry, above, is change



Lynne wears Bonny Jr. coat with double collar, bishop sleeves. Sporty with "Click" Yearounder, dressy with Silvercraft set and Debway beret above

CANDIDA

Says

Fall in Line!

Where to buy? How much? What colors? Drop a postcard to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. She will send you free information on these inexpensive star-worn clothes!

Figures get into line with Hickory foundations. All-in-one combines one-way and two-way stretch panels for control. Duranet pantie has runproof woven Selfedge, patented Stay-put panel crotch, removable garters. Deanna Durbin shawl of Crown Tested Rayon in gay patterns costs a quarter. American washable leather Aris gloves feature contrasting trim, hand stitching. Rambler bag of top grain calf has 3 Talon fastened pockets! Colorful Miss Swank pjs, center, are grand for lounging as well as sleeping

Jersey again, in a Co-Ed dress any girl would love. Note yoke, insert pockets, and Knox buckle beret in smart corduroy

JOAN BENNETT

It's one affair after another for Joan. No sooner was she through with *The Man I Married* (Francis Lederer) than she falls in love with *The Son of Monte Cristo* —who happens to be Louis Hayward

JUST AN OLD SMOOTHIE

HERBERT MARSHALL MAY JOLLY WELL TAKE A BOW FOR TEACHING OUR EYE-ROLLING, CHEST-HEAVING HEROES HOW TO MAKE LOVE. HE'S A SMOOTH WORKER

By HENRY MILLS

Said an old British smoothie named Bart:
"When it comes to affairs of the heart,
"Your Yankee technique
"Is most awfully weak;
"And most 'orribly lacking in Art!"

Quoth this wily old Briton called 'Erbert:
"Yankee necking is colder than sherbet!
"To an approach a-la-Marshall
"Gals'll be much more partial;
"For when I lerb'em, I make 'em lerb'it!"

(*—from "Ma Goose in Hollywood."*)

Rhodes

Before Bart arrived with a smooth technique our boys hammed all over the place. Now subtlety has replaced the meat-axe. A smoothie offscreen too, he smoothed his way into the heart of Lee Russell. He gives a smooth performance in *The Letter* with Bette Davis

AND that goes for 50-year-old Herbert Marshall's OFFscreen and ONscreen love-life, both! But before we get into the former, let's contemplate the latter:

When Bart (that's what they call him in Hollywood, and so let's use it here, because it's so much more easy than this formal "Herbert" business!) first came to Hollywood, the American screen had a love-making style most peculiarly its own. That was back in the early '30's, you recall. . . .

In those days, the handsome hero felt it necessary to register love with the brakes off. So did directors. When it came to the footage where Hero was called on to make it plain to (a) his audience and (b) the heroine that he lo-hoved her, he went to work with all he had.

He sashayed up to the fair one and gave her the works. He rolled his eyes and went in for a lot of chest-heaving. He hammed all over the place, like a Barrymore in his cups. Now and then, to make it better, he tore his hair and wiped his feverish brow to register extreme passion. And by some quaint quirk of misbegotten psychology, the heroine, instead of busting out laughing, was supposed to go in a big way for all these amorous calisthenics and practically swoon at the Big Boy's feet—instead of having hysterics and calling the loony-wagon, as she'd have done if any guy had approached her that way in real life.

But ridiculous as it was, that's the way the film heroes and directors stuck to it—until along came that suave chap from London and showed 'em how to take their gals with a smooth technique that made 'em faw down before they even knew they were slipping.

Anyway, Bart was brought to Hollywood, and Hollywood began to discover that Leslie Howard and his stuff wasn't just a freak manifestation, but that maybe Britishers really DID have something on the ball.

They didn't give up easily, these chest-pumping, eye-spinning, hair-tearing, brow-wiping, ear-clutching American film lovers. They were used to their stuff, and they kept putting it on—until Bart Marshall suddenly had thousands of American movie fans of the female persuasion raving about the way he did his stuff in *Trouble In Paradise*.

Remember how Bart just slew Kay Francis and Miriam Hopkins with this deceptive ease, that [*Continued on page 78*]

THE TAKE-A-CHANCE GIRL

BETTY GRABLE, WHO HAD REACHED AN ALL-TIME LOW IN HER LIFE—AND WHO TURNED DEFEAT INTO BLAZING SUCCESS, TELLS INSIDE STORY OF HER FIGHT

By FRANK FLEMING

LAST summer Betty Grable was at the ebb tide of her career, the all-time low of her life—mentally, physically, professionally, socially, financially and romantically. Her future was all behind her and every cloud had a dark-brown lining.

Her studio, Paramount, didn't want her any more; Hollywood had started a decidedly audible whispering campaign against her; the "ideal marriage" between her and Jackie Coogan had cracked up; she needed money badly; fear and unhappiness were driving her frantic and the loss of almost twenty pounds was threatening her famous curves.

Then, knee-deep in the ruins of the things she treasured the most, with her hopes buried under the debris of her career and her ears ringing with prophesies of what would happen to her now that she was all "washed up," Betty decided to do what she believes every girl should do when things look blackest—take a chance.

Today, only a year later, Betty Grable is sitting on top of the world, a happy, healthy success with a bigger and better career ahead than she had ever dreamed of.

Today, less than a year after her divorce and apparent exit from pictures, she is starring in place of Alice Faye in 20th Century-Fox's two million dollar Technicolor glamor production *Down Argentine Way*. And all because she had the courage to deal herself a new hand in a game that had apparently already beaten her. The courage, she admits, that was born of desperation.

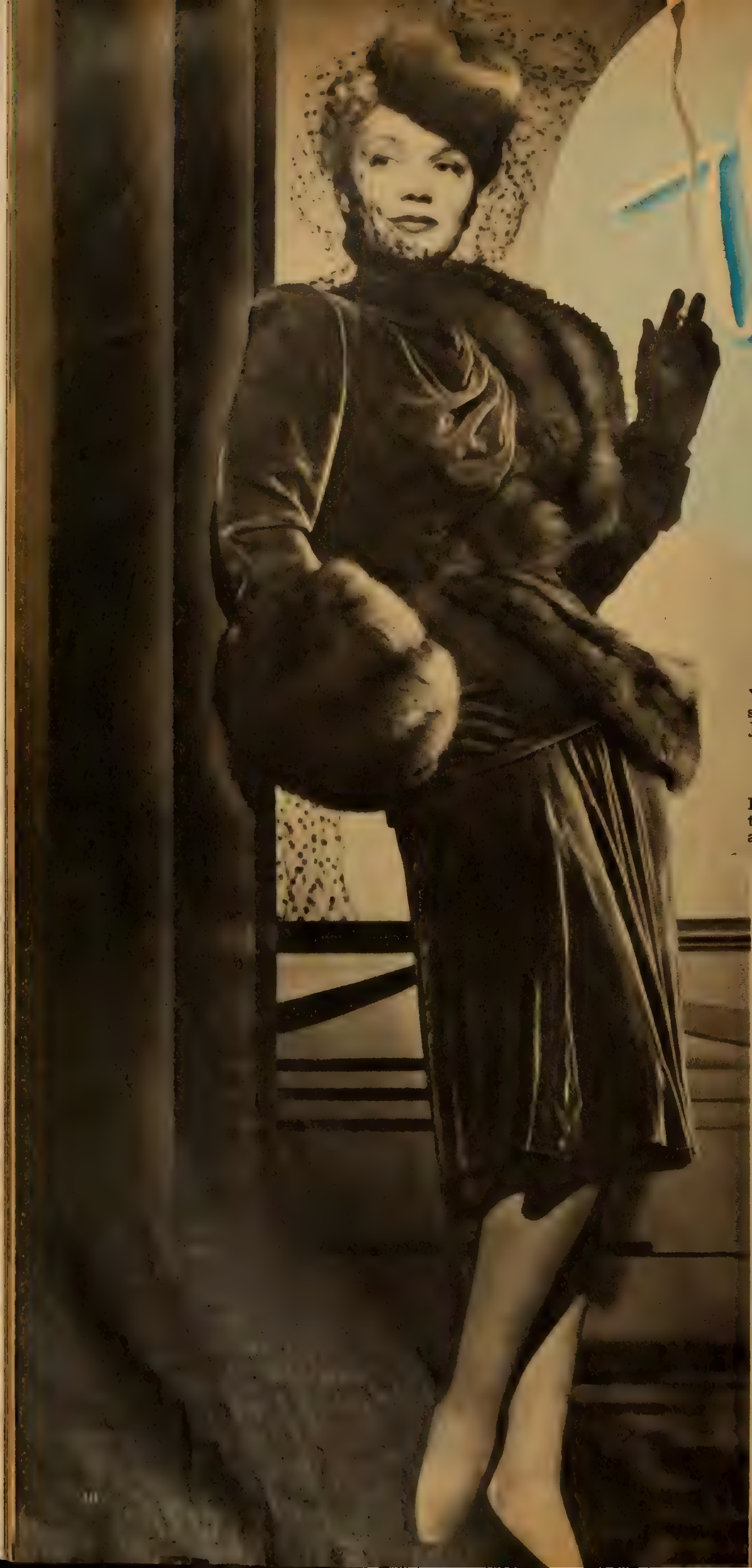
"In June of 1939," Betty says, "things were just about as bad for me as they possibly could be. Paramount had let my option lapse; things were at the blackest for Jackie and me; I was sick with unhappiness and Hollywood's attitude had made me lose faith in myself

[*Continued on page 60*]

ESCAPISTS

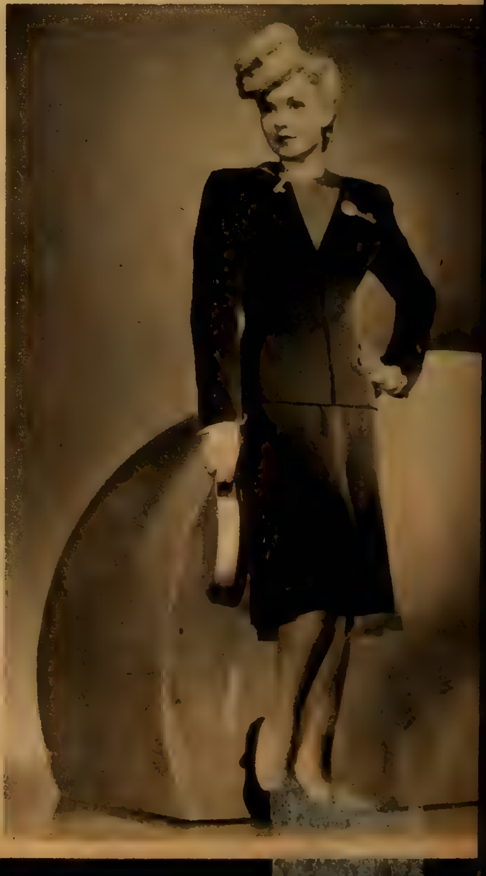
Remember *Escape*—how it kept you up till dawn to finish? As a film it's just as exciting, with Bob Taylor and Norma Shearer as the American youth and countess. As escapists from the wrath of the Nazis they carry on their romance

Winter SUITS YOU



You love luxuries? Then suit yourself in a soft green pile velvet, mink trimmed like Jane Wyman's. The long jacket is side-draped

Keyed right for Winter is Jane's wood brown twill suit with a golden touch—collar, keys and turban. Skirt is gored, long jacket fitted



Be snug like a kitten—in a stone blue corduroy suit with sleeveless, collarless bolero and 4-gore skirt. Jane wears it with a beige cashmere sweater, broad belt

If you're smart, you'll get black and blue this winter like Jane—in a military jacket dress. It is of sheer black wool with bright blue cord at pockets, shoulders

Tugboat Annie Sails Again but when Jane's a. w. o. l. she prefers a military two-piece dress of green sheer wool with knife-pleated skirt and double button front jacket

Beige—this season's important color—is used for Jane's woolen suit with slim skirt and hip-length jacket. Be a minx with pert mink turban, mink revers, brown accessories

THE PLOT OF THE Storey

By

E. J. SMITHSON

TO HEAR JUNE STOREY TELL IT SHE'S HAVING THE TIME OF HER LIFE RIDING THE OPEN SPACES OPPOSITE GENE AUTRY

WE DON'T know whether or not Gene Autry had anything to do with the selection of June Storey for his leading lady in those hell-for-leather hoss oprays of his'n, or whether or not it was Republic Studios that tagged June for the honor of being made love to by Gene.

But whoever or whichever it was—Gene or the studio—either one or the other can have our compliments for possessing such a keen eye for beauty and talent.

And don't let us hear you snort out a couple of sarcastic remarks about "you don't have to be either pretty or talented to ride straddle through eight reels of a wild and woolly western."

Maybe you can recall the vivacious 100-pounder who did such a neat characterization of the timid German girl in *In Old Chicago.* Well then, you recall the name. None other, of course, than June Storey. As a result of what she did in this picture she should have been scheduled immediately for something bigger and better, but you know how it is in Hollywood.

But in case you don't, we can say this much by way of explanation. Quite often a good characterization is a quick notice for burial. As [*Continued on page* 84]

James Stewart—one of the best actors in Hollywood as well as one of the most popular—now joins our gallery of favorites in an exclusive color portrait. Jimmy, who scores another hit in *No Time For Comedy* will soon be seen in *The Philadelphia Story*, starring with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. Next month MOTION PICTURE presents the fifteenth in this series of gorgeous color portraits. It will offer one of the fastest-climbing stars on the screen—Laraine Day—who shines brilliantly in *Foreign Correspondent*

"NO" At College

HUNTER

INDIANA

By JERRY LANE

COLLEGE GIRLS OR THOSE CONTEMPLATING COLLEGE CAN PROFIT BY TIPS ON DEPORTMENT AND CLOTHES FROM COLLEGIATE STARS. IF YOU FOLLOW THEIR ADVICE YOU'LL BE A POPULAR NUMBER ON THE CAMPUS

IT'S the good old college *daze*—those first few weeks on the campus when a girl goes around in a fog! Who to date, what to wear, how to act . . . Co-ediquette can be a worse problem than entrance exams. But here are some straight tips from the Hollywood sorority sisters—and they've majored in a lot more than "oomph!"

There's Brenda Joyce, for instance. One of the cutest Delta Gammas who ever came out of the University of California-at-Los Angeles. Just to get in the mood we were lunching in a tearoom only a stone's throw away from the campus. Brenda eyed it reminiscently. "Rule Number One at *any* university," she said, "is this: Don't try to make too big an Impression in the beginning.

"It's a funny thing, but girls who make the greatest splurge during their first semester become D. D.'s (Dizzy Dopes) by sophomore year. So even if a gal was class president in high school, it pays to start small at the U! If you have to wear a '44 smeared in lipstick on your forehead for a whole week, take it in your stride—and be friendly, especially to the Older Girls.

"I'll never forget my first day at that place," nodding in the direction of the ivy-covered buildings. "I felt lost in the shuffle until an Older Girl took me in hand. It was she who got me the bid to my sorority, and later on arranged my best Dates!

"Rule Number Two concerns clothes. They can make you—or break you—at college. It's so expensive to buy the wrong thing." No matter what part of the country your university is located in, Brenda lists these as *musts* in every co-ed's wardrobe: One good-looking suit, either dressmaker type or tailored.

Two "date" dresses for teas during "rush" week. These must never be long. Have them either in chiffon wool in soft colors or in heavy crepe. (Avoid black satin like you would the plague.) And top them off with a pert little hat.

One dinner dress with long sleeves and high neck for formal dinners. (Later, after you've joined the sorority, it can be used when you're hostess at a tea or for numerous other occasions.)

Two or three formals. Have one a Special Number to wear on Preference Night which comes at the end of rush week.

Two pairs of dark slacks for [*Continued on page* 82]

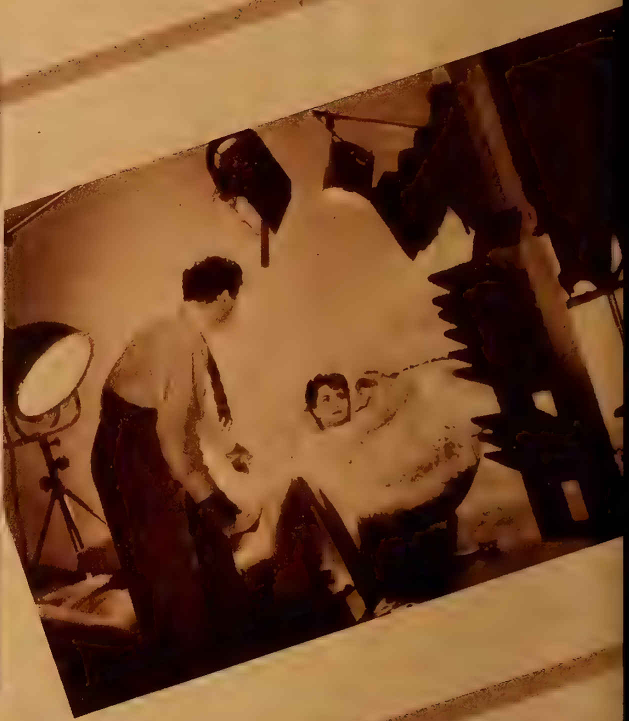
Don't hog phone—remember that other girls have Big Dates, too, says Jean Cagney, pride of Hunter

Don't act too sophisticated or drop broad "a's" all over place says Andrea Leeds of U. C. L. A.

Don't mix with wrong crowd—it's social suicide says Marjorie Weaver, who was popular on Indiana campus

HOW HURRELL SHOOTS

"IT'S A GIFT AS WELL AS AN ART"



1. Warner Bros., ace photographer George Hurrell checks gown he wants Olivia de Havilland to wear for portrait sitting. As she approves dress, Hurrell is ready to start work. Stars often leave dress choice up to George who knows best how a gown will photograph in lights, shades

2. Hurrell keeps phonograph in gallery and plays "mood music" while he works. George shows Olivia some records he has picked to establish a mood for her sitting. Getting the subject in the right mood is half the battle—and Hurrell has found music takes star's mind off herself

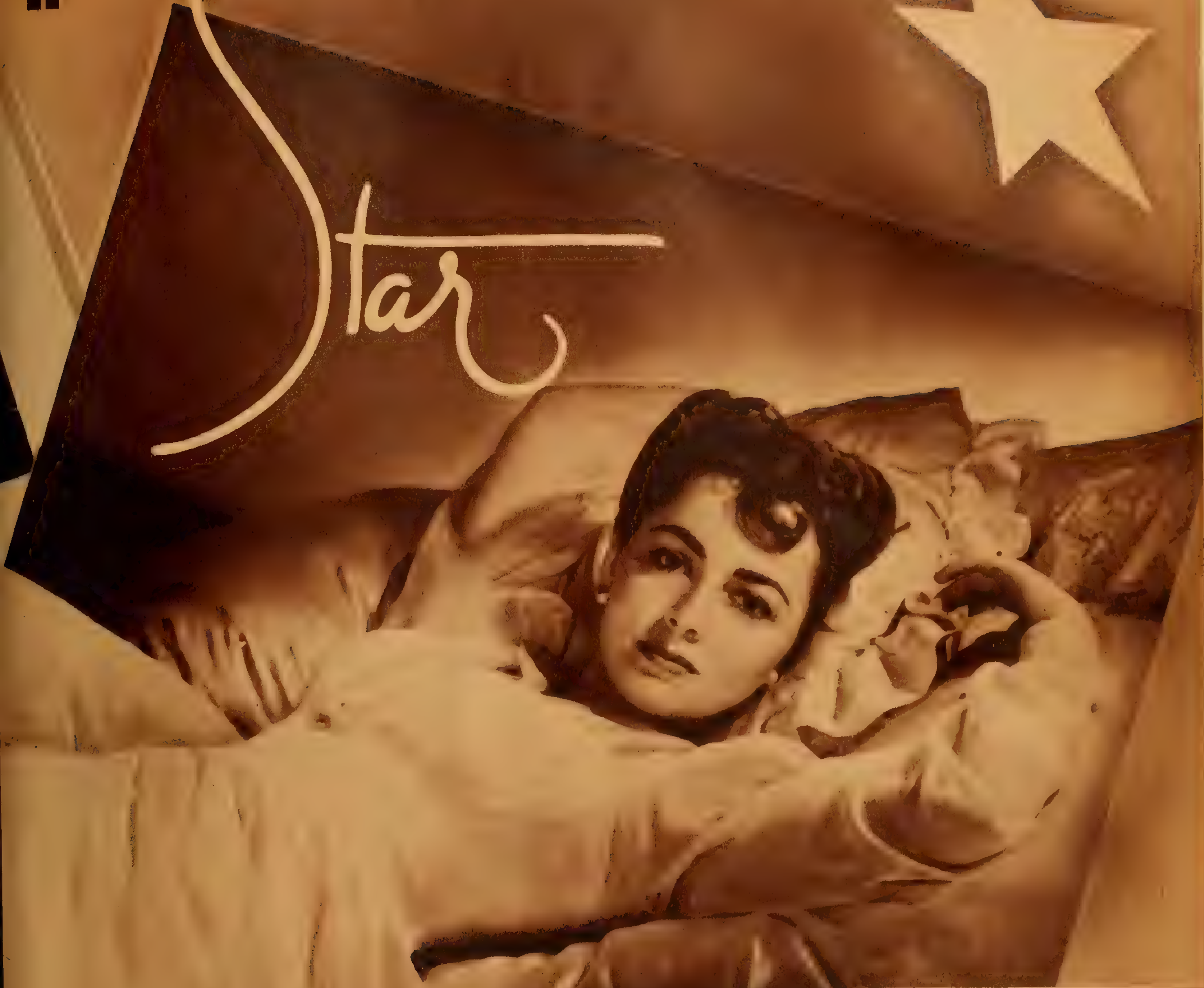
3. Hurrell is never still while working. He moves around changing lights, squeezing shutter bulb. Olivia's never sure when he's taking the picture. This does away with tense look a subject is bound to have when waiting for click of shutter. He works usually with 3 lights—seldom any more

4. Warners' ace still photographer personally examines each negative after it has been developed, and discards any that have the slightest flaw that can't be remedied by retouching. He works with laboratory man and checks developer as carefully as a chemist working over secret formula

5. Hurrell examines proofs from Olivia's sitting, marks every place that needs retouching—one of the hardest and most tedious jobs connected with still photography. He hasn't time to do actual retouching himself, carefully checks retouch artist at every step of the job

6. Here George holds the wet print which he has printed himself from the retouched negative. As printing is an art in itself George feels that only the man who took picture can best tell just what shade he wants the print. He discards prints until he hits one indicating best composition

A Star



6. And now we have the finished portrait of Olivia that has passed the critical examination of Hurrell and Olivia—one that shapes up as a favorite of both. He has captured her in a tranquil, wistful, restful mood—one that brings out the true Olivia de Havilland personality . . . and appeal

7. Hurrell's assistants have been shooting him about Olivia. Here he checks his finished prints of Olivia with other portraits he has made of her—and he has made hundreds of them. . . . Just another picture won't do the trick. Her photogenic personality has to register in each

THE TALK

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Eyebrow Lifting Giggle

■ Eyebrow-lifting giggle-of-the-month in Hollywood concerns the Facts of Life as portrayed in RKO's *Little Men.*

Therein, you will behold Kay Francis as *Jo,* and Charles Esmond as her husband, occupying TWIN BEDS! And what makes it so, soooo funnnneeeeeee is the fact that although in the decorous '80's, when the ultra-pure tale was written by Louisa May Alcott, nobody ever HEARD of twin beds for husband and wife. Still in 1940-Hollywood, the Hays office says no man and lady can get into one bed together—even though they're playing husband and wife!

Gee, ma, maybe that gag about storks is true after all?

Mary Beth Hughes, former St. Louis, Washington deb, is new starlet playing opposite J. Barrymore in *The Great Profile.* At right, Robt. Preston, Paulette Goddard as Mountie an' half-breed sweetheart have their romantic moments in *Northwest Mounted Police*

Linda Darnell waits for Ty to get through his chores so he can make pretty love to her in *Brigham Young*

If you've wondered when a new man would come along, here's Sterling Hayden who debuts in *Virginia*

OF HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Terse Verse

■ Boys who dream about Zorina
Keep on getting lina and lina!

War Jitters

■ Not in years—even decades—has Hollywood had such a case of emotional and nervous jitters as this War has brought. It's such a definite condition that Hollywood recognizes it, in individual cases, as "war jitters" and filmland's medicos and practitioners are diagnosing certain cinema biggies' ills as nothing more or less than war nerves. . . .

The affliction embraces all castes in Hollywood. The lower brackets have the war jitters because of the wholesale firings that have swept various studios, in their effort to retrench financially because of the loss of foreign markets and other wallops in the exchequer. Everybody wonders who's going to be fired next, and it plays hell with digestions and nerves.

In the upper brackets, the worries concern the financial catastrophes of the war as reflected in Hollywood business—plus the concern, here and there, about loved ones or properties in the war zone.

Net result: Hollywood today, despite all its external glitter and glamor, is as gloomily jittery a spot as you'd want to be out of.

Jitter Cases

■ Some specific examples of individual war jitters cases:

The friends of actor Guy Middleton were in a high state of nerves over reports that he had been killed in action—until official reports brought him back to life . . . the blond Baron Raven Erik Barnekow, one-time fiance of Kay Francis, and one of the best-liked chaps in Hollywood during his visit there, was likewise reported killed while serving with Hitler's army, and it left his many friends deep in gloom until they learned he had been merely wounded and is now reported recovered . . . David Niven's innumerable friends, not to mention all the gals who sighed over him, are in constant worry lest he be killed while serving his King . . . Pola Negri, at this writing, is reported trapped [*Continued on page* 80]

What a break! This man Barrymore is surrounded by voluptuous girls in *The Great Profile*. Starlet Anne Baxter makes a good companion, too

Cary Grant has patriotic duties to perform in *The Howards of Virginia*, finds time to love Martha Scott

June Preisser, whose job it is to vamp Mickey away from Judy in *Strike Up the Band*, wears playsuit on ranch

While Clark is digging dirt down in lower acre, Carole Lombard plays with new kits—Tibs, Tabs, Tubs and Tip

NEW ANSWER TO OLD *Prayers*

By GLADYS HALL

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE, GIRLS, TO PALPITATE OVER DESI ARNAZ OF CUBA—WHO'S TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME. THE NEW ANSWER TO YOUR PRAYERS IS QUITE A GUY

HE'S dark and Cuban and lithe, girls. His hair is shining black. His skin is olive. His eyes are so dark a brown as to appear black—that sloe and sultry black which promises so much. *He keeps his promise.* His full name is Desiderio Arnaz. He pronounces it Dessy Ar-naz. And it is his real name. As it is the name of his father. And of his grandfather who fought on the American side in the battle of San Juan during the Spanish-American War. He is very young. Twenty-three. He was born in Santiago, Cuba, March 2, 1917.

Yes, my dears, the new answer to your old prayers is everything you thought him when you saw him dance and heard him sing at La Conga in Florida, at La Conga in New York, on the stage in *Too Many Girls* and as you are soon to see him in RKO's screen version of the same. His first picture, your next palpitation.

He is of the amorous Latin temperament, having thought that he was in love some five or six times in his brief span of days—and nights. He has, always, many dates. Since he has been in Hollywood, he has dated Betty Grable, Pat Dane, Ann Miller, Lucille Ball. Now it is Lucille and Desi every evening, every date. Every luncheon and every hour of every day, too, since they are in the picture together. It is love again. But Desi doesn't want to marry for five years (neither does Lucille) for reasons which he will explain later on in this story, when you know him better.

He likes to dress when he takes a girl out. He leaves the evening up to the girl. It is where she wants to go, it is what she wants to do. He sends corsages before he calls and he sends cut flowers the next morning. He does not kiss a lady's hand, that [*Continued on page* 65]

Your Hollywood—And Mine

[*Continued from page 25*]

whom she ought to know—so no one was ever requested to leave. Some of the "crashers" might have been Dempsey hero-worshipers.

THE late Lilyan Tashman, at one time called the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, was ultra chic—and it was Lilyan who introduced the small, exclusive party—usually with a visiting author or musician as the guest of honor. William Haines "did" Lilyan's small, swanky home in Beverly Hills and while it was in the best of taste for the most part, there was one touch Lilyan added that nearly slayed her decorator! This was a pale pink piano on which la Tashman tied a large pink satin bow! She and her husband, Edmund Lowe used to take a lot of kidding about it, but they could dish it out, too.

Tashman was the first Hollywood hostess to entertain Garbo. Eddie Lowe and Lilyan, Greta and John Gilbert were inseparable friends—at least the two women were friends until Lil made the fatal mistake of talking about Garbo for publication. After that G. G. never came to the Lowe's again.

As I look back on those days it is amusing to recall that while there was rivalry between Hollywood's smart hostesses, there was no such thing as breaking up into clans—which is the social picture in Hollywood today. Everybody who rated at all was invited to everybody else's party.

Everyone religiously showed up at the famous old Montmartre Cafe (in the heart of Hollywood Boulevard) for Wednesday and Saturday luncheons—and when Malibu became the swanky beach resort practically the whole town moved down to the sea in a body.

What happy memories the old Montmartre brings back! Can you imagine the top stars of today—the Irene Dunnes, Ginger Rogerses, Norma Shearers, Claudette Colberts, Hedy Lamarrs standing patiently behind a red rope waiting to gain admittance to any cafe? I can't. But in those days the Montmartre was so popular that Joan Crawford, Corinne Griffith, Estelle Taylor, Billie Dove, Colleen Moore, Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge and many others waited patiently in line for the ringside tables.

ONA WILSON BROWN, Clarence's wife, was the unofficial hostess of Hollywood's cafe society at this time and her table, bedecked with red roses at the Montmartre, was always the center of attention. Ona, herself, was a dynamic person with a brilliant collection of jewels and it was impossible to be in the same room with her and miss her hearty laugh or her amazing comments. Everyone gravitated to her table in those days.

Ona was no respecter of persons and if somebody walked by her table whom she didn't like she was as likely as not to hurl some flattening remark after him. But it was to her that charitable organizations came when they wanted to round up stars for benefits—and she was indefatigable in working for the Children's Hospital and other worthy causes—dragging glamor girls in her wake and refusing to take NO for an answer.

Personally, I think Hollywood had more fun in those good old pre-Brown Derby days when stars owned pink and blue limousines and wore all their jewelry at one time. But they are days that are gone forever. The movie people as well as the movies have grown up, and perhaps it is just as well that the day of the Hollywood hostess who said to her butler, "Please pour the red wine, darling," is a thing of the dear, dead past.

When Mary Pickford ruled Pickfair, husband Doug liked to entertain royalty. Mary on other hand preferred entertaining own relatives and intimate friends at small parties, like this one for Bebe Daniels, Louella O. Parsons, daughter Harriet Parsons

MOTION PICTURE'S FASHION SPOTLIGHT

By CANDIDA

WATCH this column each month. In it your Fashion Editor will point out, page for page, all the items of fashion significance as pictured in photos of your favorite stars. For instance . . .

Loretta Young (see cover) lowers the waistline of her sports dress, but keeps it natural looking with a belt at midriff. Watch for young and flattering dresses that make this compromise with style—a snug fit to the hips, with flared skirt below, and a belt or sash or bow to show that small waists aren't wasted!

Lucille Ball (see page 19) checks back into Hollywood, and into style, with her jacket. Combinations of plaids, stripes or checks with plain materials are better than ever. Try wearing one of the new long "man-tailored" jackets with a short checked skirt and a plain sweater—or a plaid shirt with plain skirts or slacks.

Madeleine Carroll (see page 21) wears a lacy mantilla headdress with evening clothes for her role in *Virginia*. A romantic and becoming fashion started by Bette Davis with her mantilla in *Juarez*, it gains popularity with our interest in all things South American. If you don't want to wear such a headdress in the evening, throw one of the new lace edged veils over an off-face bonnet or back-of-head pill box, to get that Latin touch.

Gene Tierney (see page 28) combines a tunic with a slim skirt (or slacks) to achieve the longer, straighter silhouette. Note the huge buttons (as trim) and the hand stitching on pockets. Both are smart. June Storey's evening dress (see page 42) uses a pleated tunic or peplum for the same effect.

Norma Shearer (see page 39) dresses up her basic black dress with single jewelled pin. Dresses with simple high necklines like this are canny buys, because they can so easily be "changed" with necklaces, pins, artificial flowers, or lingerie collars to give several outfits.

Brenda Joyce (see page 46) chooses a soft white shirt with color in her gay waistband. Tailored shirts are so good for fall—wear them under classic sweaters like Andrea Leeds (see page 47—the collar takes the place of Andrea's scarf), under tailored suits, with a man's four-in-hand tie, and with colorful vestees of suede or knitwear (a fashion taken from *Pride and Prejudice* that you'll find becoming and comfortable!)

Marjorie Weaver (see page 47) is classic as a college girl in her softly tailored suit. Note the longer jacket—grand to slip on over short sleeved dresses, or skirt and sweater combinations.

Peggy Moran (see page 56) models one of the new pompadour baby bonnets, with ruching to give it that stand-up look. Wear the veil flowing in back, or draped around your face and under the chin, much like a wimple or hood.

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THE RIGHT Silver

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

THE NEW BALANCED SILVER SETTINGS ARE AS GRACEFUL AND HARMONIOUS AS THEY ARE PRACTICAL. EVEN MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER CAN'T GO WRONG WITH THE RIGHT SILVER

Your table is always right with new Balanced Place Setting

Thanksgiving gains dignity from rich silver appointments

The bride's gleaming correct silver service set for supper

Beautiful proportions and lines give designs of distinction

MANY a strange inquiry comes to the desk of a household editor, and perhaps the following recently received is as odd as any. It ran: "Dear Mrs. Frederick, please tell me how to eat lettuce!" Then followed questions about whether lettuce should be cut with a knife or if the salad fork only should be used, and if so, where were these silver pieces to be laid in relation to the plate, etc., etc., showing that the inexperienced young woman was eager to be informed on all points of table etiquette.

The above, and also the traditional conundrum of "Should the butter-spreader be laid to the right of the plate or to the left?" and all similar questions are now once and for all solved in a delightful way *by the silver itself!* How? By a new and radical departure in silverware design, without precedent in 300 years of the history of table silver. This new idea is called Balanced Place Setting, and the remarkable thing is that it is such a simple, practical idea that the inevitable question arises, "Why didn't anyone think of this before?"

Here is this novel idea in its simplest terms: on each piece of flat table silverware (fork, knife, spoon, etc.) the *design of the pattern* appears *on the outside* of each piece, and *swings in toward the center*, enclosing the service or other plate with a graceful arc. Thus, *pieces which belong on the right, carry the design on the right;* while those *pieces which belong on the left carry the design on the left.* In other words, no one, not even Mother's little six-year-old helper could fail to set a table

[*Continued on page* 81]

Lady Esther says "Why not Show the World your

'NEW-BORN-SKIN'

–It can make you look YOUNGER and LOVELIER!"

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

Is it TRUE? Is some of your skin dying away—today? Is a lovely New-Born Skin really crowding forth to take its place? A thousand times . . . yes! And you can make your New-Born Skin bring you new loveliness . . . with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

IT'S NOT a dream—not a hopeless wish never to be fulfilled—but a *fact!* Underneath your older, your worn-out skin . . . you are getting a younger skin, a lovelier skin, a skin just-about-to-be-born!

Will it look smooth and fresh? Will your New-Born Skin make you more alluring? The answer, says Lady Esther, lies with *you.* With you, yes, and with your *face cream!*

If you remove those drab and lifeless flakes of worn-out skin gently and soothingly—if you promptly banish them with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—your New-Born Skin will be born in all its beauty!

Why put off using the *right* complexion care—why dull your loveliness? Smooth away that veil of old and worn-out skin with the help of my 4-Purpose Face Cream! See how the drab, dried flakes of lifeless skin are whisked away! My cream permeates them, softens them, loosens them. It helps Nature actually refine enlarging pores as well . . . because it whisks away impurities, dirt, old bits of skin from pore openings.

It leaves your skin so soft . . . so delightfully smooth—that face powder clings as you never thought it *could.* My cream helps you look lovelier . . . yes, gives you the effect of showing gaily to the world your New-Born Skin!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he has ever, *for any skin condition,* administered vitamins or hormones through the medium of a face cream.

Ask him if every word Lady Esther says isn't *true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new skin about-to-be-born.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* See if it doesn't leave your skin lovelier . . . smoother looking—if it doesn't show your New-Born Skin!

PROVE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (61)

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City__________________ State_________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

RING AROUND A ROSY Finger

By

DENISE CAINE

Diamonds glitter in Connie Moore's ring, ruby clasped bracelet and matching clips

Peggy Moran likes diamonds, emeralds. Jewels by Trabert & Hoeffer-Mauboussin

LET MOTION PICTURE HELP YOU WIN A GROOM WITH WELL GROOMED HANDS. THEN YOU CAN GLITTER LIKE A STAR

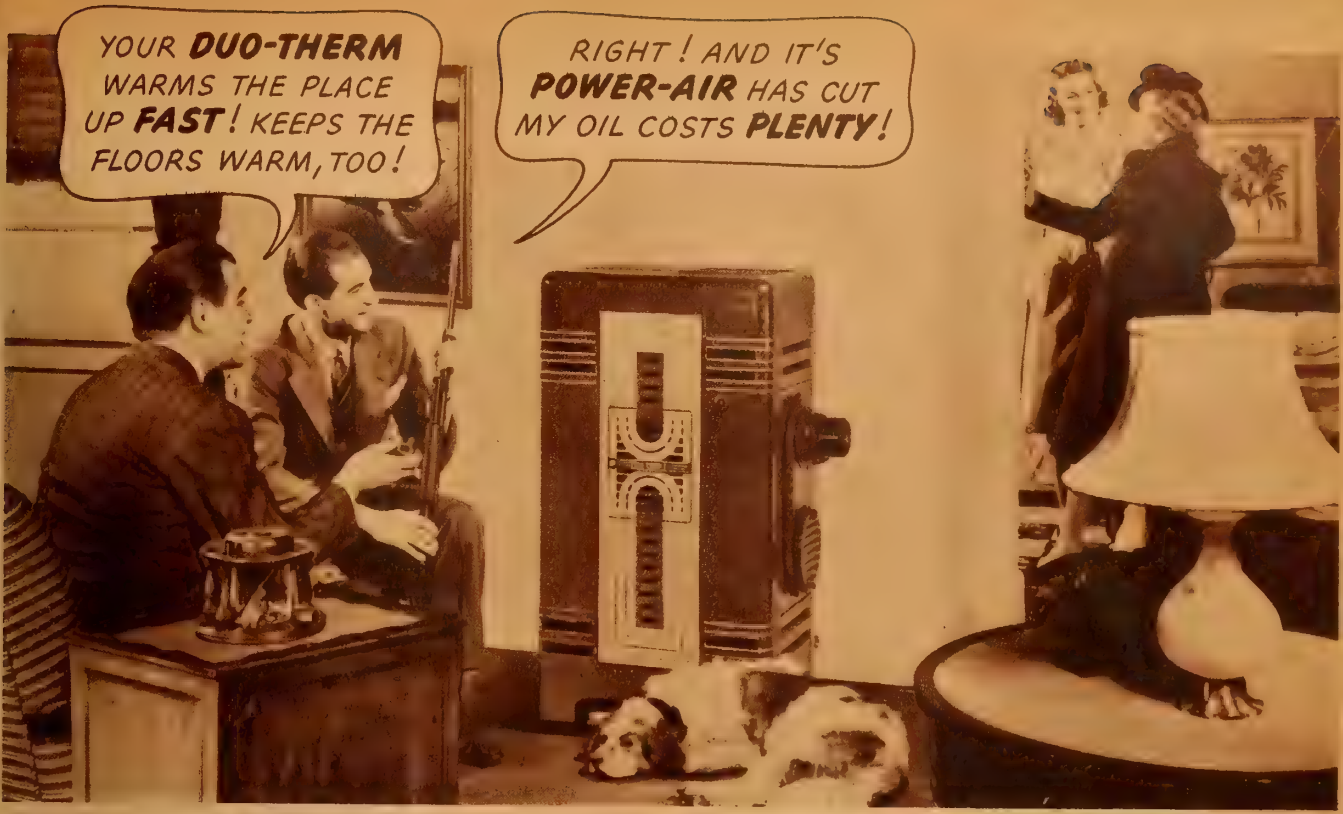
EVERY girl wants an engagement ring—it's the one fashion we all get excited about! Connie Moore is still as much in love with her solitaire diamond as she is with the man who gave it to her—even though she's been married to Johnny Maschio for "ages!" And Peggy Moran knows just what she wants in an engagement ring and a man—though she hasn't picked *him* yet! She'd like a diamond solitaire for her ring finger cut in the traditional shape of emeralds, square or oblong with nipped off edges. But Irish Peggy would also like a *real* emerald, big as a postage stamp for her other hand. And just to top it off, a bracelet and matching clip combining emeralds and diamonds like those in the photo!

Wishful thinking about rings is something every girl can do—whether you're already sporting your solitaire, or looking for the man who'll give you one. Connie Moore's Johnny still gives her bridal-like diamonds—especially on anniversaries, because it's just too long to wait for that 75th Diamond Wedding Day! She's smart enough to wear this jewelry concentrated on one side—solitaire diamond, buckle bracelet (with huge ruby clasp) and diamond and ruby clips at her neck . . . But the point is—your jewelry thinking need not be only wishful. You don't have to be a movie star like Connie, or Sonja Henie, with her $35,000 diamond, to have a good looking ring! I've been visiting jewelers recently myself, so I know.

Have you seen the new cluster rings made up of countless tiny "chip" diamonds? You can have them as big as a dime (almost) [*Continued on page* 64]

GET YOUR MAN!

Denise Caine can help you with beauty hints that will make *him* pop the question and buy the ring. Send for her new hairstyles, just off the press, especially designed for your type of face. Ask for aid in choosing new make-up shades, in caring for a dry or oily skin, or in getting rid of blackheads, large pores and blemishes. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is the only charge for this "Advice to the Lovelorn." Send it with your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City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Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

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How Hepburn Licked Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 31]

Hollywood and Broadway, made her a push-over for punishment.

I'll always retain an early-day memory of Katie, rushing into an office I shared with her favorite press agent. She was hopping mad, but almost weeping in her funny, defiant, awkward way. Before I could bow out she cried,

"Johnny, what am I going to do now? The so-and-sos are saying, all around town, that I'm—"

And she told what they were saying. One of those typical, back-stabbing, despicable lies certain film cliques start about those they dislike.

The press-agent advised Katie what to do. It was a simple procedure, calculated to suggest that the vicious rumor about her was false. She considered the plan a moment, frowning, then shook her head.

"No, I want to come right out, and brand it a damn lie, or ignore it," she declared at last. "Halfway measures won't do."

THEN, as now, I silently applauded her. Without ever learning to be fond of this slim, flame-headed, undaunted girl, I have always admired her courage and felt like championing her. Maybe that's partly because, despite impressions created by candid camera shots intended to make her look huge and raw-boned, Katharine is really small.

Her willowy body is the same height as Bette Davis's—five-three. And the reason Katharine isn't curvy is that she weighs ten pounds less. Her weight burns up in nervous energy, impassioned work; in spurts of hot anger, and continually bright-flaming courage.

Just as so many "candid" photos of Katie represent her as a huge, gaunt, bony creature, so word pictures of what she is and what she does have more often than not distorted living truth. Typical is the story that she sat down in the middle of the street to read her fan mail.

I saw how that weird tale started. Inside the main entrance of RKO-Radio is a little park-like square, just across a driveway used only by company and big-executive cars.

One hot day, Katie stood at a corner of this square, reading some fan's letter. The grass under a tiny tree was cool. So she sprawled, belly-down, on the green. Her feet were almost at the edge of the narrow driveway. Along came a company car, delivering a package to the publicity department. Said the driver, facetiously to a press agent:

"Hey, can't you do something with Hepburn? I nearly ran over her feet—they were sticking out into the drive."

"Ha, a story!" thought the p. a. He passed it along, and time saw the tale grow into a monstrosity of exaggeration.

There is no denying that Katie indulged in spectacular stunts to attract attention when she first came to Hollywood. Many people thought these got her off to a bad start.

I wonder. Too many times have I seen other talented young girls, many of them far prettier than Katharine, come into pictures, work hard, be quiet and obedient, and get nowhere.

Katie simply wouldn't be ignored. "It mustn't happen to me!" she vowed. Scared silly a lot of the time, yet driven by relentless courage, she kept the bosses aware of her presence by the circus-stunt method.

At the same time, she was continually taking things to heart, and refusing to compromise. That started her feud with the press, a war that grew and grew. Before she became a Hollywood star she was possibly America's champion motion picture magazine reader; kept files of nearly all of them. She was fascinated by the newspaper business, too. Hero-worshipped some of its writers and reporters, as depicted by Richard Harding Davis, and Frank Norris in the novel, *Blix*.

These things she told eagerly, almost naively, in giving the studio her first biographical information. Then she had the misfortune to be interviewed by a female dullard who couldn't understand a little verbal clowning. The woman jotted notes of the preposterous gags Katharine told her; soberly wrote them as facts.

Katharine tried the same clowning on other correspondents. She thought she was amusing them. But they thought, according to their various degrees of understanding, that she was being eccentric, that she was trying to insult their intelligence, or that she was being willfully uncooperative.

One of the meanest little fact-distortions written and told about Katharine was born of another incident reported to me by an eye-witness, and subsequently checked. The rumor was that when a little girl climbed on the running-board of her car, seeking an autograph, she grabbed the autograph book from the child's hand, tore it, broke the pencil, then sped away with a fiendish, maniacal laugh!

Here's what really happened: Where the studios of Paramount and RKO meet is the latter's auto gate. Katie was driving out, and got halted almost in the gateway by a brassy little autograph-seeker—a boy, not a girl—who first stood in the way of her car to halt it, then came around and jumped on the running-board.

The star grabbed the pad he gave her, and the pencil. She was blocking traffic, and cars behind her began to honk. The policeman at the gate rushed out, shouting at the boy. Katharine made a flurried and desperate attempt to sign the autograph, but after writing "Kath—" her pencil point dug in. It tore the page slightly and the lead broke.

The policeman, who had had trouble with the boy before, was coming around the side of the car. So the youngster grabbed pencil and pad from Katie, and fled. The star drove on.

Watching all this, as fate would have it, was a gossip writer who had been denied an interview with Katie. From his version of the incident sprung a fantastic tale of boorish and thoughtless conduct.

IT IS easier to understand the spirit of La Hepburn's triumphal return to Hollywood last spring, if you know what the insiders know about a less happy occasion. Few people realize what a deed of heroism it was for Katie to come back to pictures again, after the dismal flop of *The Lake*.

She had gone out of town with head proudly in the air, scoffing at those who predicted that she would fail. And disregarding accusations that she was anti-Hollywood, because she liked the stage, and arty, because she aspired to achieve a goal that had been hers since pig-tailed girlhood.

When *The Lake* did its nose-dive, she could hear a horse-laugh come roaring over the Rockies and lesser ranges. Cultured, routine and conventional sneers of Eastern critics were as nothing to the guffaws from the West, the wisecracks, the acid-dripping "explanations" of her stage failure.

[*Continued on page* 83]

Katharine Hepburn, who had taken a Hollywood beating, took to the stage and scored a terrific hit in *The Philadelphia Story*. Now she's starring in the screen version with Cary Grant—and James Stewart. And now Hollywood is eating out of her hand

Swing your partner!

Have the time of your life!

Your fun need never be marred by the dreadful thought that "revealing outlines" tell your secret! For Kotex ends never show! They're flat and invisible . . . entirely different from napkins with thick, stubby ends!

And for *safety's* sake, a new, improved kind of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

Excess baggage is costly on a plane trip! And excess bulk is uncomfortable in a sanitary napkin. Unnecessary, too! Kotex has a soft, *folded* center (with more absorbent material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad). Naturally, this makes Kotex less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers!

Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes — *Super — Regular — Junior.* (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs). . . . All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, form-fitting ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

FEEL *its new softness*
PROVE *its new safety*
COMPARE *its new flatter ends*

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The Take-A-Chance Girl

[*Continued from page* 38]

"Even before all this happened I was in a rut as deep and narrow as any small town social groove or any job in a department store basement. True, it was a different sort of rut—with a little publicity and glamor attached to it—but in spite of the glitter Hollywood had me hemmed in and labeled as plainly as any stenographer or factory hand was ever tagged.

"I'd been in pictures here for ten years, starting as a dancer in the old Fox studio when I was thirteen. So everybody knew me. I was a nice kid with a cute shape and good for little parts. People treated me nicely and wanted to see me get along, but they couldn't take a chance on letting me try something important. That chance had to go to someone they had never seen, or someone borrowed from another studio.

"I'd go about telling directors, actors, casting-office employees, assistant directors, technicians and anybody else that would listen to me—I never had the nerve to plant myself in front of the studio bosses as I had seen other girls do—that I'd been studying dancing and singing ever since I was four.

"But I was just Betty Grable who was always around and could be put in a picture any time—so when a part came up that needed a dancer they would have someone else do it and double in the dances.

"Of course I knew this was typically Hollywood, but they just naturally took the heart out of me and undermined my self-confidence until I began to wonder if I ever had been able to dance, or if maybe these men didn't sense that I'd really flop if I got a chance. And so I gradually developed an inferiority complex.

"AND then I learned that 20th Century-Fox had decided to sign me. It had come about in a rather unusual way. Darryl Zanuck had seen a still of me in an evening paper. He later told me he kept looking at that picture, and wondering why something hadn't ever happened with me. So he called his casting director and asked what I was doing. When he learned that Paramount had just released me he said, 'Sign her.'

"But somehow another chance to go to another studio and start the grind all over again didn't thrill me. The idea didn't sparkle—was flat. It left me cold. Sure I wanted a job—needed it badly. And a contract with an organization like 20th Century-Fox would take the sting out of Paramount dropping me.

"Then I started thinking how I'd devoted my whole life to dancing and acting. How I'd started studying while I was still in the Mary Institute for Girls in St. Louis. And how my family had spent plenty on my training and how I had attended the Hollywood Professional School, studied under Albertina Rasch and gone to the Ernest Belcher School of Dancing in Hollywood.

"The talent scouts had seen me dance and had signed me at Fox. I told them I was fifteen instead of thirteen. And soon I was helping the dance director give the other girls routines. Then I was in stock at Fox. Then I was enough of a promise for Samuel Goldwyn to sign me for Eddie Cantor's *Whoopee.*

"All this time I had lots of confidence and ambition. When I started as a dancer I used to dream of starring. But after Goldwyn, and while I was at RKO, where I didn't get a chance to dance because they had Ginger Rogers, my hopes began to dim.

"I would have been heartbroken at my failure to get a single chance to show what I could do if Jackie Coogan hadn't come into my life then. We were married and had a special spot in Hollywood all to ourselves. So I didn't mind much slipping into a rut at Paramount. I was so completely happy and satisfied with Jackie. But we couldn't make a go of it—though I'd been pretending things were right between us so he could get his affairs straightened out without more publicity.

"NOW all that happiness was gone, Hollywood was growing increasingly curious about Jackie and me and I had lost my confidence and was miserable. Then, all of a sudden, it struck me that just taking a job at another studio wouldn't solve my problem. It had to go deeper than that. I needed a new outlook—a real change. I must do something radically different. Things couldn't be any worse than they were, so it was up to me to take a chance.

"I believed then, and I know now, that when a girl gets into such a blind alley she must find the courage to do the thing that is necessary to win back her self-respect. She must find an outlet for her pent-up emotions, and a complete change usually furnishes that.

"So I determined not to play safe and step into another rut in another studio. I'd take a chance—and at least feel I was trying to do something with my life. If I failed, I'd at least fail trying to do somehing on my own and trying to get a new perspective.

"I took the first thing I could get—a two-week job with Jack Haley up at the Fair in San Francisco. I danced and played straight for him.

"Words can't tell how unhappy I was there," Betty continued. "I had left Jackie just a couple of days before going up to San Francisco and was too miserable to eat and my weight fell off to about a hundred pounds. I weigh almost 120 now. But I felt I was working out my own destiny and that something good simply had to come of it. I guess that feeling is the most val-

[*Continued on page* 86]

A year ago Betty's future was behind her. Today she's sitting on top of the world. Realizing she was getting nowhere fast, she left Hollywood for New York and made a sensation in musical comedy. Then Hollywood, rediscovering her, called her back. The breaks came when she got star billing with Don Ameche in *Down Argentine Way*

Vote the straight ticket

☒

LADIES ELECT Huffman Flatternit Hosiery . . . the stocking that sets the precedent in finer fabric flattery, in *quintessential quality*, thanks to their wonderful all-in-one-piece knitting construction. Flatternits are not only full-fashioned—they're *form*-fashioned! These glamorous beauties fit perfectly, look livelier, live longer.

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THE FIRST LADY to wear Flatternits o-ohed and a-ahed! Here at last, was sheer perfection in the loveliest of lovelies! And Flatternits have kept fashionables raving ever since — *because* of the new-method hosiery fabric — so exquisitely fine, so *definitely flatter*, so delightfully different that it reduces snag-catching, run-inviting ribs to a new low.

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THE PARTY PLATFORM is clear (and sheer!). All-in-one-piece knitting gives new standards of hosiery life! DOWN with ankle streaks, breaks and wrinkles! UP with the proportioned-fit length you require! The patented WEAREX Toe assures extra service! Here's smoother, snugger, form-fashioned fit!

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A BALANCED BUDGET is yours when you wear Flatternits, because they wear *so* much longer! And a balanced hosiery wardrobe, too . . . with every thrilling Fall shade in a variety of styles for morning-to-yawning wear. No wonder ballot-boxes at better stores everywhere are crammed with votes for Flatternit!

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FLATTERNIT
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At Better Stores

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She's Terrific

[*Continued from page* 28]

Gene rides and swims well and is a good tennis player. Her pet hate is being called Buddy, Pal, Honey, Toots or Babe. She also has an aversion to being a club joiner.

If and when she ever gets married, she'd like to spend her honeymoon on the Italian Riviera. But the "if and when" are out just now—the studio having a no marriage clause in her contract.

Gene doesn't act at all like the average girl being groomed for stardom. Her background is so different. While many of our current movie celebrities were struggling to get something to put in their mouths she was maneuvering to get the silver spoon out of hers. For Gene was born to what every girl thinks she wants—and that Gene couldn't lose quickly enough: the life of a debutante.

This new white hope of 20th Century-Fox delights in things most girls dread—like early morning calls for work, the grind of rehearsing and doing the personal chores so familiar to chorines, stenographers and extras. These things intrigue her because she hates breakfast in bed and the soft life of a New York society girl, and because she's boiling over with American ambition and Irish contrariness. Not that Gene means to be contrary—she just won't fit into a rut. Everything she does seems to have an original twist to it.

Her career is typical of this, being the direct result of a strange pact she made with her father. A successful New York broker, he wanted her to be a debutante and to take her place in society. After that, if she still wanted a career, he would see that she got the best possible training in art and designing.

But Gene didn't believe she had any special talent in that direction—and her heart was set on being an actress. So one day she said to her dad: "You don't think I'd be much of an actress, and I know I'd make an unconvincing debutante. So let's make a deal. I'll fluff up, come out and play deb for three months. If, at the end of that time, I still don't like it, you let me have a try at acting. If I don't click at that, I'll be a fluffy-duff from then on."

Her father agreed, and at the end of the three-month period when Gene told him deb-trotting was a long way from her idea of a career, he devoted each Wednesday to visiting theatrical offices with her.

"THOSE were pretty tough interviews," Gene confides, "and Dad wasn't worrying much about losing me to the stage. My background of a few lessons in voice, diction and dramatic art from a coach in the little town of Westport, Connecticut, didn't impress Broadway too much.

"At each producer's office I visited they asked me what experience I'd had. When I said I was just out of school and hadn't any experience—but that I was sure I could act—they generally lost interest.

"Dad refrained from I-told-you-soing me, but after these interviews he'd pat Mother on the back, and assure her I wouldn't get a chance to do anything foolish. The truth is, everyone in the family agreed that my brother Butch (Howard) had a monopoly on any acting ability the Tierneys might possess. So they didn't believe my campaign on the theatrical producers and agents would get me far.

"But one day, after looking me over, an agent chucked a copy of a popular magazine in my lap and told me to read it with an Irish brogue. I'd probably only have gulped at him if I hadn't seen Dad smile behind his hand. So I read it, not only with a brogue but in fighting Irish.

"The agent pulled down the corners of his mouth and nodded slowly. 'Not bad,' he said. 'And you can probably do better with a little practice. George Abbott wants a girl who looks Irish—and not even an audition can scare that out of you. First, sign with me, and then I'll take you over and see what I can do.'

"I said I'd sign with nobody until I was sure of a job. He didn't like that; so I went over to Abbott's office without him. There they took my name and address, but said I probably wouldn't be called as Mr. Abbott used his own stock company most of the time.

"So I started debbing again, and went up north on a ski party. There I got a wire to come in and read a part for Mr. Abbott.

"I was scared skinny. Dad went with me as a sort of pillar of moral support.

"I was told I was to read the part of the Irish girl, *Molly O'Day* in *Mrs. O'Brien Entertains,* to Mr. Abbott's assistants. But although the theatre looked empty, I was sure Mr. Abbott was out there somewhere.

"But two weeks later I got another call—this time to read for Mr. Abbott and the author. After listening to me for a couple of minutes, he said: 'That's the girl I want.' But the author wailed that he couldn't take me, because I'd never been in a play. I'd turn his lines into tripe and spoil his whole show.

"But George Abbott said that I was still the girl he wanted. So I started rehearsing. Knowing they had five days to kick me out, I was terrified every time anyone came near me. But at the end of the third day Mr. Abbott told me I needn't worry any more, because I was an actress.

"We opened the play in Baltimore. Mr. Abbott came to my dressing room and asked me if I felt all right. I told him that I felt swell. For some strange reason I wasn't frightened. And that was bad. So bad that several of the cast were worried about it. They tried several tests to discover if perhaps I wasn't fibbing, and hoping I was. They all believed if you haven't gooseflesh and knocking-knees you can't give a good performance.

"Just a few seconds before I went on I got an empty feeling in the pit of my stomach and felt weak in the knees. Then they thought that maybe I had a chance."

Gene has a personality that sweeps men off their feet, but they usually land on their ears—her footwork is that good. Being true Irish, she looks like an Irish elf and acts like a whirling Dervish. She has her restful moods when at a beach

THAT show flopped in New York, but Gene Tierney got such good notices that Hollywood was after her. She wanted to go to summer stock, but her father said the movies were offering too good money to turn down, even if she just "sat one out" in Hollywood.

Columbia tested her in a scene from *Primrose Path,* decided she was terrific and took up her option. So they started looking for a part for her. For the next six months Miss Tierney drew salary checks and waited for something to happen. Nothing did. So she returned to New York without having appeared before a motion picture camera, and entered the cast of George Abbott's *Ring Two.* It proved to be flop two—but

Gene's work in it attracted attention, and two weeks later she was in the Broadway success *Male Animal.*

Then Hollywood came after her in earnest—with Darryl Zanuck of 20th-Fox leading the pack. But this girl who had just turned nineteen had grown wise to the ways of filmdom. Two years previously, before she had ever been on the stage, a Warner Brothers scout had seen her on a visit to Hollywood and had induced her to make a test. She did, and was offered a "stock" contract at $150 a week. But someone hinted to her that she was being offered two or three times the regular "stock" salary because of the publicity value of her society background.

So she refused that offer. She signed with Columbia because she thought her dramatic ability had won her a chance to do something in the movies. But when that chance didn't materialize, she determined that the next time she went to Hollywood it would be to act.

So she had some very interesting clauses written into her 20th Century-Fox contract before she would sign. First, the studio must put her to work within thirty days or its signing of it would be void (she was playing the feminine lead opposite Henry Fonda in *The Return of Frank James* before she had been in Hollywood two weeks); second, that Hollywood will not undertake to make her over and third, that she spend six months a year in pictures and six months a year on the stage.

UNLIKE ninety-nine out of every hundred hopefuls who crash Hollywood, Gene's goal is not glamor and cash, but a chance to act and a chance to live. And by "live" Gene means exactly the opposite of the picture of luxury that success brings to most girls' minds. She wants a chance to struggle in the flow of life, not just to float in the backwaters of security.

She wants a chance to make good in spite of her background and a chance to enjoy the thrill of doing the things other girls do. She has always been eager to be on her own and to meet the problems of life head on; to speak her piece in life without gagging on a silver spoon. The one thing she dreads above all else is monotony, and she says that the debutante's is the most monotonous life of all.

"The deb lives entirely for tomorrow," says Gene, "because she is just marking time today—playing mannequin in the matrimonial show-window. Husband bait. You know, I never liked that thought; prettying yourself up to catch the eye of an eligible young man of your own set."

She shrugged her shoulders, as though to wipe away the picture, then continued: "A deb never does anything for the thing itself, but for what it will lead to. Each time she goes to a party or a prom it's not for the fun of it, but always in the hopes of meeting the right fellow. And that fellow, nine times out of ten, is eyeing the working girl that's doing something worth while. The sort of a man I want to whisper nothings into my ear doesn't spend his time along the trail the deb stalks.

"If I fall in love with a man I want it to be someone who is impressed with the way I *live*—and not with my party behavior. Besides, I don't want to meet my man in a soft spot. I want to see him 'take it' and know that he knows I can take it."

Gene's principal objection to being a deb, however, is being a deb. She just doesn't go for it.

[*Continued on page* 88]

Hear that, Matilda?

SHE'S STILL CRYING LIKE A BABY!

ALICE SAW THOSE GIRLS FROM HER BRIDGE CLUB WHISPERING. IT WOULD BREAK MY HEART, TOO, IF ANYBODY SAID MY CLOTHES HAD TATTLE-TALE GRAY
BUT THE POOR THING WORKS SO HARD. IT'S HER WEAK-KNEED SOAP THAT LEAVES DIRT BEHIND. SHE OUGHT TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP — GOLDEN BAR OR GOLDEN CHIPS
THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN SAVING THIS AD THAT TELLS HOW FELS-NAPTHA'S RICHER, GOLDEN SOAP AND REAL NAPTHA HUSTLE OUT EVERY LAST SPECK OF DINGY, TATTLE-TALE GRAY. LET'S SLIP IT UNDER HER DOOR
FEW WEEKS LATER
A PRESENT FOR US? — WHY, WE DIDN'T DO A THING!
YES, YOU DID — YOU LITTLE FOXES! AND MY, HOW SWEET AND WHITE MY WASHES LOOK SINCE I TOOK YOUR TIP AND PUT THAT BIG, GOLDEN FELS-NAPTHA BAR TO WORK
HUMPH! I KNEW YOU'D BE PLEASED! AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS FOR WASHING MACHINES! HUSKIER GOLDEN CHIPS — THEY'RE NOT PUFFED UP WITH AIR LIKE FLIMSY, SNEEZY POWDERS. SO SUDSY, TOO — THANKS TO THAT NEW ADDED SUDS-BUILDER!

Golden bar or golden chips—

Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap. Wherever you use box-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips.

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Ring Around a Rosy Finger

[*Continued from page* 56]

for little money. And they do give a lot of glitter! Or what about a small square cut diamond surrounded by baguettes (little stick shaped diamonds)? It gives the effect of a much larger and more expensive stone. If you'd like something really romantic and sentimental, consider a cluster of small diamonds set in a heart shape!

In spite of the vogue for massive looking jewelry, size isn't everything in an engagement ring. You didn't choose your fiance just because he was the biggest man around! Color and "fire" contribute to the value of your diamond. All diamonds aren't white—some are yellow, pink, green, even brown. But the traditional gem is usually a blue-white tone, and the platinum or white gold setting usually intensifies this. You may have one of the new yellow gold rings, but the metal immediately surrounding your stone will be platinum to give it a white reflection.

If you like colored stones, don't rule them out for your engagement ring. Combine diamonds and sapphires (if your eyes are blue!) or surround your "brilliant" with small rubies or emeralds. Aquamarines, amethysts and topaz are colorful and inexpensive! Consider the size and shape of your hands, and your beauty type—and choose your ring to flatter! A marquise cut stone (boat-shaped with pointed ends) will give grace and length to your hands. If you wear a 5¾ glove, buy a small diamond but a fine one—a large ring would look silly on your tiny hands. The stunning big sparkler looks best on the large hand.

EXPERIMENT with the shape of your *nails* after you choose your ring. With an oblong emerald cut stone, wear them square tapered rather than extremely pointed. Long pointed nails look better with the pointed marquise diamond—and will help to give length to a short stubby hand.

Remember your ring when you choose nail polish. With a diamond and platinum ring you can wear any shade. (But wear a delicate pink polish on freshly manicured nails when you go to choose the ring. A bright red shade will only distract your attention from the bright white stone you're going to buy!) If you decide on a gold setting for your ring (and gold is coming back into vogue you know), you'd best make up your mind then and there to stick to nail polishes with a slightly coral or golden cast. Or if your ring contains colored stones, settle right down to one tonal series. Wear blue-red, ruby or old rose tones with rubies and amethysts, and the same shades or a clear fire red with sapphires. Pink shades of polish go with rose quartz or moonstones (sapphires too), and your hands will look their loveliest if you combine those coral or "rusty" tones with topaz, tourmaline, and aquamarine.

Now that everybody's looking at your ring—and your hands—you'll want *them* to do you justice. Dishpan hands, or hands that are red and cracked from exposure to sun and wind never did justice to any sized ring! See that yours don't make your diamond look out of place. Always wash them with mild soap and lukewarm water—harsh soaps and hot water, along with improper, insufficient drying, rob your hands of the precious little oil there is in the skin, make them feel rough and look ugly.

Always smooth on a lubricating hand lotion or a fine hand cream after washing and drying thoroughly. That will replace essential oils, keep your hands soft and smooth and white. Don't think you can just smear a bit of hand cream on the back of your hand—and let it go at that. Smooth it down your fingers as though you were drawing on a pair of tight white kid gloves! That keeps knuckles smooth! Connie Moore always pinches her fingers the whole length after washing, and gives the tips an extra pinch apiece for good measure. It's a trick her mother taught her when she was a mere slip of a thing. How much it's helped make her fingers long and slender I don't know—but you can see from the photo that her hands are lovely! Such an exercise will help counteract the thickening effects of typing anyway! Connie wears her nails in a rounded oval, not too long because she doesn't like to look theatrical, and applies her polish down to the end of the nail.

So many of you who write me about brittle nails blame them on nail polish. That's silly! Your nails don't absorb the polish. What causes the brittle, splitting condition is not that, but a calcium or vitamin deficiency in your system. Drink plenty of milk, eat all kinds of fruits and fresh vegetables, and get plenty of sleep—I'm sure your difficulties will be over. And you can hasten the cure by smoothing on a rich nail cream every night, then slipping on a pair of gloves to keep the cream at work lubricating your nails instead of wandering off onto the sheet. Peggy Moran does that.

Right now I want to tell you about two brand new shades of a long wearing, ever so inexpensive nail polish. One is a true, clear red that will set off diamonds and sapphires; the other is a wine shade that goes nicely with rubies (and garnets and the huckleberry tones we're wearing this year). But the nice thing about both these shades, and all the others from the same manufacturer is that the top of the bottle is painted with a finger-nail the same color of the polish. In other words, in order to see just how any of these shades will look on your hands, with your new ring, simply hold the top of the bottle against your ring finger. Your eyes will tell you.

The polish itself is one of the glossiest, smoothest looking ones I've ever used, and it will stay that way the whole time it's on your hands. Which should be at least a week, if you have half the luck I've had with it! Be sure to apply two coats, or a fairly full coat over a colorless polish foundation. And wipe off the merest hair line at the tip of your nails—that eliminates chipping there. You won't have to pay much for this long-wearing, sheenful polish. The price is a dime a shade—at that rate you could have lighter and darker tones to match your mood and the moment. Do be sure to write for the name.

Has your awareness of your left hand made you twice as conscious of a growth of dark hair on *both* your arms? It will probably get darker as winter goes on, because you won't have the sun to bleach it. Unless—you use a special hair lightener to make it blond and inconspicuous. I can give you the name of an excellent one that is so mild you can also use it to bleach that downy hair on your upper lip—without a worry that you'll dry out the sensitive skin. And it contains certain lubricating elements so that you can use it on your hair, to make it lighter, but keep it just as soft and glossy as ever. This particular bleach consists of two bottles that you mix together until they form a thick foam. Spread this over the superfluous hair on your arms or upper lip, or comb it through your hair (one package is enough to lighten a thick mop!) Leave it on for fifteen minutes to a half hour, depending on the natural shade of your hair, and the color you want it to be. When I tried it on one of the members of our beauty staff we found that a fifteen minute application bleached absolutely black hair to a light brown, and that another quarter hour made it a soft gold you could hardly notice. Remember, the bleach won't dry your skin, nor make the hair brittle or strawlike. The manufacturer, justly proud of being one of the oldest and finest producers of hair preparations, and an inventor of permanent waving, saw to that. The price is fifty cents. Want to know more?

THE other day I came across a fine new hand cream, a younger sister to one of your pet hand lotions—and I was so pleased! Because the manufacturer is evidently aware that some people prefer a cream to a lotion—and has made this hand cream just as good in its field as his already famous lotion! Here are some things I think you'll like about it: It is fluffy, white, smoothly textured. It disappears rapidly into the skin, will not leave a greasy, sticky feeling behind. The odor is light, dainty, and will not conflict with any perfume you're wearing, or make an unpleasant impression for your hand shake. It softens and smooths even problem hands, and will keep them pale and soft. *And* every one of the three sized jars gives you a generous to extremely liberal quantity of hand lubricant. There's a ten cent size (do send for the name so you can try it right away) and larger ones at twenty-five and fifty cents.

I do want to tell you about a cuticle remover that really does the job! And that without drying either the nails or the cuticle! Simply swab it around your nails with a cotton covered orange stick, push back the cuticle gently and then rinse away the flecks of dead skin. You know it's dangerous to cut cuticles—and that hangnails are an unbecoming nuisance. Use this remover when you manicure your nails; push back the softened cuticle whenever you dry your hands—and you'll have new (bigger) moons on every finger! A dime.

FLASH! I stopped the presses to tell you about a brand new-on-the-market shade of a favorite, inexpensive lipstick. It's called Ruby Red, and is that deep ripe cherry shade that's such a perfect companion to wine and purple and the purplish blues so important and becoming this fall. Good with black, grey, green and neutral browns, too, and just right with a diamond and ruby ring! The manufacturer has specially packaged shades of rouge and face powder to blend with this creamy, long wearing lipstick, as well as other fashion smart shades of all three—at a dime apiece!

Write me before November 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

New Answer to Old Prayers

[*Continued from page* 52]

is, except with his eyes. He notices what a girl wears. He says, "I feel proud when she looks beautiful." He rather prefers a girl in sports clothes, however, "because I have seen so many evening gowns in so many night clubs." He loves clothes himself, preferring bright colors, bright blue coats, gay ties.

His pet extravagances are long-distance telephone calls, and the habit of picking up every check in sight. He is a movie fiend, also, swelling the money bags of the box-office by going to pictures four and five times a week. He and Lucille scan the papers every morning, and often drive thirty or forty miles to catch a picture they haven't seen. He loves double features and always feels sorry when a picture ends.

When he was fourteen he was in love with a girl in school (he was educated at Colegio de Dolores, the Jesuit prep school at Santiago and at St. Patrick's High School in Miami, Florida) . . . he said, "I thought we would be married any minute." But that was BEFORE. . . .

That was *Before*, I repeat. That was when young Desiderio Arnaz believed the world was a safe place, safe for boys who play guitars and sing in the moonlight to girls with eyes like stars—safe for love and life and liberty. . . .

Yes, all that your exotic dreams painted for you when you saw Desi Arnaz dance and heard him sing, are true . . . except that this young man has looked, not only into melting, acquiescent eyes but also upon bloodshed and courage; has danced not only to the throb of the rhumba and the conga but also to the major chords of steel and the whining song of bombs; has gone hungry and cold and has known heartbreak, not caused by women.

Which is why he smiles, but tolerantly, when he hears himself described as "glamorous." The definition of glamor in the dictionary, he says, with a shrug, "is strictly for girls." When he hears the word glamor used, he told me, he expects to see a girl walk in, not a man. Glamor, as a matter of hard fact, *is* too soft a word for the stern stuff which is in Desi Arnaz.

It is the old knowledge in those young eyes; it is what he has suffered and what he has lost and what he has learned from suffering and loss; it is what he has endured and how he has come through that makes Desi Arnaz more than the young man who paints your imaginations with his vivid colors.

He has the vivid colors, don't misunderstand me, or him. He's not another case of The Clown With the Breaking Heart, The Villain With the Heart of Gold. That is, he is no paradox. He is not other than he seems. Merely, more than he seems. . . .

HE WAS born in Santiago, as I've told you. His father was mayor of Santiago from the time Desi was seven until he was sixteen. He was then elected to Congress and, shortly after, came the Revolution. But before that, Desi led the life of the only child of a wealthy and prominent man. He had everything he wanted. He had every reason to suppose that he would always have everything he wanted. He intended to go to college. He planned to become a criminal lawyer. He was also interested in farming and spent considerable time on his father's vast dairy ranch out of town.

The Revolution came. Desi was sixteen.

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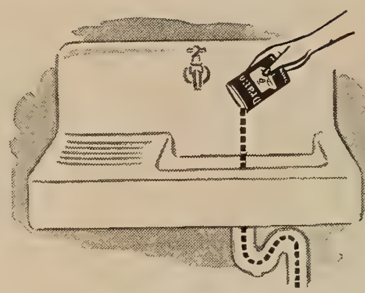
STYLED by the famous Oneida Community Silversmiths . . . Wear-Proofed with solid silver . . . Packaged in a free anti-tarnish chest . . . This newest Tudor service at $29.75 is one of today's outstanding values in quality silverplate. Everything for serving 8 people—and in your own choice of the most popular Tudor patterns. See the new 61-piece Mademoiselle Service† this week. At Tudor Plate* reduced prices, you can get complete services from $14.50 to $53.75. You can buy on "budget terms"! Here is the perfect solution to your gift problems.

PIPES STOPPED UP ? USE DRĀNO

1. "I'm sorry, dear, you'll have to hold your kitchen party at Nancy's tonight. The pipes are stopped up again!"

2. "Oh, mother, I can fix that in a sec. I'll get some Drāno. That's what we use in the lab sink at school. Be right back."



3. Look! Drāno's specially made to put the heat on down where the drain's stopped. Its churning, chemical boiling action melts, frees grease, dirt, grounds.

4. "Am I good or am I good? Now mom's going to use a teaspoonful of Drāno every night after the dishes are done to *keep* the pipes from stopping up."

Drāno

CLEARS DRAINS

P. S. A teaspoonful after the dishes guards against stopped-up drains. Won't harm pipes—no objectionable fumes. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

It was, he says, like the French Revolution, only worse, "because you couldn't fight back, there were 1,000 to one."

The boy saw his father's house burned to the ground and looted at the ravaging hands of a shouting mob. He saw his father's fortune swept away, all of his property confiscated, the brilliant, intelligent building-up of a life trampled under hobnailed boots.

Like splinters in sensitive flesh there remains in his memory the sight of his mother's fine rosewood piano, and her mother's and grandmother's before her, smashed to atoms on the pavement as the house burned . . . certain "pictures" which are etched on his memory as though by needles of pain . . . his own beloved guitar a little pile of kindling. . . .

"All those little things you have as a kid," he told me, "not of much intrinsic value, perhaps, but precious to you because of the association, all smashed, all gone. My father was worth half a million dollars. That is a great lot of money anywhere but more in Cuba because there, living is cheaper. I escaped from the house, with just a minute to spare, too, with my trousers, a pair of shoes and a polo shirt which I had on my back—nothing else. Not a penny did we have, not a single possession. The treasures and accumulations of generations were gone."

The boy saw his father, his father whom he had always seen in the high places, crowned with the esteem and respect of his compatriots, stripped of all that he owned and all that he had been, and thrown into jail along with the rest of the Congress. Later, his father was given his freedom with the proviso that he leave the country. He fled to Miami, Florida, and a month later sent for his wife and son.

Desi and his young and beautiful mother, who had been hiding in the home of friends, escaped the country disguised as Revolutionists. Driving in a limousine which flaunted Revolutionary banners, shouting "Hurray for the Revolution!" at all strategic points, they managed to make a safe but hairbreadth escape.

"That was my first acting," Desi told me. "It is how I feel I can one day be, not only a singer and dancer but a dramatic actor, too. Because then I played a role which, if my make-up had not been flawless, if my ability to throw myself into another 'character' had not been foolproof, it would have meant, not a lapsed contract," Desi smiled grimly, "but two lapsed lives, my mother's and mine.

"I think it woke me up," added Desi, "that's what it did for me, it woke me up. Having seen such deeds done, I could never again stay in dreams."

So in the winter of 1934, Desi made his escape and joined his father in Miami. But it was not an escape into a new haven of security and peace, not then, not yet. "It was a tough time," said Desi, "especially in the winter."

In the summer the elder Arnaz sent his son to a camp near Tampa. And there, playing football (what a consistent continuity life sometimes writes, when you think of how later Desi's Big Chance came when he was cast as *Manuelito,* the South American football flash in *Too Many Girls*), he broke his leg. That ended camp and, for the time, football. Desi's father, a doctor as well as a statesman, cared for his son until able to walk again, the boy cast around for a job.

He was, of course, completely disoriented. His future, formerly so set and imposing a piece of architecture, was in as many pieces as a jigsaw puzzle. How to put it together again now that the planned pattern was gone? He couldn't be a lawyer now, college was out of the question. He couldn't be a dairy farmer, the farm was gone. But he did play the guitar and sing . . . his father had always enjoyed hearing him play and sing but when Desi told him he thought he could get a job playing the guitar and singing at the Roney-Plaza in Miami Beach the elder Arnaz turned a choleric purple. *His son,* the son of Desiderio Arnaz, a *paid entertainer!* Dios, not while he lived.

In Cuba, Desi explained to me, it is different. There, paid entertainers are not received. They enter hotels and cafes by separate entrances, go out the same way, would not dare to, would not think of mingling with the guests. But in America, as he tried to explain to his father, it is different. Here, he argued, everyone who works, no matter what they work at, so long as they are honest and honorable, is Somebody. Besides, there was $5.00 a night to be had. . . .

DESI played that winter with the orchestra at the Roney-Plaza. He recouped a part of his lost fortunes by buying a guitar (on time) for $12.00. But this, too, was but a beginning of such a series of ups and downs as would make a teeter-totter look like a flat trundle-bed. He went back to Cuba for six months and, not to offend, was bombed the hell out of there. He returned to Miami and again played at the Roney-Plaza. In the middle of that winter he was told that he would have to leave the country, he and his mother and father. They were tourists and they were working (the elder Arnaz had started a small importing business, pottery, tiles and the such). After being nearly strangled by the red tape involved, they managed to obtain permission to remain and Desi formed his own band, his first, seven pieces, made up of Latin boys recruited from Tampa, Key West and other scattered towns (that year, in addition to having his band, Desi also went to high school, taking three subjects he needed in order to graduate). They played mostly by ear (Desi's musical education has consisted of a few piano lessons at home, nothing else) but they must have been pleasing to other ears because Xavier Cugat heard them, offered Desi a spot with him as featured singer.

"After another fight with my father again," Desi told me, "I went to New York with Cugat and stayed with him about eight months. We played the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, in Cleveland, Washington, D. C., and other places. I was not very content. New York, when it's cold and you don't have enough money, it's awful!"

That was the end of 1937. Desi quit Cugat and went back to Miami, with the understanding that Cugat would get a band together and, as an individual unit but under the Cugat auspices, Desi would open at the new La Conga in Miami. Cugat couldn't get a band together, in time. Desi had to. And no magician, conjuring rabbits out of his hat, performs a greater feat of legerdemain than did Desi. . . .

"We were the only attraction opening at La Conga," remembers Desi, with a Cuban shudder. "We sang *Chita*, a song just coming out, and *Say, Si Si*, that was our theme song. Ted Husing happened to be there. The manager asked him to say something about us on the air. He announced the whole program and gave me the terrific boost. He was kind and for a little, I believed now the world would be kind again."

But when the season closed, Desi found himself with no band, no money and no Cugat. For he had turned down a ten-year contract—a contract which would also have tied strings around him, all other contracts he might have made, including radio or films. Desi plays hunches. Always. He played a hunch that time, penniless and jobless as he was and said, No.

BY THIS time, he had begun to like this business. He wanted to go to New York where, he knew, the Big Time still ticks. From his father's former secretary (a man, not a woman . . . "you can't borrow money from a *woman*," says Desi) he borrowed $150.00 and went to New York. When he arrived, having traveled as thriftily as possible, he had $60.00. He didn't get a job for five months. Have you ever tried living in New York for five months on $60.00? "Don't," says Desi.

This was the ordeal, not by fire this time, but by near-famine, aching feet, aching pride. He found, he told me, a very nice Italian family "up in Brooklyn." They took the boy in, let him sleep there. "They looked after my underclothes and socks and soul," he said. They did more than that for him. They restored his faith in the goodness of people, who share when they have not enough for themselves. (Beauty, for Desi, does not always ride in limousines, minked and jeweled and sprayed with orchids. He knows better.) He ate only when it was absolutely necessary. He watched that $60.00 go down to $50.00, then to $20.00, then to $10.00 and $5.00 . . . dwindling in the face of his despair.

Mornings he'd trudge across Brooklyn Bridge, walk long miles to the union to see if they had any club jobs. They never did. He made the rounds of the agencies. Not once did it ever occur to Desi that women might help him where men would not. Not once did he think of trying those places where sleek young men dance with satiated older women, for the womens' pleasure and their pay. And then, he says, the miracle!

"I was so discouraged on this night," he told me, "that I got down on my knees and prayed. I prayed that night, I *really* prayed.

"They say 'no miracles,' but *I believe in miracles*. Because, believe me or not, the next morning I got a wire. It was signed 'Taps.' I didn't know him and he didn't know me. He was an agent. He had been told about me and, not knowing where to find me, tried the union. For all the months I had been in New York, I had not ever left my address with the union. But the day before this wire came, why, I do not ever expect to know, I did leave my address there, and my name.

"So at last I got a job. It was to sing and dance at Fan and Bill's, a cafe near Glen Falls, in New York. I only worked there six months and so all I did was pay what I owe. Then I was offered to have a band at the Central Park Casino. Some of my boys were still around town, making out as best they could. I collected them.

This was Big Stuff, we told ourselves. Now we were going places, pretty places. The Casino opened and goes for two weeks and closes. We go to work one night and there are no lights outside. 'That's funny,' I say, 'something has gone wrong with the lighting.' I knock and there is nobody in the place, all black in and out."

SO, AGAIN, Desi went back to Miami where he took his band into La Conga. And, also again, he returned to New York at the end of six months. In New York he was offered two jobs—he could go to Ben Marden's Riviera or he could go into the new La Conga, then opening. His manager advised Marden's. But Desi had another hunch—and played it. He decided he would be "lost" at Marden's. He took the gamble and opened at La Conga . . . "and thank God I did," he said. "I started first with the relief band, then became the first band . . ."

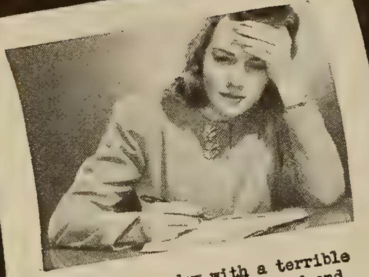
Now at last Desi's ups and downs became, successively, ups . . . George Abbott was planning a production of *Too Many Girls* but was having trouble in finding anybody to play the part of *Manuelito*. Abbott, happily for Desi and I am sure, for himself, is a rhumba-addict and danced frequently to the music of Desi's band at La Conga. Lorenz Hart, who, with Richard Rodgers, wrote the musical numbers for *Too Many Girls*, also knew well the music and work of Desi. It occurred simultaneously to Abbott and Hart that their "night work"

[*Continued on page 90*]

She looks like a Million
. . . BUT SHE HASN'T MUCH SENSE!
SORRY YOU HAD TO BLACKJACK YOUR FRIENDS INTO DANCING WITH ME AGAIN TONIGHT, BOB
SIS, YOU'D WOW THE STAGLINE, NO FOOLING, IF ONLY--WELL, DO ME A FAVOR? SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU LOOK LIKE A MILLION TO THE STAGLINE TONIGHT, SIS!
ISN'T IT MARVELOUS, BOB? AND ALL BECAUSE I'VE A BROTHER WHO MADE ME HAVE SOME SENSE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY, WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

"Colgate's active *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Private Notes from Mrs. M--'s Diary



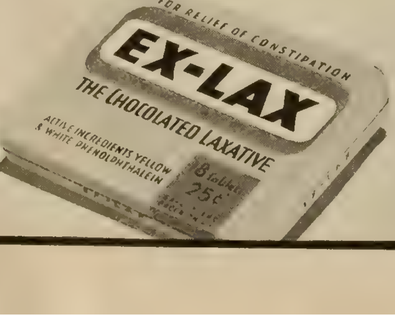
Suffered all day with a terrible headache. Felt dull, tired and out of sorts. Remembered that I needed a laxative and decided my headache was due to that.

Took an Ex-Lax tablet before going to bed. It tasted swell - just like a piece of fine chocolate.

Slept like a top all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and didn't upset me a bit. Headache's all gone now and I feel bright as a lark.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢


FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
8 tablets 25¢

Romance—with Thrills

[*Continued from page* 21]

that you find she has a story to tell. A story of rare audacity, of determination mingled with frustration. A story, seen with her own eyes, of a civilization once proud and gay and spirited overwhelmed with misery and defeat. And through it all, holding it together like the leitmotif of a symphony, adventurous and vivid romance.

Here, definitely, is a movie star who within a period of some ten months has lived the most thrilling, the most graphically-romantic screen play. Her saga is one that should stir the imagination of any director worth his megaphone. Like all great tales it is essentially a love story. But it takes in a wealth of tremendous excitement in its progress. Perhaps, it is the girl's Irish-French blood that gives it so much color and impetuousness. If at times a note of cool detachment enters blame it on her English rearing. Surely, it must be an English rearing that would impel Madeleine Carroll to regard her own part in it as calmly as if she were taking tea in a garden.

To be in Virginia making a picture of Virginia's graceful way of life would be to most persons who had endured her unusual experiences an ideal sedative. Most persons would find Virginia the best possible antidote to the jitters of war. If Miss Carroll is jittery over what she saw and heard in her gallant search for romance in Paris (in the Spring) there is no outward evidence. There's no doubt about it, the lady's nerves are in tiptop shape. Or else she's putting up the best bluff this side of Shanghai.

THE war seemed so far away that late summer afternoon on the Virginia hillside. So peaceful, so pleasure-loving was the scene that blitzkrieg seemed like a nightmarish figment of the imagination. It was only when the locusts—jar flies to the Virginians—started their infernal buzz that one caught an uncanny suggestion of dive bombers in action. In the distance cows were grazing. The company was scattered about the field waiting the return of clear sunlight so that the final scenes of an imaginary fox hunt could be filmed.

Miss Carroll had been sent again and again by director E. H. Griffith through a sequence of dismounting from her horse. She was riding astride. It was a new experience for her, for in her English youth she had ridden only side-saddle. The director took advantage of the haze to order all hands to luncheon. Strange interlude for proud Albemarle County! Cafeteria *al fresco*. A pasture repast, with principals seated at a mess table, camera crew and prop men perched amid some of Virginia's most luxuriant poison ivy. To any irreconcilable rebel lurking nearby the comforting thought must have occurred: it serves the damyankees right.

But there comes an end to such goings-on even though it is discomfiting to candid magazine cameramen perched in the trees seeking to snap a beautiful blonde in the graceless business of eating corn-on-the-cob. There came a time when the beautiful blonde was alone at the plate-and-victual-littered table. It was our chance. Miss Carroll turned a discreet profile to the table. Our profile was more dutiful than discreet. We had somehow missed not only the corn but the ice cream.

She had wisely removed the rigid black derby from her golden hair, had unbuttoned her black riding coat, revealing a white blouse and stock. She was cool and imperturbable—the only cool and imperturbable one, apparently, in the oppressive heat. That English background again! But her eyes—such cornflower blue eyes, we thought—were aglow. She was speaking of her flying trip to France, that trip in which she was to arrange for the care of additional evacuated children at her chateau near Paris, to make a survey of conditions in the war zone for the Allied Relief Fund, and to keep a promise she had made in Paris (in the Winter) to a young French lieutenant of aviation.

THEY had met, she and her lieutenant of aviation, last September, a few days before France had declared war. He was a prominent business man and an amateur aviator of note. Called to the colors, he was awaiting orders to speed to his post. She had but three days before she must return to America to start work upon a new picture. The glamor of beauty and bravery, of excitement and emotion caught up in strange irresistible destiny, had their effect. They fell madly in love. And in February they arranged to meet again in Paris when he would have one fleeting week of leave from his post. He had asked her then to marry him, but she could not give her consent, as her divorce from Captain Philip Astley of the British army would not become final until June.

"Will you come back to Paris—to me—in June?" he had asked.

She promised she would. One Sunday afternoon in June she boarded a Clipper plane at La Guardia Field. Noel Coward, the playwright, was a fellow passenger. They sat up all night talking of the war and the collapse of France, for the Hitler blitzkrieg had smashed through the Low Countries and had conquered the French armies.

"We tried to divert our minds with reminiscences of the theatre and the screen, of life in Hollywood and New York and London," she said, "but always our minds returned to the calamity that had befallen France and the Allied cause. I kept wondering if I could get through to Paris. I hoped I could."

But Madeleine Carroll got no further than Biarritz. France was in flight—hopeless, panicky flight. She was swept back by the disordered tide of refugees seeking a haven from the Terror in the north.

"It was the most pathetic spectacle I ever expect to see," her eyes turned to the distant hillside as if by the remoteness of her gaze she might assuage some of the poignancy of her memories. "Until you have seen refugees," she was speaking very slowly, "until you have seen old men and women and children shambling along the road in flight you can have no idea of what Europe, 1940, is like.

"These pitiful people," she added, "were like so many dumb driven animals. Fear was in their faces—fear and misery, and here and there bitter anguish. They sensed, a good many of them, that they had been betrayed, that they had been made fools of by scheming, selfish politicians. Snatches of conversation that I caught, frightened me. They were the rumblings of revolution. Here was the mob, disorganized now. . . . But I thought: What if it becomes organized, what if it seeks revenge on its politicians?"

Madeleine was silent a minute. Then she recalled she had tried to cheer up some French soldiers who were trudging along the road.

"I smiled at them, spoke a few words in an effort to relieve their all-too-obvious anguish. But there was no sign of interest. They were cowed and beaten, and they knew it . . . I felt so helpless in Biarritz. There was nothing I could do, nowhere I could turn."

She had received some news—significant to her. It only added to her sense of frustration. Her aviator sweetheart, she learned, was in Morocco. He might just as well be in Madagascar so far as any possibility of seeing him was concerned. Madeleine remained secretive about mentioning his name. Yet, several weeks before she had left America she had received word from the French front that she had been named godmother of an air squadron, of which one Bernard Challe was lieutenant. And now it had developed that Lieut. Challe was in Morocco. Perhaps, this was the name American newspapers had been trying to identify with her. . . . But there was no confirmation from the girl. There was no answer in the sidelong glance of her eyes and the slight toss of her head. The question was left where it had originated—up in the air.

While in Biarritz she had also learned that her chateau at Saudreville, near Paris, where some 200 evacuated children were sheltered was still intact. However, the Germans had control over it. She hoped they were being charitable, that the Sisters of St. Vincent of Paul in charge of the estate had convinced the Nazi authorities of its military insignificance. It was these same nuns who had directed the orphanage in Paris, of which Madeleine Carroll had long been a benefactor.

There was nothing to do but return to America. A new picture assignment was waiting—a new Technicolor production about the Virginia of Thomas Jefferson's region and its surrender to a "second Yankee invasion" (wealthy Northerners who buy up ancestral places). And so with elaborate notes of what she had seen and heard of war conditions, which she had promised to Winthrop Aldrich of the Allied Relief Fund, she left for Lisbon and a Clipper plane home.

"HERE in this peaceful setting of Virginia it is difficult for me to realize I have seen the misery of war at close hand," she remarked. "The contrast is so startling. I rather suspect that had I not seen the terror in the faces of refugees I might be inclined to be somewhat complacent toward the war. One cannot afford to be complacent no matter how comfortable is the illusion of security over here. For it is, of course, only an illusion."

And then Madeleine asked, flatteringly, if we thought the British could win out. We assured her that we knew only what we read in the papers, the views of military and naval experts; that if the British could hold on until Fall and the coming of heavy fogs over the Channel and the Isles they stood a good chance of winning.

"Oh, I do hope so," she said. "It is only by British triumph that France can be reclaimed. I cannot bear to think of France going under. France is so close to me. My mother was French. I have lived so much in France. I went to school at the Sorbonne."

A hairdresser approached to rearrange her coiffure for the rigid black derby and some more riding scenes. Riding costumes are most becoming to Madeleine Carroll. Yet, she agreed, they made her seem more English than French-Irish.

"We owe so much to the English for whatever grace in living we have retained," she smiled. "Virginia, especially, is more like the English country than any region in America. There is the same charm, the same unhurried air, the same buoyancy in the faces and figures of her people."

Madeleine looked extremely buoyant herself. She has recovered the firmness of cheek and figure she displayed in her early British picture, *I Was a Spy*. When she went to Hollywood she had been placed on too rigorous a regimen, with the result that in her first American pictures she appeared drawn and haggard.

"I have a natural tendency to curves," her eyes were smiling with that curious sidelong glance, "and Hollywood might just as well make the best of it. I'm thankful I no longer have that pinched and haggard look."

Like so many motion picture stars Miss Carroll has a burning desire to do a play on Broadway. It may be she'll satisfy the ambition before another season is over.

"I've been asked," she said, "to star in a production of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade*. You know, it was a big hit on the London stage before it was made into a picture. But I haven't made up my mind. There are other plans more pressing."

We urged her to disclose them. She hesitated a minute.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," she spoke very softly and ever so slowly. "I'm going back to France as soon as this picture, *Virginia*, is finished. . . . I have just received word that HE is in Vichy . . . with the French government. . . . The government may soon be moving to Paris."

Paris (in the Autumn) isn't so bad, either. Even with the Germans there.

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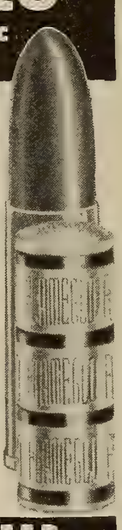

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Heil Hynkel

[*Continued from page 33*]

poverty, there has been the canker of a great, unending inferiority sense in his soul.

"Poverty does terrible things to one," he has often frankly admitted. "It leaves scars that never heal over." Those scars are deep on Chaplin's heart. In the years of penury, he developed a hatred which has never left him—the only hate there is in that complex character. That is a hatred of oppression and cruelty; a hatred for any force, be it human or otherwise, that belittles and degrades helpless people. In *The Great Dictator* he has at last a chance to attack that target of his hate with the one weapon he can use more effectively than anyone else—quarterless ridicule. And Chaplin is sure going to town on it. . . .

As a matter of fact, there's nothing really new about the idea of the picture. A lot of people think Charlie just got the idea when Hitler took over Poland and Czechoslovakia. But Charlie was hating Hitler even before Adolf let fly. Actually, nearly TWO YEARS AGO, Charlie Chaplin got his United States copyright on the story of *The Great Dictator* . . . and that's something very few people know.

In the government files it carries Uncle Sam's copyright number 60332. It's called "a dramatic composition in five acts and an epilogue, entitled 'The Dictator,' by Charles Spencer Chaplin." And the subtitle is: "—a story of a little fish in a shark-infested ocean."

There's an awful lot of mumbo-jumbo of secrecy about any Chaplin picture. It's guarded more carefully than a miser's gold. But come with me, and we'll yank the veil from a lot of *The Great Dictator.*

THE story is about two men, who look so alike that their resemblance causes a world upheaval (just as the resemblance between Adolf and his funny real moustache and Charlie and his funny fake moustache may do the same thing).

One is a Yiddish barber in a non-existent country, which Chaplin calls **"Tomainia"** The other is the dictator of that country, whom Chaplin's picture at present dubs *Furor Hynkel. Hynkel* has two right-hand men; one is *Napaloni*, Dictator of Bacteria. When the picture began, *Napaloni* was called *Benzino Gasolino*, and later, *Mussemup.* Both names were discarded because Chaplin didn't want to make Mussolini too mad. At the time Benito wasn't in the war; but more about that later.

Chaplin plays both the little Yiddish barber and *Hynkel.* The barber is bounced into a concentration camp. But he escapes—wearing a storm-trooper's uniform which he had filched. And in the uniform, he looks so much like *Hynkel* that he is mistaken for the dictator. Seeing his opportunity, the little barber lets the masquerade go on, has the real *Hynkel* thrown into a concentration camp as an impostor—and in a few deft, decisive acts, upsets *Hynkel's* applecart completely, and makes *Tomainia* and the rest of the world a good place to live in again, for a change.

Of course, by the time the film reaches the screen, there will probably be a lot of changes. Chaplin always changes his pictures—When he started he had a tough time with *The Great Dictator*, because he didn't want to bear down on Mussolini, who wasn't then in the war. But now that Benito has taken the plunge, Charlie has let Jack Oakie shoot the works in his take-off of B. M.

Never in all his career has Charlie poured as much into a production as into this one—either time, money or energy. For years, ever since *Modern Times* turned out to be one of the few Chaplin mediocrities, Charlie has been a Gloomy Gus; even gloomier than usual.

Many who knew him well, freely predicted that he'd never make another picture. They said the old incentive was gone; that Charlie was tired of the same old character. And anyway, they said Charlie didn't DARE talk on the screen—because his voice was pitched high.

Besides, they pointed out, Charlie has kept his purse pretty well buttoned up, and he's socked three million dollars into the bank. With three million dollars and Paulette Goddard, they argued, why shouldn't a man take life easy?

THEN came Hitler, and there came into Chaplin's life the incentive he needed to yank him out of his fifty-year-age lethargy. And Charlie went all out—

He has thrown two millions into this film. He has never spent anywhere near that much on a picture before. He doesn't give a hoot if he loses it—and that's most extraordinary for Chaplin. Up to his two-million-dollar splurge, Charlie was one who husbanded his resources.

But now he's sunk two millions—and "it wouldn't bother me if I lost it. I could get along without it," he says, as he sees only the possibility of sticking a successfully destructive pin into a dictator or two.

During the past two months of shooting, he has metamorphosed from the rather morose, cello-playing, gloom-loving little grey man of Hollywood into a reincarnation of his old self. He's been night-clubbing with Paulette, and clowning at parties as of old. On the set, he has been the life of the party. His between-scenes clowning and gagging has become the talk of Hollywood.

But that sort of thing came only when he was playing the role of the little Yiddish barber. As soon as he put on the uniform of *Hynkel*, the Dictator, Chaplin *became* the dictator on the set . . . .

They stopped calling him Charlie, and addressed him as "Mister Chaplin." His voice took on a new timbre, his tone a fierce authority. Grips, fellow-actors, studio executives, jumped at his command. He was Hynkel-hitlering it all over the lot. And if you don't think he made it stick, here's a true yarn that happened one day on location . . .

A Midwestern tourist party came upon the Chaplin company on the remote street where they were working. A particularly slow-witted spectator nudged the cop on the sidelines and said:

"Hey, that ain't Hitler out there, is it? It sure looks like him!"

"Hell, no," snapped the cop; "that's Chaplin."

"H'm," h'mmmed the yokel; "well, mebbe 'tis. It sure looks like HIM, too."

NOW, I've told you an awful lot about *The Great Dictator*, so far. More than Chaplin'd like to have told, now—because he wants to keep EVERYthing about the picture a deep, dark secret until it's actually shown. Now I'll tell you a little about Chaplin, the man, as he is today . . .

Of course, you know that his marital status (if any) with Paulette Goddard is still an unanswered question. With a disdain which is phenomenal, neither Charlie nor Paulette have ever seen fit to tell the world whether they're Mr. and Mrs. or not. But certain it is that Charlie and Paulette and those two fine boys of Charlie's, who were mothered by Lita Grey when *she* was Mrs. Chaplin, are as close-knit a family group as you'll find anywhere—Hollywood or elsewhere.

Whether he's married to her or not, Charlie is obviously still head over heels in love with Paulette. When she's working at a studio away from him, Charlie sees to it that every morning, two dozen great red roses are delivered to her dressing-room. When he's too busy to take her out himself, he lets her go out with other Hollywood men—but haven't you noted that there's never even been a hint that Paulette was "that way" about any man, save Charlie? And that's more than most Hollywood's wives-of-record can say!

If it's of any interest to you who are curious about the Paulette-Charlie domestic arrangements, this MAY be a hint: they still file their respective income-tax returns as UNmarried individuals; Paulette's is under her own name, too. Yet, in that big Chaplin mansion atop the hill out Beverly way, Paulette is always the perfect hostess; to Charlie's two boys, she's the finest sort of a mother.

CHARLIE'S home-life and private-life is much as it has been for years past. At 50 and up, a man's pattern of life doesn't change much. He's pretty well "sot in his ways." That's Chaplin, all over. Chaplin is no admirer of crowds; he shies away from them. He's been called a pathetically lonely little man, but I don't think he's anything of the kind. I think he's a deliberately lonely man—because he prefers solitude.

His boat, dubbed "Panacea," is only a little craft, extraordinarily small for a Hollywood millionaire to own. But that's just another reflection of the fundamental Chaplin character. If he had a bigger boat, he'd be obligated to invite friends out on it. As it is, it's too small to carry anybody but himself and Paulette and the boys—so he has a perfect excuse for not cluttering it up with other people.

His home is as tight-closed as a fortress, if he doesn't want you in it. He's got a staff of servants so meticulously trained that they could velvet-glove the President of the United States and the King of England together to the back door, where they'd be told—"sorry, but Mister Chaplin is out"—even if Charlie was looking out of the sun-room window at them while they were being told. If Charlie doesn't want to see you, he doesn't see you, no matter who you are.

For months—even years—he is Hollywood's man of mystery, because nobody ever knows what he's doing. Out of that love for solitude that is so much a part of Chaplin, there has grown, in recent years, the legend that Charlie was done with pictures forever. There came to be told the story that he was so miffed at the comparative unimportance of *Modern Times* that he'd crawled into his hole and pulled it in after him, and that he'd never make another film, ever, ever, ever . . . .

Now the world knows, of course, that this was all hooey. But it may be very true that *The Great Dictator* WILL be Charlie Chaplin's very last movie—at any rate, the last in which he ever appears. Let me tell you a story that very few people know:

Three years ago, Charlie sat in a dark projection-room with a handful of very close—and very close-mouthed—friends. He had just run off a small test shot of himself, in which he talked from the screen for the first time. He had shown it to this little group in refutation of the gossip that his voice wouldn't register intelligibly on the talking screen. Also predominately current then was the belief that Charlie would never make another picture.

After the test-talkie strip was run, Charlie said to his friends, very quietly:

"I want to make one more picture. In it, I want to talk . . . ."

(Now note this: In *The Great Dictator*, Chaplin talks TWO languages! He talks English, as the little barber. And he talks a gibberish all his own, as *Hynkel*. As *Hynkel*, he uses a *patois* which he has devised himself—a chatter that sounds much like German, and which, in its passages of high intensity, sounds exactly like Hitler over the radio telling the world off. Yet there isn't a real word in it! But anyway, in *The Great Dictator*, Chaplin fulfills that wish and aim he expressed three years ago—)

—"one more picture, in which I want to talk. . . ."

And then Chaplin said one more thing:

"—and I want that film *to be my swan song on the screen!*"

And so, it's a pretty certain bet that *The Great Dictator* will be the end of Charlie Chaplin. And wouldn't it be funny if he took Adolf out with him?

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Male Oomph

[*Continued from page* 45]

everyone would have told you that his career would end just where it began—in the saddle.

But there was one man in Hollywood who had other ideas. He also had other plans. Plans that would have shocked the cinema city into speechlessness if they knew them. But only the few who sat near him in that darkened projection-room knew those plans.

And yet when John Wayne eventually does reach that peak which is the goal of all film folk, you'll hear people say it was all a lucky break or a matter of fate or destiny or some such other twist of fortune. But it was none of these. It is all part of a carefully conceived plan. An intentional and deliberate move by one of Hollywood's foremost directors.

Right now there is every indication that Wayne's future is already assured and that he is on his way toward becoming one of the reigning actors of the screen. *Stagecoach* may have been a western as far as a great many fans were concerned but to those who see more in a movie than just the story, it was of greater importance. Not only did it prove that a good western can still give audiences a real thrill but it showed that an actor who wears a bandana and a ten-gallon hat might even act. For ever since *Stagecoach*, there has been a steady revival of big time westerns such as *Dodge City, Bad Man From Brimstone, Allegheny Uprising, Dark Command* and now *The Westerner*.

Not since the *Perils of Pauline*, have movie audiences been so thrilled by such a purely typical American picture as *Stagecoach*. The thundering hooves of the horses, the peril of the ladies in the coach and the general rootin', tootin' brought back remembrance of the long-forgotten years. And even if it was just another western, it made audiences perch on the edge of their seats. It brought back all those vanished childhood emotions. It made them forget the topsy-turvy of this modern mad world. But even more, it brought out from under a bushel, a young man named John Wayne—the same young man one of Hollywood's foremost producers predicted would be even more popular than Gary Cooper.

If nothing else, *Stagecoach* gave us a good glimpse of John Wayne in his natural element. But the glimpse was more than merely satisfactory. The public has been clamoring for more and more of him. He has clicked in a surprisingly big way. But he is still under contract to do more westerns. They know, that if given the chance, he is going to forge ahead to the top.

WHEN John Ford decided to produce a picture on his own—when he realized the dream that every director in the motion picture business dreams about—he lost no time in borrowing Wayne for *The Long Voyage Home*—written by Eugene O'Neill, America's greatest playwright.

Now, when a director becomes a producer, he approaches as near to heaven as he ever hopes to get. To him, it's the ideal set-up. He can pick his own story. He can direct in his own manner. And he can pick whatever players he wants. There's no front office interference. Whatever he does is purely to suit himself—and only himself. That's why when John Ford selected John Wayne to take the leading male role in *The Long Voyage Home*, the eyes of Hollywood were all focused on him. And now they are waiting with bated breath to see what this young Lochinvar of the westerns is going to do when he finds himself pacing the decks instead of bumping in a saddle.

For if Wayne is as good as Ford thinks he is (the same Ford who directed him in *Stagecoach*), Gable and Cooper had better look to their laurels. There is something strong and virile about him that makes the ladies sigh in that meaningful manner whenever they see him on the screen. He is tall, strapping, quiet. He also has that look of determination—that strong, silent man stuff that has made Gary Cooper so popular with the femmes. The girls know at a glance that Wayne is a type that can't be twisted about their scarlet fingertips—much as they would like.

ONE look at him and you know that he possesses a new and distinctive kind of male oomph. As yet, Hollywood hasn't been able to find a novel name for it. As yet, the film colony hasn't even been able to take him apart and discover what makes him tick. But ladies, if you lose your heart to him and forsake your loyalty to Power and Gable and Taylor—well, you just can't be blamed.

"During the ten years I've been in pictures," he says with a wistful look in his blue eyes, "I've probably played in more outdoor films than any star in Hollywood today. I've never been called on to drink a cocktail in a lush drawing-room or to kiss a lady who is dripping with emeralds and ermine. Most of my screen sweethearts wear homespuns or cottons. I don't even know how I'd feel against a swank background. I don't know if I'd be able to breathe in a room hung with heavy curtains that shut out the sunlight.

"Of course, I feel mighty flattered that out of the horde of really fine actors in the film colony today, John Ford should have selected me for the leading male role in his picture. But it all goes back a long time—ten years to be exact.

"Unable to continue football at the University of Southern California because of a broken ankle, I got a job as prop boy at Fox. They put me to work on the set of *Mother Machree*. John Ford was the director.

"One scene called for a snow storm," Wayne recalls. "I stood on top of a stepladder and let the snow fall gently down past an open door. The wind blew the snow into the room where the scene was being made. After each take, I had to get down off the ladder, grab a broom and start sweeping up the snow.

"Then something happened. I must have gotten mixed up and thought the scene was over because I climbed off the ladder and walked through the door right into the middle of the scene. Ford started to yell at me. Then he suddenly changed his mind and started to laugh. That was how I got to know him.

" 'You should be an actor,' Ford told me.

"But I went back to propping until Raoul Walsh started looking for an unknown to play in *The Big Trail* and went to Ford to find him. It was on his suggestion that I was tested and given the part. Guess that was the beginning of my career although I hadn't even acting a second thought up until that time. I used to think that all actors had to be a cross between Valentino and Gable—with the ability to dress like Menjou and make love like Boyer."

PICTURE PARADE

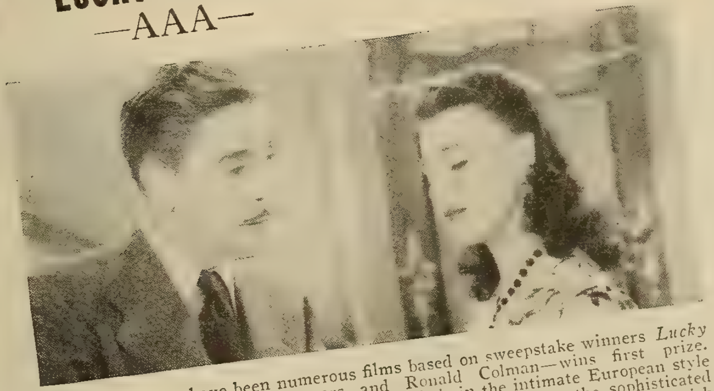
THE SEA HAWK

—AAA½—

The Sea Hawk is supposed to represent a colorful period in history—the year 1585 when the fortunes of England under Queen Elizabeth are at low ebb and threatened by King Phillip of Spain and his Spanish Armada—and while the film version remains colorful it does not accurately represent history. But if you are looking for entertainment and not education we suggest that you make every effort to see *The Sea Hawk* starring Errol Flynn and with Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Flora Robson, Alan Hale, Henry Daniell, Montagu Love, Gilbert Roland, Una O'Connor, Wm. Lundigan *et al.* If you're over 16 you may have seen an earlier version of this with the late Milton Sills but don't let that deter you from seeing the current version of this sea-fighting epic. *The Sea Hawk* is an exciting, actionful drama and if you are of a romantic nature this fills the bill to complete satisfaction—for when *Thorpe* (Errol Flynn), the most feared privateer of them all, attacks the Spanish galleon carrying *Don Alvarez*, Spain's Ambassador to England, he finds him accompanied by his young and beautiful niece, *Maria.*—*Warner Bros.*

LUCKY PARTNERS

—AAA—



Although there have been numerous films based on sweepstake winners *Lucky Partners*—meaning Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman—wins first prize. Adapted from Sacha Guitry's *Bonne Chance* it is in the intimate European style but that doesn't mean that American audiences—particularly the sophisticated kind—won't appreciate this light romantic comedy. The locale is Greenwich Village and among its inhabitants we find *Jean Newton* (Ginger Rogers) who works in her aunt's (Spring Byington) book shop, *Freddie* (Jack Carson), *Jean's* fiance and *David Grant* (Ronald Colman), a penurious artist. It all starts innocently one morning when *David* wishes *Jean* good luck as she's winding her way through the Village on an errand. The errand proves fruitful for *Jean*—a $300 gown—and so she feels she owes her luck to *David's* good wishes. Following a hunch she asks *David* to share a sweepstake ticket with her—and he agrees on his own conditions. What are they? We won't tell, we want you to see *Lucky Partners* and find out for yourself. Ginger Rogers and Ronald Colman are excellent and in addition to those mentioned above there's Cecilia Loftus, Harry Davenport, Hugh O'Connell and Lucile Gleason.—*RKO-Radio.*

No one was sick at our house when the family doctor stopped in yesterday. But *he* was tired out and came in to rest before his next call. Then I had an inspiration.

"Here's your medicine," I cried, handing him a stick of Beeman's. "Take this and relax." "Beeman's!", said he, "my favorite chewing gum. It's mighty good medicine for tired tastes. I'm really rested now. Send me your bill — your treatment is a treat."

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Using strong disinfectants in hospital work or for heavy cleaning in the home often produces a bad case of *H-H* . . . rough, red *H*ousehold *H*ands!

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Just a few minutes' use of Barrington right after the work is done keeps your hands soft and smooth. Barrington Hand Cream has won wide acclaim from its thousands of users and is now available in large size jars. See how much more quickly than a lotion Barrington Cream makes your hands soft, smooth and white.

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Just an Old Smoothie

[*Continued from page 37*]

insidious suavity? A lift, just an infinitesimal lift, of an eyebrow, instead of terrific rolling of the eyeball! A mere feather-shrug of the shoulder, instead of a cyclonic gasp! The barest twitch of a finger, instead of both arms flailing like Maxie Baer in the seventh!

IT GOT over on the screen, and it got over with the gals who paid their two-bitses to see him make love in the theatres. AND—it got over with no less a connoisseur on the receiving end than Gloria Swanson, herself.

For just about this time, it began to be quite plain to Hollywood that Bart Marshall and Gloria Swanson were hitting it off in no luke-warm fashion. Hollywood began to come to. Hollywood put two and two together and got the answer. Hollywood discovered that it was about 'steen years behind the times in its love-making, and that this Britisher was showing 'em how, both in reel and real demonstrations.

So Hollywood began to get snoopy. It snooped out that Bart Marshall, for all his "swansoning," was a married man and that Edna Best, that blond British beauty, was the Mrs. Not only that, but also that the Marshall technique had already made such previous strides that Edna was already No. 2, and Gloria was merely on her way to being No. 3, if she kept on going. For Bart had been married once before Best. Quite a lad, that one, decided Hollywood, and began to imitate.

From that day on, Hollywood's love-making has undergone a complete change. Today, you know how they do it; there's no need to describe. Subtlety has replaced the meat-axe; the means, as the best authorities in amorous ways insist, has become just as important as the end, if not more so. And Bart Marshall may jolly well take a bow for being the bird who precipitated the change.

Today, Bart Marshall is 50 years old, believe it or not! But with all that half-century (maybe because of it, instead of despite!) Bart Marshall is still fully as charming as he could ever have been in his more youthful days.

He recently married Lee Russell, as you know. Not without struggle did Edna Best divorce him. And not without tears did more than one of the Hollywood girls give him up to Lee.

True, Gloria Swanson wasn't in the running any more. That was over and done with quite a while ago. After that preliminary flare-up, the Marshall-Swanson romance cooled quickly. I recall the cooling process, when Bart used to stand in the entrance of the 20th-Fox studio cafe, and survey the place carefully to find a table filled with men (and men ONLY) friends of his. Then he'd scuttle over there quickly, with that barely perceptible limp of his, and find a chair, before he could be intercepted by Swanson—or maybe Ruth Chatterton, who always had quite a quick eye of her own for unattached charmers looking for a luncheon-chair, and who was always more than partial to Britishers, too.

Anyway, in 1936, Bart Marshall went back to London, and when he came back, the Swanson affair was on ice. It was then that Lee Russell stepped into the No. 1 spot in his life—and finally, with a quiet ease that let loose no public pyrotechnics, Bart and Edna were divorced, and Bart and Lee were married—and the mere fact that the latter romance endured through three-plus awkward years before the way was clear for marriage, and is enduring today as one of the warmest in Hollywood, shows that Bart's love technique offscreen must be fully as potent as on.

In private life, Marshall is as charming —and as reticent—a gentleman as Hollywood boasts. He belongs to that keep-your-mouth-shut clique that embraces Ronnie Colman and the Brian Aherne-Joan Fontaine pair, and those other Englishmen who insist that their private lives are their own.

Six feet tall, smooth-voiced, hair greying with just that touch of white that is so challenging, and with an inexhaustible fund of stories (SOTCH stories, mama!), Bart Marshall is one of the favorite hosts or guests in movieland—if you can get him as either.

However, he doesn't socialize much—except with that closed corporation that embraces the British colony. Right now, as this is written, he has scuttled off to Santa Barbara, which is the favorite hang-out of the Englishmen and their wives in Hollywood. Lee went up there with Joan Fontaine, to rest up from their British War Relief work, and as soon as Bart finished *The Letter,* he went up to join them. Up there, they're seeing plenty of Ronnie Colman, who has his own hide-away estate in that terrain.

As a matter of fact, Ronnie is Bart's closest and oldest friend in this country. Few people know it, even in Hollywood, but they were war buddies together in the first World War. Friends even then, they both enlisted together in London with a Scottish regiment, and since the war, they've been friends. A quarter-century of friendship means much to men like them. Today, they're war-time buddies again—working like fiends for the British cause in whatever way they can. You can expect to see and hear much of Bart Marshall, these coming days, in war work.

TO TALK with Bart Marshall is a unique experience in Hollywood. He blats none of those interminable "confidences" about his private affairs that are so bombastically boresome in most Hollywood persons—and which are complaints, instead of confidences. He always has a story at tongue's tip.

During *The Letter,* he practically SLEW Bette Davis with some of his stories. Some time when you're in Hollywood, look me up, and I'll whisper them into your ear. But I can't print 'em here; the post office and Mister Hays'd get mad. . . . Bette says that she enjoyed working with Marshall more than with any other actor within her memory.

But with all his charm, Marshall manages to erect and keep up an indefinable barrier between himself and you. You sense it, but you can't put your finger on it. It's the epitome of that reserve that is characteristic of the British. He is cordial, warm, friendly, open-handed, verbose, witty and unremiss in his attentions—but you feel that beyond a certain point, you can't get close to him.

Maybe it's because, the instant you approach anything that even smells of what he and his friends designate "gossip," he clamps down—either shuts up or switches the subject. What Bart and his friends do in their little group, their little gatherings, their week-ends, their parties, their at-homes —these things are sacred—not only as far as other people are concerned, but among themselves, too.

In that group, there are no "post-mortems." Unlike American crowds, who love to tell and retell the things that happened on their last week-end together (the spicier the better!), this group of Britons poses like the Three Monkeys—hands clamped over eyes, ears, lips. What they said or did that last time is never mentioned. It's their code: Speak Not of That Which Was. Or Is.

Maybe that's why you hear and see so little of that ultra-Hollywood type of publicity about Bart. There are no anecdotes, because those who COULD tell them, DON'T. His attitude is best typified by the sequence which followed when Edna Best arrived on the Hollywood scene last winter, at the height of the Bart-Lee romance talk. Instead of reams of publicity and statements, there was a minimum of talk. Bart and Edna talked things over in private, and not in the ears of news reporters. When they decided that there was only one thing to do, they did it quietly, without fanfare. Edna went to Reno and quietly got her divorce, and just as quietly, Bart and Lee hurried to Las Vegas and got married.

Today, Bart and Lee live in a house out in Beverly Hills on a street named Tropical (and if Lee could talk, she'd probably say it is). The house is NOT owned by Bart; it's rented—and that's a matter of significance. For Bart, no matter how long he stays in movies in Hollywood, will never be OF Hollywood. He always was, is and will be of London—and some day he's going back there. So why buy a house here?

It's not a big house. It's small, comfortable, with cretonne hangings and chair coverings and lots of books. Bart reads them slowly and deliberately, savoring each morsel of words like a food-faddist chewing twenty-seven times to the bite. The walls are rich with pictures and signed portraits of friends.

His servants are Negroes. Every afternoon at four they serve tea. Hollywood may be Hollywood, but inside of Bart Marshall's door, it's London. And with the tea they serve milk and sugar. But no sugar for Bart, thank you. And while they sip tea, Bart entertains—with whimsicalities, drolleries and light chatter if the gathering be a bit stiff.

Bart is, in his work, perhaps the most untemperamental star in Hollywood. He has the extraordinary (in Hollywood!) idea that maybe the producers and the directors know their business, and that when he signs up for a part, he is turning himself over to men who know their stuff, so why shouldn't he do what they tell him to? Not that he's ever satisfied!—far from it! Invariably, he finishes a role with the lament:

"It didn't turn out just as I wanted it to." He can't put his finger on what was wrong—but that's true of all creative artists. Their finished product, no matter how fine it may be, never measures up to what they expect of it in advance. Their achievements never equal their ambitions.

His future? Well, you can't get away from the feel that his ultimate hope is to some day retire—back in England.

"I like it here in Hollywood," he tells you. "I like it all, and I'll stay here as long as they want me in pictures. But somehow, I could never feel that I'm not going back to England, some day."

That's what he says. He doesn't go beyond that, because it's not like Bart to be extravagant in words, any more than in the other things of life—like love and its gestures, for instance. One of his pet detestations is the Hollywood language, as opposed to the King's English. Words like "tremendous" and "terrific" and "swell" irk him; when you get around to "lousy" and "wow" and "knockout," he actually suffers. He feels it would be as easy to find a word that's just as expressive and less vulgar.

But anyway, beneath that calm statement that he "could never feel he's not going back to England some day," you sense a much fiercer, much more soul-consuming hunger in this man's heart for his native land. Bart Marshall will never be "a transplanted Englishman"; he'll always be just an Englishman, whether he be in Hollywood or Timbuctoo.

Why, believe it or not, he's salving his nostalgia right now in one of the most extraordinary bits of homesick-doctoring you ever heard of!—he has just sent to England for a flock of chickens from his native Kent, so that when he wakes up in the morning, it'll be to the crow of a British rooster!

Latest Hollywood gossip from MOTION PICTURE, prepared especially by its editors, is broadcast each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening from seven to seven-fifteen by Lyle Talbot over WHN, New York. Try 1010 on your dial. Above, W. H. Fawcett, Jr., president of Fawcett Publications, congratulates Fred Siegel, sales manager of National Shoe Company, and sponsor of the broadcast, on getting the services of the Hollywood and Broadway star, Lyle Talbot, as gossip commentator of the show

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 51]

somewhere in Europe . . . Ray Milland got a cable from his mother in England, which read only, "Your sister died yesterday," and Ray is fearsome that she was killed in a Nazi air raid but the censors won't let that news through . . .

Give Me My Bow-and-Arrow

■ A brave, brave lad is Errol Flynn. Undaunted by fevers or Damita, the Flynn is already broaching a new adventure. He intends, come next year, to go to Brazil and deep into the Matto Grosso jungles—to hunt lions with bow-and-arrow, of ALL things!

Errol's talking the idea to his pals, explaining that on his recent South American tour, he got chummy, no end, with President Vargas of Brazil, who extolled the glories of the Matto Grosso hinterland to the movie star, and described the excitement of lion-hunting there.

So now Errol is plotting with none other than Hollywood's far-famed archery expert, Howard Hill, to journey there and shoot lions with arrows—while, of course, a movie camera records the adventure. Such films, reasons Errol, would make good adventure movies—and even though the name's Irish, there seems to be a streak of Scotch in the tall Flynn laddie.

Terse Verse

■ Gals who'd keep up with Errol Flynn
Won't need to starve to keep selves thynn!

More Jitters

■ Talking about those "war jitters," here are several more examples of what happens—

Just the other day, Joseph Schildkraut collapsed on the set of *Rangers of Fortune*. Hospitalized, the actor's ailment was diagnosed as nervous breakdown due to worry over relatives trapped in the European maelstrom. His doctor told him he had other similar cases.

Basil Rathbone admits that his own worry over his son Rodion, training in Canada for European service, is affecting his health.

Silly Stuff

■ Silliest fan-letter request of the year has come from not one, but 27 of Freddie Bartholomew's fans—

After seeing *Swiss Family Robinson* they wrote in asking for hairs from Freddie's chest! (Remember that scene where Tim Holt pulls several hairs from Freddie's chest?)

Terse Verse

■ To the lads who pined for Loretta Young:
So now she's a Mrs! and ain't you stoung!

Brains As Well As Gams

■ Maybe those gams of Betty Grable's really ARE her most important asset—but even so, she's got a lot of head on her shoulders as well. While the legs make the money, the head is devising ways to keep it, and so, as a result, Hollywood has a new trick contract clause to think about—

It's in Betty's present contract, at Betty's own request, and it provides that Betty has to be in bed by 10 p. m. on every working day during production. Betty explained that as long as that's in her contract, she'll have a valid reason for turning down party-invitations and nite-club dates without hurting anyone's feelings . . . .

And besides that, the Grable is limiting herself to a mere $75 a week for all living and maintenance expenses, while she banks the rest. Betty has seen stars come and go—and even though France's famed Mlle. Mistinguette still has million-dollar legs at 70 or so, Betty figures her own mightn't last that long. So she figures that if her present luck holds out, she'll be able to retire in five years!

Terse Verse

■ Gals with a rave for young Bob Hope
Think any other man is just a silly dope!

Kickback

■ Most gigglesome kickback of any publicity stunt tried in Hollywood in years happened to the bright boys who thought up the stunt of putting voting booths in the theatre lobby where they previewed a certain picture.

The audience were asked to go into the voting booths and vote for (a) their handsomest actor, (b) the BEST actor and (c) the best actress.

To Paramount publicists' intense disgust, the majority votes ran for Clark Gable of M-G-M!—Spencer Tracy of M-G-M!—and Bette Davis of WARNER BROTHERS! !

So Paramount took down the voting booths.

Curfew Rings For Judy?

■ Judy Garland ought to contemplate the example of Mickey Rooney, who suddenly GREW UP and has been the great gainer thereby.

And then maybe she wouldn't have to be told by her studio bosses (as she just has been told!) to quit the nite-club circuit! But then she can't be an old meanie, and turn down a date.

Terse Verse

■ Gals who dream about George Brent
Wake up wondering where their pep has went!

You Can't Go Wrong With the Right Silver

[*Continued from page* 54]

the correct way! Isn't that new, and isn't that important "news" for every hostess?

Thus, the "cover" (or individual setting for each person at table) when regarded from above, includes the service plate in the center, with the silver necessary for all courses right or left as required, creating a balanced ensemble effect which is as graceful and harmonious as it is practical. Developed in a particularly gay pattern, this balanced place setting idea at one stroke solves every problem of table etiquette or silver placement. For example, where are the coffee spoons laid on the saucer? Look at the handle, and you see that the spoon must be placed right! Where shall the oyster-fork be laid, or the long-handled supper knife? Look at the pattern on the handle and see how its symmetrical curves, right or left, will provide the answer.

WITH fall brides as numerous as autumn leaves, with Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's feasts all just around the corner, silver scores in every meal from dawn to dusk. Breakfast, luncheon, dinner, buffet supper, and many informal occasions in between, are either made or fail because of their table setting. Every woman is proud of her table and the manner in which she serves her guests. But she cannot be a gracious, relaxed hostess unless she is sure she has sufficient silverware. If you are buying a gift of silver, or are the fortunate recipient, consider the values of larger sets of flatware and their added convenience. Buying silver in a set means first of all, a worth-while saving, which will give the bride or new hostess *the confidence which comes from having enough silver at the start.*

Buying silver out of income, moreover, is today, as *simple, easy and wise* as buying any other lifelong important purchase for the home. With the various forms of deferred or time payments, now possible at dependable dealers, you secure the pleasure of buying a complete silver service at once, and enjoying it as you pay for it. The silver dealer is no stranger to family finances. He will aid with a pay-out-of-income plan with such modest monthly payments that any young couple can easily buy enough fine table flatware to do real entertaining. More and more modern homemakers are buying complete sets, offered in attractive chests. Many of these smart looking chests are tarnish-proof, which means that silver is kept in them free from that dull, dingy look which mars the finest silver lustre, and which is caused by oxidation, particularly during winter when heating plants are in operation. All of these chests are added protection to a silver service, and some, in the shape of a sewing or end-table are welcome pieces of occasional living or dining room furniture.

Match your silverware pattern either to your personality, your dining room or your "period" furnishings. The silver trade recognizes three main types of patterns—the plain, the moderately decorated, and the richly decorated. In this same order the silverware may be called Colonial, or American; Georgian or English; and elaborate French or Italian . . . a style more suitable to palaces or hotels than to the home. Last there is the present day "contemporary" or "modern" design in silver as in other furnishings, a style characterized by great simplicity in its streamlining.

AS EVERY woman knows there are two main types of table silver: *flat ware,* —which covers all the knives, forks, spoons, spreaders, serving implements, etc., needed at any meal; and second, *hollow ware,*— which includes candlesticks, serving platters, trays, ice pitcher, and many other pieces which do much to grace the table and make serving unobtrusively charming. In buying flatware such as forks and spoons in particular, see that the "wear-points" at the back of the bowl and handle are specially reinforced. For where the spoon or fork tines touch the table (or worse, the daily dish-pan) is the danger point—it becomes the first worn spot on the silver. In fine quality silverplate, these "wear-points" are avoided by inserting a genuine silver inlay in the spoon back or handle-tip, then fusing this silver block with the metal of the piece, and last, silverplating the entire piece so that the inlay is invisible. But there it is, and rub as you may, you can't make a "wear-mark" on such pieces of quality silverplate.

"What is a set of silver?" is another common question of the young bride. The jeweler or silverware dealer may call 44 pieces a "set of silver"; but this must be determined by questions such as income, manner of living, if a maid serves or if the hostess is her own maid, and if little or much entertaining is done. Good form is important, but the real answer is to be found in this: have enough pieces and enough kinds of silver flatware for properly serving and eating every kind of food prepared for either family or guests. In general, even the simple or average family requires 20 kinds of flat silverware, including the usual spoons, forks and knives, with round soup spoons, spoons for tea, or for coffee, and such serving pieces as a flat pie-knife or meat server, a berry spoon or large vegetable servers, and a set of meat carvers. Such items as butter spreaders (back in style again, by the way), supper forks and knives (smaller and lighter than those for dinner use), oyster or cocktail forks, soup ladle, gravy ladle, jelly spoon and ice cream or dessert forks, etc., are all necessary to more elaborate entertaining. They all make for a nicer way of living, and only in better quality silverware can so many kinds be obtained.

That smart, sophisticated Sunday Night buffet supper which you are considering for early fall; that jolly informal bridge luncheon which you owe to the members of your club; that traditional dignified family Thanksgiving dinner at which it is your turn to act as hostess,—at every type of meal and hospitality occasion, richly gleaming silver makes the table service beautiful, adequate and correct. Write at once for the special leaflet. Address me:

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HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SAFER *because easier to clean!*

What Every Girl Should "NO" at College

[*Continued from page* 47]

lounging. Wooly warm robe for night "bull" sessions and study. (*Never* trot out a fancy negligee or chiffon thingumbobs; they're as taboo as Thibet's monkey.)

And a variety of scarves, lapel gadgets, and costume jewelry.

"Naturally, sweaters and skirts are classic campus clothes," said Brenda. "But the trick is *to build around your most becoming color.* Because interchangeable clothes are terribly important, particularly if you're on a budget! Plot out a color scheme for yourself—like gray, navy and red; or brown, rust and persimmon. Then you can wear that suit coat with your shirtmaker dress with no trouble at all. Or make your skirts do triple duty."

ANDREA LEEDS not long ago marched along the same campus as Brenda. Recently Andrea's sisters of Kappa Alpha Theta honored her with a dinner as the most outstandingly successful member of their chapter.

"Sororities," said Andrea as we sat in the sunroom of her lovely home where she's known strictly as Mrs. Bob Howard, "play a very special part in college life. Every girl looks forward to a bid from her favorite house—and she'll get it if she follows what is known as 'the decorum of rush week.'

"First of all, *be on time* when you're invited to a tea at any House. If the invitation reads, 'three to five,' try to get there close to three so you'll have a better chance of talking to the hostesses before the crowd comes. Incidentally, it's much more important for a girl to be impressed by the sorority than to try to do the impressing herself. All she has to do is be natural and gracious, and *not* to work at being charming."

If you're stuck for conversation, dig up some good reviews of plays or books that you've read recently, Andrea suggests. But as you value your college life, *don't* act sophisticated or drop broad "a's" all over the place! It's much wiser to drop a hint about how you like to study!

The five biggest reasons why a girl is "blackballed" by a House are because: She shows obvious signs of being a gossip (and so she's sent right to Coventry!). Her table manners are bad. She uses profanity, or drinks. She failed to show proper respect for the House Mother. Her appearance is not neat enough.

"You see, it's necessary to be as popular with girls as with boys," Andrea summed it up. "If you develop a lot of girl friends, boy friends will follow!"

MARJORIE WEAVER, between scenes of *For Beauty's Sake* out at T. C.-Fox, had more to say on the subject of Men. (I understand that back at Indiana U., Marjorie was the Chief Pulse-Raiser of Kappa Kappa Gamma.)

"Girls," said Marjorie succinctly, "make an awful mistake when they try to concentrate on just the top-notchers like the football captain and such. In college, the small fry often turn out to be twice as nice as the Big Catch!

"The easiest way to meet a lot of men is to go in for extra-curricular activities. Like the campus newspaper and the Year Book or the dramatic society. Be a joiner-upper. Just trot over to headquarters in your sassiest frock and brightest smile and let it be known that you're willing to work. No matter if the man-who-takes-your-name is a bit on the woosh side, with dragging socks and dirty corduroys, don't be discouraged. Through him you're apt to meet a raft of eligible males!

"Of course, the thing to do before you accept a Date is to go to an Older Girl in your House or Dormitory and check up on him. Because it can be social suicide to get mixed up with the wrong crowd at the U. I mean the group known as 'rebels' or the hard-drinking set. We used to have a slogan in our chapter at Indiana U. about First Dates. *Don't talk too much about yourself and never try to go formal.*

"Most boys are on a low allowance or working their way through. So it's up to a girl not to be a chiseller. If she smokes she should definitely carry her own cigarettes. If he asks her what she wants to do, she might say something like, 'There's a good show at the Strand. Have you seen it?' Instead of suggesting a $2.50 cover-charge night club!

"We used to have a whale of a time simply dancing by the radio or walking up and down the main 'drag' window-shopping. Sometimes the things like that which cost nothing are the most fun."

Her most Embarrassing Moment, Marjorie recalled, was the first time she had to invite a man to a sorority dance. Finally she hit upon a way to take that personal note out of her invitation so he wouldn't think she was running after him (always a bad gesture!) "The sorority," she told him, "has asked me to invite you as my escort. . . ." It worked like a charm!

Wolves (the girls who steal beaux away from other girls) are shot at dawn on the most convenient corner of the campus. Or at least surrounded by such frigid atmosphere that they freeze to death.

"To be popular," said Marjorie, "you have to be a good sport and go in for everything from tennis and swimming to helping sweep the stage after Dramatic Club rehearsals. Dancing is extremely important—and being able to look interested even if you're not!"

OVER at Paramount Jean Cagney (Jimmy's young sister) with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling from her size twenty waist, chuckled appreciatively. "I went to what they call a 'spinster factory' or girls' college in New York—Hunter's. But there are a lot of things you learn there that apply to all colleges, I imagine. For instance, *Dorm Technique. Don't* hang on a dormitory telephone by the half-hour prattling away while the other girls are waiting for their Dates to call—not if you value your life! And *never* forget to introduce a man to your House Mother before you go out with him.

"Borrowing, naturally, is taken for granted. You have to be ready to share everything from your tooth paste to your stockings. And if your roommate hangs a motto where you planned to hang a racket, grin and bear it. (You never can tell, her mother may bake luscious chocolate cakes!)

"In a spinster factory you don't fuss much about clothes—except for your football or prom week ends away." And for these, Jean suggests wearing a lightweight wool dress under a heavy wool coat with the perkiest scarf you can find to match the band on your hat. For Sunday afternoon at the fraternity house tea, pack into your bag a little number in velvet with a hat of the same material.

"Then you'll want a swish formal for the

Big Dance. Something in a Confetti red slipper satin cut along *Scarlett O'Hara* lines ought to stun the stag line. Or," says Jean, "if you're the Ethereal Type, mow 'em down with something shimmering and silvery. . ."

They do say Texas State flashed to a new high the day Brenda Marshall walked in. One look at Errol Flynn's new leading lady and you understand why. Even in a slightly-out-of-focus snapshot standing by her college dormer window she looks lovely.

"Me," laughed Brenda, "all I could think of even then was the stage! But I decided if I was going to spend four years at State I wanted my room nice. It's a simple matter to cover a slipper chair in chintz to match your curtains, to put up a couple of good-looking prints on the wall. (Pennants as furnishings are as outdated as flappers.)

"No college girl today thinks of wearing hats on the campus. So her hair has to be especially well-groomed. No stiff hairdo, but something soft, neatly brushed, shining. She uses very little make-up besides lipstick. Instead of perfume, she uses toilet water after her morning shower. She's fussy about nice lingerie, about not having her nail polish chipped. In most cases she's the business woman of tomorrow—and she knows how necessary the good-grooming habit is."

And because she is headed for the business world, she can't do better than take Brenda's advice about *getting acquainted with members of the faculty*. "Make yourself known to your professors. Don't be just another member of the class to them, but a personality.

"Girls who overlook this," declared Brenda, "miss a big bet. Because later on you want good recommendations in getting a job—and those from the faculty of your university are the best. I don't think I'd ever got started on the stage if it hadn't been for the letters that the head of the dramatic department gave me to her friends in New York."

There it is, the chart to a successful college career in capsule form. Happy landings!

How Hepburn Licked Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 58]

Many a girl wouldn't have returned to face that music. Only the calloused type could face it without hurt and anger and burning shame. Katie is not calloused; on the contrary she is acutely sensitive.

So it took sheer courage of the highest order, to drive her protesting flesh and recoiling spirit back into the Hollywood fight.

After scoring screen triumphs that were crowned by *Stage Door,* she turned back to Broadway again, this time to conquer it—to score a big personal hit in one of the outstanding plays of many a year. This feat, too, took courage, as anyone can tell who understands Katie.

Even in her present moment of victory, she has to call upon her courage to meet the peculiar needs of a hyper-sensitive nature.

But of courage she has plenty. In my opinion, the secret of Katharine Hepburn's great accomplishments rests in a bottomless, unquenchable, blazing fount of sheer grit, which drives a timid girl into deeds sometimes like Joan d'Arc's—and sometimes like Don Quixote's.

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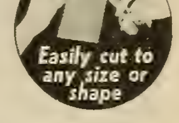

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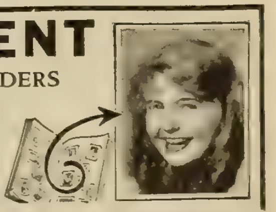

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The Plot of the Storey

[*Continued from page* 42]

we say, it's happened more than once, and unfortunately, it so happened to June. The critics gave her a nice send-off the morning after the preview—but that's about all she got for her performance except, of course, the brush-off from the studio. And we might add, in this particular connection, that probably it was no fault of the studio's Mr. Bigs. We haven't time to go into this, however.

"*In Old Chicago* was my first talking picture," says June. "In fact, it was my first picture of any kind, and you can't blame me for being elated over the fine notices I received. I thought that one good picture would certainly lead to another and that eventually I'd see my name in lights. But I got fooled, and luckily, too, all things considered pro and con.

"The disappointment was just the medicine I needed even though it was hard to take. I just dug in and studied harder than ever and forgot that such a picture as *In Old Chicago* was ever made. I even managed to throw away all my fine press notices. My next picture was *Island in the Sky,* starring Gloria Stuart. Maybe I got on the credit sheet, maybe not. I don't remember now. Following this one, I got a part in *Down in Arkansas,* another part in *Orphans of the Street,* and another part in *Sorority House.*

"I thought the end of my career had arrived with the announcement from my agent that he'd arranged a test for me at Republic for a Gene Autry western. I refused at first to consider the role. I admired Gene and I liked westerns, but as for playing in them—well, that was a picture of another color. I couldn't imagine myself on horseback riding lickety-split across the wide open spaces, but on the other hand I couldn't imagine myself turning down a good job. That is, after I gave the subject some thought. I'd learn something about movie making I never knew before while making these 'sage-brushers.'

"It occurred to me, too, that playing opposite Gene was an honor not to be overlooked. Gene, I knew, was known to more fans than any other star in the business. He received more fan letters. His popularity was greater and more lasting. Adding up his royalties from his phonograph records and his salary at the studio he was a bigger money-maker than any other top-flight name in the business. So it might be a pretty smart move on my part, I said to myself, to hitch my movie wagon to a star of this magnitude. Maybe that sounds selfish, but really it isn't. So I went into westerns."

BUT "going into westerns," as she puts it, and as she found out soon enough, was something vastly different than merely voicing her feminine opinion about it.

In the first place she discovered that it wasn't as easy as she thought to learn the proper way of sticking on top of a horse let alone sticking there even while riding through the sagebrush at a clip no faster than good old Seabiscuit moseying along at a slow gallop. By the time her first riding lesson was over she had to be lifted from her saddle! "Take off my boots and I'll skeedaddle!" she sang in paraphrase to a popular western ballad.

"It took," she says, "three bottles of liniment properly applied to the proper places (and there must have been a thousand of them!) before I got relief from all the aches and pains. And the second riding lesson was about as bad. Gradually, though, I got accustomed to my saddle and to my horse and finally arrived at a state of riding proficiency where I could say 'giddap, Pete,' and go sailing along at a fairly speedy pace. Nothing fancy, of course, and maybe not according to the true western riding girl tradition, but I managed to stick on."

June doesn't know whether or not her starring partner, the genial Gene, approved of her as a top-notch cow gal, but apparently he failed to voice even a mild protest because, just as soon as she had completed her mastery of the studio bronc, shooting began on her first wide-open-spacer entitled *Colorado Sunset.*

In reference to titles it may interest you to know that all of the Autry westerns spring from titles of popular songs. At least this has been the case of the last six, namely: *Gold Mine in the Sky, In Old Monterey, South of the Border, Rancho Grande, Gaucho Serenade,* and *Carolina Moon.*

WELL, to ride on with June and her troubles. . . . Making westerns, she discovered, was a mighty complicated business—for being so simple! If time was ever the essence of any contract it certainly was in the shooting of this picture. Actual shooting began at sun-up and ended at sun-down. That meant arising earlier than any early bird. Around four, to be exact. A shower, breakfast, putting on make-up (make-up artists, such as you find in other studios, are a minus quantity in studios devoted to knocking out westerns) then following all this with a mad dash to the lot to grab herself a seat in one of the big cars used to transport the principals to location, had her well-nigh exhausted before she got out of town that first morning.

To make matters worse and more confusing she found that when she arrived she'd have to ride in one of the big bouncing buses that carried the juicers, props, and technicians.

"It was a gag to initiate a new member of the troupe," she reveals, "but I didn't know it then and in between bounces on that thirty-mile ride I vowed I'd never sign up for another western, not even if I had the honor of playing opposite TWO Gene Autrys at one and the same time!

"I vowed it the second time when, after arriving at the location spot, I found there was no dressing room provided for me and that I'd have to pick myself out a secluded canyon to change into my cowgirl clothes! The informality that abounds in making a western picture was really something to write home about! It still is, for that matter."

And informality is certainly the appropriate word! Take the case of the six-foot rattlesnake for instance. There it was snuggled up against a rock not two feet from the spot where she'd been undressing in that canyon. Fortunately she had accomplished the switch in duds a minute or so before she discovered the rattler else Gene Autry, *et al,* would have been embarrassed no end when they saw her coming hell-a-tearing, out of there with no more clothes on than Lady Godiva.

But this little adventure in the early morning isn't all. While backing away from Mr. Rattler she slipped one hand into the pocket of her cowgal skirt—and came up with as pretty a desert lizard as you've ever gazed at! June let out one blood-curdling shriek and before the echoes began bouncing across the canyon walls 20 Indians, camping on the other side of the valley floor, came rushing over on their pinto ponies convinced that some smart-aleck in the location troupe had kidnaped one of their prettiest squaws! "Such fun!" June said as she tried to hold back two shudders and a shake as she recalled that first morning.

"I learned right away," she went on, "that making a western was something different than making even so lowly a picture as a class "C" production. I found out that unless someone blew up so badly that the 'take' was spoiled beyond all hope of salvage we'd jump from one scene to another so fast that it was difficult for me to keep track of what was going on. If I remember correctly the director okayed twenty takes before lunch and he growled because he hadn't okayed thirty!

"Well, let me assure you that before this first western of mine was completed I regarded myself as an old trouper. I felt that I had sort of earned my spurs and I don't mean the kind I wore on my boots. I got onto the knack of memorizing my lines quickly, something I'd never been able to do before. And after I got onto that trick, and onto undressing and dressing in a canyon and onto a thousand and one things new and different I began to enjoy it all. Since then, and it's been about a year in the doing, I've played opposite Gene in nine pictures and have had the time of my young life. Of course, I don't want to remain in westerns for the remainder of my screen life, but believe me, I won't ever object much if that's to be the course of my movie career. It's grand work, you are with grand people, it keeps you outdoors, you get good pay, and the job is steady."

JUNE found out something else during the making of that first picture. She found out that playing a leading lady role opposite Gene Autry carried with it a lot of restrictions in the ancient art of romancing. "There was no mushy stuff between us in the dialogue," she reveals. "Western fans, so the studio said, wouldn't go for it. Western fans resented any woman on the screen. They wanted he-man stuff from first reel to last. They wanted Gene to be the kind of guy he always had been and the studio had thousands of fan letters to prove it.

"So, in that first picture Gene and I didn't even hold hands, we were that careful not to offend the fans. No embracing, no kissing, no billing and cooing such as you find going on between romancers in other films. Gradually, though, the restrictions have been lessened somewhat and we can act like a couple in love or about to fall in love. The fans have grudgingly become accustomed to me, I hope, and while they insist that Gene continue on as he always has done, they're willing to let a tiny thread of romance run through all the reels. "No script yet," she added, "has given Gene the right to plant a kiss on his leading lady's lips and most likely none will ever be written that will. Gene recently made a picture at 20th Century-Fox and when asked if he'd agree to a short kissing sequence he objected most emphatically. If he wouldn't do it for this studio the chances are he'll never do it for Republic—at least until his fans demand it. Which isn't at all likely. About the most they'll permit or stand for are a few tender words between us now and then. We can hold hands—but not too long—and we can look at each other like lovers look, but that's definitely the end of the line on romance."

When all is said and done, June probably derives her yen for acting and for acting in westerns from her ancestors. One ancestor, Ethel Storey, was a well-known English actress. Another was Captain Storey of the U. S. Army, who helped defend the white settlers in Virginia City, Nevada, against the Indians. He was killed in action and there is now a monument to his memory in Virginia City. One county of Nevada, Storey, is named after him.

June attended elementary schools in Canada, Long Island, and Connecticut. Additional schooling was obtained in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and 20th Century-Fox schools.

THE extreme "low" period in her life, she claims, arrived when she left New York and moved to California with her parents. The extreme "high" period, she also claims, occurred when her father finally consented to let her become an actress. Her first real acting money dropped into her purse when Bryan Foy at Warner Brothers paid her for making a test. Before coming to Hollywood her stage experience was derived mainly from the work she got in five plays with the Hampton Players. She received additional training in stock schools of various film companies.

You wouldn't ever guess it by looking at her, but June's probably the best little huntress of all our Hollywood. Give her a rifle and take her where there's game and she'll come home loaded down with fresh meat. She isn't so hot with a shotgun, but she can blast her share of ducks out of the sky. She claims—and you can believe this or not—that she can cook eggs 28 different ways, 29 to be eggsact because she's just learned to cook 'em "South of the Border" style.

For exercise—outside of an occasional hunting trip—she spends hours knocking the white feathers off those elusive badminton "birds" and slicing huge chunks of white hide off golf balls. June has the distinction of playing in the world's largest sand trap. She took her clubs with her on a location trip at the edge of the Mohave Desert and played nine improvised holes during her lunch hour one day. "I would have played another nine holes," she says, "but my ball got a bad lie, a foot from a cactus plant—and maybe you can guess when I finished my swing slightly off balance. If you can't guess, just go out and try it sometime!"

Frankly, we don't know whether or not June's going to continue as Gene's leading lady. There are a thousand girls in Hollywood who would give the mascara off June's eyelashes to have her job. But one thing's sure. Republic isn't going to let her get away. Not if they have to transfer her to one of their "A" pictures (of which the studio is scheduled for many this coming year) in which she can climb out of her cowgal costumes and go modern. June's got her share of screen talent and sooner than she thinks, she may find her name in marquee lights.

NEXT MONTH

Ask any man—or every man—you know, who his favorite movie star is and he'll answer—nine times out of ten—Myrna Loy. We thought you girls would be interested in the reasons why and so in next month's—December's—MOTION PICTURE you'll find WHY MYRNA LOY IS A MAN'S WOMAN. Which might give you an idea or two about how you, too, can be a man's woman.

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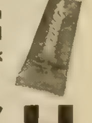

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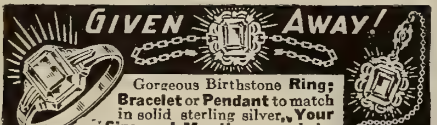

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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 547, Northwestern Station, Dept. 1301, Detroit, Mich.

The Take-A-Chance Girl

[*Continued from page* 60]

uable thing being on her own can give a girl.

"Anyhow, it was while I was holding that thought in my head that the first break came to me. The producer of *Du Barry Was a Lady* had seen me in some picture and heard I could dance. So he asked Buddy De Sylva to fly out and see me. Buddy flew out from New York, watched me work and then asked me if I would like to open in *Du Barry Was a Lady* in New York in the fall. I said I surely would, but that I had twelve weeks of personal appearances to do first.

"I had started out to whip my inferiority complex and to get back my self-confidence and I was going through with it. People were beginning to criticize me, saying I had stayed with Jackie till he got his money so I could get a share when I divorced him—not realizing that I never asked for a dollar, and that I had merely refrained from making things harder for him at a trying time.

"At first I was almost afraid to go out on the stage, for fear of what people might call out to me. But I've since learned that the public is more than fair. It certainly was wonderful to me during the run of the show in New York."

NEW YORK certainly was wonderful to Betty Grable. It not only gave her a rousing reception and smothered her with fan mail and kindness but also brought her a new interest in life.

For four weeks Betty received orchids at every performance of *Du Barry Was a Lady,* and then met the sender, Alexis Thompson, head of a large chemical and drug manufacturing company. Contrary to reports, Thompson is not a Canadian, but an American. And while correcting reports and impressions, Betty requests that the hooey about her being upset over Artie Shaw marrying Lana Turner be labeled as just that—hooey. "I positively never was interested in Artie Shaw," she says.

But to get back to the story of how one of Hollywood's most curvacious blondes got out of the rut and into one of the most envied spots in pictures!

When Betty finished her public appearance tour she was ten days late for rehearsal, and boarded the train for New York with her script under her arm.

She hadn't a great deal to worry about, as her part was a small one. But as she rehearsed they kept adding to it, and the week before opening in New York they gave her two more dances to do. Buddy De Sylva seemed to have a hunch she was destined to make a hit.

And she did, from the opening night. New York loved her, and she ran away with the show.

On June 13 of this year, just a year to a day after she had left Jackie and Hollywood, miserable but grimly determined, Lew Schreiber, head of 20th Century casting, called her in New York and asked how she would like to do *Down Argentine Way* in place of Alice Faye who was ill.

"I'd love to—but I can't leave the show."

"We've fixed that," came the assurance over the wire, "as soon as the picture is finished you can rejoin the company in Chicago."

So Betty Grable returned to Hollywood—and to star billing with Don Ameche. And thus one more name is added to the long roster of Hollywood people who have had to go to New York to be appreciated and rediscovered by pictures.

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A ticket of admission to previews of all the big hit pictures—that's what the ten cents you pay for MOVIE STORY Magazine buys you! These previews are in the form of thrilling, full-length story versions of the films, and are generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. This month, for instance, you can preview ESCAPE, starring Norma Shearer and Bob Taylor. No more tense or exciting picture will be released during the coming season. Then there's the romantic new Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy film, BITTERSWEET. That too is an exclusive MOVIE STORY feature. For fast-paced adventure you are offered RANGERS OF FORTUNE, with Fred MacMurray and Patricia Morison starred. Gloria Jean's new movie, A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, is warm with human values. The much talked about Ben Hecht film, ANGELS OVER BROADWAY, starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Rita Hayworth, is also on the program. For Marx Brothers fans, there's GO WEST. Twenty-two stories and features in all! Better get your copy today.

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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

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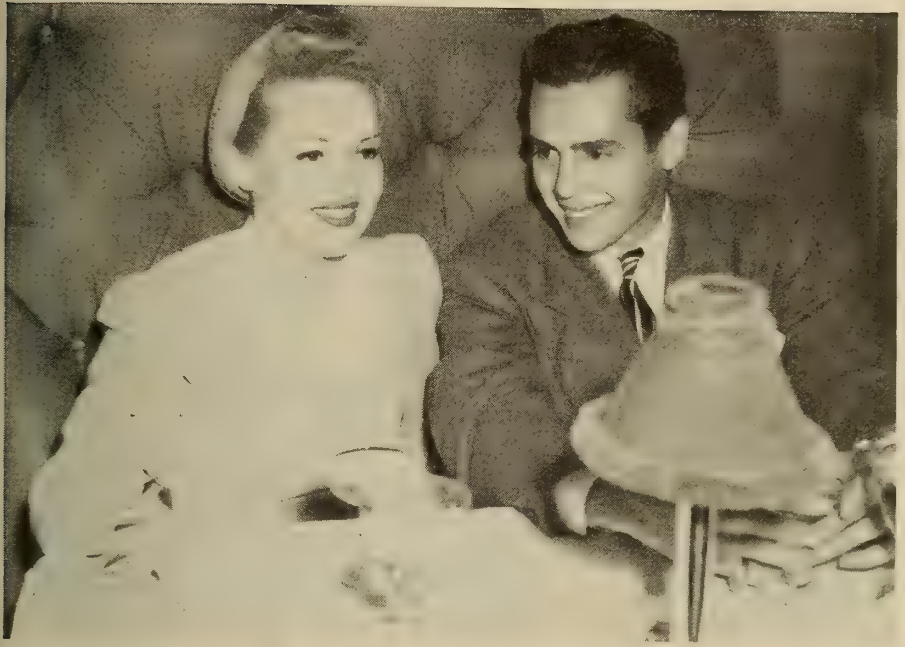
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]



Chas. Rhodes

Desi Arnaz, new *pash* of *Too Many Girls*, parties Betty Grable at Ciro's. He has story on page 52, Betty on 38

Frank Fay, onetime vaudeville king and only vaudevillian to play old Palace on Broadway for eight weeks, staged film come-back in *I Want a Divorce*

MOST remarkably un-Hollywoodish expression of all, concerning what's quaintly called love out here, comes from Humphrey Bogart, the menacing man. Bogart, having apparently nothing else to do, has been conducting some research, and pops up with an analysis of WHERE TO MAKE LOVE, as applied to certain types of romancers. Like this, says Bogey:

For those with time on their hands—a trans-atlantic liner (and in THESE days, imagine!). For the light-headed ones—an airplane. For youngsters who drrrrream—a country lane. For those who want the rest of the world to go by—a hammock beneath the maples (ah, there, Bogey!).

But NO PLACE to make love, adds Humphrey (and this is where the un-Hollywood idea comes in) is in public. Quotes the Bogart:

"True love is too sacred to be placed on display."

Lana Turner probably thinks he's a dimwit. And Dottie Lamour undoubtedly thinks he's a madman.

■

NOW come the insiders to report that although Greta Garbo and Gaylord Hauser aren't being seen out together so

[*Continued on page* 89]

For a proud, youthful bust line, you'll want the new Bias-Cup*† Bra that holds you and moulds you without binding. It's based on a new designing principle that gently but firmly "locks" the bust in its proper area. Comes in Skinner's Satin, batiste, and lace—in three lengths—and three cup depths to fit all types. At good stores everywhere. $1.00 up.

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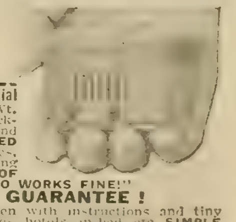

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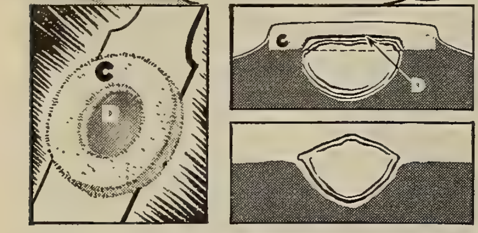
Complete with orangewood stick and cotton

The truth about CORNS—

WHAT CAUSES THEM—
HOW TO GET RID OF THEM



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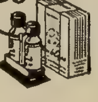

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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She's Terrific

[*Continued from page 63*]

"The average deb," says Gene, "wakes up about eleven. She has breakfast in bed. Then fiddles around till about noon and goes to a beauty shop. She probably has a late luncheon with a girl just like herself at the Stork Club. Not having anything to talk about, they usually warm over a little gossip and then begin the serious business of the day—wondering why such and such a man wasn't at the affair last night and why only young cubs in their teens attend the proms and parties of their set. Debs are always short of full grown men.

"After discussing their latest *Don Juan* the girls spend the afternoon shopping or at a movie. Then our deb goes home and gets dressed. After that perhaps a cocktail party or a dinner that bores her to death. Being bored to distraction, the whole party will turn to champagne or go out to a night club.

"Here the deb really goes to town—for in this crowd are mature he-men. Because publicity is life blood to a deb, she must attract some attention. A lot of attention if she is fortunate. She is usually a nice girl—but she mustn't appear bored. She must bubble like champagne, even if she feels as flat as day-old soda."

IT ISN'T hard to understand why Gene Tierney objects to being a society mannequin. All her life she has wanted to live, to share and to take things as they come. When only sixteen Gene spent a summer touring Europe with her brother Howard ("Butch" to the family) and two of his fellow Yale students. With a car and trailer they did the continent up brown. As Gene had studied in Switzerland she acted as guide, interpreter and what not. But "Butch" was general manager of the trip. And he didn't pamper his sister.

"Butch" used to make her darn all their socks, Gene reminisces. "I remember the little suite we had near the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris. It was cheap in that neighborhood. We were traveling on a budget and we spent all our money on night-spots and had to economize on everything else. That morning Butch had come in and dropped a double-armful of shirts in my lap.

"'You had to do the town last night,' he accused. 'Okay, Cleopatra, now you can do the laundry today. Being over our budget never seemed to mean anything to you before. Maybe it will after this.'"

Gene's blue eyes sparkled and her nose crinkled:

"Gosh," she laughed, "it was fun. I can still see that suite with banners of drying shirts stretched across it in all directions."

ALL that was fun—but the biggest thrill in Europe was Gene's first love.

"I fell in love with one of the boys in Europe—and it was wonderful."

Gene laughed. "You know—he was 'Butch's' pal—one of those all for one and one for all things—until he got interested in me. Then he was a rat over night. Boy, did 'Butch' get tough. You know a brother expects a sister to be a prissy Crinoline.

"But 'Butch' has always been my hero. He's two years older than I and almost as broad as his six feet.

"Of course the real class of the family is my fourteen-year-old sister, Pat—she's the prettiest thing—"

And that'll give you an idea of Gene Tierney—who everybody on Fox's lot says is TERRIFIC.

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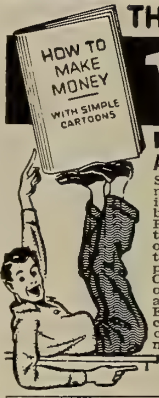

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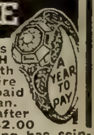

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 87]

Those legs are back again—you know, the ones that belong to Dietrich. She takes them for ride in *Seven Sinners*

Well if here isn't a moppet who's almost a ringer for Shirley Temple. Her name's Joan Carroll, seen in *Laddie*

much these days, that's NO sign that their romance is cooling.

Instead, they say, Greta (like Humphrey Bogart) thinks love oughtn't to be paraded. And besides, she didn't like the grab-shots the photographers got of her and Gaylord in public places.

So now they vant to be alooooone togedder.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Linda Darnell and Garret Craig
Are actin' up suspiciously vague!

■

DEAR, dear George Brent, and dear, dear Annie Sheridan:

Please, please DO something. This suspense is simply crushing! Hollywood can't take it much longer, and if you two don't elope or something pretty quick, Hollywood's going to start thinking that maybe it's a gag. Or is it?

We all know, Annie, that you're so, so worried about Georgie's flying. And we

[*Continued on page* 91]

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● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Earn $25 a week

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New Answers to Old Prayers

[*Continued from page* 67]

had not been in vain, that Desi was the one to play *Manuelito.*

"I went in the show," said Desi, "though I almost didn't. They asked me if I could act and I said 'I don't know, I never tried.' I was making about $300 a week at La Conga and thought that was terrific. But I played my hunch. I went in the show. I doubled in La Conga and the show for a long time. The show ran seven or eight months and I started getting the movie offers. I didn't want any of them. I wasn't putting on an act, I really wanted to stay longer with the show. Besides, Mr. Abbott told me, I am sure we will make a picture of the show and you will be in it. If they want you now, they will want you more a little from now.' That advice coincide with my hunch about *that,* so I stay until Mr. Abbott comes to Hollywood, too, and now we are making the picture.

"They have the option for another picture," said Desi, "if they take that up I do not know. I never make plans. Everything I do is by my hunches. Why make plans when revolutions, earthquakes, things over which you have no control can control your destiny and make Philadelphia scrapple of all your most careful plannings?"

MERELY, more than he seems, I said . . . now you know why . . .

Now you can better understand Desi when he says, "I won't like to be typed as a leading boy that's always saying, 'I love you.' I want to be more the type of Jimmy Stewart or Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable. That's what I'll try to do . . ."

Now you can understand why people in Hollywood say of Desi, admiringly, "He's smart. He's smart about money. Smart about his career. Smart about people."

It's why he's not going to be swept off his feet by anyone or anything, short of an earthquake or a revolution . . . "I don't think I am susceptible," he told me, "the first thing I notice about girls," he said, "is if I feel comfortable with them, that's the first thing I like. I got to be attracted to them first by their appearances of course, but if I don't like them, I don't care how beautiful they are. I like a girl who is intelligent. I don't like just pretty girls. I like them pretty, of course, but that comes secondary!"

He doesn't want to get married for another five years. He said "I'd start worrying about my money if I married and that would spoil my work. I have worried too much about insecurity to want to risk it for two . . ."

He is completely master of himself. Flattery, feminine and swoony . . . "I don't believe in that flattery from girls," he told me, smiling, "it is not for me. They do it to everybody. They are mostly kids after matinee performances. And those five bad years I lived will be cold water in my face if I ever go spoiled . . ."

Nor is there any "going Hollywood" for Desi. He went hungry too long. He is saving his money. He has rented a small house. His mother is with him. She never goes to sleep until she hears him come in at night. "She thinks I am still twelve," said Desi, but tenderly. He calls his mother by her name, Lolita, and says it as one says a lovely name for a lovely person.

Yes, he's dark and Cuban and lithe, girls . . . but I repeat, and you agree don't you, he's more than that . . . much, much more.

THEY WOULDN'T LET US MARRY

THEY were two young people, madly in love, anxious to marry and find happiness. Yet, because the rules of his college forbade marriage, they were driven to a furtive, despairing existence. Can a girl and a boy be blamed for wanting what every normal couple wants—an honorable life together? Every woman will want to read this poignant story of young love robbed of its heritage, but courageous in its struggle to find happiness.

The same absorbing issue of ROMANTIC STORY Magazine contains these frank, human confessions—all taken from life: TREACHEROUS WOMAN, the story of a wife who betrayed her husband's faith. Driven by her insane, senseless jealousy, and knowing that he was in this country illegally, she took the step which would send him back to certain death in Nazi Germany; I WANTED ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE, a man's revealing story of the forbidden love he could not tear from his heart; and many others. Order your copy of ROMANTIC STORY today!

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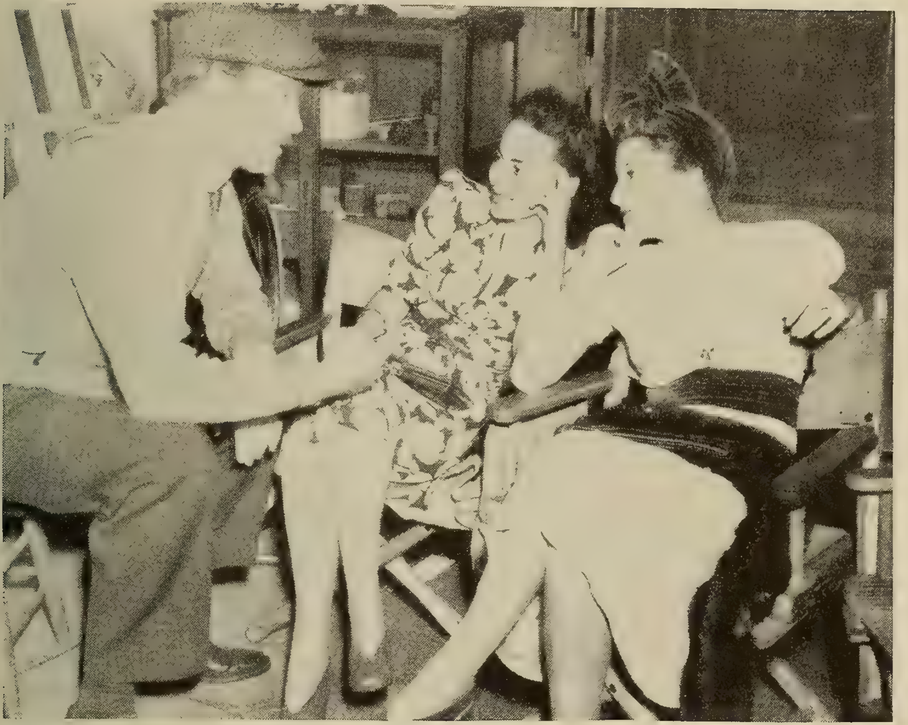
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 89]



Sisters seldom seen together are Joan Fontaine, Olivia de Havilland. Joan's Brian Aherne entertains them on set

The New York World's Fair, which will soon close forever, gave Una Merkel Big Day. Ford Exhibit paid honor, too

all know that, next to the Clark Gables, you're the darnedest gift-swapping couple in town (look at that bike and scooter and rowing-machine and boxing gloves and wrestling-mat and sabers George gave you as gags, just because he knows you don't like ANY kind of exercise). And if it means anything at all, we all know you're even dieting together with your twosome drinks of vegetable juices.

And we know, too, that you're plotting to take your vacations at the same time. Hmmmmmmmmmmm. . . . . !

■

JACKIE COOPER, hearing rumors around town that he's that way about Bonita Granville, has just promised his ma that he won't get married until he's 25 years old. He's 17 now.

Jackie says he and Ma talked it over, and that "Mom knows best."

P. S.—Didn't Ty Power's ma object to any marriage ideas for Ty, too?

■

DON'T you think it's just too, TOO ducky-wucky—that giftie that Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton have given to Dorothy di Frasso?

It's a diamond-and-ruby pin, made in the shape of a little Danny Cupid, of ALL things, my deahs . . . !

And nobody in Hollywood'd be surprised, any more, if Babs becomes Missus Grant, next Spring.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET: Broderick Crawford and Rita Johnson—

Seem to be still romohnson!

Specially Made for Blondes—Helps Keep Light Hair from Darkening—Brightens Faded Blonde Hair.

1. Not a liquid! It's a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather.
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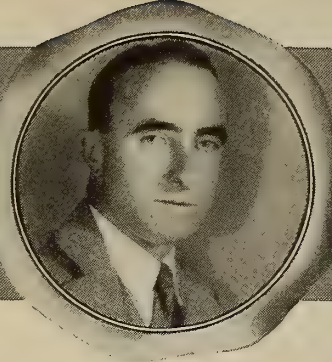

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

PICKING Up Words And Putting Them Down . . . The European market may be closed but 20th-Fox for one, registers contentment over the East. Outside of Japanese-controlled China, their films are following evacuated Chinese civilians to the border of Tibet . . . Hollywood is as busy as when the whole world was open to its product—and now has bought 53 more stories to bolster its programs for the coming season—stories ranging from adaptations of plays and musicals and novels to originals—and covering all the dramatic, adventurous, romantic elements—including biographical epics such as Bolivar and Isadora Duncan . . . Better see *The Great McGinty.* This was a "sleeper," sneaked in on rubber heels, but is making a noise now over its excellence . . . By this time you've probably seen Chaplin as *Dictator Hynkel* of *Tomainia.* What a take-off. Did you know he has been wearing that mustache from way back in World War days? Adolf then sported handle-bar mustachios. This is just to put the record straight. Chaplin originates, never imitates . . . From all accounts this is his crowning masterpiece—meaning the comedy . . . And MOTION PICTURE brings you up-to-date on Chaplin in this issue, and will bring you the new Oakie next month. His take-off as *Dictator Napaloni* of *Bacteria* is likewise a masterpiece of buffoonery. . . .

Good Neighbors

IT'S good news, this Good Neighbor gesture—which Hollywood will offer to South America. Since South Americans are wild about our movie stars (they fairly swooned over Gable, Flynn, Power, Taylor) they will turn off Europe to tune in on our stars when the latter take the air this fall. Who in the conquered countries, the third Reich and Italy, can compare to our Hollywood headliners as personalities or entertainers? . . . Better see *Boom Town.* You'll catch those smooth, oily workers, Gable and Tracy, at their best . . . That man Hitchcock has done it again. I'm speaking of *Foreign Correspondent.* No director has a greater gift for bringing out hidden springs of talent among his players. A month or two ago with *Rebecca* he brought Joan Fontaine's light out from under a bushel of B's. He does the same with Laraine Day—though she hadn't been "beeing" around so consistently as Joan, in fact she sounded her "A" with *My Son, My Son* . . . I like Hitchcock's way of telling a story. He says a picture should tell its plot in the same natural, simple way you'd tell it to your neighbor. He takes a simply-arranged script and embroiders it with his own deft touches, but when the conclusion is reached, the outline is as free and easy as the original synopsis—one that you could have written or told. In other words, when you tell a plot of a Hitchcock picture to your neighbor—this same neighbor when seeing it would find that it fits your description exactly. It's that simple . . . Too many directors make hard work of it all, groping for psychological trends, mechanical effects, building this and that angle—until you can't find the plot for the angles . . . Meanwhile you'd better see *Brigham Young,* the Mormon story—even though bearded Mormons of the Brigham Young era might raise lifted eyebrows to find Tyrone Power as beardless as an Indian . . . it's a vigorous, compelling story of a fearless, pioneering people on the march of empire. You'll like this Dean Jagger (there's a romantic name that'll soon be taking lights on its own) in the title role. Being a stranger to you, you won't be identifying him as a popular hero playing Brigham. He is Brigham . . . Well, the Gallup poll didn't prove anything that we haven't known all the time—that many people could afford to patronize movies but just didn't. So far it is just about fifty-fifty between opponents of the double bills, and those who favor them . . . So what? So we'll keep on getting double bills and crockery.

Combining gossip news supplied by MOTION PICTURE with anecdotes of his own experiences, Lyle Talbot, Hollywood star, broadcasts every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday at 7 p. m. over WHN (dial 1010) New York City. Broadcasts are sponsored by the National Shoe Co.

Breakfasts Given Away

I SEE where one exhibitor is giving away a full-course breakfast with his early-morning showing. How'd you like to get a dish of Gable with a plate of wheats on the side? That fried smell his patrons get with their bacon and sausages is no worse than the smell they get from the Grade B on the screen . . . Wonder if when he serves up a de luxe epic the patrons are served caviar and filet mignon and crepes Suzette . . . Better see *Knute Rockne—All American,* a picture of Notre Dame's late great football coach—a character study of the man who built character as well as great teams at his alma mater. Pat O'Brien is not Pat O'Brien. He *is* Rockne . . . I trust you are listening in on Station WHN, New York—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 7:00 p. m. to 7:15 p. m. You are hearing actor Lyle Talbot, Hollywood and Broadway star, commenting on Hollywood gossip as furnished by MOTION PICTURE. The broadcast started September 3, sponsored by the National Shoe Company . . . Meanwhile in the pages of MOTION PICTURE for next month, Louella Parsons, Hollywood's greatest authority, will bring you another interesting account of Hollywood—and what makes it tick. This time she brings you the Romancers under the title of *Dangers of Being a Movie Lover.* No one knows the background of the studio city like Miss Parsons. No one can write about it as interestingly . . . Also in this December issue will be stories about such headliners as George Brent, George Raft, Myrna Loy and Bob Montgomery.

And last, but not least, Cary Grant. Which reminds me don't dare to miss Cary's latest picture, *The Howards of Virginia.* Martha Scott (of *Our Town*) co-stars with Cary in this thrilling epic of Americana based on the best seller, *The Tree of Liberty.* Cary and Martha are superb and so is everything else about this stirring spectacle about early American history.

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!
Choose your color by the Fingernail Cap

DURA-GLOSS

erenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails laze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each asual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is ew, is *different!*—created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beauiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of ther fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's ot a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss osts only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

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Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

LOOK AT THE tobacco leaf Mr. Irvin is holding. This rich, golden leaf is the kind of finer tobacco that Luckies buy at auction after auction.

And Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine! Authoritative tests reveal that, for more than two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

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PERIODICAL DIVISION

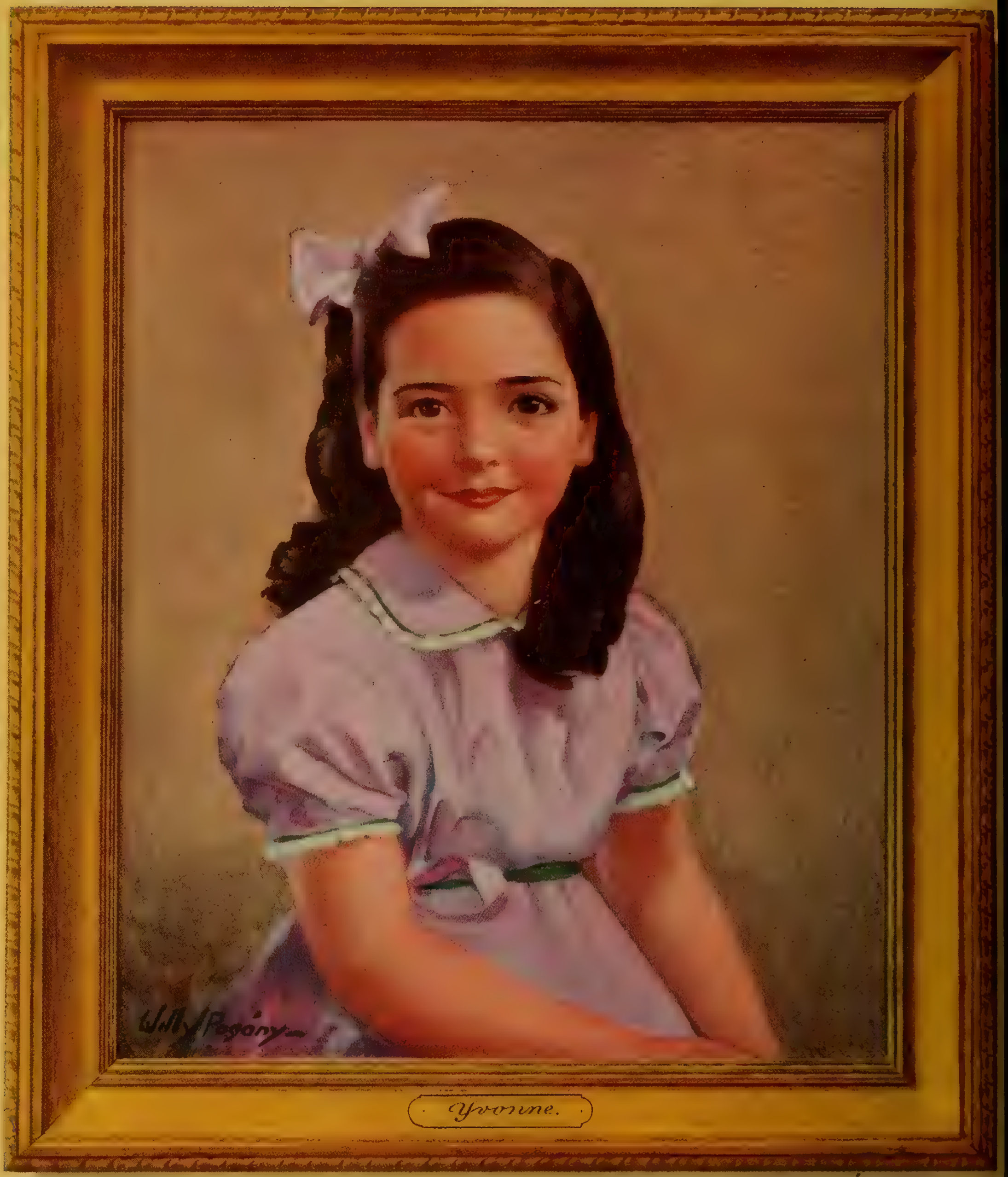
ANGERS THAT STALK HOLLYWOOD'S GREAT LOVERS

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

REE COLOR PORTRAIT OF LARAINE DAY IN THIS ISSUE

THE MAKERS OF KARO, America's Table Syrup of Quality, are first to present individual portrait studies of the Dionne Quintuplets.

This is a faithful reproduction of the first of a series of gorgeous, original paintings of the World's *Wonder Children!* Karo appointed the famous American artist, Willy Pogany, to capture and transpose to canvas the enchanting personalities of these lovely specimens of healthy, happy childhood. Millions who love the Quints can now see each little girl faithfully depicted as the charming *individual* she is! Here is the *real* Yvonne! . . . Annette, Marie, Cecile, Emilie will be portrayed in future issues. Watch for them!



World Copyright 1940, King Features Syndica

Is Yvonne the "LEADER" of the Quints ?

HER four dark-haired, hazel-eyed sisters certainly look up to Yvonne! Even spirited Annette asks her advice. For Yvonne is sympathetic, understanding, responsible. It's Yvonne who takes *petite* Marie by the hand when she is overcome by shyness. It's Yvonne who ties "Lady" Cecile's shoe.

Yvonne is friendly, gracious. She has a flattering memory for names and faces. She often entertains her sisters and guests with dances and songs. She has a marked talent for drawing. Mauve is her favorite color. In common with the other Quints, she has bright, active intelligence. The dietary care of Yvonn and her sisters is chiefly responsible for their radian spirits, superb health, and ability to express their *in dividuality*. For, unless growing children *are* we nourished, charged with buoyant energy, they can' act and look their best.

THAT'S WHY DR. DAFOE SAYS: "Karo is the *only* syru served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its Maltose an Dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children.'

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NEW Karo Waffle Syrup makes a treat of waffles, pancakes, French toast.

DELICIOUS Karo Red Label is grand on fruits, ice cream, puddings, desserts.

DELIGHTFUL Karo, Red or Blue Label, makes wonderful frostings, candies.

FLAVORFUL Karo makes baked foods taste *extra* good — ham, beans, apples.

FOR CHILDREN 2 tsps. of Karo in a glass of milk *double* its energy value.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

Well, they comes and they goes—and you think the Oomphians can't be replaced. Then a number like Joan Brooks bobs up. Which proves that no matter how you pick them today, there'll be a better one tomorrow. Joan's next is *High Sierra*

LOOK, now—does a scenario-writer have to be a fortune-teller, too? Or is it just coincidence that this happens in the script of *Honeymoon for Three* to Ann Sheridan and George Brent—

It's a scene where George and Ann (hero and heroine of the story) are conversing with a friend of theirs, who's a lawyer. Says the latter:

"Is it true what I hear—that you two are gonna get married?"

"Yeah," chorus George and Ann.

"Well, okeh," cracks the attorney-pal; "but remember—keep me in mind for the divorce!"

Maybe it'll interest you to know that when they shot the scene, George and Ann busted out laughing all over the set. Wonder if they'll laugh as loud when—or IF—fact follows fiction? Hollywood is still divided into two camps: those who say that George and Ann'll be mrandmrs before you can say "hic," and those who say that George will NEVER marry another actress, not even Ann Sheridan!

Meantime, latest bauble given her by George (who's the jewelers' best pal these days) is an antique diamond necklace that must have set him back several weeks' pay!

■

**CUPID'S COUPLET:
June Duprez and Johnny Carroll—
Cupid's gottem over a barroll!!**

■

HEDY LAMARR (now that she's taken the final step in getting loose, by divorcing Gene Markey on the grounds that

[*Continued on page 6*]

When last summer's hot spell came along, Bob Benchley protected "think-tank" with paper, assuring wit for *Hired Wife*

Sweethearts

Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld's memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you'll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE NELSON
MacDONALD · EDDY
in NOEL COWARD'S

Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with
GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART
Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Songs: "THE CALL OF LIFE" "I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN" "WHAT'S LOVE" "TOKAY" "DEAR LITTLE CAFE" "LADIES OF THE TOWN" "ZIGEUNER"

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, JR., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX. No. 5 DECEMBER, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

Down To Brass Tacks With Bob Montgomery ... *Charles Bruce* 21
Your Hollywood—And Mine (No. 4—The Dangers of Being a Great Movie Lover) ... *Louella O. Parsons* 22
Why Myrna Loy Is a Man's Woman ... *Carol Craig* 26
They've Had Brent All Wrong! ... *Gladys Hall* 33
What Loretta Young Gave Up For Love ... *Anita Blake* 45
The Brawn Boys Vs. The Brain Boys ... *Dorothy Spensley* 46

Personalities

The Prizefighter and the Lady (George Raft) ... *Louis Raymond* 28
He Out-Flynns Flynn (Stirling Hayden) ... *James Reid* 36
There IS a Cinderella! (Diana Lewis) ... *Faith Service* 38
Glorifying the American Girl (Laraine Day) ... *Roger Carroll* 42
Who Said Oakie Is Washed Up? (Jack Oakie) ... *Dan Camp* 48
Andy Hardy's Sweetie (Ann Rutherford) ... *E. J. Smithson* 52

Pictorial Features

Katharine Hepburn ... 19
Fredric March ... 27
Barbara Stanwyck ... 29
Bundles From Britain ... 30
Irene Dunne ... 32
Linda Darnell-Tyrone Power ... 37
Ray Milland ... 39
Laraine Day ... 43
Olivia de Havilland ... 49

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler ... *Harry Lang* 3
Picture Parade ... 10
Stars Over Broadway ... *Dorothy Lubou* 14
The Talk of Hollywood ... 50
Between Ourselves ... *Larry Reid* 92

To the Ladies

Pure Fabric-ation ... *Candida* 34
Dressing the Student Body ... 40
Date-time Beauty ... *Denise Caine* 54
Sugar 'N Spice 'N Everythin' Nice ... *Pauline Rawley* 56
Mlle. Chic's Hollywood Fashion Tips ... 69

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These include—in alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Hedy Lamarr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Marx Brothers, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

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For November we announce two outstanding productions. Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet". And Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

★ ★ ★ ★

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

—Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 3]

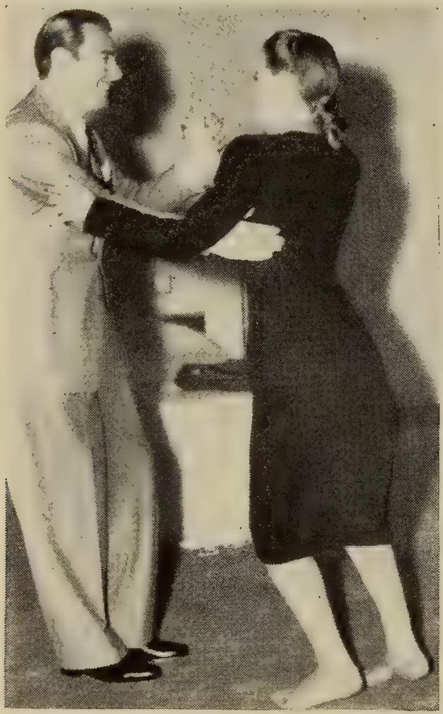
he's too, too "cruel and inhuman") isn't a-wastin' any time substitutin'.

She's being seen here and there with (NOT a Hollywoodian) John Foster—British consular attache. Nite clubs and theaters. And if she does go out, now and then, with Gilbert Roland, you can just check that off as a mere side line.

Snicker of the setup is Joan Bennett's latest burn. It seems that Joan is in a fury over columnists' cracks which say she's being mistaken here and there for Hedy. Screams Joan (who's damsickantired of getting Hedy in her hair and vice versa):

"If people don't stop mistaking me for Miss Lamarr, I'll dye my hair green and paint my face red!"

Now, THAT would be CUTE!



When George Brent and Ann Sheridan went into a conga 'tween scenes, Ann took off shoes, danced in stocking feet

MAYBE the know-it-alls are saying that the Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz business is icing—BUT, Desi just gave Lucy a lapel-watch, and it's HEART-shaped!!

■

ABOUT those John Barrymores, now—all right, ALL RIGHT, then—let's skip it.

Honest, I don't give a whoof either, any more.

■

Margaret Sullavan and husband Leland Hayward step out. Hubby recently bought 20-acre ranch near Albuquerque

WELL, you can pack up all that hooey about Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes, and stuff it away in moth balls, if you think it's worth keeping. Or just brush it off. And remember, your li'l old Tattler always did remind you that no matter how hot the act looked, you could just discount all talk of Howard getting married. Why should he?

Anyway, these days find Howard well occupied with a new No. One Mama—Ruth Perry, young actress. And Ginger is finding fun with Oren Haglund, the guy whose marriage to Priscilla Lane never DID jell.

■

TO HOLLYWOOD weddings-in-the-offing, the most dependable tip-off lately seems to be real-estate activity!

For instance: The wisenheimers of Hollywood were not at all surprised by that Las Vegas elopement of Alex D'Arcy and Arleen Whelan. For they knew that Alex had just bought a big house in Brentwood, and what th' heck would a bachelor want with a big house in Brentwood?

So, from that example, you can do your own deducing from these real-estate notes:

Bill Holden, who bought a Brentwood lot, is having architects draw plans, and Brenda Marshall is happy. Chester Morris, who gets an early-winter divorce and who is being seen about with Lillian Kenton Barker, is looking over houses in Beverly and vicinity. Raphael Hakim has bought a house plenty big enough for himself and his wife. He hasn't got one yet, but Ruth Hussey would be no surprise in the role.

■

AND that, naturally, brings up George Jessel and Lois Andrew, who are screaming "It ain't so!" to rumors that their marriage is on the rocks.

Just to stand up their denials, too, Lois has just given George a giftie—a gold locket, with her picture on one side, and on the other this inscription: *Forever Yours!*

But "forever" is a long, long time, Lois!! George won't live that long.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Benny Thau and Greer Garson—
Ten to one they hunt a parson.

■

SNICKER-OF-THE-MONTH in Olivia de Havilland's life is that goofy yarn printed the other day in a London paper (maybe the editor got a touch of shell-shock) to the effect that Olivia was to become the bride of one Lord Herman Michelham, as soon as His Ludship got himself a divorce.

Olivia visited London a couple of years ago, and met Lord Herman while there. But that's as far as it went, and Livvie is no closer to marrying him than she is to marrying Hitler. It's still Jimmy Stewart who's No. One Laddie in her life—and to prove it, Olivia is turning thumbs down on single dates with any other Hollywood boy.

That's why, the other night, she had THREE escorts to the theater when Jimmy couldn't take her—!

■

THOSE folk who collect Hollywoodiana have a new item which came out during the Wayne Morris-Bubbles Schinasi split-up revelations. It's this:

That big house that Bubbles' mama

[*Continued on page* 8]

Pan Pacific Press

When writer Louella Parsons and hubby Dr. Harry Martin vacationed in Hawaii they were necklaced with knee-length leis

HOLLYWOOD HEART TREATMENT!

Texas Ranger Gary Cooper gets his man, but loses his heart to Madeleine Carroll in "North West Mounted Police."

Exciting Paulette Goddard plays havoc with the heart of that gallant "Mountie" Robert Preston.

"Arise, my love, and fly away with me!" Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert, partners-in-love in Paramount's "Arise, My Love!"

Dear Joan--

Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best, and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstatics

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titilating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.

But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.

Yours helpfully,

Sallie

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 6]

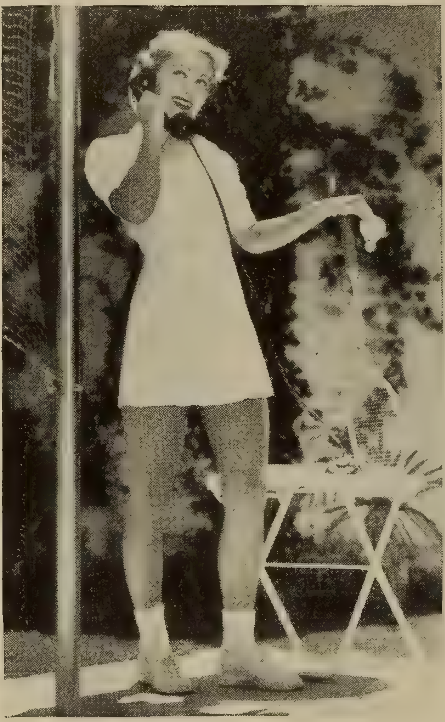
GAVE to the newlyweds—remember?—was just an Indian gift. Mama Schinasi never let title out of her own hands.

Clever, these Schinasis.

■

WHETHER or not you're still interested in the goings-on of those two people (don't look, now) who used to be Mr. and Mrs. Artie Shaw, I don't know. And I don't care—but even so, you're going to have to listen (or just skip the next few paragraphs)—

As for Lana Turner, she's turning the heat on Victor Mature at high intensity, at this writing. Vic is the guy who used to date Liz Whitney, remember? But ever since he took Lana to that cafe down at the beach, and then had a week-end at Laguna Beach in the same party with the so-recent Missus Shaw, Liz has been OUT. Lana and Vic are doing a lot of Hollywood stunts: latest is to have outing date, with both wearing exactly identical slack suits! And they're swapping gifts: and if you wanna see what Lana gave boy-friend Mature, then peer closely at that shot in *No, No, Nanette* which shows a close-up of Mature and Anna Neagle holding hands. Those ruby-and-gold cuff links he's wearing are what Lana gave him.



Diana Lewis, petite package of pep, stops badminton game to take hubby Bill Powell's call. Oh, what pretty legs

Helen Parrish, who used to take her exercise walking, dancing with Forrest Tucker, now exercises by her lonesome pedaling an imaginary bike. Next picture, *I'm Nobody's Sweetheart Now*

As for Artie Shaw, now:

He and Frances Neal are getting to be a habit. Was it Frances or some other gal who was with him the night he vastly amused the customers at the Grace Hayes Lodge, when he indignantly and loudly refused to sit at the table to which the headwaiter led him—because, he told the world, it was the same table at which he and Lana Turner had their first row . . . . !

■

P. S.—LANA'S wearing a new ring—a huge star sapphire. BUT it's not from Mature. Instead, Lana had to buy it for herself.

■

P. P. S.—Mama, ain't Hollywood too, TOO fonneeeee? Like the other night, when Raymond Hakim took Lana Turner to dinner—BUT left her right after dinner because he had a dancing date with Liz Whitney.

That was the same night Lana had an after-dinner date with Vic Mature, who used to have after-dinner dates with Liz.

Or are we all screwy?

■

PSSSST!! You can come back in, now. We're all done with Lana and Artie. . . .

■

DID you hear the funny one about Bill Marshall and June Duprez? Seems they had a date together, and made it pay. It inspired them to write a song, called *When I Dream*. The song was so good, they sold it.

They'd probably write a whole darn' operetta after a week-end.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Rita Johnson and Walter Brooks—
Hiding out in the nite-spots' dark nooks.

[*Continued on page* 12]

Chas. Rhodes

MOTION PICTURE, always stalking the stork, hears that newlyweds Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman are expectin'

Lucia Carroll, one of the most luscious of the peaches in the Warner orchard, displays a fall swim-suit—to set off body beautiful. Has crush on Errol Flynn, appears with him in *Santa Fe Trail*

BETTE DAVIS

in WARNER BROS.' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Letter

with
HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort • Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N
Screen Play by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

RUBY RED
by Irresistible

You'll look lovely in Irresistible's new sensational lipstick . . . for "Ruby Red" is a rich, sparkling red . . . the season's liveliest, most flattering color. Blends brilliantly with all the fashionable new clothes colors. Applies smoothly and stays on for hours because of the secret new Whip-Text process. Get Irresistible "Ruby Red" Lipstick today, with matching Face Powder, Rouge and Powder Foundation, and know the superb flattery of a complete Irresistible make-up.

USE IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

IT'S Whip-Text
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER

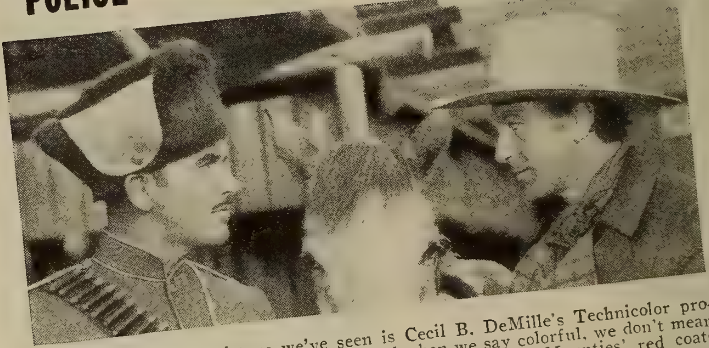
10¢ AT ALL
5 & 10 C STORES

Good Housekeeping Bureau

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

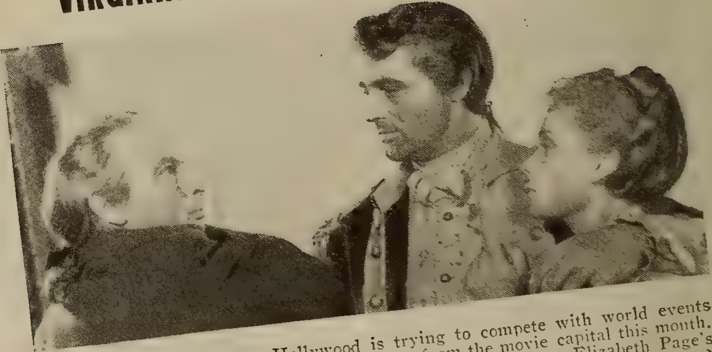
PICTURE PARADE

NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE—AAA½—



The most colorful picture we've seen is Cecil B. DeMille's Technicolor production *North West Mounted Police*. And when we say colorful, we don't mean anything else, for what could be more colorful than the Mounties' red coats against the Canadian outdoors. It wouldn't surprise us either if Mr. DeMille—being the showman that he is—also chose the cast for their color attributes for nearly the entire cast has blue eyes. But the cast contributes a great deal more than the pigment of their eyes to this thrilling historical drama of the Riel Rebellion of 1885. The important characters in this story about Canada's "Civil War" are *Dusty Rivers* (Gary Cooper), a Texas Ranger, and *Sergeant Jim Bret* (Preston Foster), who are both after the same woman—*April Logan* (Madeleine Carroll), a frontier nurse—and the same man—*Jacques Corbeau* (George Bancroft), a rebel leader. Also *Constable Ronnie Logan* (Robert Preston), in love with the half-breed, *Louvette Corbeau* (Paulette Goddard), *Dan Duroc* (Akim Tamiroff), a rebel, and *Tod McDuff* (Lynne Overman), an old Scotsman.—*Paramount.*

THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA—AAA½—



We don't know whether Hollywood is trying to compete with world events but here is the second war picture to emanate from the movie capital this month. This one is based on our own revolution and is adapted from Elizabeth Page's best seller, *The Tree of Liberty*. However. Frank Lloyd (producer and director) didn't concentrate too strenuously on the war itself but on the events leading to our fight for freedom and this is told by way of the love story of *Matt Howard* (Cary Grant), a son of a frontiersman, and *Jane Peyton* (Martha Scott), a young aristocrat. But no story about our birth could be complete without Thomas Jefferson and so here you find *Tom Jefferson* (Richard Carlson) not only playing his part in our history but in the *Howard* family history, for it is he who slyly introduces his old schoolmate *Matt* to his snobbish friends, the *Peytons*—*Fleetwood* (Sir Cedric Hardwicke) and *Roger* (Alan Marshall). As this was filmed in Williamsburg you will hear *Patrick Henry's* (Richard Gaines) thrilling words —"Give me liberty or give me death"—re-echo in the restored House of Burgesses.—*Columbia.*

[*Continued on page* 16]

IN THE GREAT
TRADITION OF
HIGH ROMANCE
THE COUNT OF
MONTE CRISTO
1934
and now
THE SON OF
MONTE CRISTO
1940

A coach hurtles through the night, its frightened coachman lashing his horses' lathered flanks. Jeweled fingers touch the curtain of a window. A beautiful face peers into the threatening night.

The gallop of pursuing hoofs. The sound of shots. The iron tyrant's iron men are closer, closer. The crash of wood on wood as the coach of Her Highness Zona smashes against a tall tree . . . Is her cause lost? Is the cause of romance, of love again to lose to the mad might of ruthless power . . .

No . . . the Son of Monte Cristo . . . gallant son of a gallant father . . . leaps from his saddle, takes the lovely lady in his arms . . and the fight is on . . . the spirit, the glory of the grandest story of all romance lives again.

Edward Small, producer of such thrilling romances as "The Man in the Iron Mask" brings in glowing, thrilling splendor to the screen, the sequel to his famous screenplay, "The Count of Monte Cristo," *the even grander romantic adventure . . .*

Edward Small presents

LOUIS HAYWARD · JOAN BENNETT

in

"THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

with

GEORGE SANDERS

FLORENCE BATES

MONTAGU LOVE

Screenplay by George Bruce · Directed by Rowland V. Lee · A Rowland V. Lee Production

Released thru United Artists

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Arleen Whelan who was kind of hot and heavy for Richard Greene—oh some months ago—remember?—eloped with Alex D'Arcy, new boy friend, and poses with him *a la* lovebirds in new home

MY SON! MY SON! Both of 'em. Typically Hollywoodian manifestation concerns Vicky Abbott and the Truexs—Papa Ernest Truex and his two sons, Phil and Jimmy. . . .

Act 1 was when Truex *pere* first dated lovely Vicky all over Hollywood, and gave the two gossips something to cluck over. But Truex had to go to work at Warners, which put a damper on romancing. At that age, you can't work all day and play all night, and a man's GOTTA work to play.

So what? So Vicky, although manless, refused to remain Truexless. So she made a date or two or three with Ernest's son, Phil!—who never did know that he was taking out his papa's gal friend. That made Hollywood giggle, in true Hollywood giggle-tempo. But you ain't heard nothin' yet. . . .

Into the scene steps the younger Truex son, Jimmy. He meets Vicky, and doesn't know that she's either Phil's or Papa's big moment. And Vicky doesn't care, it seems—for Jimmy proposes and Vicky, being well sold on Truexs by now, promptly accepts!

Ah, wotta town, WOTTA town. . . . !

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Now there's Al Newman and Mary Lou Dix—
Good chance for some preacher to get in his licks!

■

Having chucked Greg Bautzer for Artie Shaw whom she divorced after brief and tempestuous marital fling, Lana Turner gives you new boy friend Vic Mature

NOTES entitled "How These Kids Grow Up!"—

A—Hot night-club date: Ann Gillis (who was Becky Thatcher in *Tom Sawyer)* with Jimmy Lydon (who was one of the boys in *Tom Brown's School Days).*

B—Hit night club date: Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, heating up the Brown Derby.

C—Carrying their dates HOME: Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes, who got a personal invitation from Bob's mama to spend plenty of time at the Stack summer home at Lake Tahoe.

D—Teen-age Lothario: Freddie Bartholomew, equipped with a brand-new car, can't make up his mind

[*Continued on page* 88]

We wouldn't say that Barbara Pepper is the "wildcat" you're supposed to meet in *Meet the Wildcat.* Probably not, with THOSE very neat Pepper shakers

Well it's happened—society girl actually has sex appeal for movies. Furthermore this heiress, Mimi Forsaythe, daughter of late coke millionaire, Arthur W. Armstrong, will give entire salary to relief.

The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

DURA-GLOSS

A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lustred beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the thrilling story of your fastidious daintiness! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—*doesn't* cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day!

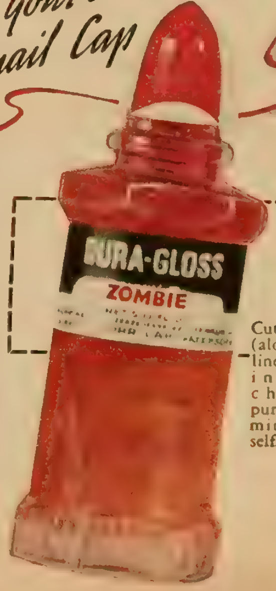
The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

Look for the life-like fingernail bottle cap—colored with the actual polish! No guess-work: you get the color you want!

10¢

FASHION BULLETIN
NEW COLORS
Zombie, Indian Red, Red Wine

Lorr Laboratories
Paterson, N. J.
FOUNDED BY E. T. REYNOLDS



Cut this out (along dotted line) and put in your change-purse to remind yourself.

I *Love*...

the loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon

I love the quality of this exquisite new Chiffon Lipstick. Flesh-smooth new texture for softer contours. Costlier new perfume that whispers love in every kiss. Stop at your five-and-ten for one of these alluring *new* shades. Your choice, only 10¢.

Chiffon Red, Raspberry, Medium, True Red

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream 10¢

I love the excellence of this marvelous cream—so new, so different. It's the only cream you need for cleansing, to help clarify and soften the skin, and as a perfect foundation.

Chiffon Powder 10¢

I love this perfect face powder of finer, longer-clinging texture—shine-proof—cake-proof—in seven high fashion shades:

Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige

PICTURE PARADE

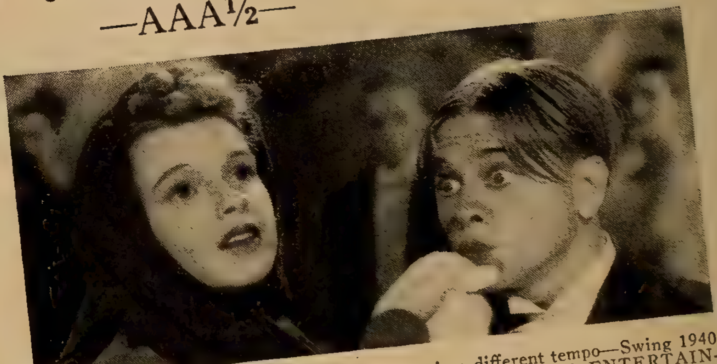
SPRING PARADE

—AAA½—

We don't want to cut in on your doctor's practise, or your drug-store's trade, but if you want a little free advice throw away those pills the doc gave you for your war jitters, put on your coat and hat, pick up your best girl and run, don't walk, to the nearest theater showing *Spring Parade*. It's set in Vienna back in the gay days of 1896 when the Viennese waltz instead of guns set the rhythm and mood for the Continent. Deanna, a peasant girl, goes to the Fair to sell a goat and buys her fortune—predicting a trip to Vienna where she will marry an artist and meet great people. Exhausted from her day at the Fair, Deanna falls asleep on a haystack but when she awakens she discovers it's a wagon of hay which baker *Teschek* (S. Z. Sakall) is taking back with him to Vienna. The fortune-teller was right, for Deanna not only gets to Vienna but in the baker's shop she also finds romance—in the person of *Harry Marten* (Robert Cummings), a drummer in the Emperor's army. Others in the cast are Mischa Auer, Anne Gwynne, Henry Stephenson, Walter Catlett, Samuel S. Hinds, Allyn Joslyn, Reginald Denny and Butch and Buddy.—*Universal.*

STRIKE UP THE BAND

—AAA½—



Here is another musical and while it is done in a different tempo—Swing 1940—than *Spring Parade* it also has the ingredients that spell ENTERTAINMENT. *Strike Up the Band* was a musical hit a few seasons back and while the movie is not based on the show but on an original screen play, and with new music and lyrics, it is destined to be as big a hit on the screen as it was on the stage—even though the title and the song, *Strike Up the Band*, are the only reminders of its past history. It's been brought up to date to fit its young stars—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland—and fit them it does. Remember *Babes in Arms*? Well, this is cut from a similar pattern. It has drama, comedy, suspense and plenty of rhythm, and Master Rooney proves a master at them all. (Judy Garland is no novice either.) Mickey's mom wants her son to be a doctor like his dad but Mickey's heart is set on wielding a baton instead of a scalpel. He does—with the help of Judy, his schoolmates, his principal and Paul Whiteman. You'll also find June Preisser, William Tracy, Larry Nunn, and others in this stimulating, scintillating musical revue.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

[*Continued on page* 78]

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 14]

the release of *The Great Profile* . . . Elaine is already in secret training. . . .

ROMANCE ITEMS: Anne Shirley flew in for the wedding of her chum, Phyllis Fraser, and Bennett Cerf, Sylvia Sydney's ex . . . Phyllis is Ginger Rogers' cousin . . . Ma Lela fixed up a very nice reception at the Ritz Towers and didn't forget to invite Dan Loper, her favorite companion . . . Lucille Ball insists that Desi Arnaz is the one, but Desi says otherwise . . . Studio romances are always open to doubt, but the pair have been exchanging expensive presents and long-distance calls . . . Desi assured me that it's just "friendship, friendship, that perfect blendship" that makes for jolly times together . . . David Niven is now married to Primula Rollo, an English girl . . . evidently the Jacqueline Dyer twosome blitzkrieged with the advent of the war . . . Gar Kanin's pursuit of Katharine Hepburn was delayed by a bout with the flu . . . People have it that they are on the verge of marriage . . . The youthful director's friends think it's just an intellectual friendship, whatever that is! Katie is at home in Connecticut . . . Gar will attend the opening of *They Knew What They Wanted* . . . and meet the Hepburn clan. . . . . . COCKTAIL TIME: It's cocktail season for the girls and boys who like to get together and compare notes on the stars . . . Roy Rogers, second only to Gene Autry as a favorite with the boots and saddle fans, was partied at the Warwick . . . Roy attended a special Roy Rogers day at the Fair the following day . . . Martha Scott, whom you are going to love once you get to know her better, was told only a few months ago by picture producers that she had no looks, glamor or sex . . . Now she's being cocktailed . . . She's dismantling her apartment for a long Hollywood stay . . . Just acquired a husband, radio director Carleton Alsop, who directed her radio series for a year before discovering he was in love . . . Martha knew it all the time . . . Bette Davis is going to have to look to her laurels once Martha hits her stride . . . Bette was cocktailed, too—at the Gotham . . . Everyone turned out, including Bob Taplinger who came all the way from Hollywood . . . Phyllis Brooks drank milk at her party . . . RKO footing the bills . . . looks much nicer in her darker hair . . . Phyllis drank beer at her party . . . was in a state as to whether to accept a role in Harold Lloyd's *Three Girls and a Gob*, or the stage musical, *Panama Hattie* . . . remembering Betty Grable's experience . . . Phyllis took the stage part . . . and a Scotch and soda . . .

COAST TO COAST: Bing Crosby, Dixie and the Crosby youngest, trained in . . . They are on their way to South America if Bing's detours don't consume all his vacation time . . . There was the National Amateur Golf Tournament at Mamaroneck . . . The center of attention from the gallery, Bing signed autographs between shots, puffed on his inevitable pipe, and didn't play good enough to qualify . . . But Bing remains good natured . . . even about brother Bob's screen debut . . . He thinks it's swell for the kid . . . Spencer Tracy stopped off at the White House before coming on . . . Franchot Tone cancelled his tour of *The Fifth Column* because of the Dies communist accusation . . . returning to Hollywood for *Martin Eden* . . . If you can imagine Franchot as the lusty Jack London.

"Politeness has its limits—I just won't dance with Peg!"

Every day . . . and before every date . . . prevent Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

PEG'S tops on first impression—but you can't be a belle on *that!* She's plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won't make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter's confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor *worse.*

After your bath, you're fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of *future* odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for *past* perspiration, then Mum . . . makes you *sure* you're safe!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant—all year 'round. Read why!

MUM IS QUICK! Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without attempting to *stop* perspiration Mum prevents odor, all day or evening. (One reason why *men* like Mum, too!) Get Mum today. Mum helps keep you popular all winter long!

SUMMER AND WINTER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!

GRAND THAT EVEN AFTER DRESSING, I CAN USE MUM. MUM DOESN'T HARM FABRICS
TO HERSELF: AND MUM WON'T LET YOU DOWN. IT'S SO WARM DANCING, YET I'M AS FRESH AS CAN BE
MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK

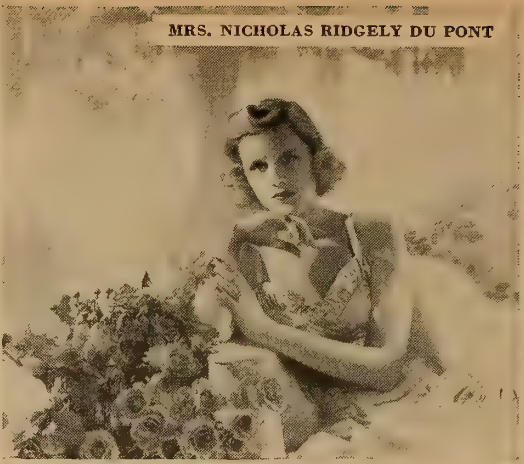
For Sanitary Napkins

Wise women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment . . . use Mum!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III


MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT

MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III

MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR.

AMERICAN GIRL 1941

Eyes bright as stars . . . Hair brushed to shining . . . Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose . . . Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:—

BATHE the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. *Spank* its fragrant unctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and make-up on your skin, softening and setting them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

SPANK again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

COOL with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

MASK your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chappings, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

GIVE-AWAY for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative hand lotion. DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM

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MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . . MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual

DOWN TO BRASS TACKS WITH BOB MONTGOMERY

(Listen, This is not a War Story!)

By CHARLES BRUCE

WE'RE going to talk about Bob Montgomery, now—but just for blessed relief, let's NOT start by prattling sonorously and drearily about that trip of his to the war-front as an ambulance driver without any ambulance to drive!

For my own part, I've heard so much talk and twaddle about that latest excursion of this man-of-violent-enthusiasms that I'm fed right up to the larynx with it. I'm quite sure that everybody, including Bob Montgomery, himself, is sick to death of talking about it, and I *know* that his friends are sick to death of hearing about it. So let's skip it, huh?

Let's just talk, instead, about Bob Montgomery, movie actor and man-about-Hollywood, and chuck the war stuff and, for that matter, all this sociology stuff of his, too. After all, there certainly is more to Bob Montgomery than just these fine adventurings into knight-errantry.

Let's just concede him his right to ride forth whenever and wherever he wants to, and let's give him credit for the fine sincerity with which he rides. And then let's forget it, and see what kind of man this Montgomery is, aside from all that.

And doing so, we discover anew (having almost forgotten it in the melodrama of other

[*Continued on page* 66]

Your Hollywood--and Mine-

No. 4

THE DANGERS OF BEING A GREAT MOVIE LOVER

THE unfortunate mess involving poor Richard Greene's enlistment (or lack of it) in the Canadian Army brings to my mind again on what slender threads hang the careers of the Great Lovers of the screen.

A year ago when I was on tour I received more hero-worshipping mail about the young English actor than any other Hollywood star. Today, he may be "through" after two brief years of stardom.

It seems to me that the great lovers of the screen have a harder row to hoe than any other public idol. One misstep and their careers are finished. Character actors can lead their own lives and now and then make a mistake. But let a handsome, romantic leading man do something that does not meet with public favor and he is finished!

Frankly, I want to say that I believe Dick is the victim of a misplaced war-enthusiasm fever on somebody's part. One of the "inside" stories is that several of his co-patriots in Hollywood (too old to go to war themselves) were responsible for that "call to arms" from the British Embassy which later turned out to be false.

Perhaps the 23-year-old boy did wrong in making such a hurried trip to Canada and returning so soon. But at 23 when the world is before us—a career and happiness with a girl we love—Virginia Field in Dick's case—how many of us are wise and level-headed?

It isn't difficult to remember cases of heroes, past and present, who have tumbled from their pedestals over some small incident. John Gilbert was the idol of feminine America until a little mechanical instrument called the microphone came along to prove that his voice, high and weak, was not as romantic as his dashing appearance. A single slogan of *The Butterfly Man* ruined Lew Cody's career as a hero and turned him forever into a screen villain. Two girls hiding under Bob Taylor's bed in New York sent him into a dizzy tail-spin from which later he was able to get his balance. But perhaps the greatest tragedy of them all was Wallace Reid.

A HANDSOMER man never cast a shadow on the screen than Wally—but there was never a higher price paid for fame than his. Tall, blond, handsome Wally was the idol of a nation—yet Hollywood broke his heart, ruined his life and wrecked his health. He died at 31—a victim of a drug habit.

It is amazing that when the tragic truth broke there was no condemnation of Wally from the women who had adored his dashing automobile comedies with good old Theodore Roberts. But the men were less understanding.

Wally was the victim of his own popularity. He was a Great Lover back in the days long before actors' agents carefully regulated their charges' contracts so they wouldn't have to work themselves to death. Reid made eight pictures in one year—something that is unheard of in

Valentino had great physical appeal. And to this day there has never been another star who could replace him

Bob Taylor was almost ruined by a kidding press. It took courage to live it down, become more popular

John Gilbert couldn't laugh off ridicule with advent of talkies. Losing fans, he died of a broken heart

Louella O. Parsons

Louella Parsons, chatting with Errol Flynn, considers him the dashing type of hero that the late Douglas Fairbanks popularized. Even airing his family quarrels with Lili Damita, she says, hasn't lost him any popularity with his feminine fans

Dick Greene bears brunt of being a hero on public frying pan—victim of whispering campaign over patriotism. He has now joined up

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Hollywood today among top actors. It was the grind and nervous tension that eventually caused him to resort to sedatives to calm his shattered nerves. And how women made his life miserable!

Dorothy Davenport Reid, his level-headed wife, saved him as much as possible. But idolizing femmes actually broke into his bedroom, hid in his automobile and made his life miserable hanging around his neck in public.

"Woman trouble" was actually so bad in Wally's case that when a group of young girls, 16 to 20 years of age, were engaged to go on a location trip when he was making *The Charm School,* Paramount sent along only those young extras, who had mothers, to make the trip with them. A lot of good that did! It wound up with the young charges watching their mammas to see they didn't make eyes at the good-looking star!

What a genial, likeable big kid he was! He used to go around with a set of false teeth in his pocket which he would put in his mouth when adoring women swooped down on him. Just as the ladies were about to make fools of themselves Wally would take out his "falsies," click them like castanets, put them in his mouth so he would look toothless—and then laugh like thunder when the disillusioned fans started running in terror.

Wally and Rudy Valentino worked on the same lot, the old Paramount studio on Sunset and Vine, and they were great friends. There was never an iota of jealousy between them and they used to pitch ball with their camera crews between scenes.

Speaking of teeth, Rudy actually let a wild ball fly one day that hit Wally in the face and knocked out two of his teeth! By way of revenge Wally sent Rudy a bill for his new fangs.

I KNOW I have spoken of Rudy Valentino many times in this series—but no story about the tragedies of the Great Lovers would be complete without more details of the one and only Valentino.

It wasn't long after this snapshot of Louella Parsons and Valentino at Marion Davies' swimming-pool that he died. The most tragic assignment that ever came to Miss Parsons in 25 years of reporting

I can shut my eyes now and visualize Rudy, dark, handsome and courteous with the real Latin politeness, and his hair slicked tight to his head like black patent-leather. My first date with him was, interestingly enough, the first interview he ever gave any newspaper. Looking back over my scrapbook I find it was published in the old *Morning Telegraph,* in New York City.

How well I remember that evening. I was very pleased with myself, wearing a bright red velvet gown—new for the occasion—and not in the least appropriate to interview Paramount's new idol, Valentino (who had just signed a contract). But I had what I thought was a much more exciting date with good-looking Edmund Goulding (he's now directing the Bette Davis pictures in Hollywood). I went with him to the opening of a Belasco play. At that time Eddie was the script writer of *Tol'able David* and was very attractive to the ladies.

So I compromised. I told Paramount I would meet Rudy after I had attended a theater with Eddie. I suppose it will amuse Eddie no little bit now, in reading this, to realize that the great Rudy was practically "stood up" for him!

When I arrived at the Claridge I was surprised at the rather shy boy who turned out to be the great Valentino! My first impression was—"well you may be thrilling on the screen—but you're no more than just a nice boy, off!"

That proves how wrong first impressions can be. There was a great deal of depth and sincerity to Rudy that he did not wear on his sleeve. But that meeting was the beginning of a real friendship between us and as the months and the years rolled by, I realized what a fine person he really was.

The most tragic assignment that ever came to me in 25 years of reporting movie news was that of writing Rudy's obituary before he died! I was at the Virginia Hotel in Long Beach with my

[*Continued on page* 60]

Ramon Novarro had misfortune of being billed as Rudy's successor. And it might have ruined his career if the studio hadn't stopped campaign in time

Clark Gable has had many danger moments in his career, but always triumphed over them—including two marriages and divorces to women older than himself

Why MYRNA LOY is a MAN'S WOMAN

by

CAROL CRAIG

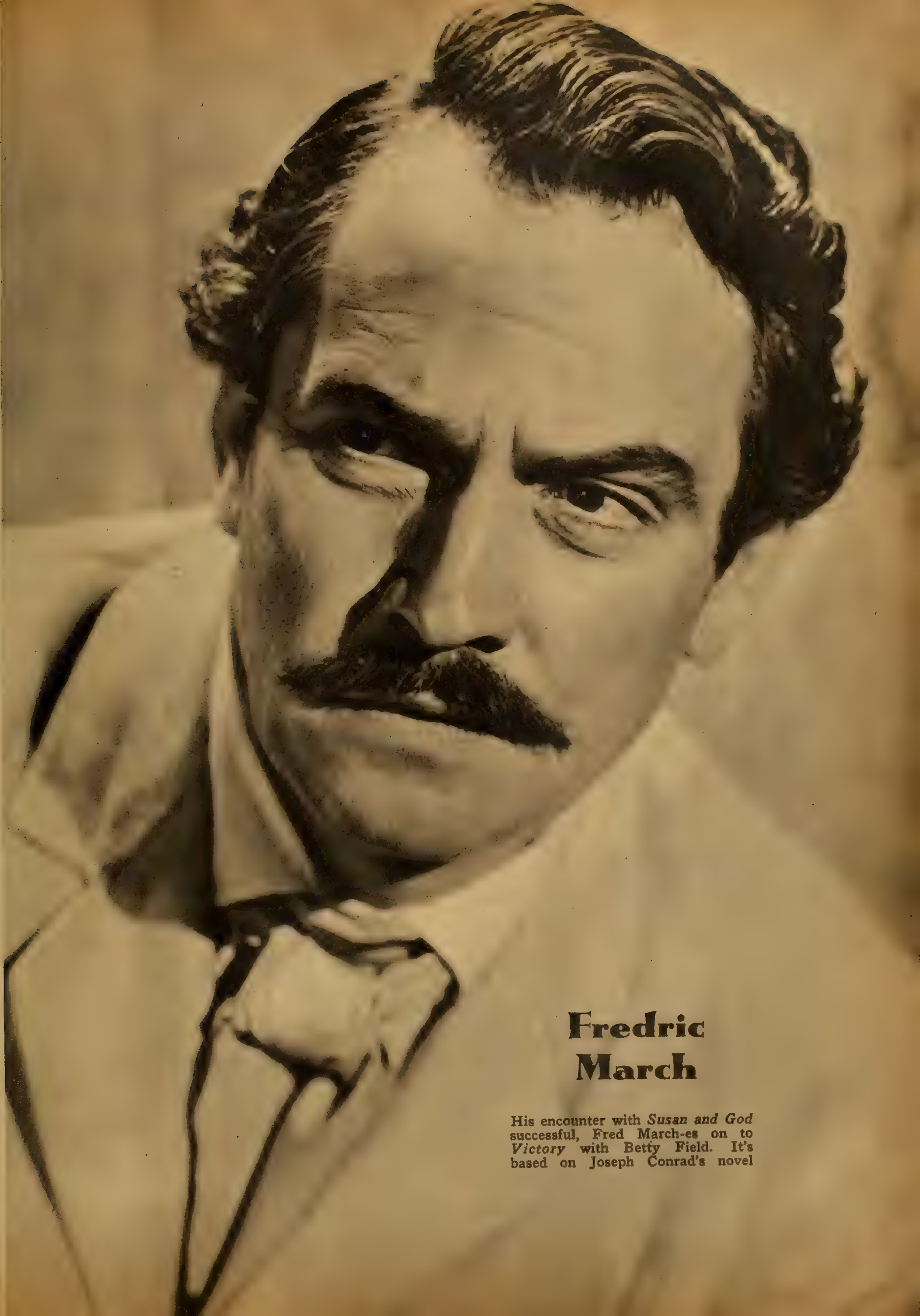
IF YOUR MAN THROWS MYRNA'S NAME UP IN YOUR FACE WHEN HE QUARRELS WITH YOU, IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S JUST ABOUT PERFECT TO HIM. HE WOULDN'T TRADE YOU FOR LOY IF YOU FOLLOWED HER TECHNIQUE. IN FACT YOU'D HAVE HIM EATING OUT OF YOUR HAND IN NO TIME

SOME columnist once opined, "No man should ever marry anybody but Myrna Loy." Other columnists must have agreed; they've been repeating the sentiment ever since. Short-story writers, whenever they want to portray a female character as the type any man could cherish the rest of his life, make clear that she is a counterpart of Myrna Loy.

If she ever announced that she was starting an Advice-to-the-Lovelorn service, she could probably run Dorothy Dix out of business inside of a month. As it is, she receives thousands of letters a year from women who want her advice about How to Get Along with Men. They're convinced that, if any one knows how, Myrna knows.

The public has the firm illusion that she is The Perfect Wife—the one actress on the screen who is everything that a man's woman ought to be.

[*Continued on page* 82]



Fredric March

His encounter with *Susan and God* successful, Fred March-es on to *Victory* with Betty Field. It's based on Joseph Conrad's novel

The PRIZEFIGHTER and the LADY

By LOUIS RAYMOND

THE RAFT OF OTHER DAYS WAS A PUG—A BROADWAY BOY. THE NEW RAFT IS A MAN OF THE WORLD. THE SHEARER INFLUENCE

GEORGE RAFT is still a wise Broadway Boy—or better yet, Broadway's Wise Boy. Nine years as Hollywood's most convincing gangster, whose leer is as lethal as his Colt automatic, has not changed him—on the surface.

The easy money, luxury-living, the headlines, the gaping, eager throngs that follow him about and court his favor have not essentially altered his personality. He continues to be true to the Broadway tradition. The Broadway that *was.* The Broadway of the Fabulous Era when Texas Guinan was not in her heaven and all was well with the world and Wall Street. Those were the days—and nights!

And a neat night club hoofer, with shiny black hair and olive skin, called Georgie Raft was causing romantic girls to recall suddenly the lost Valentino.

Broadway's Georgie Raft came back home this summer. For a personal appearance at the Strand in connection with his picture, *They Ride by Night.* And the street, now much the worse for wear, was not subjected to any nose-sniffing, chin-tilting gesture from the prodigal son. He resumed where he left off—flashing his fast feet in a [*Continued on page* 68]

MERLE OBERON

HEATHER ANGEL

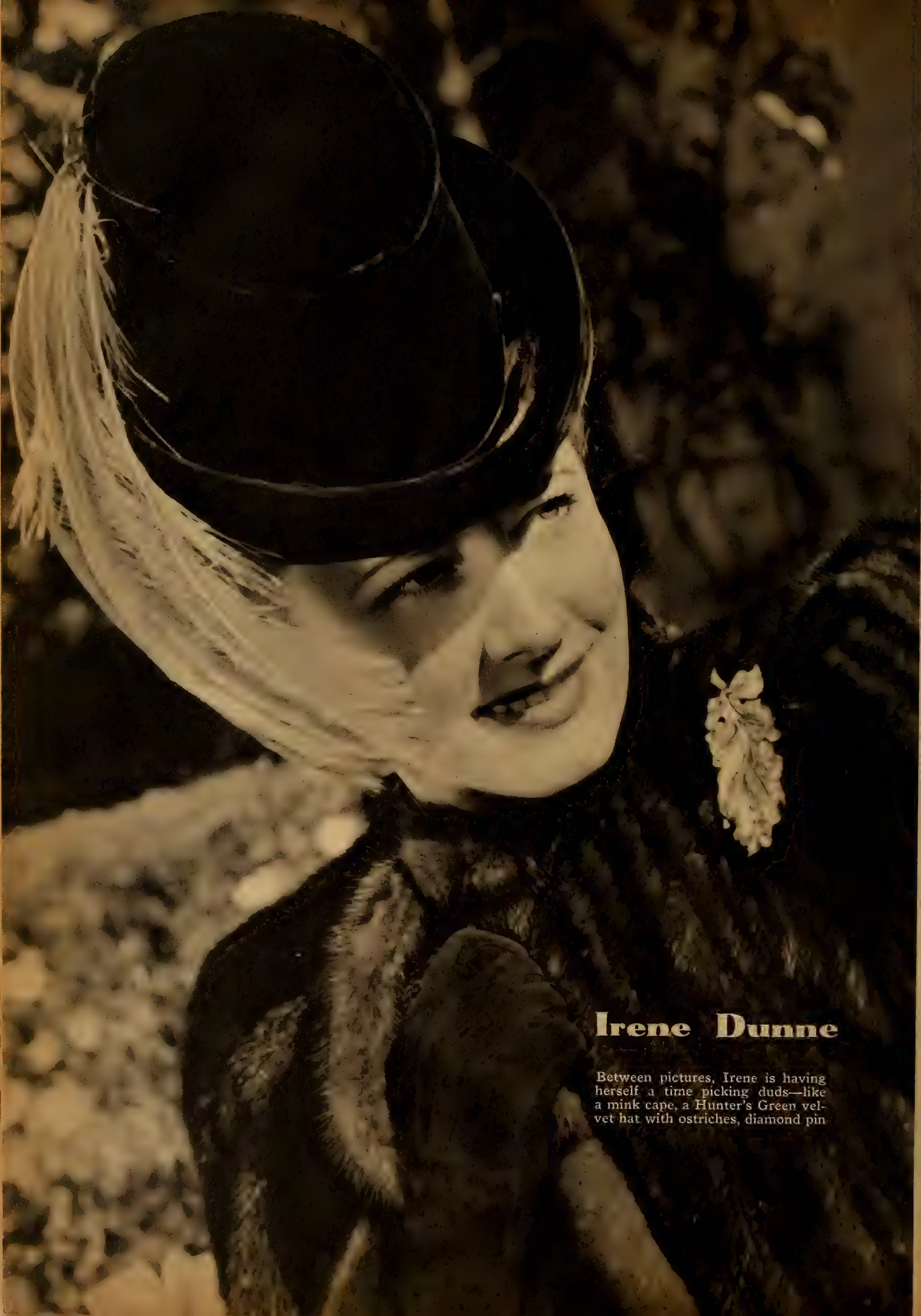
MURIEL ANGELUS

VIVIEN LEIGH

VIRGINIA FIELD

BINNIE BARNES

ANNA NEAGLE



Irene Dunne

Between pictures, Irene is having herself a time picking duds—like a mink cape, a Hunter's Green velvet hat with ostriches, diamond pin

They've HAD BRENT ALL WRONG!

FOR YEARS THEY'VE BEEN SAYING THINGS ABOUT GEORGE BRENT. THEY'VE ACCUSED HIM OF BEEFING ABOUT HIS JOB, OF PUTTING ON AN ACT. THEY'VE WONDERED ABOUT HIS TECHNIQUE WITH WOMEN. IT'S HIS TURN NOW TO SLAP RIGHT BACK

By GLADYS HALL

"'THEY' say, 'They' say . . . where the devil do 'They' get it? And who the devil are 'They' anyway? Does anyone know? Has anyone ever seen Them?

"For years 'They' have been saying things about me. I've read what They've said, in print (it's astonishing how often They break into print, someone should give Them a by-line) or my best friends have told me, as best friends will, 'George, They say that you' . . . et cetera.

"I think of 'They' as three old crones with six-cylinder tongues all wagging in a ghastly imitation of perpetual motion. Now I'm going to slap right back at them. We'll have this thing out. I'm going to talk to myself, tell myself the truth about me. And if a man can't tell himself the truth, he's in bad shape.

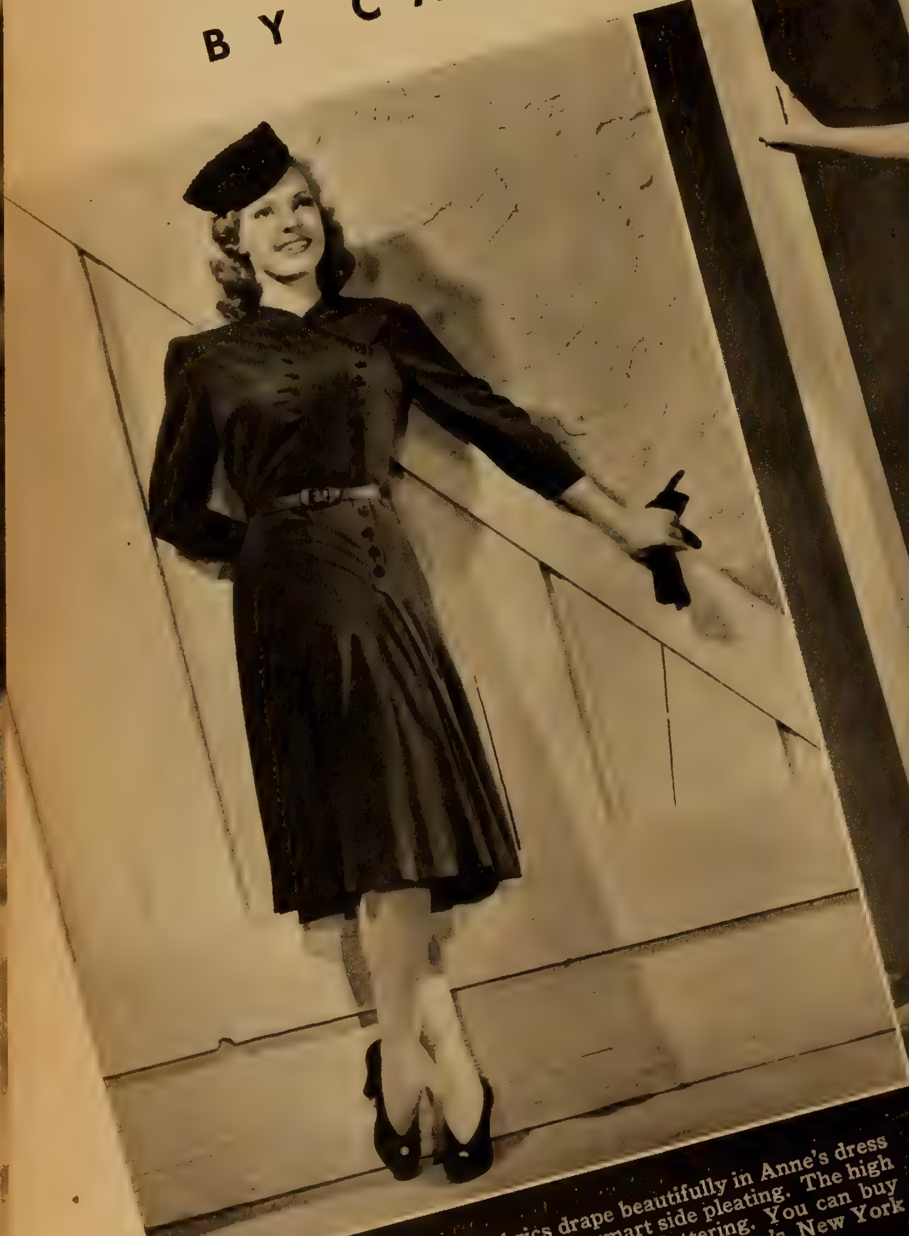
"All right, let's go . . . 'They' say I am bad copy for the Press, am evasive, won't 'see people.' *Well . . .*" said George to George. And paused to light his pipe.

This is as good a place as any to tell you that, so far as I could tell, George was indeed talking to himself. True, I was in his portable dressing room with him, on the set of *Honeymoon For Three*, so that to say we were in close proximity (portables being so eight by ten), is to speak the mathematical truth. And George being a gentleman, and an Irish gentleman, to boot, I won't and can't say that he seemed *totally* unaware of my so immediate presence. He lit my cigarettes for me. He ordered me iced drinks, the day being hot. George is like that, just nat'rally. It's what gets us. Nevertheless, his absorption in [*Continued on page 71*]

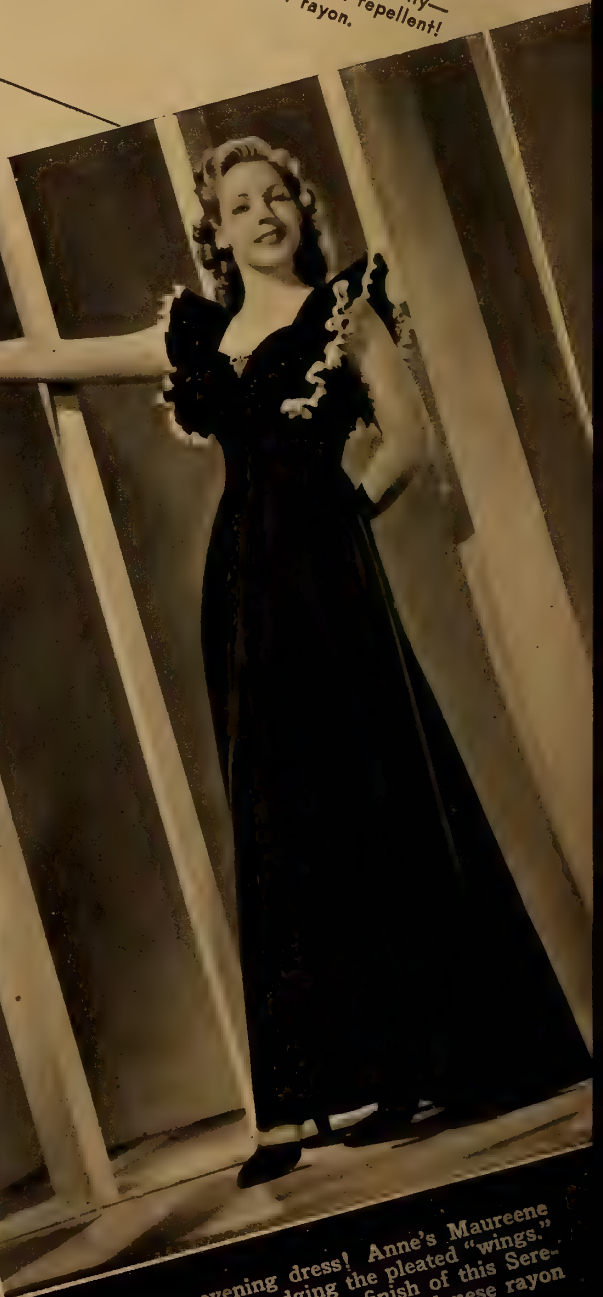
PURE FABRIC-ATION

BY CANDIDA

Gone are the days when rayon was something that nice girls didn't wear. Today, it has come out of the test tube to a high place in fashion. It is as pure and fine a fabric in its own right as silk, or wool, or linen, in theirs. To prove it we give you a complete wardrobe of Celanese rayon, worn by Anne Gwynne, Universal starlet in *Spring Parade*. Anne likes Celanese fabrics because they won't shrink, stretch, or sag, are not affected by perspiration, will dry clean and launder easily—and are both crease resistant and dirt repellent! Look for the Celanese label on rayon.



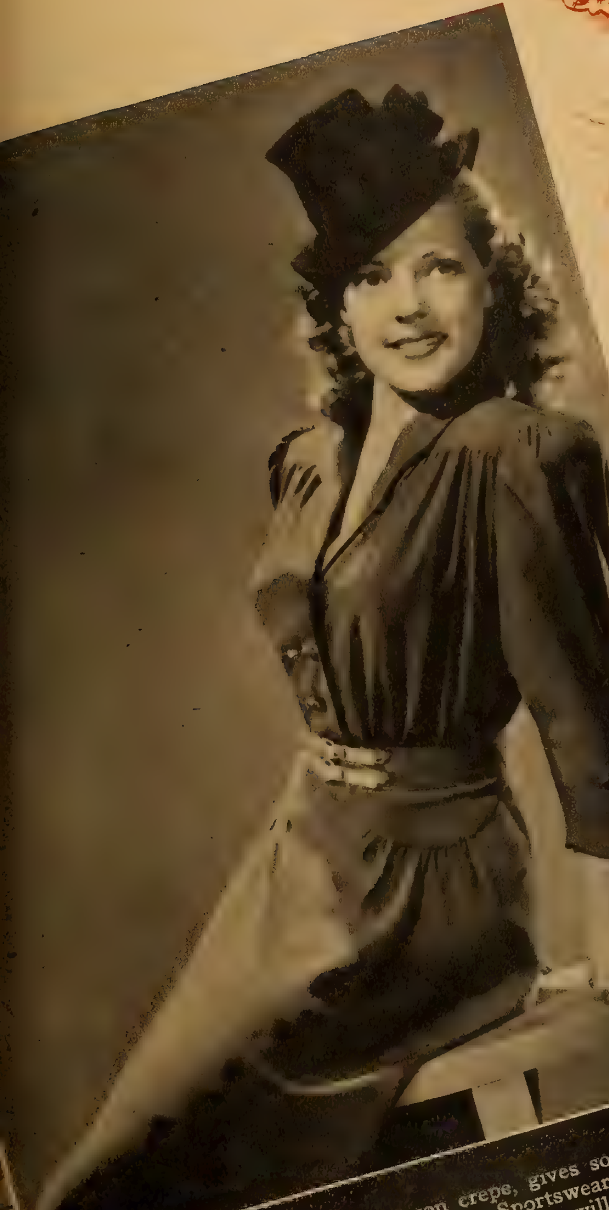
Celanese fabrics drape beautifully in Anne's dress with tucked bodice, smart side pleating. The high crossed neckline is new, flattering. You can buy this Peerless dress at Lord & Taylor's, New York



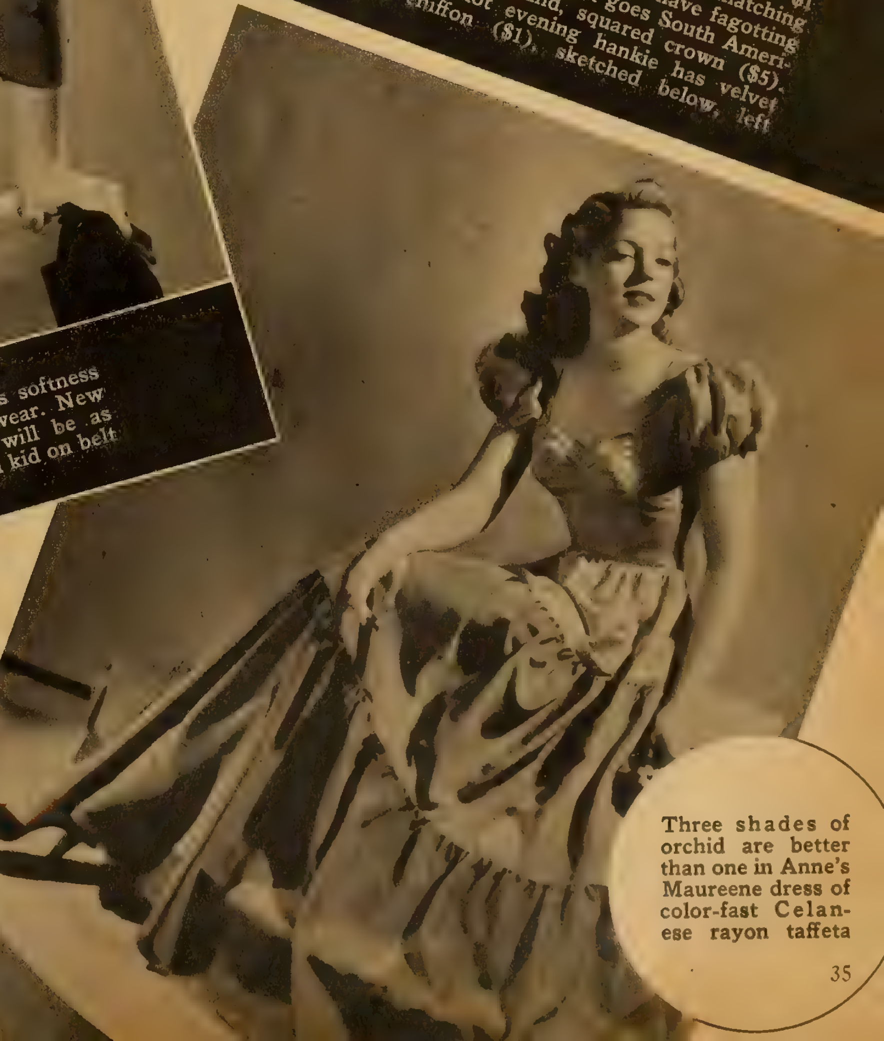
Pinafore into evening dress! Anne's Maureene dance frock has lace edging the pleated "wings." Cracking will never mar the finish of this Serenade taffeta, woven by Stehli of Celanese rayon

Would you like to own any of these budget fashions keyed to this winter's trend? Turn to page 90 for "Shopping Guide." Or, send a penny post card for prices and free information on where-to-buy. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dress up with Sultana pin-pendant of gold and topaz, and bracelet, $2 each. Multi-colored sequin flower; and gold or silver leaves are Pomp-Adorables, comb ornaments for your hair-do, $1 apiece. Seamprufe nightie ($3) and matching slip ($2) of Celanese rayon satin have fagotting trim. Brewster's Gaucho hat goes South American with gay wool band, squared crown ($5). Kimball Bow-knot evening hankie has velvet insets on chiffon ($1), sketched below, left



Courier, a Celanese rayon crepe, gives softness to a tailored dress from Fowler Sportswear. New yoked hipline and gathered bodice will be as becoming to you as Anne. Note gold kid on belt



Three shades of orchid are better than one in Anne's Maureene dress of color-fast Celanese rayon taffeta

HE OUT-FLYNNS FLYNN

By
JAMES REID

STIRLING HAYDEN (BIGGEST HE-MAN IN MOVIES) IS CHAMP ADVENTURER OF ALL. 24 YEARS OLD, HE'S LIVED DANGEROUSLY IN EIGHT OF THEM JUST FOR A JOB

JOEL McCREA is 6 feet 2 inches tall. James Stewart is 6 feet 2½. Gary Cooper is 6 feet 2¾. Fred MacMurray is 6 feet 3. John Wayne is 6 feet 3. Stirling Hayden—who makes his movie bow in *Virginia*—is 6 feet 4. That makes him the biggest thing in Hollywood.

He is also handsome. He suggests a Viking. He has the blond hair, the blue eyes, and the physique. He looks like a man who could—and would—take adventure in stride.

Those looks aren't deceiving. He has spent most of his twenty-four years adventuring. Only, when he was doing it, he didn't think of it as adventuring. He thought of it as a job.

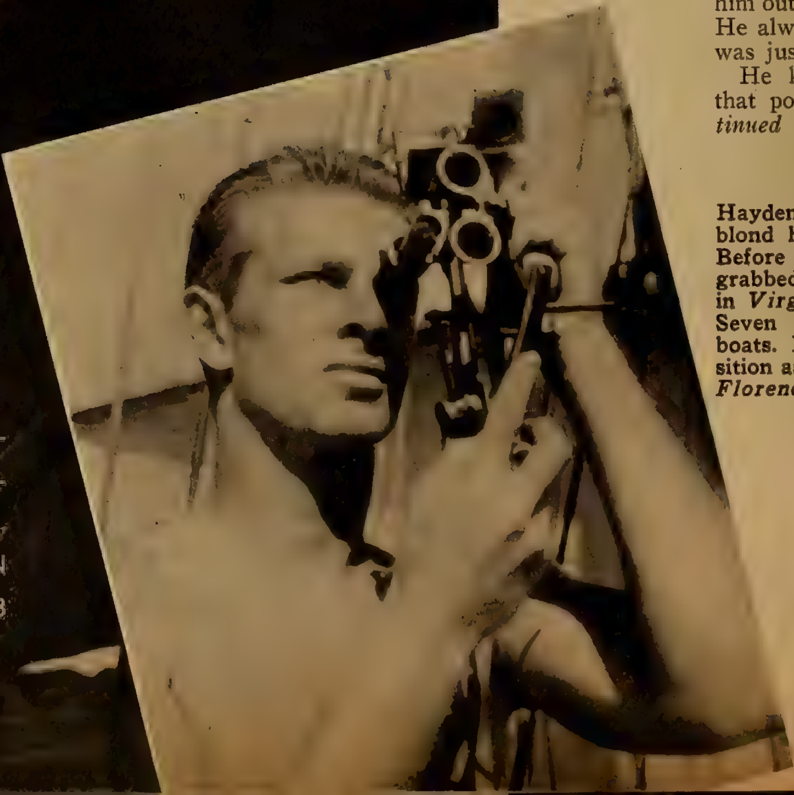
He's the worst news Errol Flynn has had yet.

Up to now, Errol has been Hollywood's undisputed Adventurer No. 1. No one else has been able to tell about roaming the South Seas in small boats, seeing strange, faraway places, living dangerously.

Here, however, is somebody who has roamed not only the South Seas, but the Seven Seas, in small boats, seen places few white men ever see, lived hazardously. Not for just a few months, but for eight years. And Hayden has the documentary evidence to prove it. Letters home, bearing remote foreign postmarks. Clippings from newspapers. Photos by shipmates.

The only difficulty is getting him to talk about what he has done. He hasn't had any experience at dramatizing himself. It embarrasses him that the Paramount publicity department is making him out an adventurer. He always thought he was just a sailor.

He keeps stressing that point, [*Continued on page* 58]



Hayden is 6 feet 4, has blond hair, blue eyes. Before Hollywood grabbed him (has lead in *Virginia*) he sailed Seven Seas in small boats. Left, takes position as skipper of the *Florence C. Robinson*

Linda Darnell

Tyrone Power

Even though that man has a wave and a mustache you know he's Tyrone Power. Why? Because he's making love to lovely Linda Darnell again in *The Mark of Zorro*

THERE IS A CINDERELLA!

By
FAITH SERVICE

THERE'S A CINDERELLA STORY, PLUS, IN HOLLYWOOD. THE HEROINE IS BILL POWELL'S LITTLE MOUSIE, DIANA LEWIS. LISTEN WHILE SHE TELLS IT TO YOU

DIANA LEWIS is young and neat on the eyes. She has deep blue eyes, auburn hair, weighs scarcely 100 pounds, wears size 3½ shoe, 5¾ gloves, has a 23-inch waist, and climbs into a size 11 dress. She is making strides toward stardom, is in love, AND married to William Horatio Powell.

The heroine of a Cinderella story, is Diana, if ever I met such a heroine. Wait until she tells you about "the heartbreak of a theatrical career, which I have known, from experience." And then wait until you read about the "S'prise Package" life she lives as the real (not reel) bride of the Thin Man. Just don't tell *her* that anything isn't possible!

But I'll let her tell her own story. Being so Excited About It All, she tells this story in breathless headlines, with every other sentence ending in an exclamation point, as though almost not believing the sound and shape of her own words.

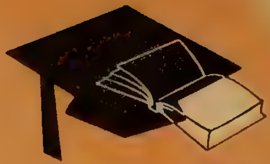
And she IS happy, by the way. Don't you believe everything you read, don't you believe ANYTHING you read, to the contrary.

I should also like to observe, parenthetically, that not only is Diana's story a new Cinderella story, plus—it is also the story of [*Continued on page* 74]

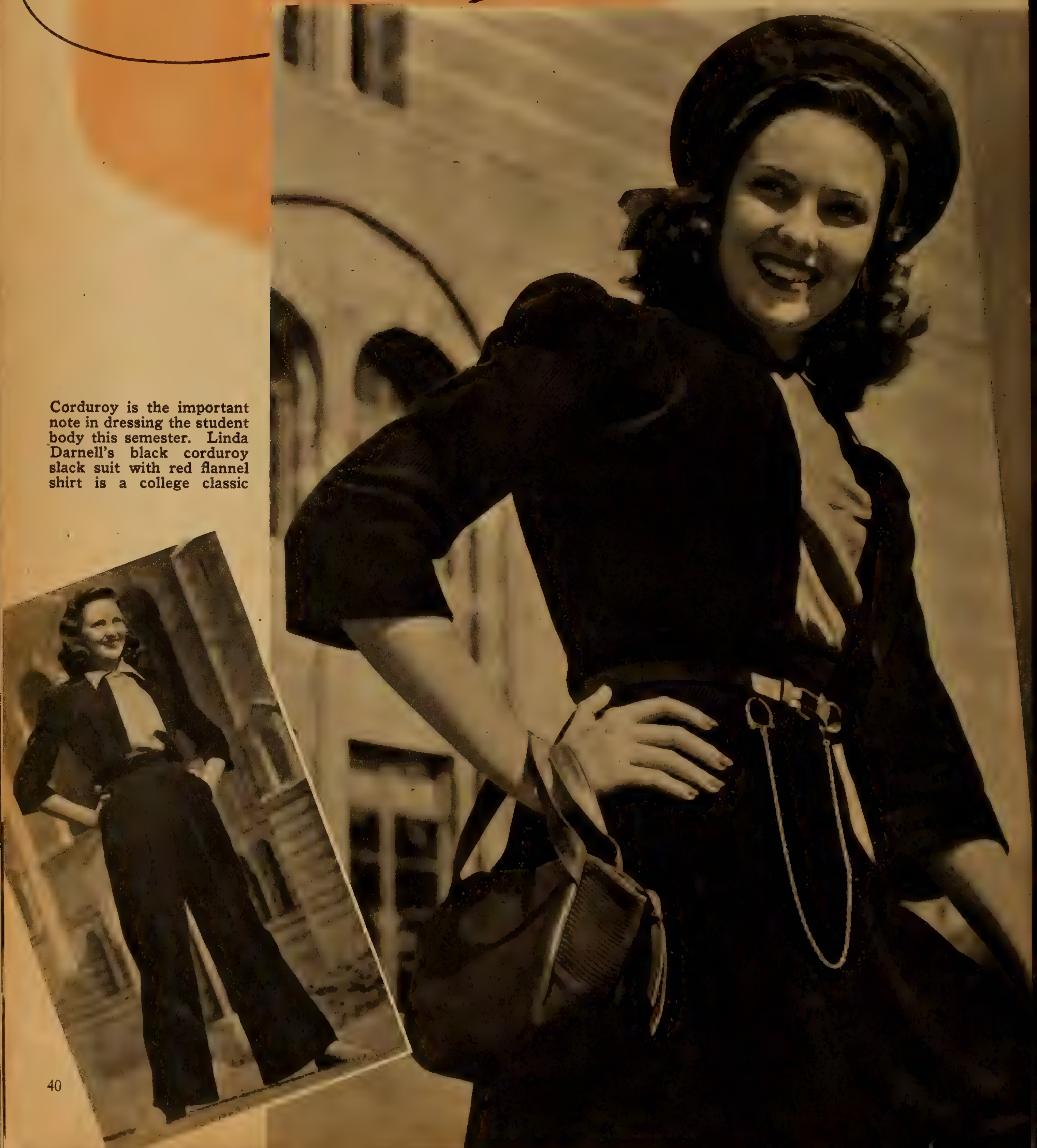
Diana, a child of show business, has had her ups and downs in Hollywood. She never expected to meet Bill Powell, let alone marry him. Life with him, she says, is like a surprise package. Diana has made good in *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante* and *Go West*

Ray Milland

As an American aviator, Ray comes through the collapse of Spain, Poland and Finland unscathed, but falls for Claudette Colbert, an American newspaperwoman, in *Arise, My Love*

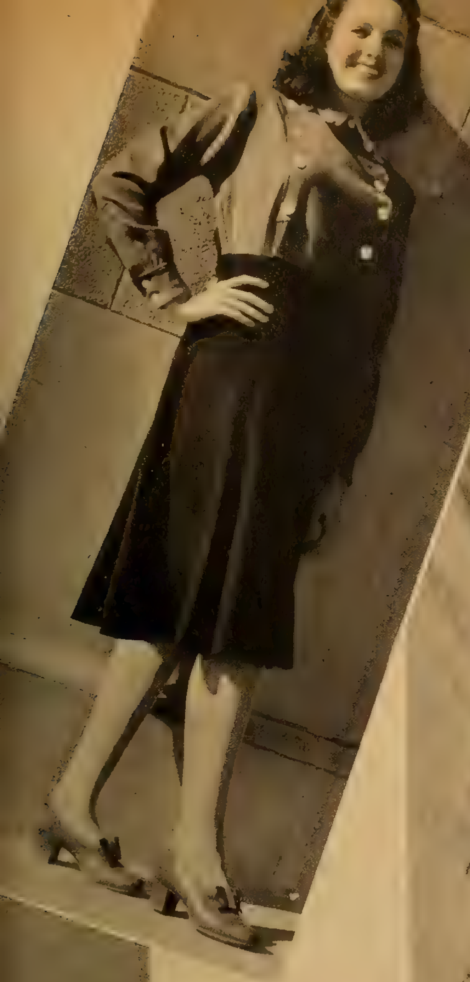


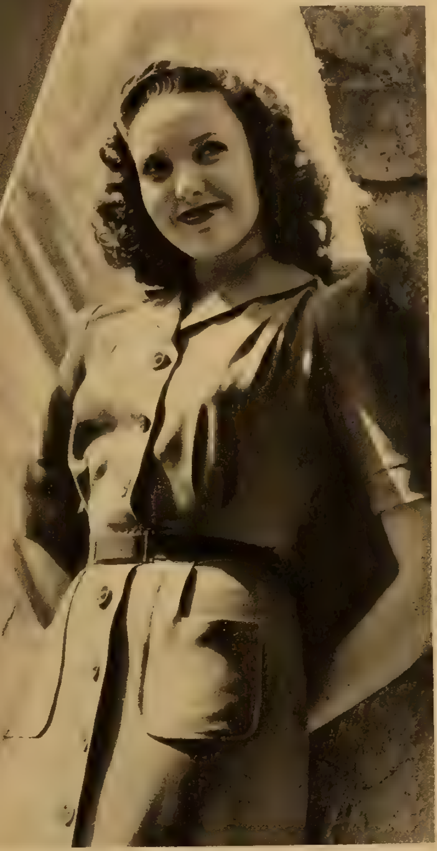
DRESSING The Student Body



Corduroy is the important note in dressing the student body this semester. Linda Darnell's black corduroy slack suit with red flannel shirt is a college classic

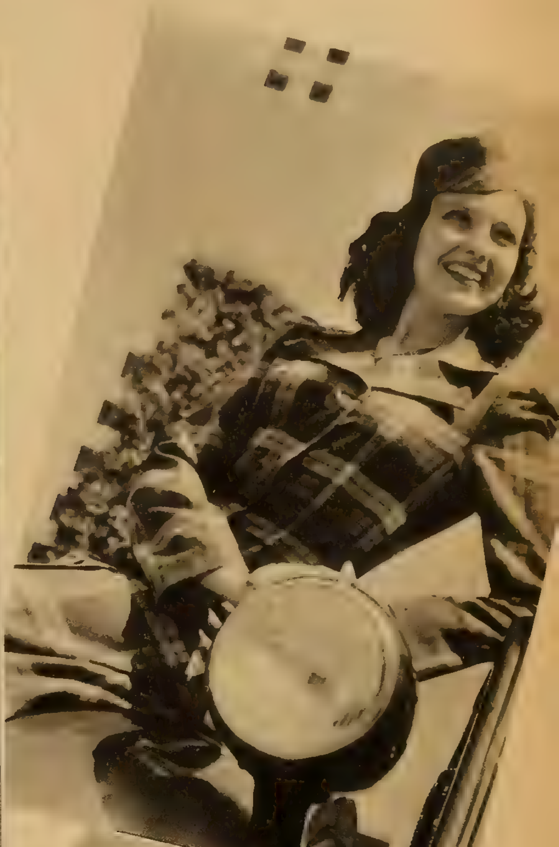
A fireman's shirt of red wool, buttoned in large white buttons, and a high-waisted black wool skirt are Linda's favorite classmates, left



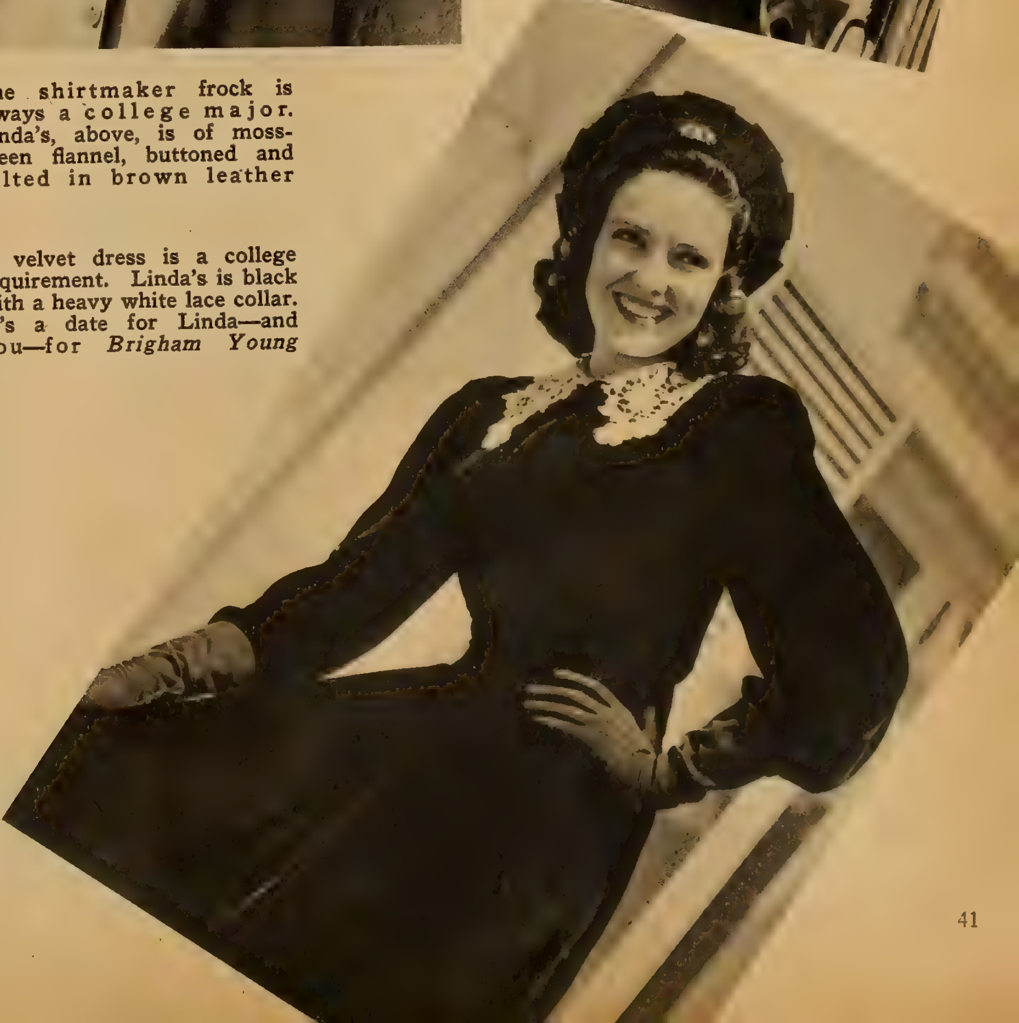


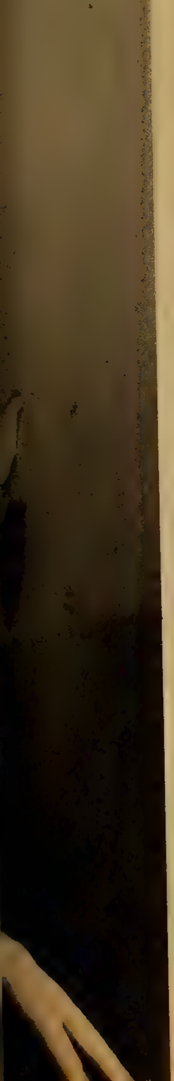
The shirtmaker frock is always a college major. Linda's, above, is of moss-green flannel, buttoned and belted in brown leather

Linda's coat dress of clan plaid wool, below, is in her own college colors—shades of brown, rust and beige. Her military cap matches



A velvet dress is a college requirement. Linda's is black with a heavy white lace collar. It's a date for Linda—and you—for *Brigham Young*





A credit to any college is Linda's black corduroy costume—the upper part of her slack suit and a circular skirt. Beret, bag match shirt

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL

By ROGER CARROLL

LOOKING FOR TYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL? HERE'S LARAINE DAY

"I'D MAKE a good spy," says Laraine Day, her green eyes mischievous, "because nobody would ever suspect me. Spies are always glamorous, and slink around seductively, and have haunting eyes. . . Wouldn't it be funny if I were hung for a spy?"

A great many things amuse Laraine. One thing is the fact that everybody is raving about her performance as the English girl in *Foreign Correspondent*—yet when she went East on a personal appearance tour with the picture, she was billed as "Hollywood's Typical American Girl."

She says, "Usually, when they take a young actress out and introduce her to the public, they make a great to-do about her glamour. They looked long and hard at me and knew the usual formula wouldn't work. They told me, very diplomatically, 'We're just going to call you: A Typical American Girl.'

"That was all right with me. I didn't have to knock myself out, trying to be spectacular. I could relax and enjoy the sights. I probably saw more actual scenery—not stage scenery—than any other actress who ever made a personal appearance tour."

Shades of Florenz Ziegfeld! In the old days, when a girl was glorified as an American girl, she set out to be dazzling. Doesn't Laraine feel any mission to awe the customers?

She shakes her shapely head, adorned with a fetching black felt hat modeled after the nurse's cap she wears in the *Kildare* pictures. "No," she says. "They haven't called me an American Beauty yet."

To hear Laraine talk, you'd think she didn't have any glamorous possibilities whatever. If she didn't have any, she wouldn't be a typical American girl. And she certainly wouldn't be on the screen, where she is rapidly becoming the most promising starlet in sight.

She must know she's attractive. She couldn't look [*Continued on page* 80]

Although Laraine Day has played English girls in her two last and biggest pictures, *My Son, My Son*, and *Foreign Correspondent*, she is recognized as the most typical American girl in Hollywood. She has experienced the usual apprenticeship in drama classes in school and with theatrical stock companies in small cities. When Hollywood beckoned, Miss Day was ready for featured roles —even stardom. She has played in Westerns and is now starred in the *Dr. Kildare* series. Laraine Day is one of the fastest-climbing stars

WHAT LORETTA YOUNG GAVE UP FOR LOVE

LORETTA IS DETERMINED TO MAKE HER MARRIAGE TO TOM LEWIS CLICK. THAT'S WHY SHE GAVE UP HER GORGEOUS SHOW PLACE TO LIVE IN MODEST HOME. SHE DOESN'T PLAN ON EATING HER CAKE AND HAVING IT

By ANITA BLAKE

THIS story could only be written in Hollywood. It is the story of a girl who for a glamorous decade seemed to have everything—beauty, wealth, fame, success—but who never once found what she wanted most: a love that could make her happy.

It is the story of Loretta Young. You could call it "The Girl Who Refused Second Bests." That would be quite appropriate. Or, "The Girl Who Waited for What She Wanted." Because Loretta did that, too. She was married once, long ago, to Grant Withers. But when that youthful elopement turned out badly she remained alone through all the years that followed—until now. She was waiting for the real thing. Now she has found it at last.

And that is the story I have to tell, the story of the Loretta Young who is now Mrs. Thomas H. Lewis and why I think this marriage of hers will endure even in a place like Hollywood, where marriages come and go, and, too often it seems, there is more of the going than of the coming.

I know . . . To put a statement like that down in black and white is not especially wise. There is always someone to throw it up to you if you are proved wrong. Nor do statistics show that movie actresses make the best wives in the world. They've too many other responsibilities. They've too much else to think about besides husband and home. Still, I believe this marriage will prove an exception to the sad Hollywood rule, and I'll tell you why. It is because Loretta, for one, is paying a price for it! And when you pay for something, you value it all the more.

You see, usually, when a movie actress marries, she sort of plans on eating her cake and having it, too. She not only wants to continue her career which, in itself, may turn out to be a pretty big wedge between a man and a wife, but she assumes as a matter of course that she may use for herself, even live on, the money she earns. And that doesn't make for happiness for a very important reason. Most men want to support their wives. Sometimes, we women laugh and call this "satisfying the male ego" but I think it is something bigger than that, and better. It is a man's instinctive desire to care for and to protect the woman he loves.

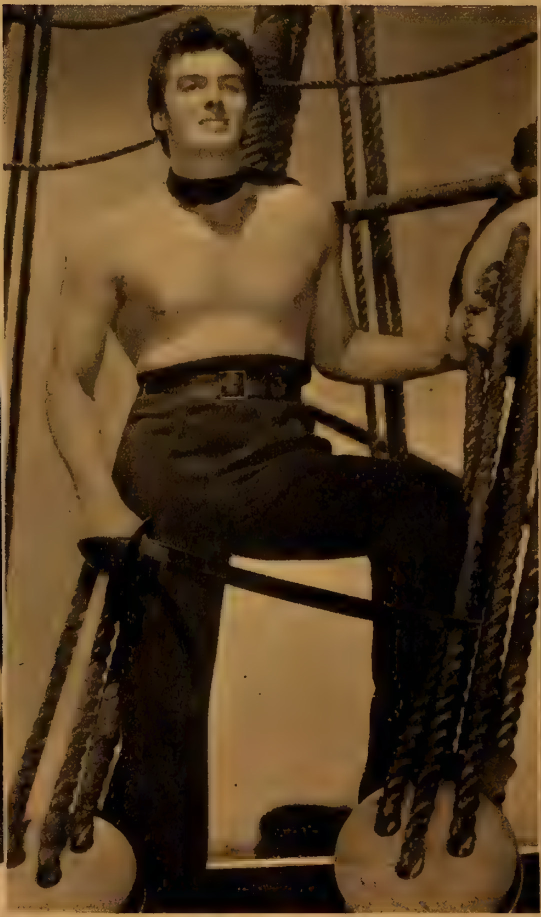
BUT the marriage of Loretta Young, the glamorous movie star, and Tom Lewis, the advertising executive and producer of the Screen Guild's radio show, is going to be different. It is going to be different because Loretta is a woman first, and then a movie star; because Tom is a man first, then the husband of

[*Continued on page 77*]

THE BRAWN BOYS

YOO HOO! YOO HOO! IT'S A NEW TREND,

JOHN CARROLL



VICTOR MATURE

STIRLING HAYDEN

JON HALL

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

ALL candidates for film recognition this season may as well sell Kant's Critique of Pure Reason and invest in rowing machines. Yoo hoo, Vic Mature! It's biceps, bulging muscles, rock-hewn torsos that are catching the public's and the producers' fancies, and the mental types are out—for the moment.

This may seem a trifle wacky in view of the popularity of Laurence Olivier's mental (and erotic) vibrations in *Rebecca*, and the cerebral manifestations of Brain Boys Ronald Colman, Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Charles Laughton, Herbert Marshall, *et al*, but have a look at what's coming up in brawn for next year's picture fare and see if it doesn't spell Trend.

It's three to one in favor of the muscle boys and there doesn't seem to be much that mental newcomers like Jeffrey Lynn, tall, slim, sensitive, the two Richards, Greene and Carlson, both six-footers but not pusher-in-the-face types, John Payne and Robert Stack, charming and urbane, can do about it, except out-act the brawn boys.

They are confronted by a brigade of giants whose muscle development makes an overstuffed sofa look puny, and whose list of heights and weights reads like the roster of Bowery Bouncers' Union, No. 37 . . . as may be seen:

John Carroll, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—196 pounds
Victor Mature, 6 ft. 2½ in., weight—200 pounds
Dennis Morgan, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—195 pounds
Stirling Hayden, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—212 pounds

VS. THE BRAIN BOYS

GIRLS . . . THE MUSCLE MEN ARE ON THE WAY UP

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

RONALD COLMAN

George Sanders, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—215 pounds
Jon Hall, 6 ft. 1½ in., weight—190 pounds
Lon Chaney, Jr., 6 ft. 2 in., weight—190 pounds
Dennis O'Keefe, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—175 pounds
Dean Jagger, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—198 pounds
Vincent Price, 6 ft. 4 in., weight—180 pounds
Dick Foran, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—190 pounds
John Wayne, 6 ft. 3 in., weight—198 pounds
Jack Carson, 6 ft. 2 in., weight—200 pounds
Bob Preston, 6 ft. 1 in., weight—185 pounds
Broderick Crawford, 6 ft. 1¼ in., weight—190 pounds

The smallest of the lot, Bill Holden (nee Beedle) is practically a midget at six feet, weight a measly 165 pounds, but the producers are not letting a little thing like comparative lack of growth hinder them from making young Holden into a muscle man. They are that much in demand. No, they go right ahead casting him in heroic parts, such as the violinist-fighter in *Golden Boy,* the virile Westerner in Columbia's *Arizona* and in Paramount's *I Wanted Wings.*

There is usually a reason for such maneuverings, and Hollywood's answer is always Entertainment. Currently the producers are centering on three types of film fodder to take the nation's mind away from war, defense taxes and conscription. Musicals, ably handled by Nelson Eddy and the song-bird department; comedy, amply supplied by Mr. Bob Hope and sidekicks; and rootin' tootin' action films such as *When the Daltons Rode, Kit Carson, Santa Fe* [*Continued on page* 84]

BRIAN AHERNE

Who SAID OAKIE is WASHED UP?

AFTER PLAYING THE CLOWN AND CUT-UP AND JEOPARDIZING HIS CAREER, JACK OAKIE HAS PULLED HIMSELF TOGETHER. TODAY AT 37, HE'S A NEW GUY—THANKS TO CHAPLIN WHO HIRED HIM AS DICTATOR NAPALONI IN "THE GREAT DICTATOR." BY THE WAY, HE NEARLY STEALS THE PICTURE

By DAN CAMP

FOR a while, back there, things looked very, very bad indeed for this Mister Jack Oakie . . . !

Yes, SIR !—if ever a guy appeared all washed up in Hollywood, it was that one. Oakie had gone as stale and sour as that glass of beer your Uncle Joe forgot on the mantelpiece last night, and around Hollywood, he was just "poor, old Jack; wonder what he's gonna do now . . . !" Everybody talked about what a brilliant future he had behind him, and said, *tsk-tsk-tsk*, about what a horse's facade he'd made of himself with that "joe-collitch" stuff, those guffawish wise-cracks, his utter disregard for whether or not he hurt important people's feelings, and his apparent determination to match both W. C. Fields and John Barrymore, glass for glass!

"Poor, old Jack," they moaned; "when he came to Hollywood 13 years ago, he had a brilliant opportunity! And look at him now—all washed up. Poor, poor, old Jack . . . !"

Well, maybe even Jack himself heard it. Anyway, something happened. It may have been a number of things—it may have been the fact that even his wife

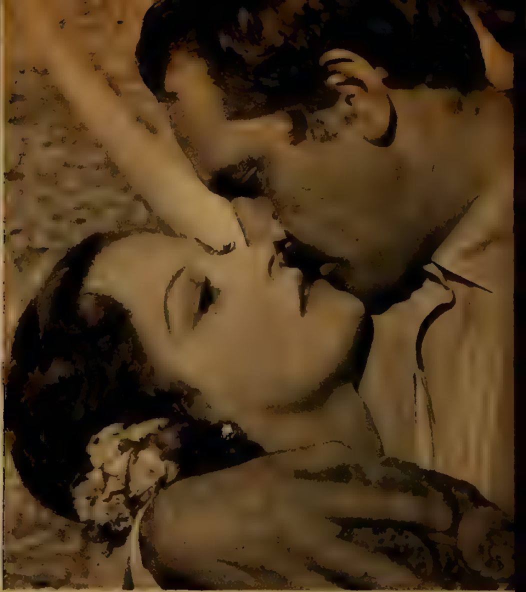
[*Continued on page* 64]

Olivia de Havilland

Although the Olivia de Havilland-Jimmy Stewart romance rumors persist, Livvie is having a romance again with Errol Flynn—in *Santa Fe Trail*

Paulette Goddard, French-Canadian spitfire in *North West Mounted Police*, gives clownish Lynne Overman a taste of untamed temper

In Joseph Conrad's *Victory*, considered his greatest novel, Fredric March and Betty Field take care of sizzling plate of love



THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Gastronomic Stunner

■ Every two weeks, George Raft gets a fresh supply of TWENTY POUNDS of his favorite candy—JELLY BEANS!

Conceals THEM No Longer

■ Back after the title of "Sexiest Gal in Pictures" goes Claudette Colbert with *Arise, My Love.*

The Gallic honey, who has been concealing those them's and these's of hers entirely too much and too voluminously under pioneer petticoats and dresses and such things, in *Drums Along the Mohawk* and *Boom Town* comes out of hiding for fair in this *Arise, My Love* thing. And Claudette just *loves* it—particularly that sheer black lace gown with the flesh-colored slip underneath it.

If that doesn't bring a stampede of males to the box-office then it won't be Claudette's fault!

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh having won freedom from former mates say it with smiles as Mr. and Mrs. O. Honeymoon is now over

As leading lady in *The Westerner* Doris Davenport wins cup from Studio Club as the inspirational extra of the year

Laughs and love go arm in arm when in first time in six years Ray Milland and Claudette Colbert co-star again in *Arise, My Love*

Bette Davis has an exceptionally emotional role in film version of Somerset Maugham's exciting tale of the tropics —*The Letter*

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

As marauding Romeo, Preston Foster has fancy job of taking Dorothy Lamour from Robert Preston in *Moon Over Burma*. Boy, a z-z-zombie, quick!

Terse Verse

■ Gals who wish they were Richard Greene's
Ought to watch their endocrines ! !

The Powells—At Play

■ Joan Blondell, who has just gotten some sort of award for being the Most Perfect Mother in Hollywood, or something like that, really works at being Mama to her two-year-old Ellen and six-year-old Norman. When Joan and the kids and Papa Dick Powell get together, they're just as homey as that family down the street.

At Balboa, down the coast from Hollywood, where the Powell clan have their summer home, the family have a regular playday routine. They play "desert island," and they all have their part. Joan and the two kids are "cast away on a desert island" with nothing at all to eat—absolutely NOTHING—except those weiners and hamburgers that appear miraculously from some place, not to mention toasted marshmallows.

And somehow, just in the nick of time, when Joan and Ellen and Norman are about to die of starvation, there appears a sail on the horizon—and who should it be but Dick Powell, sailing to the rescue in the Powell sailboat.

"We play this at least twice a week," Joan says, "and we *never* get tired of it . . .

". . . anyway, Ellen and Norman don't."

Crack of the Month

■ Comes from the lips of peanut-sized Billy Rose, the Aquacade King. Billy was a visitor the other day on the set where Myrna Loy's making a picture. Somebody asked if Billy thought Myrna would be an attraction at either of his Aquacades. Quipped the Rose, without a moment's hesitation:

"Sure! EVEN WITH CLOTHES ON!"

Terse Verse

■ Gals who are "cuh-raz-eee about Hugh Herbert"
MIGHT get dated—BUT, they don't deserbet!

[*Continued on page* 87]

ANDY HARDY'S Sweetie

IN THIS CLOSE-UP OF ANN RUTHERFORD WHO HAS DONE SO WELL FOR HERSELF, SHE GIVES YOU A PEP TALK ON HOW TO BE POPULAR, WITH A WORD OR TWO ABOUT CLOTHES AND BEAUTY

By E. J. SMITHSON

BEFORE we tell you about Ann Rutherford who has been doing so well for herself in the popular *Hardy* series, we want to tip off the studio and *Andy Hardy* about something that's been going on under their respective noses—something that should be attended to unless they don't give a whoop whether or not she turns up missing one of these bright California days.

What we mean is that unless they watch out Ann is going to shuck off her acting clothes and maybe put on an army uniform and go to war. For the past two months she's been deluged with mail from the Canadian soldiers, both at home and at the front, who declare that since she's a Canuck by birth there is no reason why she shouldn't be their official sweetheart.

As we hinted, her sweetheart, *Andy,* of the *Andy Hardy* series (none other than that extraordinary young man of the movies, Mickey Rooney), had better keep tabs on her—and this goes for her studio bosses because the young lady is mighty enthused about soldiering in some capacity and so might shove off to the wars at any moment.

It was natural for Ann to want to be an actress. Her father was a well-known tenor, her mother played in a number

Ann is Mickey's sweetie-pie in the popular *Hardy* series. She's Canadian-born, but lived most of her 20 years in California. Ann is 5 feet-three and weighs 110 pounds of early motion pictures, and Richard Mansfield, one of the great actors of all time, was her cousin. No wonder she had an urge for acting!

Ann was born in Toronto, Canada, November 2nd, just twenty years ago. Her father was a good enough tenor to sing with the Metropolitan Opera in New York. His stage name was Juan Guilberti.

Canada failed to keep Ann within its boundaries. At the age of four months her parents moved to San Francisco where her father gave up his musical career in favor of real estate promotional work. As a realtor he made quite a name for himself as well as commissions. One of his clients was Herbert Hoover.

Ann's first venture in front of the footlights occurred while she was in first grade. A stock company opened in the Golden Gate city and advertised its first play as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. The advertisement went on to announce that children would be needed in the cast and would San Francisco mothers bring their darling daughters to test for parts.

That was more than enough for Mother Rutherford. No sooner read than done. Ann auditioned within five minutes, and got herself an acting job then and there. She did so well in the *Cabbage Patch* that she later toured West Coast cities for several months, continuing her education with a tutor who traveled with the troupe.

"After that beginning," Ann relates, "I returned to San Francisco and enrolled in grade school. But whenever there was a part available for me in a show I left school to go on the road. I kept this up until I was eleven, then . . ."

THEN Ann and her mother moved to Los Angeles where Ann dug into her school work in earnest. She was a star member of the debating teams in high school and took part in all the school plays, hoping, so she says, to get out of her *Cabbage Patch* training and into something bigger and better in the theatre.

"While still in school," she reveals "I decided to see if I couldn't get part-time work, at least, in radio. Mother and I both thought it would be excellent experience. I applied for an audition and a day or so after I'd been told it had been successful I was given a role in a program called *Gems of Destiny*. I don't know whether or not destiny had anything to do with my future, but I continued on radio programs for four years, finally leaving school to devote all my time to that work. I played all types of roles from a crying baby to the wife of a hill-billy.

"Finally a talent scout heard of me, arranged a screen test and before I knew it I was working at Republic in a picture called *Waterfront Lady* starring Frank Albertson. I had the honor of playing the feminine lead in my screen debut. And don't think it wasn't an honor. In the following eight months I played in twelve pictures at this same studio.

"One of the never-to-be-forgotten memories I cherish to this day concerns the assistance given me by Lew Ayres, who was then learning to become a director. After each night Lew would go over the next day's work with me. The advice he gave me was never tossed aside. I can assure you of that. If there ever was a dramatic coach who made acting easy it was Director Lew."

Ann's switch to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was, so she thought, on a temporary basis of employment in a shortie called *Annie Laurie*, but after this was finished she found herself signed up for an acting chore with Richard Dix in *The Devil Is Driving*. When this one was out of the way she was back in a briefie called *Carnival in Paris*.

By this time M-G-M had a hunch that Ann had better be signed to a long-term contract if the studio had hopes of keeping her and with this piece of business out of the way Ann appeared in *Live, Love, and Learn* with Bob Montgomery and Rosalind Russell. She followed this picture up with parts in *You're Only Young Once, Of Human Hearts, Judge Hardy's Children, Dramatic School, Out West With the Hardys, A Christmas Carol, Four Girls in White, The Hardys Ride High, Gone With the Wind, Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever, These Glamor Girls, Dancing Co-ed, Judge Hardy and Son, The Ghost Comes Home*, and *Pride and Prejudice*.

We listed these pictures to show you that the young lady has what it takes to impress her bosses with her ability. If any other girl in Hollywood can show screen credits comparable to the above-mentioned films we'd like to know about it.

As for vital statistics we'll skip over them briefly. She's five feet, three inches tall, weighs within an ounce of 110 pounds, has dark-brown eyes and dark-brown hair. She plays a swell game of tennis, refuses to ride a horse, and is so good at archery that she can hit the bull's-eye at fifty paces.

Only hobby is that of raising canaries and parakeets.

She's a very popular girl, this Ann Rutherford, and perhaps her ideas on how to be that way are worth a paragraph or two. Maybe three.

"Breathes there a girl with heart so dead, who hasn't to herself once said—How can I be popular?"

The above was our verbal urge for pep talk from *Andy Hardy's* sweetie.

"Well," she began as a sort of prelude to what was coming, "there's no trick in it. In fact, any girl can be the belle of the ball. There isn't one girl in a thousand who couldn't be popular if she tried. Give a boy half a chance and he will be your friend. And it is a friend you want just as much as an admirer. I have little, if any, patience with a girl who is nice to a boy just to get a date. I could never help her—in fact, I wouldn't want to.

"It is the girl who treats the boys in the classroom with as much consideration and friendliness as she does her chum who has the dates.

"Don't worry, the boy who helps you with those geometry sticklers and whom you in turn aid on his English theme is the boy who will take you to the next prom."

BUT even as attractive a youngster as Ann admits there is many a slip between a date and popularity. There are, she states emphatically (and you young ladies will be smart if you follow them), certain rules of decorum for even the prettiest, wittiest, and cleverest of debs.

"No boy," she says, "likes to be out with a calliope."

Frankly, she had us there. We've heard girls called droops, dopes, and jerks, but this calliope tag had us in a fog.

"A calliope," Ann explained patiently, "is nothing more or less than a girl who insists on the center of the stage—one who must be heard from one corner of a room to another; a dizzy who is the life of the party; one who hums, but loud, while dancing. In short, a girl whom the boys avoid. Believe me, sisters, there'll be no repeat date if you insist on talking about the handsome new boy who just entered the class, or if you go to a summer formal replete in an elaborate satin and sequin gown. Can't you see your escort cringe when he leads you, decked out like a lamp shade, into a room overcrowded with young things crisp and fresh in pique and gingham?"

But, according to Ann, that doesn't mean that a boy doesn't like his best girl friend to attract some attention. He wants to be proud and to think the other boys envy him.

From that Ann went on to speak her piece about clothes and beauty.

"A girl doesn't need beauty. She needs to be fresh-looking, smart-looking, and NEAT. But to get back to my rules. Be friendly, natural, and not scheming. Be tactful—any boy likes to think he and he alone holds your interest. Be well groomed—and do your grooming in private. Be able to dance well. Also be able to shine in at least one sport. Have a variety of interests."

All this seemed to us like a good start along the popularity road, but Ann insisted that a girl shouldn't stop with the rules thus far given. In fact, she said, a girl may follow all of them and still not be popular.

"Older men," she pointed out, "may think it is smart for a girl to make him spend his money, but that doesn't work with boys. In fact, a high school gold-digger may find herself at the end of her 'strike' mighty soon. Spend an evening at home once in a while. Don't be afraid to ask the gang over to your home. Suggest it after a particularly nice date. It pays dividends, not only in beaus, but in good times for all your friends."

ABOUT this time we horned in with a question that brought a decided gleam of annoyance in Ann's pretty eyes.

"What," we asked, "are you young snips in Hollywood going to do now that Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power are married?"

"Just exactly as we've always done," came the reply. "Can you see Mr. Gable, or Mr. Taylor, or Mr. Powell enjoying a grunion hunt followed by a meal of hot dogs and after that a trap drum contest? Well, neither can I.

"We've all worshiped the leading screen heroes from afar, just as the rest of the young girls in America. We get just as much of a thrill from seeing them as anyone, but it has never entered our minds to go into mourning just because they are married. We still have our own best beaus. And that's what counts with us."

So, unless this old fuddy-duddy is off base in his thinking, you young men stand as high with our Hollywood starlets as you do with your school sweetie-pies. In fact, Ann claims, she wouldn't give up her dates with her college beau (he attends U. C. L. A.) or fun at the Bar Association Hi-Jinx with her young attorney, or a chance to watch a major operation with her interne-friend—for any high-ranking star.

"It's fun to be popular," Ann says.

It must be especially if you are clever enough and smart enough and nice enough to have a string of young men fighting for a chance to date you up.

But as she wants to make clear, her greatest ambition isn't to be popular. She's determined to be a "really great actress." And by cracky she's going to be one. She thinks so, M-G-M thinks so, and, if it's any of your business, this writer thinks so, too. And last, but by no means least, Mickey Rooney, the young man who cut his teeth on a stick of grease-paint, makes it unanimous.

"She's a comer," opines the Mick, "and she'll be in pictures a long time after her competitors have flown the coop." Not an elegant way of expressing what's in his fertile mind, but it's good enough so you get the main idea.

DATE-TIME Beauty

In *Spring Parade*, Robert Cummings can't resist Deanna Durbin's date-time beauty. Does Vaughn Paul mind?

IF YOU WANT HIM TO CONCENTRATE ON YOU, THEN FIRST CONCENTRATE ON THESE DATE-TIME BEAUTY HINTS BROUGHT TO YOU FRESH FROM HOLLYWOOD BY MOTION PICTURE

By
DENISE CAINE

IS THERE anything quite so nice as an unexpected date, or a last minute party? Or anything, either, that can be quite so disconcerting? When your hair's stringy, your skin looks like the end of a long hard day, and your eyes are dull, *then* the unexpected always happens. And usually it's the man you want to impress who calls for an impromptu date!

You *can* impress him, even if he gives you only an hour's warning, and this article will tell you how. In it I'll also tell you about some cosmetics—a sure-fire eye brightener, a new, skin glamorizing foundation cream; lasting cheek rouge; lipstick and matching nail polish; and other beautifiers that will see you through this evening and many more besides. But more about them later.

GOT A DATE?

Denise Caine will gladly help you with a new make-up and hair-do, that will put you "over in style." Write her today for her free advice on dry or oily skin, too. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is the only charge for this service. Send it with your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

First of all, if you feel as tired as the movie stars do when they come home from the studio, you'll want to take a bath. But please, if you want to make your mark on this young man, don't make it a quick in-and-out-again shower. That is, unless you have no time at all for beauty. Instead, take an extra five minutes to relax in a scented bubble bath. The warm water soothes tired nerves and muscles, the bubbles and the fragrance give your spirits a lift and put you in the frame of mind that says, "Bring on the Fun!" Eleanor Powell, Dottie Lamour, Joan Crawford—practically every movie gal you can name or I have interviewed—take to bubble baths as a duck to water. You'll discover why when you try one.

And right here and now I'm going to take time out to tell you about a bubbling bath essence that is perfumed with one of your favorite romantic fragrances. The foam mounts *inches* thick on top of the water as soon as you turn on the faucet. And it stays that way until you start to soap up. So if you want to make your bubbles last a bit longer, relax in them for a few minutes before getting to work with washcloth and bath brush. The scent will fill the air with a heavenly aroma, and cling to your body after you step from the tub. But that doesn't mean you should skip your perspiration corrective—or the cologne and perfume "course" later!

If you're the least bit nervous and excited about this date or party, better take extra precautions, and use a preparation that will stop as well as deodorize perspiration. It's too, too true that we perspire more when we're nervous! I'll be glad to give you the name of a cream perspiration "check" that is simple as pie to use! Pat a bit of the snowy cream under your arms after your bath, wash off the excess—and rejoice in your freedom from perspiration worries this evening! The anti-perspirant can't harm delicate fabrics, so you can slip on your date dress immediately, and go right on with your arrangements. The price, by the way, is 39 cents for the regular size, and there's a dime jar you can buy if you want to experiment.

REMEMBER my mentioning colognes and perfumes a paragraph back? Here's where they fit into your date-time beauty routine. It's a mistake to think that perfume is a finishing touch only—it's that and a lot more. Your perfume will last a lot longer if you start with your scented bath, then slap cologne in the same fragrance over arms, legs and body—then, at the last minute before your date arrives, touch the stopper of your perfume bottle to your hair, eyebrows, the tip of your chin, and the nape of your neck. Or use an atomizer to distribute the perfume evenly. You might do as Ginger Rogers does in *Kitty Foyle*—spray the perfume in the air, then walk through it after you're fully dressed. And you're faintly but subtly fragrant from head to toe! The perfume and cologne in the same delightful, ever lovable scent as your bubble bath, are inexpensive—about a dollar each. Want the name of all three items?

Tired looking eyes never made a hit on any date! Probably yours never face anything as bad as the klieg lights that stars like Barbara Stanwyck, and Merle Oberon and Bette Davis act under day after day. But these pretties use a good eye lotion to soothe their orbs and make them as dewy fresh as the dawn. Why not follow their example? I know of a fine "eye-opener" in lotion form. It works quick as a wink—all you do is drop a smidgin in each eye (at the outer corner so it will spread all over the eyeball before draining off). Blink your lids a couple of times—then see how bright your eyes are. I'll bet a nickel, your best beau will like your new sparklers. The lotion is prepared from an oculist's prescription, and of course it can't harm your eyes. You'll use it in the morning, too, to wash away that sleepy look. Do write for the name—the low price will open your eyes!

Something else that will open your eyes, and make them look wide and starry is curly lashes. And I don't mean that you have to be born with them. You can get an eyelash curler that will last practically forever for the small sum of one dollar. And here's how you use it. Clamp the rubber edges of the curler over your lashes, just as close to the lids as possible, then press down, count forty, and behold—curls! Curled lashes look longer and they're in the very best tradition with all the gals in Hollywood. What's more, because they frame the eyes, and sweep up so that more eye can be seen, they make your sparklers look bigger and prettier.

It's a good idea to use mascara after curling your lashes, because it acts as a waveset, to keep them curled! If you've never used mascara, there's no better time to start than now. It needn't be theatrical, you know. Almost any mascara made by a reliable company will darken your lashes but keep them natural looking at the same time. It depends pretty much on you and the way you use it. Don't fill the brush to overflowing with sticky mascara. Don't give a couple of heavy-handed swipes at your lashes and let it go at that. Know what will happen with that method? The mascara will go on in bunches; it will bead on your lashes, make them all stick together in stiff little spikes. This is the correct way to apply mascara. Take a small amount on the brush, brush it gently across the lashes of one eye, then take a clean brush and separate the lashes with quick upward strokes. Then go on to the other eye, and repeat the process. A word of warning. Never, never use mascara on your *lower* lashes. That gives your eyes a tired look—and a cheap one to boot!

Of course some mascaras are easier to use than others. Some people like the cream type that requires no water, others prefer cake. Right now I'm rooting for a clever little mascara compact that carries its own water supply in a moistened sponge. All you have to do is press the brush on the sponge, rub it over the cake of eyelash darkener till that is the proper consistency, then apply the mascara as above! You have your choice of four shades—brown or black for the daytime (depending on the color of your hair), and blue and green for evening. These last two are pretty glamorizing, let me tell you! Why not invest a few pennies extra in the tricky new double compact that carries two shades of the mascara? Mine has brown and green, but you can mix your own colors. The compact is as smart as you are, and modern as tomorrow—and it has a precision action catch guaranteed not to break fingernails! All for the low sum of one dollar.

YOU'LL want your skin to *look* fresh and clear (even if it isn't) this evening. And you'll want to be sure your make-up will stay on till the last dance is ended, and then some. So be sure to use a foundation cream to hide any freckles (or blackheads and minor blemishes)—and to give your skin a smooth finish for powder. Many years ago I discovered a fine French powder base that did all these things, but was so light in texture, so subtly tinted, that the only way I could tell I had it on was the way make-up clung. I used it till my supply was exhausted, and I couldn't buy more; came the war, and I gave it up for good. So you can imagine my surprise to learn, just the other day, that it's now being made right here in the good old U. S. A. Naturally I laid in a supply. This under-tint—for that's just what it is, a tinted cream that gives a delicate, soft color to your skin *beneath* your powder—comes in three shades, any one of which will harmonize beautifully with the fine blown face powder from the same manufacturer. Be sure to apply the foundation cream stingily. Dab it lightly on nose, cheeks, throat, forehead, then blend evenly all over your pretty puss. If you powder generously with a full puff, then brush off the excess (with special attention to the corners of your nose, your eyes and eyebrows) you'll be set for the evening and can leave your compact "to home."

No more need to worry whether your nail polish matches your lipstick or vice versa. One manufacturer of a high-grade, glossy, long wearing nail polish has made lipsticks, and *now* a rouge stick for the cheeks, to harmonize with his various fashion right shades. The lipstick is soft and easy to apply, and wears as beautifully as the nail polish, which is saying something. But right now I want to rave about the new rouge. Cream rouge, you know (or don't you?) will stay on until you remove it, so it's the ideal thing to wear to a party, when you want your make-up to last! Once you use this type of rouge, you'll discover that it's much easier to apply "naturally." Because you can blend the color evenly, and fade it off at the edges so not even the critical can tell where artifice ends and nature begins. Some people think cream rouge is messy to apply, but this cheek stick ends that difficulty! Just touch it lightly to your cheeks, then blend it evenly with a single fingertip. All of it stays on your face, and none of it gets under your long fingernails to cause complications. Remember, the rouge matches the lipstick shades, and they in turn are keyed to the color of your nail polish.

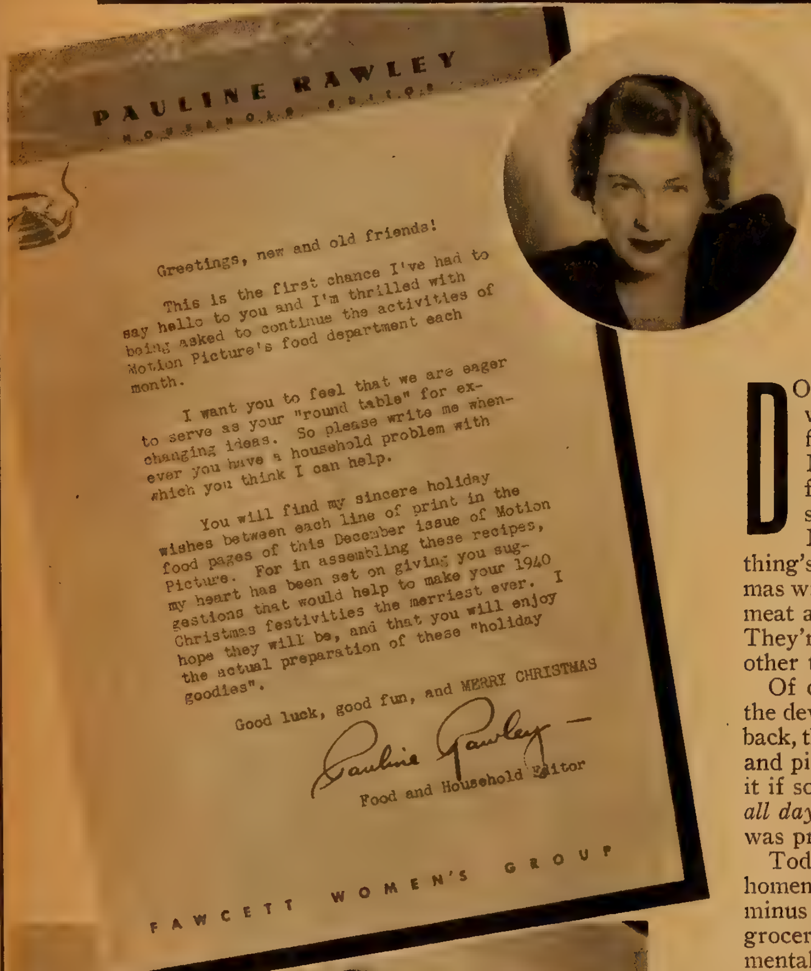
Isn't it terrible to get all dressed for a party, then discover that your nail polish is chipped badly? It won't happen if you use two coats of the long wearing, pliant polish I'm talking about. But if your polish is showing slight signs of wear at the tips, here's how you can remedy the matter. Wind the least bit of cotton around the edge of an orange stick, dip that in your polish remover, then carefully run it over the ends of any nails that have to be "repaired." That will take off a hairline at the tips, even up any chipping and make your manicure look good as new. Four of the most popular shades of this polish come in both iridescent and plain varieties, and I think you should definitely try the glittery ones for evening wear. They're just iridescent enough to be exciting and glamorous, and still keep their refined, genteel look. Want the name of the polish—and of the harmonizing cheek and lipsticks?

Write me before December 15th if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (3c U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

SUGAR 'N SPICE 'N EVERYTHIN' NICE

By PAULINE RAWLEY

NEW TWISTS TO OLD FAVORITES OR HOW TO ENJOY OLD-FASHIONED HOLIDAY GOODIES—PIES, PUDDINGS—MINUS THE OLD-FASHIONED WORK



PAULINE RAWLEY
HOUSEHOLD EDITOR

Greetings, new and old friends!

This is the first chance I've had to say hello to you and I'm thrilled with being asked to continue the activities of Motion Picture's food department each month.

I want you to feel that we are eager to serve as your "round table" for exchanging ideas. So please write me whenever you have a household problem with which you think I can help.

You will find my sincere holiday wishes between each line of print in the food pages of this December issue of Motion Picture. For in assembling these recipes, my heart has been set on giving you suggestions that would help to make your 1940 Christmas festivities the merriest ever. I hope they will be, and that you will enjoy the actual preparation of these "holiday goodies".

Good luck, good fun, and MERRY CHRISTMAS

Pauline Rawley —
Food and Household Editor

FAWCETT WOMEN'S GROUP

DO YOU, like many of us, cherish childhood memories of crisp winter mornings when all through the house the air seemed filled with the warm, spicy aroma of holiday sweets rising from Mother's busy kitchen? Happy days for most of us, weren't they, for always this luscious fragrance meant that Christmas was soon to follow.

Nowadays, many old time customs have vanished. But one thing's certain. Years roll by, but memories always linger—and Christmas will *never* be Christmas without fruit cakes, plum puddings, mince meat and pumpkin pies, and jar after jar filled with holiday cookies. They're just as important as gay Christmas trees, or carols, and the other things that make up the trimmings for this season of the year.

Of course, *new twists* to *old favorites* constantly appear. They're the developments of progress we enjoy. For example—some few years back, the making of a mince meat pie necessitated peeling and chopping, and pitting and mixing for hours on end. Seriously, I wouldn't doubt it if someone told me that the time worn adage about *women slaving all day over a hot stove* started while some hardworking homemaker was preparing a batch of holiday mince meat.

Today, this is done differently, and *much more easily*. We modern homemakers can enjoy all the *goodness* of old-fashioned mince meat, minus the old-fashioned work! Mince meat in packages is sold at all grocery stores. It's oh, SO GOOD, and *very inexpensive!* Make a mental note of it now, then when you are ready to bake your Christmas pies, with a package close at hand, you'll have a holiday treat in a flash! And if you will add 1 or 2 tablespoons of California wine (either muscatel or sherry), then try serving each piece with a dot of Sherry Hard Sauce (see recipe on page 73) you'll have mince pie with a distinctive flavor *you'll* be proud of and *everyone* will talk about.

YOU know, there's real ease and economy in letting small amounts of California wines transform everyday dishes into something new and festive. They're thrifty to buy, and when used in roasting meats, fish or fowl, you'll be surprised at the aristocratic flavor each will take on when ½ or ¾ cup of your favorite wine is used in basting. Remember this when cooking your holiday turkey. And, if you're on the squeamish side about the subject, you'll be glad to know that using wine in cooking means using it as *flavoring only*. As heat is applied, the alcohol does not remain, but instead passes off into the atmosphere.

Just to prove how much flavor there is to [*Continued on page 73*]

Make your home, SWEET HOME, this Christmas with jars of holiday cookies, above, and "Magic" Fruit Cake below. Recipes in text

For something temptingly different Mince Pie with Sherry Hard Sauce

Lady Esther says "You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin . . . waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to *you* . . . and a scientific *fact*. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror . . . every hour of the day and night a *new skin* is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your *old* skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know...says Lady Esther...that you can make your years of beauty *longer* if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

★ PROVE AT MY EXPENSE ★

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill. (62)

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

He Out-Flynns Flynn

[*Continued from page* 36]

telling his story, as if that's the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If other people want to think he has had an adventurous life, that's their privilege. But he can't see that he has done anything that anybody else couldn't have done.

He started life prosaically enough. He was born in the New York suburb of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, the son of an advertising man. His father died when he was 9, and his mother moved to the colorful old fishing town of Gloucester, Mass. (glorified by the movies in *Captains Courageous*). That was when he started getting sea fever.

Until he was 15, he went to exclusive Brown and Nichols School in Cambridge. He was supposed to be preparing for Harvard. But the spring he was 15, a blitzkrieg hit the family finances. He had to drop out. Actually, he didn't have to find a job. But he told himself that he did. He wanted to go to work on a boat.

"SO I said I was 18, and got a job as ship's boy on a 110-foot schooner, the *Puritan*, that was being delivered to Balboa, California," he says matter-of-factly, with only a trace of Down East accent. "I did anything that needed to be done, for a salary of $1 a month. The only reason I got that much was that if I hadn't got anything, the Steamboat Inspection Service would have classed me as a passenger.

"I wasn't very happy, that first voyage. About the third night out, a bit of a blow came up. We all raced on deck to furl sail. In my hurry to get up the ladder, I accidentally kicked the mate in the face. He was a big squarehead who wasn't getting along with the men; he thought I'd done it intentionally. He rode the stuffing out of me the rest of the trip. He rode me so hard that I was going to jump ship in Panama. The cook said, 'Stay on. I'll see that you get home all right.' So I stuck."

At the end of the voyage, the captain gave him a letter—which I've seen—recommending him as a willing worker.

"We were paid off in Balboa, and the cook and I headed East, blind baggage. We got as far as Yuma, Arizona, before railroad detectives picked us off. On top of that, the cook lost his money. He was all for going on, anyway. I spent what little I had to get back to the Coast. In San Pedro I bumped into the son of the man who had bought the schooner. I told him my plight. He 'loaned' me $50 and I started East again. I made it that time, riding freights and hitchhiking.

"I had left Boston in April. I got back as far as Worcester in late November. There I got a job in Filene's bargain basement, selling men's haberdashery. I kept it three weeks, just long enough to get a small stake together. Then I headed for the Boston shipyards again. I got a job on a fishing vessel, the *Maine*, as an apprentice seaman. We set sail for the Grand Banks on Christmas Eve. I've never been home for Christmas since. I've always been on a boat somewhere.

"AS AN apprentice, I got no wage till I made four voyages. All in midwinter, with the ice a foot thick on the rigging every time we came back to port." He has pictures to prove that last statement. "After about ten round trips to the Banks, I decided there must be an easier way to earn a living. So I left the *Maine* and joined the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, the famous racing schooner from Gloucester, which went in for dory fishing—the kind you saw in *Captains Courageous*. I was on that all summer. The next winter I worked on various vessels. The next summer I bought a small boat for $450 and sailed fishing parties out of Gloucester. I hoped to take her to the West Indies in October. But she wasn't as strong as I thought, so I sold her.

"Capt. Bill McCoy, who was once the king of the rum runners, had a 46-foot boat he wanted delivered in Palm Beach. Another fellow and I signed on to take her down, via the Inland Waterway. I had heard there were all kinds of jobs to be had in Miami, so I sent all my money home, except $5. That turned out to be a jackass thing to do. We arrived in November, which was before the season started. The only job I could find was in a shipyard as a lumper, scraping decks. That lasted just three weeks. Then everybody from the North was fired. It seemed there were 33,000 local unemployed and they were out to feed them first.

"I lived in Bay Front Park for three days, on a jar of peanut butter and a loaf of bread. I can still remember buttering the bread with a pencil. Then I got a job in Don Dickerman's Pirates' Den, washing dishes. There was a fellow there who knew a messboy on a steamer that went to Havana. He took me down to the ship the next time it came in, and I asked for a job. They didn't have any seaman's jobs, so I signed on as a fireman, at $46.50 a month."

I've seen his registration card as Fireman No. 6 on the *S. S. Florida* of the P. and O. Line.

"I didn't have to heave coal. The ship was an oil burner. But something I got involved in was cleaning out the boilers, which was really a job. The temperature was 125 degrees Fahrenheit. A man could work in that kind of heat only ten minutes at a time. Then he'd have to get out for five minutes. . . . I made about fourteen trips as a fireman, all the time trying to get a job as a seaman. I didn't make any headway till one day we had a boat drill. I had the luck to get in the same boat with the kitchen gang. Not one of them could row a stroke. I pulled my heart out and the mate spotted me. He wanted to know where I had learned to row. I told him and he put me on as a seaman.

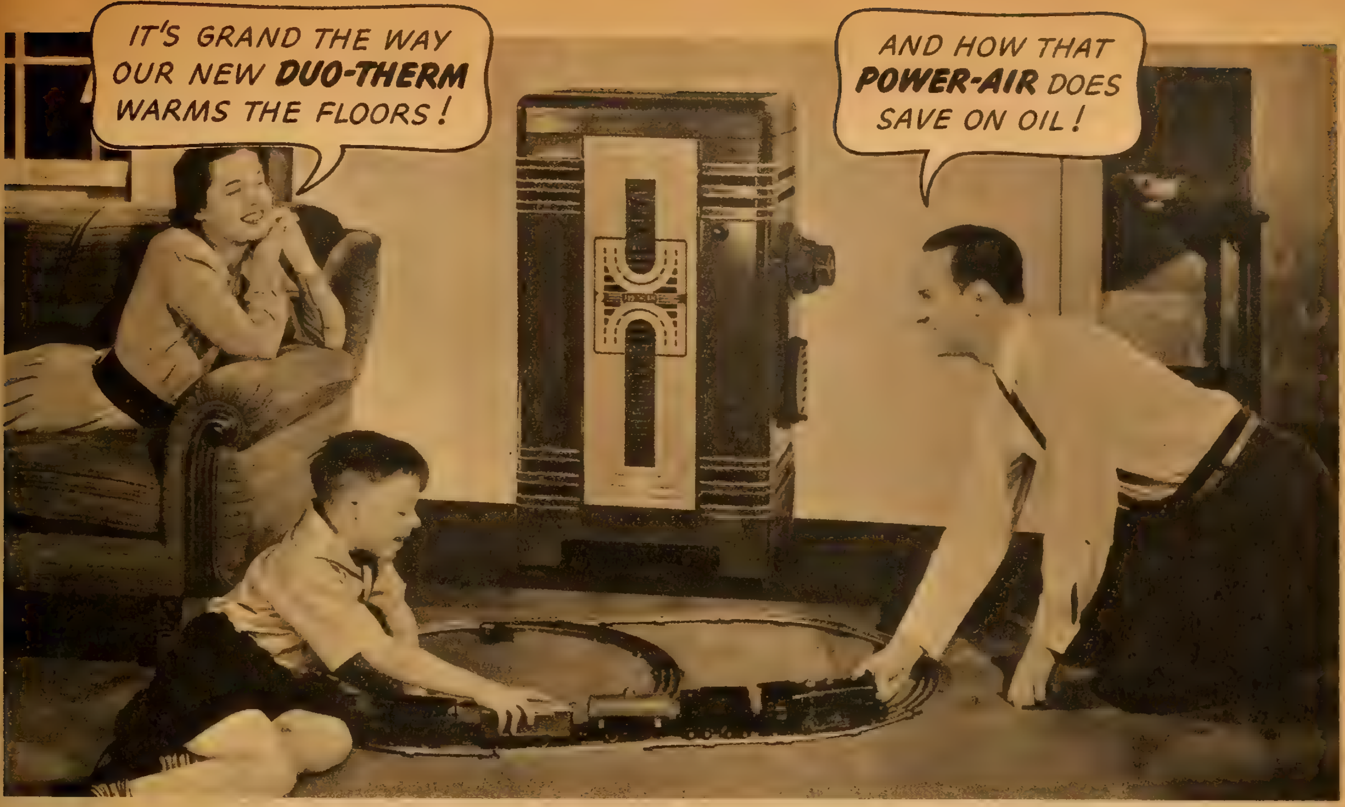
"AFTER that, I made about six more round trips. But I didn't like working on a big boat—except as a means to an end. The end being: to eat. I liked small boats, and the feel of sails kicking. I had my eyes open for a job on one. And I finally got on a 60-foot schooner named the *Chiva*, which had a crew of a captain, two sailors and a cook. I was one of the sailors. We cruised around the West Indies a while, then pulled into Miami. The owner fired the captain, and I got his job. There was a kick in that, being only 19. But the next trip out we went to the same places again. That began to get monotonous. So at the end of the voyage I signed off and headed for Gloucester.

"March 26, 1936—my 20th birthday—I signed on as first mate on the schooner *Yankee*." Notice the repetition of the word "schooner" in his story. A schooner is a fore-and-aft rigged vessel with two or more masts. "It was owned by a man named Irving Johnson, who makes his living out of cruising the world, with an amateur crew in charge of a couple of professional seamen—and the crew paying for the privilege of going. He was planning to sail again that November. Until he sailed he was leasing the boat out to the Girl Scouts, which seemed to have a mariners' division. Every week we'd have a new crop of eighteen girls aboard. They'd just about learn which end of the boat left the dock first when it would be time for eighteen others to come aboard. It seemed to me November first would never come."

He shakes his head whimsically in recollection.

[*Continued on page* 62]

If you think Skipper Hayden never saw a hurricane, here is photo to prove it. At helm of the *Florence C. Robinson*, he ran into the famous hurricane of 1938. The wind blew 85 miles an hour. Before port was reached, skipper and crew had a close shave


IT'S GRAND THE WAY OUR NEW DUO-THERM WARMS THE FLOORS!
AND HOW THAT POWER-AIR DOES SAVE ON OIL!

New heater warms your whole house FAST—by forcing heat to every room!

THIS winter, you needn't fuss with coal, wood, ashes, soot, dirt and nuisance. Now you can enjoy clean, convenient *oil* heat—greater comfort—at a lower cost than ever before . . . thanks to Duo-Therm's amazing new Power-Air!*

Drives "fireside warmth" to every corner! Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives heat all through your house—makes heat circulate faster—warms far corners! Heat is forced to the floors! You get more uniform comfort in your rooms from top to bottom!

You get what no fuel oil heater has ever offered before—the same *positive* forced heat as a modern basement furnace! And Power-Air also means a *sensational saving in fuel costs!*

Save up to 25%! Not only does Power-Air give you *better* heating—it does it for less money! Recent tests made in an ordinary home showed that a Duo-Therm with Power-Air kept the house *warmer*—while actually using LESS OIL than a heater without Power-Air! And Power-Air costs no more to run than a 50-watt lamp!

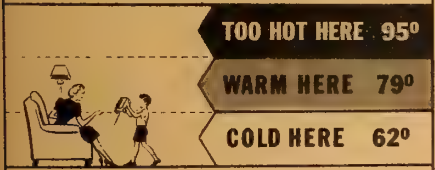
Other advantages you'll want! You can adjust the heat with the handy front-dial! For direct heat, open the radiant doors and warm yourself to the marrow! You get perfect combustion at *any* setting—more heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil—clean, quiet, *safe* operation with Duo-Therm's patented Bias-Baffle Burner! Special waste-stopper saves fuel! (All models listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.)

Extra! A cooling breeze in summer!

Switch on your Power-Air blower and enjoy a refreshing 27 mile-an-hour breeze! The powerful blower can be operated independently of the heater, and it will send a cooling breeze anywhere!

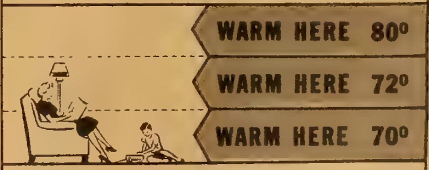
All these *extras*—at *no* extra cost! Even with Power-Air, Duo-Therm costs no more than other heaters! Easy payments! Go to your Duo-Therm dealer and see the 12 beautiful models of America's largest-selling heater. Comes in sizes to heat from 1 to 6 rooms—in either the console or upright cabinet type. You can have Power-Air with whatever Duo-Therm you select! Learn more about this new kind of heater—send in the coupon *now!*

Uneven heat without Power-Air!



This is the ordinary way! Many heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: cold, drafty floors and hot ceilings. Note the actual test figures—33° difference between floor and ceiling!

All-over, even heat with Power-Air!



Now see how Duo-Therm's Power-Air drives ceiling heat *down*—puts it to work on your floors—gives uniform comfort! Note the actual test figures—only 10° difference between floor and ceiling—three times better heat distribution!

Copr. 1940, Motor Wheel Corp. *Patent applied for

New All-Weather
DUO-THERM
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

-TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!-

DUO-THERM DIVISION
Dept. MP-50, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

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*State*__________

Your Hollywood — and Mine

[*Continued from page* 24]

daughter, Harriet, when I was called to the telephone and ordered to write Valentino's death story!

"But he isn't dead!" I cried into the telephone. "No," said my editor, "but he is dying and we want your story immediately." So I sat down at the typewriter with tears streaming down my face and wrote what I still believe is the best story of my career.

"But this is silly," I kept telling myself, "Rudy will live and we will have a good laugh over his 'Obituary.'"

But alas, we never laughed together. Two hours after I had telegraphed my story came the message that he had passed on. To this day there has never been another actor or as great a star to take his place.

CLARK GABLE? Yes, certainly Clark has had the power to make the heart beat faster. But Clark has had many danger moments in his career. First, there was the campaign about his "big ears," and believe you me it is dangerous for a Great Lover to be laughed at! Second, Clark's two marriages and divorces to women older than himself (before his present marriage to Carole Lombard) gave his studio many bad moments.

Gable's chief claim to film fame is his tremendous sex-appeal. I claim he isn't even a finished actor. He has too many mannerisms making each role he plays seem so much like all the others. But who am I to say he isn't a Great Lover when love-sick girls write in pouring their hearts out to him.

Clark is a man's man. He likes to hunt—he likes to go on fishing trips—he likes to have old cronies around and sit before the fire and talk by the hour. It isn't any publicity story that he actually works like a farm-hand on the Encino ranch where he now lives with Carole Lombard.

Clark says: "The press has been good to me"—and that is something I cannot deny. If he hadn't had the whole-hearted support of the writing boys and girls who liked him personally, he might have tumbled from his perch several times. In addition to the sob stories about his two former wives, Josephine Dillon and Ria Langham Gable, there was that real "danger spot" when Violet Wells Norton forced Gable into court to deny her charges that he was the father of her 14-year-old daughter.

False, as it was proved to be, less than this has tumbled the careers of other Great Lovers—so Clark may count himself lucky indeed to be where he is today.

I DON'T know a nicer boy in Hollywood than Robert Taylor—and yet he hasn't had Gable's luck in sliding over the rough spots in his own career. Bob was almost professionally crucified when that "he has no hair on his chest" campaign got under-way—no one knows how, when, or where it started.

Here was a hero who had been the heart-beat of a nation one minute—and the next his studio was fighting desperately for his movie life—and all over a silly phrase. They even went so far as to put him in he-man roles with open shirts (and hair showing) to try to fight the ridiculous campaign.

But the cure turned out to be almost worse than the poison. I met Bob at a party during this time and he said, "I don't know what to do, Louella. There's no way to fight. My hands are tied. It's the most awful feeling in the world to be helpless. Over *nothing* that has become so important my career actually hangs in the balance."

I thought back then to the very handsome boy I had met four years ago when he first came to Hollywood from Pomona College. Bob was so enthusiastic—so eager to learn the rudiments of his work and so surprised over the commotion his first screen role had brought on. *Society Doctor* had started out as a "B"—but, even so, the girls discovered Taylor with greater enthusiasm than Columbus when he first sighted America.

I think it was his frankness that appealed to me the most. "You know," he grinned when we had our first talk, "I know so little about Hollywood, I don't know what clothes to wear. Louis B. Mayer has blown me to a wardrobe—and I'll pay him back when I start to get more money." (Bob's first salary check from M-G-M was $35 weekly.)

You know his story from there on! He soared to the very heights and was going like a million dollars—until out of the blue came the whispers of "pretty boy" and the "hairless chest" slogan. The straw that broke the camel's back was when two silly girls hid under his bed in a stateroom of a liner—and their interviews about "we can't live without him," were printed all over the country. All this might have ruined Taylor. That it didn't—and that he has survived all of it and is more popular than ever today—is a tribute to Bob's courage and his sincerity.

JOHN GILBERT wasn't so lucky. He couldn't laugh it off. I forget what the doctors say Gilbert died of—but those of us who knew him best, believe he died of a broken heart because the light under his fame had gone out.

Who can forget the dashing, exciting Gilbert who came as close to taking Rudy Valentino's place as any one ever has.

I knew Jack so well and I remember him best when his eyes were flashing, when he was a bundle of nerves laughing at life—sitting up on top of the movie world with his feet hanging over.

The talkies broke Jack's spirit. His voice did not register and this idol who had been the Great Lover of the silent films became the great laughing-stock of the talkies. What tragedy this was—because in later days they learned to regulate and modulate voices exactly to the right pitch. But Jack, unfortunately, was the whipping boy—and even when Garbo, his old flame, insisted that he be given another chance with her in *Queen Christina,* it was too late to repair the damage.

Jack couldn't be humble and try to fight his way back into the favor of the fans. He was prouder than *Lucifer* and loved his place on top of Hollywood. He once told me:

"Louella, all this is like drink to some men. I am intoxicated by it—I love it and why not admit it frankly. As a struggling young actor in Westerns I was working toward this day—and now that it has come it is more than I had expected it to be."

Many beautiful women loved Gilbert—Leatrice Joy, his first wife; the great Garbo—who nearly killed him when her love for him turned to pity; Virginia Bruce, the lovely girl who tried to make his life happy and failed, during the terrible debacle of the talkies—and Marlene Dietrich who was the leading woman in his life at the time of his death. But Gilbert was made for success and blinding fame. He couldn't—and wouldn't—take defeat!

IN THE annals of the great lovers and romantic heroes we must not forget the name of Ramon Novarro. Ramon also came along in the fanfare of the Valentino craze and he was billed as Rudy's successor. I never thought they were alike—and Ramon hated the comparison. If his studio—Metro—hadn't stopped the campaign in time it might have ruined his career.

Ramon was discovered by the director, Rex Ingram, but he never had the great

A few years ago before Clark Gable affected a moustache he was on Louella Parsons' radio program at various times. Here they went over a rehearsal, flanked by Frances Langford, songbird wife of Jon Hall, Rosalind Russell and the late Jean Harlow

physical appeal of Valentino. He was more spiritual. A devout Catholic he lived in a house that was filled with beautiful pictures and tall candlesticks which had esthetic lighting effects. Ramon liked moonlight so much he had an artificial light outside his bedroom window that cast exactly the same mystic aura over his room that the real moon did. Also there was a piano in his bedroom which he would play by the hour when he could not sleep.

In many ways, and next to Rudy, Novarro had the biggest fan following in Europe of any American star. He was under contract to M-G-M for 11 years—and long after his tremendous vogue had waned slightly in this country he was bringing in millions from the foreign markets.

Ramon was and still is a strange boy. Timid, shy, and not easy to know, he never made a great many friends in Hollywood. His polite Mexican manners made many people think he was aloof and unfriendly but this was not the case. He just didn't know how to be a back-slapper.

But the friends he did love were as devoted to him as he was to them. I think he had two big romances in his life during his Hollywood career. Before she married his discoverer, Rex Ingram, few can doubt that Alice Terry was the "one woman" for Novarro—and later he was devotion itself to Myrna Loy.

In many ways his was the most amazing career of all the Great Lovers. Nothing untoward happened to Novarro's career. He lasted and lasted until at last new faces and newer stars cropped up. But he is still tremendously successful on his concert tours.

I DON'T know whether or not Errol Flynn comes under the category of Great Lovers. I must confess I have a warm spot in my heart for Errol—and he can certainly make hearts beat faster when he puts in an appearance at Hollywood parties.

He is more the adventurous, dashing type of hero that Douglas Fairbanks popularized—and I think men like him as much as women. At first when Errol and his exciting wife, Lili Damita, used to air all their family quarrels in public—I thought it might hurt Errol's career. But to the contrary, I think the tempestuous Flynns amuse the fans, and certainly at this writing Errol is not suffering from lack of feminine attention in his mail.

No, it is poor Dick Greene who is now bearing the brunt of being a romantic hero on the public frying pan. By the time you read this I sincerely hope his troubles will be over. We Americans have always enjoyed the reputation of being fair and good sports—and before we condemn Dick let's listen to his story, which he gave me in an exclusive interview to the Hearst papers:

"I wasn't forced or drafted," he told me. "I went to Canada to enlist at my own expense and because I wanted to do anything in my power to help my country. When I went to their recruiting station they told me I wasn't needed—but that if I wanted to stay I could join the N. P. A. M. to which Vancouver business-men belong, or wait several months until I was called.

"I had no business in Canada other than that of enlisting and so when they told me I could return to Hollywood and wait to be called, I did! That is the truth—I cannot understand these other stories."

But Dick didn't wait. He quietly slipped off to England the other day to join up there. And so come on, fans—how about it—let's give one of these romantic heroes who have given us so much pleasure on the screen a chance and not break his heart as so many hearts have been broken in the past Hollywood history.

ROMANTIC HANDS are SOFT and SMOOTH

THIS HAND LOTION is ACCEPTED by the AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION'S COMMITTEE ON ADVERTISING OF COSMETICS for Advertising in A. M. A. Publications

Try this Famous CANADIAN-BORN Chapped Skin Lotion

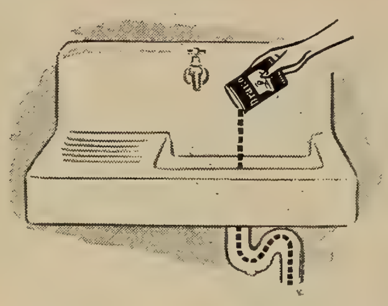
Many well-known dermatologists recommend a lotion that not only softens your skin but also helps protect it against outside irritants.

Italian Balm gives *both* benefits — (1) *Softens* the skin, and (2) *protects* it too. In addition, it's accepted by the Advisory Committee on Advertising of Cosmetics of the American Medical Association — time tried and proved through dozens of cold winters in Canada, where Italian Balm originated in 1881. Is it any wonder that Italian Balm is preferred in winter in thousands of American homes? Long-lasting bottles at 10c, 20c, 35c, 60c and $1.00.

DRAIN STOPPED UP? USE DRĀNO

1. "Bachelors make me laugh. Take Bill. Cooks dinner for the Joneses and me and brags it's a cinch."

2. "Then the pipes get stopped up and he makes a man-size job of clearing the drains. Me, I simply phone for Drāno."



3. Drāno puts the heat on down where dirt stops up pipes. Its churning, chemical boiling action frees dirt, lets water flush it away.

4. "I adore benedicts and Bill's going to be one. He proposed (isn't that a scream?) after I came to the rescue with Drāno."

Drāno

CLEARS DRAINS

"P.S. We're going to use a teaspoonful of Drāno after the dinner dishes, when we set up housekeeping. No stopped-up drains for Mr. and Mrs. Us."

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

He Out-Flynns Flynn

[*Continued from page* 58]

"On that trip around the world, we went west-about. First to Panama, then to Galapagos Island—where we stopped to hunt buried treasure. We had an instrument along called a terrometer that was supposed to shoot rays into the ground and register the presence of metal. The dial got the jitters over one particular spot and we started digging. We dug three days and then gave up. We found out later"—he grimaces—"that lava rock had the same effect on the dial as metal did.

"From Galapagos we went to Easter Island, Pitcairn Island (where the mutineers of the *Bounty* sought refuge—and where their descendants are living today), Manga-Reva, Tahiti, Christmas Island, Pago-Pago. There we bumped into Goldwyn's second unit, filming atmosphere for *The Hurricane*. Remember that schooner sailing past the reef in the picture? That was the *Yankee*. They chartered it for a day. While we were there an assistant director asked me if I'd ever thought of going into the movies. I said No—and that was all there was to that.

"We went on to Tonga, Fiji, the Solomon Islands, the New Hebrides, New Guinea. We ran into a few wild men, including some head-hunters. We couldn't land on one island because the natives said No with a lot of spears. But that was the closest we came to having any run-ins with aborigines. They don't want any trouble with white men. . . . The worst experience I had was getting caught in quicksand in New Britain. I wouldn't be here now if another fellow hadn't been with me. He pulled me out, minus my shoes and socks.

"From New Guinea we went to the Dutch East Indies, Singapore, Zanzibar, East Africa, and around the Cape of Good Hope and across the Atlantic to Rio, and up the East Coast of South America. We passed within earshot of Devil's Island, a forbidding spot if I ever saw one, and expected to get shot at because we had been warned to stay three miles out. But nobody shot at us. And so home, via Barbados and Bermuda, to Gloucester. We had been gone eighteen months and touched 118 ports. At least, we made 118 stops. Most of them weren't ports.

"If you really want to know the details of the trip, you'll find them in the book Irving Johnson wrote about it, called 'Sailing to See.' It came out last year."

From the first of May, 1938, till the first of September, 1938, First Mate Hayden instructed more Girl Scouts, mariners' division, in the art of sailing. But come September first, he quit.

"I signed on the *Gertrude L. Thebaud* as mast-headsman—the fellow who shifted topsail—for the International Fishermen's Races with the *Bluenose* of Nova Scotia. We got lost in fog the third race, and they fired the navigator, and gave me his job."

All that is in the record.

Part of the record is a prophetic clipping from the Boston *Post,* dated October, 1938—a story about the crew of the *Gertrude L. Thebaud.* The lead was about Stirling Hayden, mast-headsman. The story was headlined: *"Thebaud* Sailor Like Movie Idol," and sub-headlined: "Gloucester Youth, 22, born Sea Rover, Fine Masculine Specimen."

If the light strikes him just right, you can spot a faint scar on his left cheek. It's a souvenir of those races. The loose end of a wire halyard hooked him in the cheek two inches from his left eye.

"We got licked in the last race," he says. "But that navigator's job led to my next job. I was hired as captain of the 96-foot brigantine, *Florence C. Robinson,* to deliver her to Tahiti. She was a beautiful vessel, all teak, made in India. When I came aboard, she had a Hindu crew of six. I couldn't get anything out of them. I don't know whether they wouldn't work or just couldn't understand English. The owner sent them home, and I recruited a new crew. I couldn't spend much money, so I had to recruit amateurs."

He denies that he thought of sailing 7,000 miles to Tahiti in a brigantine as adventure. It was "just another job." But what lured the amateurs aboard was the promise of adventure.

"I got together a gang of ten, all swell fellows, and not a sailor in the lot," he continues. "One was an insurance salesman, one was a printer's assistant, one pulled stumps for the WPA, one was a staff photographer for the Boston *Herald,* and Larry O'Toole—the guy who's responsible for my being here now—was an artist.

"The ship had a motor, as well as sail. But we took the propeller off to get the ship classed strictly as a sailing vessel. That saved the owner several hundred dollars, getting clearance papers. . . . And we sailed the 22nd of November, 1938."

BEFORE they sailed, their venture was the talk of the Boston water front. Boston papers gave them all kinds of publicity: 10 landlubbers sailing 7,000 miles under a 22-year-old captain, younger than any of his crew. When they actually sailed, the Boston *Traveler* ranted editorially: "Eleven ill-advised young men without question. The sea can be not only a hard and brutal master, but a dull and boring one as well. There is no money in its service, as any sailor can tell you. It means loneliness, laziness, lovelessness."

Five hundred miles east of New York, they ran into that famous hurricane of 1938. "That was really a close shave," Stirling admits. "The wind blew something like 85 miles an hour. It tossed us around plenty. We had all sails furled. One started to come loose. Another fellow and I went aloft to haul it in. When you haul in a sail, you tuck it in under your belly, leaning against the yard-arm, till you get ready to tie it. We were tugging away, and it was sleeting and snowing, when there was a sudden blow and the sail exploded in our faces. We were both blown off the spar. But both of us caught ropes on the way down. We lived to tell about it. . . . The sail blew out and the spar broke. We expected the whole mast to come down. But it didn't."

However, they had other troubles. The sea got into their water casks. And they had a fire in the galley, which put the stove out of commission till they reached the next port. They had no hot food till then. One of the boys wrote home from Panama a succinct description of the life he had contracted for: "Hurricanes, fire, broken spars, salty drinking water, and no rum. God!". . . . And if you don't believe Stirling ever saw a hurricane, there are the pictures—taken by Arthur Hansen, the photographer aboard—to squelch you.

"Nothing else happened, though, on the trip," Stirling says. "We made Tahiti in 86 days from Gloucester. The papers said it was a record. The Boston *Traveler*, doing a neat turnabout, proclaimed editorially: 'America, thank God, has untold thousands of young men just like them!' "

HIS crew headed home in passenger vessels, as passengers. Stirling stayed in Tahiti, waiting for a job to turn up to take him home. "I had two months to wait. Meanwhile, I got myself engaged. Tahiti's quite a place." Her name was Marguerite Mersman; she was the daughter of the American consul. "I also got the idea of starting a sailing ship line between Tahiti and Honolulu."

He got back to New York aboard another schooner and set out to find someone with capital to back him. He finally found an "angel," but the man didn't think much of the Tahiti idea; Tahiti was too far away; he wanted to start a sailing service somewhere in the West Indies. Stirling agreed, because the man was willing to buy the boat Stirling wanted—the biggest two-master afloat, the *Aldebaran*, built in 1902 for the ex-Kaiser as a private yacht. He went down to Panama to get it. And the day before Christmas, last year, he sailed for Boston with a crew of 14.

"Off Cape Hatteras, we ran into a 65-mile gale," he says. "We lost three sails. The seams opened. We limped into Charleston, S. C., in distress, and we damned near didn't make it. The Coast Guard towed us in."

It was in Charleston that he had his first and only fight. The fight consisted of one poke—which the other fellow got. "I didn't like the language he was using with women around." He scoffs at the legend that you have to expect a lot of fights, if you're going to roam around the world. "All you have to expect is a lot of threats," he says, grinning.

The ship was beyond repair, had to be sold for junk. He headed back to Boston by train and, broke, moved in with his friend, O'Toole, till something turned up. "On the trip to Tahiti, he had kept saying, 'You ought to be in the movies,' and I had said, 'Fooey on you, O'Toole.' Now he insisted on writing letters to people he knew in Hollywood. 'It won't do any harm,' he said.

"One of the letters was to William Hawks, the agent. Hawks showed Director E. H. Griffith the photos O'Toole had sent. Griffith went to New York soon after that and sent for me to make a test. I had never acted before in my life, either in school or anywhere else. I worked like a son of a gun for about a week before that test. I did a love scene from a Fred MacMurray picture, and a fight scene from *Anna Christie*. And, boy, did I stink! It was Griffith's talking, not my acting, that made Paramount sign me. I'm positive of that."

He arrived last May 23rd. Two weeks later, he was cast as the rich young Northerner—the Other Man—in *Virginia*, starring Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll. "Now I'm a movie actor," he says, "which, up to now, I thought was probably a nice, easy job."

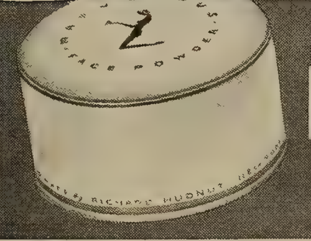
Hollywood changed the spelling of his first name. It used to be Sterling. "But they didn't want my first name to be an adjective," he says.

His favorite relaxation is—you guessed it—sailing. A young married couple he met in Tahiti live in Balboa and have a boat. He's down there every week-end.

His dressing-room walls are cluttered with pictures of sailing vessels, charts, no photos of himself, but one photo of the girl in Tahiti. He still thinks she's a "swell girl," though they've called off the engagement by mutual consent. There's nobody else—yet.

He hasn't decided what his Hollywood ambitions are. "I suppose I want to get enough money in the bank so that I can get out of the habit of borrowing. And I'd like to buy a 92-foot boat I know about."

You can look for Paramount to cast him in some big adventure role just as soon as he is a little more camera-wise. Even though he maintains that he isn't the adventurer type. "I didn't have the wanderlust, the urge to see strange new places. If I saw a strange new place, it was because it got in the way, or because we had to stop to get drinking water or something. I didn't go to sea because I wanted adventure. I went because I liked sailing."



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Who Said Oakie Is Washed Up?

[*Continued from page* 48]

Venita Varden couldn't take it any more, and took a powder instead. Or it may have been the death of the one person who ever meant more to Jack Oakie than himself—that beautiful, white-haired, lovable mother of his, Evelyn Offield. Or maybe he just naturally grew up. . . .

Because, after all, EVERYbody has to grow up sometime!—even Freddie Bartholomew and Shirley Temple. And even, for that matter, Jack Oakie.

So he put on big boys' clothes and stopped talking like a "joe-collitch" caricature. He came to the realization that W. C. and Jawn were much, much more able to handle that certain peculiar field of endeavor than himself, and he climbed upon the wagon and took a seat right beside the driver, and he said good-bye to all the little men who weren't there.

He talked Venita into trying it again, and neither Venita nor he have been sorry. He stopped imagining that he could be sylph-like and juvenile, and he admitted to himself and the world that he's 37 years old and fat and what the hell of it? He's stopped trying to take off the poundage that nature insists on piling on him.

And, above all, he found somebody in Hollywood who'd still take a chance on hiring him. He found Charlie Chaplin, and Charlie Chaplin found him. And when you've seen *The Great Dictator* you'll realize that Jack Oakie—a rather new Jack Oakie at 37, replacing the Jack Oakie who clowned around town 13 years ago—is starting a new career in Hollywood and movies. And his first step is to do that all-but-impossible thing: practically STEAL a picture from Charlie Chaplin, of ALL people, in his role of *Napaloni*, Dictator of *Bacteria*.

Even Hollywood, which thinks miracles are just something that come in envelopes with a cent-and-a-half postage every morning, is marveling at the renaissance of Jack Oakie. And the very funniest development to follow the Chaplin rebirth of the old clown was the fact that he'd been hired by Darryl Zanuck to play a major role in Shirley Temple's last picture. True, once upon a time, Jack Oakie would have blisteringly disdained playing a supporting role to any child, but times have changed. And equally true, once upon a time, Darryl Zanuck would have hired anybody in the world before Jack Oakie—for the most viciously cruel impersonation ever given of Darryl Zanuck was the one Oakie could and did put on at the slightest provocation.

But yet there you are—as one of the more amazing phases of the comeback of Jack Oakie after Hollywood had buried and forgotten him, you may contemplate the fact that his first role in his new career (after Chaplin) was with Shirley Temple on Darryl Zanuck's lot. This Hollywood is a screwy place, my dears!

Today's Jack Oakie is such a quiet, normal, sane, self-effacing person that all his old cocktail-lounge buddies will curl up and die when they learn the details.

Gone is the sweat-shirt-wearing buffoon, for one thing. Today, Oakie dresses in normal clothes. Not a half-dozen years ago, everybody'd have been surprised no end if he'd ever appeared with a tie and collar—even at the annual Academy dinner (IF he'd ever gone to it!). Today, those few who know him intimately in his new life would be equally surprised to see him blossom out in one of the sweat-shirt ensembles that used to be his trade-mark!

In his place is an Oakie who commutes between the studios and a little, unpretentious seven-room house out near Van Nuys, in the San Fernando Valley, twenty miles from Hollywood's hot-spots. Only rarely, today, does a night club see Oakie—and then it's usually a matter of business, not pleasure. Oakie has learned that one of the requirements of Hollywood is to be seen with the right people in the right places—and he also seems to have learned that it pays to be nice to the boss's relatives. . . .

So, now and then, you'll see Oakie at a night party—one given by somebody of importance. Or you'll see him squiring Charlie Chaplin's nice, good-looking niece, Betty Chaplin, around. But Jack's drinking water straight—not diluted with Scotch, rye, gin or what-have-you. And never once, in the past three years at least, has he slapped a Hollywood hostess on the *sitzplatz* and yelled at her, at lung's-top: "How's the old So-and-So tonight?" No, indeed; today, Oakie is the most decorous guest on Hollywood's invite list.

HIS private life is as innocuous as a glass of skim milk. It's practically bounded on all sides by wife Venita, whose major concern, in addition to Oakie, seems to be forty Afghan dogs! She breeds and raises them with Jack's help. Since their reconciliation, the marital life of the Oakies has run along as smoothly as a stock-salesman's patter. . . .

Much of that is due, Oakie insists, to the fact that he's given up trying to reduce. Back in 1935-36 when he first began to bulge, Jack got scared. He feared that it meant the end of his career. He was convinced that he'd never succeed unless he remained slim and youthful. So he tried to reduce. He went to doctors and he asked friends and he did everything they told him to. It nearly ruined his disposition. You can't take off 65 pounds without wrecking your nerves, and Jack did both. He made himself thin again, and he made himself such a grouch that Venita packed up and left him.

That was one of the most cruel shocks in the succession of blows that life was about to deal out to Jack Oakie. For he loved Venita dearly—but it took her actual departure to make him realize that something was wrong.

Then came the even greater shock, if that be possible, of the death of his mother. Between Jack Oakie and white-haired Evelyn Offield, there had always been an attachment that astounded even Hollywood. Some Hollywood cynics had even imagined that his mother had come between Jack and Venita; only his intimate friends knew better. All Hollywood knew was that Oakie and his mother were inseparable. And when, early last year, she died, it was inevitable that her passing would result in either one of two things—either the complete collapse and end of Jack Oakie, or his comeback. To Jack Oakie's everlasting credit, it has been the latter.

TODAY, he's back with Venita. He gives her everything a wife could ask—devotion, loyalty and all the material things she wants. Venita makes no secret of the fact that she likes attention and little luxuries. Jack gives her both. He glories with her in the fact that she has gotten herself the undisputed title of Queen of the Afghans, and is known far and wide throughout dogdom as the owner and breeder of the finest dogs of this type anywhere in the world.

Jack lets her have her own way. In the

[*Continued on page* 86]

There was a time a while ago when Mrs. Oakie (Venita Varden) couldn't see eye to eye with Jack. But he talked her into sticking around—and neither have been sorry

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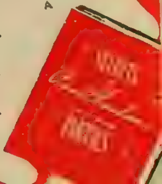

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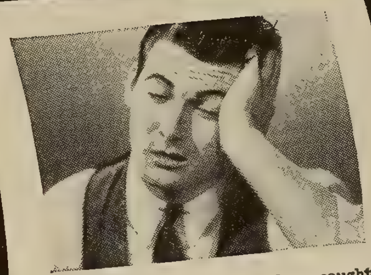
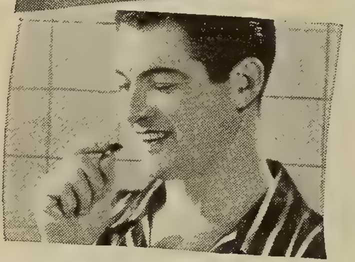
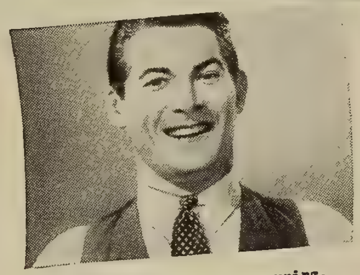


Almost got fired today. Boss caught me napping at my desk. The trouble is I need a laxative. But I hate to take the awful stuff.



Tom told me to try Ex-Lax and I bought a box on my way home. Took some before turning in for the night. A cinch to take - it tastes just like chocolate!



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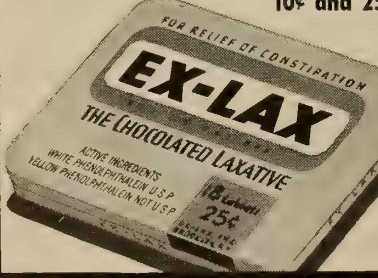
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Down to Brass Tacks With Bob Montgomery

[*Continued from page* 21]

things) that fundamentally, here is one fine actor—in fact, one of the finest actors in all Hollywood. And, by all standards, one of the most intense devotees of the profession. In fact, it's a wonder to his intimates that on top of all his other fierce enthusiasms, Montgomery still has enough intensity left over to give to his work!

And right here, we're going to tell a little story out of school that's never been told before—but that demonstrates, to a remarkable degree, just how utterly intense Bob is about his work. The story goes back a few years—to the time when he worked at 20th-Fox with Janet Gaynor in *Three Loves Has Nancy* . . . . .

Now around that time, Bob and Janet were two of the warmest off-screen friends you could find among Hollywood's twosomes. Hollywood is full of those glowing friendships, and the Montgomery-Gaynor business was talk-of-Hollywood for the time, you may recall. And so, when Janet found that Bob was to play opposite her in *Three Loves,* etc., it was just fine and dandy for Janet. She figured that Bob, in view of that so-warm, so-deep, so-rich friendship of theirs, would dump all the fine scenes right in her lap, like a gentleman and a—ah—pal . . . . !

But instead, on the first day or two of production, a furious Gaynor stomped into her dressing room. Janet, to her utter astonishment, had suddenly discovered that her adored Bob was swiping scenes right out from under her pretty nose—and doing it with a cold, deliberate craftsmanship that gave no quarter.

Janet didn't hesitate to bawl him out. Janet never did, in her heyday. Janet expected, and usually got, the submissive cooperation of her leading men in making her the star-of-stars and submerging themselves. (After all, when Janet was queen of the lot, her leading men HAD to do that—or risk getting themselves disciplined!)

But Bob Montgomery wasn't playing that way. When Janet called him for trying to steal her scenes, he upped to her and cut her off with a flat, icy statement:

"This is work, Janet. This isn't anything social, and our—uh—friendship has no place in it. We're getting paid to do a job of work here in front of the cameras; we're paid to put the best we have to offer into the picture —and that's just what I'm going to do, no matter WHO is working opposite me!"

Janet didn't believe her ears, when he told her that. She came storming off the set like a tropical hurricane out of the Caribbean and almost screamed at her confidantes that Bob, her magnificent Bob, was cutting her throat! And what made her madder than anything else was that between takes—between the neat, professional throatcutting—Bob dropped his professional manner and became again the charming, suave, adoring and admiring cavalier.

All of which goes to prove that when it comes to work, our Mr. Montgomery lets nothing interfere with it. NOTHING!

That's why all his friends know that no matter what hobby Montgomery is riding at the moment—be it golf, pipe-smoking, ambulance-driving, guild-organizing or even mayhap the study of the private life of the dill-pickle—he'll always come back to Hollywood and movies.

His bosses get mad at him frequently for riding his hobbies—or, rather, letting his hobbies ride him away. They discipline him. They cut him off the payroll, or they give him bum roles, or they make him wait a long time between pictures. They know that'll bring him back to earth. Both because he loves to act—and, more materially and understandably, because it takes money to indulge hobbies. And the only way Bob can get money is to come down out of the clouds and make a movie.

And that, fundamentally, is why today he's back in Hollywood, under the sun-arcs and the spotlights, making a movie, instead of gallivanting around Europe, shaking his fist at Hitler from the front lines.

And besides, he does have a wife and two children—and that, as well as hobbies, takes money. And there are taxes.

SO, FOR the time being, you'll hear precious little about any other side of Bob than his Hollywood side. He's living again in that lovely home of his in the hills of Beverly—that spreading colonial farmhouse, with its dormer windows and its pointed roof and its ell that makes it look even more like a house for living in, instead of a house to be photographed in—like too many stars' houses. It's got a sloping lawn, and oak trees and wild flowers in not-at-all-formal disarray.

And he loves it. He parks himself in it, and grouses and grumbles if anybody wants to drag him out to a night club, or a fete, or a party, or anything else. Now that he's over his first furious enthusiasm, he even grumbles a bit at the self-imposed necessity of getting out of it to attend to the war-relief machinery he's set in motion as a private venture.

For the most part, he's forgotten all his other hobbies which lasted, like most of them do, for a while. He was a candid-camera fiend; he was a golfer; he was a skeet-shooter; he was a rabid tennis player.

He prefers, then, when he's not acting or war-reliefing, to sit at home in his library, with a book and a pipe, and to be let alone—very, very alone. If he isn't let alone, he still manages to be alone, paradoxical as it sounds. That is, he can sit in a corner (or even in the center of the room) of a houseful of people partying and talking and laughing and singing or with the radio going full blast—and yet he can bury himself in his book or his magazine, and in a cloud of pipe-smoke, and be as utterly detached from the *mise-en-scene* as though he were in Kamchatka.

And I don't think Hollywood'll ever forget that other instance—the afternoon he shut himself in his library with a new book he'd determined to read. He gave everybody—wife, family, friends, servants—explicit instructions not to disturb him for anything.

But despite his orders, there came a knock at the library door. He ignored it. The knock came again. He ignored it. The knock came a third time—and Bob, in a raging fury, shouted:

"Dammit, what's the IDEA? I said not to disturb me. Go away. GO AWAY!!"

Footsteps retreated, and whoever it was went away.

But then the phone in the library kept ringing. (He has a private PBX system in his house.) Finally, in white-hot anger, he picked up the phone and demanded to know who DARED interrupt his reading—and heard this from his butler:

"Er—beg pardon, sir—but the house is on fire, sir, and the firemen have arrived, sir."

Three months a year, he reserves for his back-East farming. He has a farm in upper Westchester County, New York, and it's in his contract that he gets 12 successive weeks off, each year, to spend there. While there, he hunts, rides, fishes, swims, and forgets Hollywood and Europe. There's a story about him, there—

About 4 o'clock one morning, he rousted out a party of friends who were spending a week as his guests at the place. He got them out of bed, and dragged them into the autumn cold to hunt ducks! He wanted to hunt ducks, and his friends had to go with him. Anyway, it was such a whim-of-the-moment that he'd forgotten to bring along a dog, to retrieve the ducks. But did that faze Bob? No, sir!!! His friends, having become separated from him, heard the BANG BANG of his gun, then silence. In a few minutes, out from a clump of bushes came stalking Bob Montgomery—STARK NAKED and carrying two ducks. He'd stripped off his clothes and swum out to retrieve them himself, after shooting them down—and then had become so excited in his rush to show them to the rest of the party that he'd forgotten to dress again!

He used to be full of gags like that. But not so much lately.

Today, as part of this quieting-down process, he is a much more subdued and introspective Bob Montgomery than in those early days of his in Hollywood. Today, he doesn't embarrass his acquaintances with those arrogantly-flaming wise-cracks he used to fling at them. Instead, he embarrasses them by sitting back and studying them quietly, like a scientist looking at a bug through a microscope. They know that Bob is using them as laboratory material for his current super-interest—human psychology.

He's studying people, because, it seems, he wants to know what makes the wheels go around in human beings. I rather think it's a progressive step in Bob's development—he's stopped getting too excited about the symptoms, and wondering, instead, about the causes. He's trying to find out what makes world wars and social revolutions happen, instead of spending so much time taking part in them. He's stepped off the world-stage and gotten into the front row of the audience seats, to watch the show unfold.

He has another explanation for it, himself. He says it (a) helps him in his work of character portrayal to understand human psychology, and (b) it helps him understand people, and the "front" they put up. He has a fierce detestation of any false front—he hates anything phony with a hatred that can be born only of a vast sincerity within himself.

That's one major reason why none of those who know Bob poke fun at his enthusiasms and hobbies. They know that nothing but sincerity and desperate belief motivates him.

And for that very reason, I think you'll find him getting out of the spotlight he's been in recently as a result of his war activity. He has heard, inevitably, the accusations voiced by certain Hollywood commentators that his enlistment in the ambulance service was "just a publicity stunt"—and that when he got into it, he knew darned well that he'd never have to go into dangerous front-line service. Bob didn't dignify that sort of mud-slinging by even bothering to counter it. But it affected him. Especially in view of the talk about other floppish war-ventures indulged in by other Hollywoodians.

Bob doesn't want to be classed with any such phony business. So, rather than get into any chance of it, he's just pulling in his neck and keeping quiet. You'll notice that he has stopped giving out any interviews about his war work. He just does it, with a staff of personally paid secretaries and offices, instead of talking about it. And he shuts off that part of himself from his other work—his movie acting.

PROFESSIONALLY, he sounds the same line so many other actors utter: "I've never been satisfied with a role I've played; I've always wished I could do it over, and do it better." The major difference between Bob's utterance of that phrase and others' use of it is that others too often say it with mock-modesty, while with Bob, it's merely a casual criticism of himself, uttered by a critic who knows he hasn't done as well as he might.

Bob is not the best-liked man in Hollywood, by any means. His circle of acquaintances is rather smallish; his circle of real intimate friends is small. Some writers definitely do not like him—and I'm quite certain that Bob definitely does not like them. He doesn't like the questions they ask him, and they don't like the answers that he gives them.

So they don't get along. Only difference here between Bob and most other Hollywood stars is this: the other stars don't like these story-writers either—but the other stars give nice, phony answers and kid the writers along, and the writers swallow it and love it, and the stars get away with it.

But Bob can't play that way. It's too phony. He'd rather tell them to go to hell. So he does. And gets away with it.

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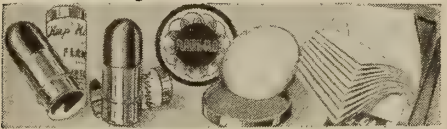

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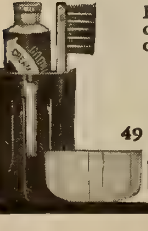

The Prizefighter and the Lady

[*Continued from page* 28]

new or streamlined version of the Charleston, making the rounds of the night clubs, renewing friendships, hobnobbing with old cronies of the sports world. A little bit heavier, a little shorter of wind, a little more careful of his diet than in the days when greenbacks turned to yellow, but otherwise the same smooth, slick guy—on the surface.

If you had the time and the opportunity to probe beneath the surface you, of course, noticed a change. A change all the more effective because it was so subtle. There was a polish about his manner. There was a poise. There was, unmistakably, an air of the gentleman. Almost imperceptibly you sensed that he not only fitted Broadway's definition of a regular guy, but that a Tuxedo (the town, not the coat) garden party would have lorgnetted him as calm, courteous, considerate and conservative.

The Norma Shearer influence is responsible.

George Raft didn't high-hat Broadway, even the new honky-tonky, slack-suit-wearing, orange-juice-guzzling Broadway. Here, in itself, was a sign of that tact which is the essence of gentlemanliness. At the same time, he no longer has the stamp of his muggsy youth on Tenth Avenue. The Killer and the Lady, yes! But also the Lady-Killer and the Lady.

THE latter role is predominant now, has been predominant for more than a year. It goes back to the excitement-crowded summer of 1939 when the world didn't know what any day might bring, when nerves were taut and recklessness was in the air. Liners were still plowing to Europe. The World's Fair's international section was making a brave show of gaiety. And to New York came the Charles Boyers. To New York came also Norma Shearer and George Raft—though not together.

Their worlds were far apart then. She was the aloof, the legendary occupant of an unapproachable pedestal. In a community where caste is determined chiefly by the size of the bank account, Miss Shearer, as the widow of Irving Thalberg, was regarded as in a class by herself. Not that George Raft was in any danger of finding the wolf in his swimming pool. It had paid him well to be a flashy, lip-curling, "gat"-packing menace on the screen—had paid him well ever since the memorable make-believe of *Scarface*. But Raft's resources, after all, were vastly inferior to Shearer's. If his chips were blue, hers were indigo.

One night in New York Raft accepted an invitation to join the Boyers and Miss Shearer at the Fair—at, specifically, the Brazilian Pavilion. There would be dinner and after that some dancing to the tropical rhythms of a native rhumba band. Oh, there were things to see and do! It would be such fun.

Now Raft is a nifty stepper. He had once made a pretty good living at stepping in public. His new partner at the Brazilian Pavilion could dance, too. They found rhythm at once. But, more important, they found harmony. It is curious how often romance comes to people of the show world in a casual dance. There was the conspicuous example of Billie Burke and the late Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. Ziegfeld had been able to keep his heart whole even when he was surrounded by the most beautiful young things ever assembled on one stage. But one night, attending a party at the Ritz, he met and danced with Billie Burke. And presently he was in love.

George and Norma discovered romance similarly. They discovered, returning to the Fair, returning to Brazil's dance floor and France's terrace, that they were inexpressibly happy in each other's company. He found her sympathetic, intelligent, altogether charming. To her he was amusing, attentive, vivid. They had much to talk about. They had come up to their place in life the hard way. Years before she had done some modeling on Broadway, had smiled down on him from a tire ad as he went the rounds of his dancing jobs. They laughed about that, about those days and the struggles they had.

In a few days the Boyers and Miss Shearer sailed for Europe on the *Normandie*. Raft had planned to leave on an earlier ship. By a strange coincidence he was now a fellow-passenger aboard the French liner. Editors back in newspaper offices raised their eyebrows, raised also a question. They wirelessed Raft, literally, at sea: "What about it? Are you having romance with Norma Shearer?" His Broadway training came to his help. He wisecracked back: "You flatter me. Am making up a fourth at bridge." Obviously, there could be no startling headline about a bridge party. By the time they returned Europe was on the march and they were deeply in love.

George Raft shies at any discussion of his romance with Norma Shearer or of the broken one with Virginia Peine, though he knows that a gossip-hungry world is interested. He had been happy with Virginia Peine, but in meeting Norma no one else mattered. The feeling is reciprocated. While he was playing at the Strand Norma Shearer came to New York to be near him. He wanted her to make an appearance with him at the Strand. She refused. His wish was inspired by his pride in her and not by any realization of what such a joint appearance would mean in publicity headlines and photographs. They visited restaurants and night clubs, took motorcar rides, and at the end of his theater engagement, they went on to Saratoga to be the guests of the Mervyn LeRoys at the races.

IF RAFT is proud of Norma Shearer's prestige, she, in turn, is proud of his popularity. She had had her first glimpse of that popularity during their sojourn in Europe when people in the streets, neglecting her and the others, yelled, "Hello, Georgie!" She had new recognition of it during his engagement at the Strand when long queues of people stretched halfway down the street either to see his performance or to get a glimpse of him outside the stage entrance. Norma Shearer is proud of his success. He was a star in his own right. He was not just a gangster on the screen.

George Raft was originally scheduled for one week of personal appearances. If business warranted it the engagement would be stretched another week. But so clamorous was the public to gape at him performing in the flesh that he remained for a third week and could have played a fourth had he not tired of the confining routine of five shows a day. He wanted a brief vacation before returning to his chores at the Warner studios. The larger part of the clamorous public was feminine. To this part he still seemed a reincarnation of Valentino. Yet,

[*Continued on page* 70]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

RED, white and blue for Fall clothes, particularly play-clothes. That's the latest news right out of Hollywood . . . Right now, the movie capital is up to its neck in war relief and other patriotic activities, and true to its tradition of going all the way, the gals have adapted the colors of the flag and other military trends for their wardrobe . . . When I arrived at Connie Moore's tennis party the other afternoon, I was so dazzled by these colors that I thought in my usually foggy manner I had wandered into the wrong place and it was Fourth of July or something . . . After I pulled myself together and started looking around, I got some really swell, adaptable ideas that you can use . . . The simplest use of red, white and blue was in the belt Linda Hayes wore with her white tennis dress. . . . Linda had bought three inch-wide lengths of grosgrain ribbon—one of each of the colors—and tied them around her waist . . . That's one you can copy with the help of your dime-store ribbon counter . . . While you're about it, why not get a variety of colored ribbons so you can work up your own color combinations when you get tired of being patriotic? . . . Connie herself looked like an animated flag in her tricky slack suit . . . The slacks of white sharkskin were worn with a hand-crocheted sweater of red and white stripes . . . That is, the body of the sweater and the left sleeve were of the stripes, and—you've guessed it—the right sleeve was blue with white stars!

WENDY BARRIE has a new cotton suit which features a huge shoulder-to-shoulder yoke of white pique on a box-type jacket of biege, brown-and-orange-checked seersucker . . . The autumn colors of the check make the cotton suit—which was a favorite during the summer—carry right through the warmer Fall days . . . In snooping around at the nite spots this month I found that most of the gals were going for ultra-feminine clothes . . . No matter how many tricks and modes-of-the-moment the Hollywood females go for in their more informal moments, they know the best way to build up that old romantic feeling after dark is to dress to please the boy friend . . . And you know yourself what a push-over most men are for the gal who wears soft, feminine fabrics . . . At least Dorothy Lamour was doing all right for herself the other night when I saw her dancing in a dream of a white evening gown . . . The dress featured a bodice and deep peplum of white Alencon lace with a gold thread running through it . . . The skirt was layers and layers of sheer white tulle over white taffeta . . . Dottie wore gold pumps and carried a gold kid evening bag and her only jewelry was a gold bracelet which featured a gold and diamond water lily. . . .

YOU better dig way down in your closet and pull out those old kid slippers, because Dottie wasn't the only one who was wearing them that night . . . Irene Dunne used gold slippers and long gold kid gloves to accent her gown of taupe chiffon . . . Taupe—that indefinite shade that's neither grey nor tan—is one of the very best colors for Fall in everything from sports clothes to formal gowns . . . Irene's dress was made on the new narrow silhouette lines, achieving fullness by having the skirt draped into the center back seam . . . The plain bodice was held up by narrow shoulder straps of the chiffon and with it she wore a gold necklace with two large leaves of canary diamonds . . . Leave it to Lupe Velez to adapt one of the more hoydenish informal modes to her evening ensemble . . . Remember I told you last month of the beanies or skull caps that all the gals are wearing with their slacks? . . . Well, Lupe got herself a black velvet beanie, clipped rhinestone ornaments of all sizes around the edge and wore it with her black velvet dinner dress . . . I thought of that red-headed gal friend of yours, when I saw Jeanette MacDonald that evening . . . Jeanette was wearing a *pink* chiffon gown, and it looked simply gorgeous with that red hair of hers . . . She told me that, like most gals with flaming hair, she thought she could never wear that color . . . But in her first Technicolor picture they dressed her in a pink gown and since that time it's been one of her favorite colors . . . In her next picture, *Bittersweet*, which is also in Technicolor, she is going to wear a gown of purple and cerise, two other colors that have always been taboo to the redheads.

Mlle. Chic.

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Well, turn to page 56 in this magazine and see how easy Pauline Rawley, MOTION PICTURE's new Household Editor, has made it for you to prepare some of the most delightful goodies you ever tasted. And be sure to watch for Pauline Rawley's helpful household articles each month in

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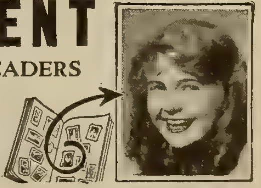

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The Prizefighter and the Lady

[*Continued from page* 68]

there was a liberal sprinkling of men in the lines outside the theater—men who were not so mindful of Valentino as they were of a man who stood as the most successful interpreter of sinister roles on the screen.

To reach George Raft in his dressing room was quite an ordeal. One had to pass a gauntlet of autograph-seekers, of stage door hangers-on, of a battalion of bodyguards and buffers. Looming most prominently in the path to the actor was his pal and general factotum, Mack "Killer" Grey.

Once inside the dressing room you became suddenly aware again of the immense loyalty George has not only to his old friends but to his old environment, his old background. In an expensive cream-colored shirt, shorts, white woolen socks and slippers he sat on the edge of his chair knees apart, hands resting on his knees, in the manner of a boxer awaiting the bell for his bout to begin.

The same repressed nervous energy, the same alert, expectant sense of surroundings that you detect in a boxer were present. But then you recall that George Raft began life as a boxer. The dressing-room attitude was, after all, a subconscious reflection of his old-time calling. As a youth he had fought as a bantamweight, had taken part in some twenty-five bouts, had been knocked out some seven times. Had he learned to use his left he might have gone on to a championship.

"I appreciate now what a blessing a bad left was," he said. "Had I continued boxing I never would have taken up dancing. And if I hadn't become a professional dancer I would never have gone on to Hollywood—and to this," he waved his arm, his left arm, significantly, to include, it seemed, not only his dressing room but the whole Strand Theater. "I was lucky not to have a left. I'd say my whole life has been lucky. I still can't believe it's true."

Here, I thought, is that rare specimen, an actor, who hadn't persuaded himself that his irresistible charm, unusual ability, enormous good looks had brought him to Hollywood's front rank. He had set his success down to his lucky breaks, beginning with his lucky, listless left.

"Didn't you later prove to yourself in baseball that your right was also lucky for you?" I asked.

"I'll say," he smiled, and I noted how white his teeth were against his olive skin. It was only a flash. His face quickly assumed the more characteristic serious mien that many persons, until they know him, mistake for unfriendliness. Valentino, I remembered, had something of the same quality. Hollywood scouts sometimes describe it as "vaguely romantic." I thought how definitely romantic George Raft might be to the public were Hollywood to dress him up in the black baggy gaucho pants, the white blouse and the wide-brimmed, high-crowned black gaucho sombrero which Valentino used to affect. And how amazingly like Valentino he would look!

"Yeah," he went on, while a Negro dresser was deftly steering a Raft shin into a black trouser, "if I hadn't thrown my right arm out in Springfield, Mass., trying to catch a runner at the plate from deep center field, I probably would be playing ball yet for a living. Or, if not actually playing, mixed up in the game somehow. I hardly think I would have been in Hollywood."

I said I could not recall anyone who had similarly capitalized upon the commercial failure in sports of both a left and a right arm. He said he couldn't either. "It shows what a lucky guy I am," he explained. "I hope my luck stays with me at Saratoga."

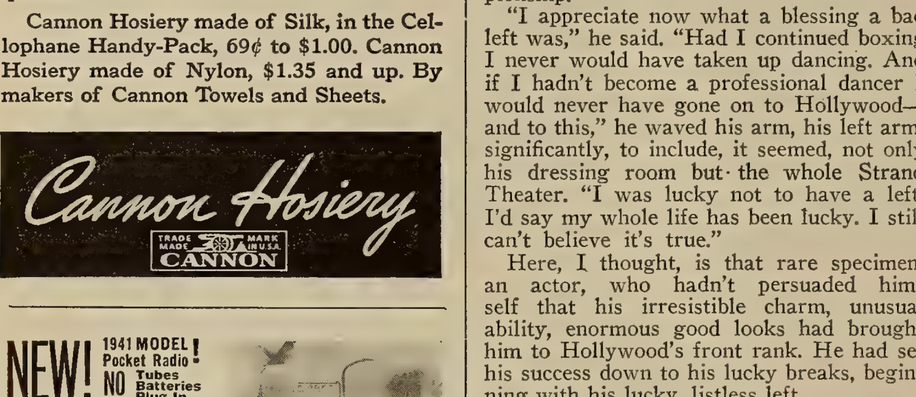
George likes to play the races. In fact, he likes most everything the Broadway Boys like. Most of them, at one time or another, would like to own a Broadway night club. George is able to satisfy such a yen. He has a big share in a place called the Hurricane. It was a girl from the Hurricane, Mary Vee Johnson, who was his dancing partner at the Strand. The association with George was lucky for her, too. She is going to Hollywood for Universal.

The absentee landlordship of a Broadway night club helps to keep him in the groove, helps to give him the feeling that he has an anchor to his old street even though he resides in a luxurious castle in Beverly Hills high up in a canyon somewhat incongruously called "Coldwater."

"IT'S fun getting back here, seeing the town, doing the town, visiting with old friends," he was almost dressed now for his 3 o'clock performance, "and above all, resuming the dance routine where I left off. I don't mind telling you I'm not as fast on my feet as I used to be. You see, I haven't been keeping up my homework, and I'm no longer fresh from the boxing ring and the baseball diamond. They were great training for me when I took up a dancing career. But the people out front are very kind. Many of them are even enthusiastic. It's nice to know you have so many friends. Yet, I'll be glad to get back to Hollywood. Five shows a day can be pretty trying."

Back in Hollywood, George Raft doesn't know what he is going to do. What he isn't going to do is to appear in *South of Suez*. He had been booked for that picture, but he has rejected it. Meanwhile, there is Norma Shearer. Geography really doesn't matter. It's life and love, according to the song writers, that count. And George and Norma are happy. Being happy, they are inseparable. They dine together, look at movies in her private projection-room at her Santa Monica beach house, attend the races. Perhaps, yet, they'll be in a picture together. Perhaps, Norma was very shrewd in refusing to appear with him on the Strand stage. It might have taken the edge off their screen co-stardom—if and when it takes place.

Such a co-stardom, if and when it takes place, would be wheat cakes and syrup to Broadway. Broadway, I have a feeling, would give it a great big hand.



They've Had Brent All Wrong!

[*Continued from page 33*]

what he was saying was such that even when Annie, the Sheridan, popped in upon us as, at intervals, she did and, finding Brent still delivering himself of a monologue, popped out again (there's a gal as knows how to treat men!), Brent still remained comparatively unaware of the Sheridan sorties. So how could it be expected that I interrupt his train of thought!

"The reason I am bad copy, if I am," he was saying, to his extremely likable likeness in the mirror, "is that I don't manufacture adventures I never had for the sake of headlines. I don't make up wild, ridiculous things that people never do, never have time to do, in order to make myself 'colorful.' I could feed 'em fiction along with the best. But I haven't, I don't and I won't. I like the truth. She's a lovely thing. With clean lines and classic proportions.

"As for refusing to see people, ridiculous. I've never refused to see anyone. It's unfortunately true that I'm sensitive to some people. Allergic. Particularly to hands and eyes. When I'm with people who affect me the wrong way, chemically, circles come out under my eyes. And the effect is unpleasingly corpse-like. And quite beyond my control. On the other hand, I go overboard for and about people I like. Which should balance the scales.

"On the whole, I have very few violent hates or aversions. I hate people who slap me on the back the first time they meet me. I hate women who talk unless they have something interesting to say. I hate visitors on the set; I'm going to visit *them* sometime! I hate being nailed to a contract, my time not my own, no say about what I do, choice of stories or parts. Not that I'm always right, but I'm not always wrong, either. Otherwise, I'm an affable fellow with nothing but love for my fellow-man.

"My worst fault," continued George, "is going against my hunches. The only time I ever go wrong is when I hear that little whisper and don't obey it. Hunches are whispers of deep common sense . . . go against them and you can answer to yourself for every damn thing you do. I can. Because it just seemed more reckless, more fun, more something to disregard them at the time.

"The one time I went with my hunch, I sold my airplane. I had the hunch someone would get killed in it. There was no tangible reason for such a thought. The motors were perfect. It was a slick job throughout. I'd only flown it 200 miles. But it let me down a couple of times. And that did it. I'm the same about people. Glamor girls or Galahads, if they let me down once or twice, they're for sale in my market. So I sold my plane. Two weeks later the fellow I sold it to was killed in it, he and his little girl eight years old. That's what I mean.

"And I'm sentimental. I don't keep old letters. No one will ever find me 'among my souvenirs.' It's not so much that. I save things in my mind, things people have done for me, places I have seen.

"'They' say I have no social life, never appear in night clubs, even have dates in my own home. The 'hermit' routine, in short. Which, like the old cat, never dies. 'They' won't let it. I'm going to kill it now, once and for all. After I get through with it, there won't be anything left to say or print. Mine will be the last word, I hope.

"The fact of the matter is very matter-of-fact, as facts have a way of being. When I'm working—and I take my work a great deal more seriously than anyone seems to think—my routine is as follows: I go to work with the milkman. I put everything I've got into the motions I make. Between scenes, I don't pass the time of day dawdling around. I don't hang around other sets. I retire into my portable, cool off, read, rest, study my lines for the next scene, bawl Annie out. I then go home, shower, have dinner, read, go to bed. I like to go to bed early because if I don't, the camera rather more than intimates that I've never been to bed in my life.

"This is not being a hermit, my friends, may I point out? It's being a working man. I do have dates at home. So that, if I am entertaining a young lady of my own noble calling, which she is sure to be or she wouldn't be there, I can tell her to go home, if and when necessary. That is, if she doesn't beat me to it. That's the comfortable thing about girls in your own business, they know about it.

"Furthermore, I feel more comfortable at home. I get a better dinner there than I do in cafes. And I'm not being gawked at. You distinctly do NOT like to be gawked at, Brent, you know you don't. Even less do you like to have a young lady gawked at.

"I do appear at a night spot once or twice a year. And the repercussions attendant upon this relatively and totally insignificant action are out of all proportion. But that's because there are only a few guys left out here who are vulnerable. When I appear in public with a lady, therefore, the best or the worst is immediately conjectured."

THERE was no stopping George now. He added: "When I have time off, which is uncertain and equally seldom, I like to go to the desert, yes, yes, TO THE DESERT, to rest. 'They' use this as additional, and much too repetitious, proof of my hermitting instinct. So it's doubtless playing straight into their skinny hands when I say that if I had more time I'd probably use it by going to Alaska (alone). Or I might even go to Tahiti (alone). I now have a boat (a schooner) and expect to go down to the sea in the ship as often, and for as long stretches of time, as possible. Next year, 1941, I'm going to enter the races to Hawaii.

"One nice thing about talking to yourself is that you can doodle, conversationally. You don't have to follow any prescribed pattern. So I'll detour here to remark that I'm superstitious. Very. About everything. Let a bird fly in my window and I jump out of it! The sea is full of superstitions. Such as the one about the water line on boats. If you paint the water line a dark blue, *someone will be killed on that boat.* That I believe this to be the heathen truth is proved by the fact that I had the water line on my boat changed from dark blue to a brilliant red.

"When I make the race to Hawaii, I am going to take a little red hen with me, and a little red pig. My Hawaiian friends recommend it. Also, the Hawaiians are going to kill a shark for me the day I sail. All of which means that I will have the wind with me, all the way. Irishmen are always superstitious. And you have the Irish in you, Brent, old thing, God knows, and the sea. . . .

"Now here is something I give 'Them' for free: *I have plans* for an island hideaway. *Not* Hawaii. I am going to investigate an island, one of the Virgin Island group, *with an eye to buying it for a permanent home.* You can buy such an island, eight by ten acres, for $60.00. No additional money is

*

Into Your Cheeks there comes a new, mysterious Glow!

*I*nto cheeks touched with Princess Pat Rouge, there comes color that is vibrant, glowing, yet sincerely real—natural.

Just contrast Princess Pat with ordinary rouges of flat "painty" effect. Then, truly, Princess Pat Rouge amazes—gives beauty so thrilling—color so real—it actually seems to come from within the skin.

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But remember, only Princess Pat Rouge is made by the secret duo-tone process—(an undertone and overtone).

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The right way to Rouge

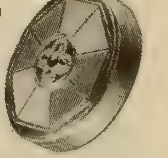
Rouge before powder; this makes your rouge glow through the powder with charming natural effect. (1) Smile into your mirror. Note that each cheek has a raised area which forms a > pointing toward the nose. That's Nature's rouge area. (2) Blend rouge outward in all directions, using fingers. This prevents edges. (3) Apply Princess Pat face powder over it—blending smoothly.

1

2

3

For faces of fashion ⇨



* *June Lang, charming screen actress, smiles her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.*

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Contains 4—50c bottles of these alluring Perfumes. A Unique Chest 6 inches x 3 inches made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. A splendid gift.
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PAUL RIEGER, 224 Art Center Bldg., San Francisco

necessary, either for the purchase or thereafter. It's the only place I know of where the absolutely self-sustained and self-sufficient life is possible to man. One lives there by trading, trading vegetables, trading livestock, whatever your island, and you, produce. An income of $50.00 a month, down there, would put you in the swank, capitalistic class.

"So why don't I go there? 'They' will ask. I may. I haven't for the reasons others don't—the fear of striking out alone. A fear common to us all. We are herd animals and vast departures from the common run of existence hold terrifying implications. When I go, if I go, I'd want to marry, of course. Why not?

"SPEAKING of marriage," George said, "brings the ladies, not unnaturally, to mind. 'They' have said, off and on, that you are a one with the ladies, Brent. (Brent gave out with a hollow cough.) 'They' have said—with muffled and mysterious voices—that you know Garbo. Why the mufflement and mystery? Of course I know Garbo. We're very good friends. We like a lot of the same things, dislike a lot of the same things—which makes for compatibility. She has terrific intelligence, a great sense of humor. She has an incomparable beauty. At one time during our friendship, I was in love with her. Very much so. What of it? Nothing to whisper about, that I can see. Nothing strange or extraordinary about it.

"It doesn't make a side show of a man, doesn't make him kin to a three-legged calf because he's in love with an attractive woman, one or more. Bette Davis and I saw a great deal of each other at one time. Again, why not? We were both free, unattached, mutually interested. If people would stop whispering about what they want to know, would ask me what they want to know about me, I'd tell them.

"'But you've never said anything about Garbo,' someone said to me, recently. I answered, 'No one ever asked me.'

"Now 'They' are talking about Annie and me. With reason. 'They' say with that fantastic coyness with which they seem to regard the phenomenal spectacle of a man and a woman being friends or being in love or merely being romantic, that we are 'going together.' We are. And very pleasant I find it, too. Annie is one of those rare women with whom you can be as regular as you are with another man.

"'They' have wondered what 'technique' I use with women. None. I have no technique. Annie has no 'line,' that's why we get along. We both do our acting on sound stages, not off of them. That's how it is with us.

"However, I'm afraid of anything serious while I'm in this business, in this town. You lose perspective in Hollywood, values are different. There's not enough time to do more than make those six o'clock calls. For instance, you step on a set the first day of a new picture, meet a girl you've never laid eyes on before and, like an arrow winged by a champion archer, you leap into her arms or she leaps into yours. This is symbolic of the place. It's much the same off the sets. Intimacies happen too rapidly and too hectically to take root. The roof is built before the foundation is laid. People out here get married that way, divorced that way. Building the relationship of love, as building the relationship of friendship, takes time. We haven't the time. For instance, Pat O'Brien's dressing room was next to mine and I've been in it only twice in the past five years. Time again, his and mine.

"'They' may now accuse me of beefing," he said with a trace of sarcasm, "may ask why, if I don't like what I'm doing, I don't get out of it. Well, for one thing I do like what I'm doing. For the most part. It's a nervous business, this making pictures. It's like whipping tired horses all the time. We must be horses or more of us would crack up than do. We don't use our bodies much. Other people's minds put the words into our mouths; other people have invented and perfected the mechanical devices we use. So that our nerves are what we work with, our nervous systems are what we use, are all we use, in our work.

"The upshot of it is that, whether we like what we're doing or not, we can't get out of it. We're not geared for other jobs. We're like people with fever who would be lost if they registered normal.

"But don't get me wrong. I'm glad I'm an actor. I don't think I could have stood anything else. What I originally wanted to be—and intended to be—was a lawyer. Which has much in common with acting. Both get the spotlight. I like actors. They're the most generous people in the world, not only in purse but in heart and in spirit, too. And they take the worst licking. They are more warmly applauded than any group of people in the world and more coldly forgotten. I don't fool myself. We're strictly *passing through* in this business. Most transient profession in the world. But I love it.

"'And what about the money, Brent?' 'They' will say. 'Come clean, the dough's the thing, isn't it?' No. Money doesn't mean much to me. Not that I get a lot. I don't belong in the high income brackets. So what? I can't eat more than the guy who makes $75.00 a week. I'm extravagant, God knows. ("He always picks up every check in sight," contributed Annie, who popped in on the word 'extravagant,' got the drift, popped out again.)

"If I didn't have a secretary," Brent was saying, "I wouldn't have a cent to my name. Still, once I see the light, I dump. I'll always dump. Like that big, oversized elephant of a house I set myself up in for a time. I sold that. Too expensive. I've moved back to my old, small house on Toluca Lake. I may not stay there long, either. I'm a restless soul. I've lived in six houses since I came to Hollywood.

"WHAT IS it you want?' I've been asked. I don't know what I want. If I knew, I'd walk out of here tomorrow and get it. It's nothing material, I do know that. I've gradually got everything I ever wanted, materially, and know that once I've got a thing, *I don't want it*.

"I've been called a pessimist. I've been called an 'idealist who won't face facts.' Maybe. But translated that means, Irish clear through. If not expecting anything from anyone means being a pessimist, I'm one. For I don't expect anything from anyone. It's nice once in awhile to be surprised, very good stuff if you can find it. But if I don't find it, that's all right, too. I don't like to get things from people, anyway. I like to be the giver.

"I suppose I'd be called pessimistic as regards my attitude about world conditions today. I call it 'facing facts.' It seems to me that everyone with any thought at all, is waiting . . .

"I think," said Brent, suddenly pivoting in his chair, so that he faced me (and Annie, that girl was in again; this time she stayed), "I think 'They' won't find much to say about me now, now that I've finished with myself . . ."

"You've probably ruined their Indoor Sports for the winter," said Annie.

"I hope," said Brent.

Sugar n' Spice n' Everythin' Nice

[*Continued from page* 56]

be gained by adding wine to holiday goodies, here's *my* favorite plum pudding recipe. I hope it will delight *you* and *your family* at Yuletide too. It's slightly expensive, yes, because all sorts of sweets and nice things go into the making of it. But after all—Christmas comes but once a year. And who was it that said, "What is Christmas without PLUM PUDDING"?

PLUM PUDDING WITH WINE

1 cup seedless raisins
½ cup diced candied orange and lemon peels
½ cup diced citron
½ cup sliced candied cherries
¾ cup California sherry
1 cup chopped kidney suet
2 cups fine bread crumbs
¾ cup white sugar
⅓ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground nutmeg
½ cup chopped walnuts
6 eggs, well beaten

Combine fruits, add sherry, and let stand several hours, or overnight. Combine other ingredients in order given, add fruit-in-wine, mix well. Pour into one large (1½ or 2 quart) mold or bowl, cover tightly (use vegetable parchment paper tied on snugly if mold does not have a lid). Set mold on rack in kettle, pour boiling water around it, letting water come up well on sides of mold; cover kettle, and boil vigorously 3½ hours. Add more hot water as it boils away. Serve at once, if desired; or cool and store in cold place until needed, then steam as directed above about an hour, or until thoroughly heated. Makes 12 to 16 servings. Serve hot with Sherry Hard Sauce.

SHERRY HARD SAUCE

4 tablespoons butter
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
4 tablespoons California sherry

Cream butter thoroughly. Gradually blend in sugar and wine, beating until light and fluffy. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper and chill until needed. Serves 8 to 10. Recipe may be doubled if desired.

CHRISTMAS without fruit cakes? Never! Here again I've tried to save your time and energy and long hours spent chopping and peeling, and pitting and mixing. Here's a *magic* fruit cake recipe you'll adore (see picture). It's simplicity itself to prepare and just a word of warning—as you read through the ingredients, don't think that I've forgotten to include flour and baking powder in the recipe. Believe it or not, it just doesn't need any! That's why it bears the name it deserves—

"MAGIC" FRUIT CAKE

1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 cup chopped walnut meats
½ pound (3 cups) shredded coconut
1 pound (2 cups) pitted dates, coarsely chopped

Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk, chopped walnut meats, shredded coconut, and dates, which have been coarsely chopped. Pack in a greased loaf pan (8"x5"x3"). Bake in moderately hot oven (375°F.) 25 minutes, or until brown. Remove from pan and allow to cool thoroughly. Cut into thin slices.

And jars and jars of holiday cookies help to complete everyone's conception of traditional Christmas goodies. If you have children, make PLENTY, especially of these molasses cookies (see picture) for they'll go like the wind! Should you want to set aside a quantity of them to give away as gifts—after they're baked, cool them thoroughly on a wire rack, then pack in air tight tins or boxes with waxed paper between the layers. They'll keep for a month or longer.

MOLASSES COOKIES

¾ cup melted fat
1 cup pure New Orleans molasses
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup thick sour milk
6 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons ground ginger
4 teaspoons soda
1 tablespoon lemon extract

Mix melted fat, molasses and sugar until smooth; add sour milk; then flour, sifted with salt, ginger and soda. Add lemon extract. Mix to a smooth stiff dough; chill until firm. Roll on floured surface to about ⅓-inch thickness; cut into rounds, crescents or other shapes. Place on greased baking sheet and bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 8 to 10 minutes. If you like your molasses cookies crisp—roll the dough *very* thin.

DANDY SNAPS

½ cup molasses
½ cup butter
1 teaspoon ground ginger
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour
⅔ cup sugar

Heat molasses to boiling point, add butter. Then slowly, stirring constantly, add other ingredients which have been sifted together. On oiled baking sheets drop ½ teaspoon batter at intervals of 2 to 3 inches. Bake in slow oven (325° to 350°F.) about 10 minutes. Cool slightly and roll over the handle of a wooden spoon. This makes them curl up attractively.

This month I've prepared a bounteous leaflet containing recipes for "HOLIDAY GOODIES GALORE." Below you will find a coupon which, when filled in, will bring these FREE recipes to you. Send your request today!

Pauline Rawley
MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City

Please send me the free leaflet "HOLIDAY GOODIES GALORE" which includes pet recipes for a richly laden Christmas Bread, Old-Fashioned Pumpkin Pie, Golden Mince Meat Cookies, and many others.

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(This offer expires January 15, 1941)

THE DANCER GOT A KICK OUT OF THIS
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

It was an off day for Mimi all right—she was rehearsing with about as much pep as a wooden Indian. "Stop!" I groaned, and hauled out a package of Beeman's to cheer myself up.

That's when Mimi came to life! She grabbed the Beeman's and did a pirouette that took even *my* breath. "Stingy!" she laughed. "Don't you know it's my favorite flavor? Beeman's! But yes! It is so delicious—so different. Smooth with a zip. Like this!" And she did that little number with the big whirl and kick—*it's been the talk of the show ever since.*

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● A remarkably advanced method in feminine hygiene is now creating a sensation from coast-to-coast. For this amazing method is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous action for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact.

Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a greaseless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

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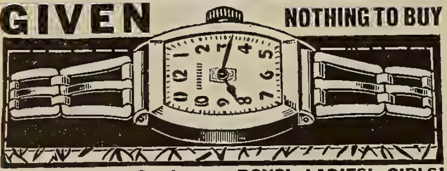

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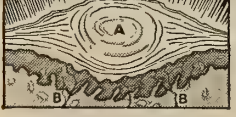
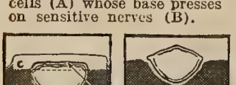
TRUTH ABOUT CORNS



A corn is a plug of dead cells (A) whose base presses on sensitive nerves (B).



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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

There IS a Cinderella!

[*Continued from page* 38]

a child of show business—revealing, as it does, the ups and downs of a young girl's struggles to make good in this town called Hollywood. And it is a story which ends, as all the best stories do, in Dreams Come True . . . but *every* dream.

"I am really a child of show business," Diana began. "My dad was in show business for nearly fifty years. He was one of the pioneer rube characters. He was known as *Si Plunkett,* and he made *Si* a family byword. It was my father who started the old gag of a bulldog dressed up in a coat, walking up and down in front of the theater, advertising the show. He was a great juggler, my dad, a clown, a tumbler, an all-round acrobat. He was noted, especially, for his whistling. He was a very great showman!

"We were one of the old-time 'family' acts, like the Foys. Mother was the soubrette in Dad's company. Then as we children came along, we joined the show. My sister, Marion, came first. When she was three, she was in the act. Then came my brother, J. C., Junior, then Maxine, then me. It was after my brother was born that the *Si Plunketts* went into vaudeville. My brother was as famous in vaudeville, when he was a kid, as Jackie Coogan was famous on the screen. I actually slept in the tray of the old family theatrical trunk you read about . . . it was *my* cradle!

"I was three, too, when I first joined the show. I used to sit in the wings and watch all the acts. That's how I learned to dance, that's how I learned whatever I know about trouping. That's what gave me the stuff I needed to bob up again and again when Hollywood knocked me down! That's how I learned about people, too, about men and women and the kind of hearts they have.

"I had the happiest childhood you can possibly *imagine*! Oh, it was a *wonderful* life! I *adored* it! I never envied other little girls with their smug, stay-put backyards and school books; I honestly never did!

"We traveled constantly. We saw the world, like a wonderful kaleidoscope! Except for two months in the summer when Dad would take a house at Nantasket Beach or some other summer resort and then we lived just like 'folks.' It was fun, too, but we were always ready for The Road again!

"MOSTLY we were with Grown-Ups, you see, which I think is what makes me so mature for my age! (*Mr. P. calls her Mousie!*)

"We used to play the Palace every year. We worked on the same bills with Grace Hayes, Eddie Cantor, the Two Black Crows, Mae West, Frank Fay, all the Big Ones. We knew all their acts by heart. But we had home-life, too. We were very carefully brought up. We were never allowed to run around the theater.

"Mother taught us readin', writin' and 'rithmatic. We always lived in the best hotels, had the best clothes, the best toys and MUCH the best FUN! Every Christmas, no matter where we were, we had a tree, a BIG one, and we always hung up our stockings, and on birthdays we had our cakes with candles on them. Mine really isn't a Cinderella story, properly speaking, you see, not until I came to Hollywood . . . although of course I *never* expected to even *meet* a big star like William Powell, let alone be *married* to him!

"You might say that our family was the average American family with just one, and *only* one exception—that instead of living in a small town, we lived on The Road!"

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," she replied, "one day as he was carrying me (I must have been about four, I think) down the iron steps backstage, my dad slipped and fell all the way down that flight of iron stairs, on his hip. He held me high above his head so as to protect me. For some months he seemed to be all right. He forgot about the fall.

"ONE night, on the stage, he just suddenly crumpled up and fell to the floor! He went to a doctor. His hip bone was *gone, eaten away.* His whole world was shattered. For an acrobat, a man whose whole life has been centered in the highly-geared, highly-efficient machinery of his body, to become a *cripple,* is—well, it's good-bye to all the life he knew!

"But that's where the 'family' act comes in. J. C. and Maxine got jobs. We lived in Orange, N. J., a quiet, 'normal' life. When they struck one of those spots where Maxine was in demand and J. C. wasn't, my brother brought my father out here to California for his health.

"Mother and I came to California when I was twelve years old. When I was thirteen I went to Lawlor's Professional School. Mickey Rooney was there, Anne Shirley (she and I became best friends), Anita Louise, Judy Garland, Tom Brown, lots of the kids. We lived near Grauman's Chinese Theater then. We could see, from our windows, the lights and the people when they had big premieres. Anne and I would stand, our faces glued to the window, planning what we would wear when we went to premieres, who would take us and all! Little did I ever dream that I'd ever walk up that velvet carpet announced as 'Mrs. William Powell!'

"In the meantime, my brother went to KHJ. He's now the top producer there. He became a successful song-writer and then he wrote a revue for the stage. I got the itch again. I wanted to be in it. My brother said 'No' and to 'stop pestering him.' I didn't stop. I told him I'd do *anything,* I just wanted to get back *in* again. So, thinking to insult me, scare me off, he said, 'Okay, I'll put you in the chorus!' He was fit to be tied when I said 'Fine' and *went* in the chorus! At the last minute, he broke down and wrote a little song for me to do with two other kids. We wore little white nightgowns and looked about five!

"The show was called 'Swim Sham,' was given at the Hollywood Music Box, and I was in 12 chorus routines besides doing my trio number. At the end of the last act I sat on the footlights, doing my stuff and who did I look at, right smack in the face, but—Francis Lederer! I got all excited. I went around saying 'buzz, buzz, guess who's out front!'

"At the end of the show, Benny Baker comes to me and says, 'Hi, Di, Lederer is outside; he's waiting for you!'

"'Yes, yes,' I say, 'sure, I know!' I think, he's ribbing me, I won't tumble!

"Finally, the stage manager tells me the same thing. Stage managers don't lie. I thought, What *is* this, anyway!?

"It wasn't a rib. He *was* there! That was my first contact with a movie star! I, who had been in show business all my life, hobnobbing with headliners, thought that a movie star was something out of this world, literally out of the sky!

"Well, Mr. Lederer said he thought I was wonderful in the show. He said, 'Would you be interested in going in pictures?'

"I did one of those things. Then he said he'd call me in the morning. I thought, I'll bet! But he did. He told me he was talking to some people at RKO about me. He said, 'Come over and make a test and *I'll make it with you!*' Now, *that's* something a big star seldom if ever does for a little Miss-Who's-It!

"BUT wait . . . in Louella Parsons' column that same morning there was an item about how Francis Lederer had made a new discovery! *Me!* Immediately, Paramount called me. I went over. Without even a test, they signed me, giving me a smart $150.00 a week. 'A bird in the hand,' I thought, and skipped the RKO test, and took it!

"Well, they had me and they didn't know what to do with me. They put me into the studio dramatic school. There were others in my class, Fred MacMurray, Ray Milland, Ann Sheridan, Dean Jagger . . . even then, Dean Jagger was wonderful and that was seven years ago—and he just got his break now, in *Brigham Young!* Phyllis Laughton was our coach and I just attribute anything I know about acting to her!

"First thing I got to do was in a W. C. Fields' picture, *It's a Gift.* I ran up and down stairs, did it in one take and was so proud! I felt that I was practically an Accomplished Fact, as an actress! Then, *All the King's Horses* with Carl Brisson. And then . . . then Frank Tuttle promised me a part in a Bing Crosby picture. Bing was darling to me. He said: 'Sure, let her do it!' I had fittings and all. I was in a Dream, Walking! I *didn't do it.* Cecilia Parker did. That broke me all up. For them to send for a girl from another studio . . . I must have done something awful, I thought . . . I know now it was a name they wanted. Something I didn't have.

"I went back to Lawlor's. I was a failure, I thought. (I was dramatizing myself, of course, and *loving* it.) I was at the End of My Career, I was a Has-Been!

"I did another show of my brother's, *Rhythm Madness,* in Pasadena. A young boy followed me around. He was our stage manager. His name was Wayne Morris. I did three shorts with Buster Keaton. I got pie thrown in my face . . . ah, well, I sighed, I am a Trouper!

"Then I didn't work for a year-and-a-half. My height was always against me. I always looked so young, so unsophisticated. Bill says I always *will* look unsophisticated," sighed the young Diana . . .

"I didn't have much social life, either. I never was much for dates and youthful romances. I was 'ze artiste,' with my heart in my work, such as it was! I did go out with Jimmy Ellison, quite steadily, for a year-and-a-half. It was serious and it wasn't, you know . . .

"I did a show at the Hollytown Theater. Came a message from Billy Grady, casting director at M-G-M. I went to M-G-M the next day, as bid. I waited and I waited. I was finally admitted to the Presence. He was sitting there, with his feet on the desk, *swatting flies!* He looked up at me, said, 'Oh, yeah, saw you in the show last night, you were very good. But I haven't anything for you. Good-bye.' . . . I burned so I was a danger as an incendiary! WILD HORSES, I said, couldn't drag me to M-G-M again!

"I sang at Gordon's, a cafe in Beverly Hills, where Maxine was working; she got me in. I'd always wanted to sing, even though I can't sing. (Wait until you hear me in *Go West!*) I hit every key in the scale in one bar! Larry Leeds saw me there. He offered me the job of soloist with his band. He hounded me and hounded me until Mother agreed to go with me on tour. We played at the Texas Centennial. Then Larry and I had a tiff and I just left and came back to town!

"That was on the 4th of July. On the 5th, Max Arno, casting director at Warners, called me. 'Would you like to make a test?' I made the test. The next day they called and said, 'Come on out, your contract's ready!' I signed the contract and was handed the script for my first picture, *Larger Than Life* in which I played the lead with Frank McHugh. I was thrilled but I was hardened a little by this time. Oh, well for me that I was! For after that picture nothing happened. I took exercises, diction lessons, beat my brains out trying to improve my 'acting!' And this is what I got for my pains.

"They told me I was to play a 'bit' in *Gold Diggers* with Rudy Vallee. Gosh a'mighty, I thought, a *'bit'* after playing a *lead!* I didn't want to do it. But my agent advised me that my option was coming up and I'd better be a Girl At Work when it reared its ugly, little head! I'd been working in the picture for several days when the assistant director told me, 'I hear your option hasn't been taken up. Sorry, honey, but you're through—tonight.' I was. I didn't argue. I have no talent for it.

"I thought of going back to the stage, into stock, anything. I'd look at other girls and think, So, you want to be movie actresses, do you! I thought, So, THIS is HOLLYWOOD! I'd have *given* the place away!

"I did a bit in *Topper.* I made a test for a part in *The Housekeeper's Daughter.* A good test, too, if I do say so. Little Cindy Lewis stirred in her ashes . . . this, I thought, this may *really* be IT! There was one of those inter-studio shake-ups and—I lost the chance! I got a contract with Eddie Small. Eddie had only one star at the time, Louis Hayward. Plenty of time to plan big things for me, to concentrate on me. And he did—*plan.* I was to do *Kit Carson* with Gary Cooper! 'Hold on to your hat,' I warned myself, 'things like this don't happen!' They don't. They couldn't get Gary for the picture. I was to do *The Life of Rudolph Valentino* with Dell Casino. Dell didn't do it. Neither did I. Because it wasn't done.

"I AM next to do *Pago-Pago* with Jon Hall. Now *this,* they tell me, is certain. I made the test with Clayton Moore. He was nervous and, trying to be Mother's little helper, I said, kiddingly, 'You'll probably get the part and I won't!' I didn't. But I have fittings, conferences, publicity. This is to be the Making of Me. Then days pass and I hear nothing. Then Mr. Small's secretary calls: *'Germany has declared War,'* she tells me, 'so *your contract is cancelled!'* "

I said, interrupting for the first time, *"But . . . . ????"*

"An 'Act of God,'" said Diana, airily, making a large gesture with her small hand, "'Acts of God' can cancel out *any* contract. Fantastic, isn't it?

"And *then* . . . my agent takes my Hal Roach test to M-G-M! Billy Grady wants to see me! I said, 'I will NOT go! He hurt and humiliated me! He *swats flies!*' My agent again prevailed! I went over, finally, but very hoighty-toighty! My hair was dyed a screaming blond. Bill said, 'You will have to dye your hair back again' and I did. I made another test. I was signed!

"And *that,*" said Diana, "was a year ago.

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I've made *Forty Little Mothers, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante* and now I'm having the time of their lives with the Marx Brothers in *Go West!*

"Billy Grady and I are fast friends now. I've told him how I felt that first time. And he's explained why he has to be like that, at times, has to be cruel to be kind . . .

"*And I met Bill.* (Diana's face when she said those four words told a story—*without*—words. Or any need of them.) It was at a luncheon Mr. Mayer was giving for some visiting big-wigs. Maureen O'Sullivan and Bill were standing in the doorway as we entered. Maureen and I spoke and I was introduced to Bill. I said, 'How do you do' and Bill said, 'How do you do' and we didn't speak again . . . that day.

"Weeks passed. One day I was told I was to make some publicity stills in a bathing-suit. Mr. Powell had kindly loaned us his swimming-pool for the art. When we got there I said, 'Oh, isn't it beautiful here, it's *wonderful!*' If anyone had said to me that day—'This is to be your home,' I would have had that person Put Away! I didn't even expect Mr. P. would be there. But he was. He asked us to stay for lunch. I thought, Oh, isn't he a sweet guy! We had fun after lunch, playing Caruso records. When we left, Mr. Poo said to me (I call Bill 'Mr. Poo' and he calls me 'Mousie'!), 'Will you have dinner with me some night?' And I said, 'I'd love to,' falling off the chair.

"When I got home a big package was waiting for me! It was twelve Caruso records! The card said, 'I hope you will enjoy them, William Powell.' That was the Beginning! A few days later I got a phone call. A voice said, 'Do you know who this is?' I said, 'No.' Then I thought, hot and cold, Oh, Lord, it's HIM! He said he was invited to a quiet little dinner at Myrna Loy's house. He asked me to go with him. Well, I'm out of my mind, I don't know *what's* happening!

"We go to Myrna's. I feel just like a fan would feel, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man, in person! I met Arthur Hornblow, of course, and Ronnie Colman and Reggie Gardner. I am in a whirl! Well, the first thing that happens, Mr. Poo has knocked my hand and the glass of wine I'm holding spills all over me! I have to go into dinner, *splashed!* The next thing, he drops his roll in his soup and it dunks me, sitting next to him! The next thing, he squirts a lime and it gets me in the eye! I guess I knew, then, that he had a kind of crush on me!

"The next thing, he takes me to dinner at Chasen's. I had never been to Chasen's! We go up to the Little Room with some other people and they begin singing old songs and don't know the lyrics and I, being in vaudeville, know them all and they can't get over it! Another night we went to the Grove . . . Bill sent me white orchids . . . I'd never had white orchids before, nor any other kind, truth to tell! We had a wonderful time; we closed the place and went on from there . . .

"Came Christmas. It's Christmas Eve and I'm alone with my family, of course. In comes a messenger boy staggering under a HUGE basket of every flower that grows! On top is a white, glittering Christmas tree, all trimmed, and on the tip-top of the tree—a white rubber MOUSE! Tied to the basket were bottles of perfume, AND a little white radio for the head of my bed, reading-light and all!

"That's Bill," sighed Bill's Diana, "he thinks of lovely things to do and lovely ways to do them which, of course, makes life a lovely thing . . . Two days before New Year's, Bill drives Mother and me to Palm Springs to join Maxine. Even Mother didn't believe it when Bill asked us to drive down. Well, it was down there, we were driving back from the dunes one evening; we were on the desert in the moonlight, when he asked me to marry him! I was very calm," said Diana, un-calmly, "just as though I'd had several proposals! I told him I'd give him my answer when we got back to Hollywood the next day. I knew I wasn't thinking, then. I thought, I've GOT to think!

"Bill asked Mother, formally, for my hand. He asked Dad. He said, 'Everything must be done the right way.' . . . The next evening we were all having dinner at Bill's house. He suddenly said to me, 'Want to drive to Yuma tonight?' I said, '*Yes.*' That was my answer!

"Well," said Diana, out of breath, "the papers carried most of the story, I guess, when it all happened. Except that I drove down, just as I was, bandana around my hair, print dress I'd had on ever since we left Palm Springs that morning, run in my stocking. I was a Character! We drove through rains and mountain fogs, Bill, Nat Wolfe, Larry Barbier of M-G-M and I . . . the clutch went back on us and we had to borrow a broken-down jalopy in which I am positive, the Thin Man never arrived at any of his film weddings! And we were married there, with Edna Best as matron of honor, you know. And that was a year ago, January 5, 1940 . . . and this is the first time I've ever talked about it!

"AND here I am . . . completely happy. M-G-M took up my option a few weeks ago and . . ." Diana examined her starry-eyed face in the mirror of her vanity, a beautiful, platinum thing, crusted with sapphires and diamonds, lipstick to match . . . she said, then, "There's a little story about this vanity which tells the story of—well, of what it's like being married to Mr. Poo.

"Every month, we have an anniversary . . . we give each other presents . . . last month I gave Bill his gift in the morning. He didn't give me anything. The whole day passed, nothing. Oh, well, I thought, he has forgotten; this can't go on forever . . . At dinner Bill said, 'Oh, I forgot, look under your chair!' I did. There was a big bottle of perfume for me! This went on, bottles of perfume with every course! During the last course he said, 'There's something for you on my desk, want to look?' It was a beautiful diamond butterfly!

"It is like living in a S'prise Package, life with Bill," laughed Diana, "I could write a book about it—already! Just last week, for instance . . . I'd been saying I wished I could see *The Great Ziegfeld* again . . . one evening Bill said, 'Let's go to a show.' We drove to M-G-M! We went to a projection-room and we saw—you've guessed it—*The Great Ziegfeld!* I cried when I watched it, Bill was so wonderful in that . . .

"So . . . that's how it all is, sweet and surprising . . . our routine at home is—no routine! I may get home this very afternoon (Mr. Poo will be in the pool, no doubt!) and he may say, 'Let's have dinner out tonight!' Or we may stay at home for a couple of weeks straight, swimming, reading, playing records, seeing some of Bill's best friends, Myrna and Arthur, the Ronnie Colmans, the Warner Baxters, the Richard Barthelmesses . . . my family . . . I just feel that I want to do whatever he wants to do and that's the way it should be . . . and he does everything I want to do . . . and do you wonder I'm completely happy . . . about everything?"

"I do not," I said, managing to get in the last word (also the first, practically, since we sat down). "I do not. I only wonder you are not a borderline case . . . 'whacky' would be the only way to describe any other girl with a Cinderella story such as yours!"

What Loretta Young Gave Up for Love

[*Continued from page* 45]

such a star. And so being, they have hit upon a certain plan for their marriage. You haven't heard it before, I am sure.

Loretta and Tom haven't gone about "talking for publication." They wanted their private affairs kept private. But because each is an understanding person, and a kind one, I believe they won't object too much if I herewith explain this plan. It seems to me they wouldn't if for no other reason than their own ideas of marriage might serve to help and encourage other newlyweds to start out right. It was Tom Lewis' idea. They say that as in love with Loretta as he was, he wouldn't have asked her to be his wife if she had not been willing to exchange her own pretentious plan of living for the plan he was able to provide for her. This plan:

Loretta has given up her gorgeous mansion in Bel-Air, where she lived with her mother, Mrs. George Belzer, and her sister, Georgianna Young. This home was exquisitely furnished with rare antiques and priceless rugs and lovely paintings. Its grounds were vast; its tennis courts superb; its swimming-pool one of the finest in Bel-Air, which in turn is one of the finest residential districts of California. It was staffed with high-priced servants. It was a Show Place, the kind of place you'd expect a glamorous screen star to live in.

But the house in which Mrs. Tom Lewis dwells is quite startlingly different. It is a modest, seven-room house in Beverly Hills. There are no priceless antiques nor rare rugs nor fabulous paintings. The furnishings are simple, serviceable, comfortable, and inexpensive. There is no swimming-pool, no tennis court, no pretentious landscaping, no huge staff of servants. There is only one servant, in fact.

IN OTHER words, they live on Tom Lewis' salary. Now, I don't mean that this isn't quite a salary, as young business men's salaries go. Tom, connected with one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country, is in charge of all of his firm's radio shows on the west coast. His job is a good one and he does it well. He can "deliver a Crosley," as they say when discussing radio statistics, as well as the next one. Or better. But an advertising executive's salary is not a movie star's, and no one expects it to be. Still, with the money that Tom Lewis does make, he expects to support his wife. And that means *support* her!

Loretta will perhaps keep on in pictures, for a while. But the money she makes will go into an unbreakable trust fund, to be hers at some much later date, or, perhaps, her little adopted daughter's. Meanwhile, she is dependent upon her husband for everything. He has given her an allowance with which to run the house and buy her clothes and supply herself with pin money. And, as any young wife is supposed to do, she tries to keep within it.

If that means patronizing the bargain counters once in a while, why she'll do that. If it means going without some of the niceties of living to which she has long been accustomed, she will do that, too. She plans the meals, does the marketing, helps the maid with the housework on extra busy days. She's a wife, first, and a movie star if there is any time left over.

And that is the way she wants it. Loretta has been in pictures a long time, for all she is now only twenty-seven years old. "Too long," she said to me one day about a year ago. "I'm tired and I know I've missed a lot of things that other girls have—things that no career can compensate. Someday, I want to stop and live . . ."

WELL, she is doing that, now. She is stopping to live, not as a famous screen star, but as Any Girl. And their courtship might have been Any Couple's—Loretta and Tom's. They met about a year ago, when Loretta came into the agency's offices in Hollywood to talk over a Screen Guild show she was going to do. They looked at each other and smiled and got along fine from that moment on. Others began to notice it and weren't at all surprised when they began keeping steady company. Not that they mixed romance and business.

For a while, there, before he met Loretta, Tom used to go around with Glenda Farrell, and Glenda used to come regularly to rehearsals and broadcasts he'd be supervising.

[*Continued on page* 79]

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Enjoy a piece of refreshing Beech-Nut Gum. Then ask yourself these questions. Tastier? Yes. A more delicious flavor? Yes. That's because it's mixed with flavor through and through... means you can enjoy Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. There are 7 delicious varieties to choose from.

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It is hardly likely that Diamond Jim Brady could have eaten so voraciously if he suffered after-eating pains. Sufferers who have to pay the penalty of stomach acid pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, bloat and other conditions caused by excess acid should try a 25c box of Udga Tablets. They must help or money refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

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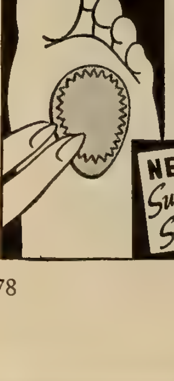

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PICTURE PARADE

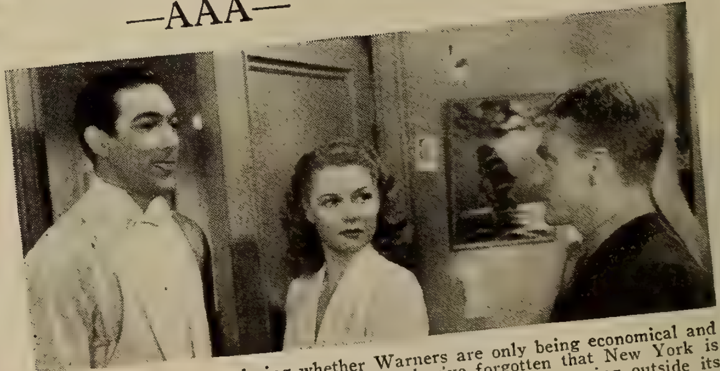
THE WESTERNER

—AAA—

Now let's do a little travelin'—back to the '80's and down to Texas and then west to a place called *Vinegarroon*—and before us will be unfurled "the story of a man and an era." The man is *Judge Roy Bean* (Walter Brennan), who was the sole "Law West of the Pecos". The era was the battle of the cattlemen and the homesteaders over the new land, and *Judge Bean* (according to the screen play) was prejudiced in favor of the cattlemen. This bedraggled old judge, however, had a soft spot in his heart for *Lily Langtry*. *Cole Harden* (Gary Cooper) when brought before the judge and falsely accused of stealing a horse learns of the judge's vulnerability as far as *Lily* is concerned and so he uses this knowledge to his own advantage—gaining a reprieve so that he can deliver a lock of the beauteous *Jersey Lily's* hair to the judge. On his way to fetch the token *Cole* stops at the *Mathews'* farm and is convinced of the rightness of the homesteaders' cause. He tarries a while to fall in love with *Jane-Ellen* (Doris Davenport) and to help the homesteaders establish justice and peace in the land.—*Goldwyn-United Artists.*

CITY FOR CONQUEST

—AAA—



We've just been wondering whether Warners are only being economical and using a set they already have or whether they've forgotten that New York is more than a flock of dirty tenements with an "elevated" hanging outside its windows, pushcarts at its feet and a flock of young toughies playing in the ghetto. On the other hand, maybe it's just our pride in the city, so we'll forget it. Anyway, now you know that New York is the *City for Conquest.* There in the city you'll find *Danny Kenny* (James Cagney), *Peggy Nash* (Ann Sheridan), *Scotty MacPherson* (Donald Crisp), *Mutt* (Frank McHugh), *Eddie Kenny* (Arthur Kennedy), *Googi* (Elia Kazan), *Murray Burns* (Anthony Quinn), *Gladys* (Lee Patrick), *Mrs. Nash* (Blanche Yurka) and *Old Timer* (Frank Craven) who weaves his way through the slums and spreads his philosophies—a chore similar to that which he performed in *Our Town. Danny's* one ambition is to continue driving a truck for the steady salary so that he and *Peggy,* his childhood sweetheart, can marry. But *Peggy* has dancing ambitions and his brother, *Eddie,* musical ambitions and so *Danny,* who declined to turn professional after he won the Golden Gloves at 17, is forced to return to the ring —and tragedy. You'll find plenty of it in *City for Conquest.*—*Warner Bros.*

What Loretta Young Gave Up for Love

[*Continued from page 77*]

But not Loretta. She never came, unless it was to appear on a program. On a Sunday evening after the Gulf show, Tom would go over to the Hollywood Derby with the "gang" to "hash over" things as is the habit of many a radio cast from CBS and NBC. But after a little while, he'd say, "Well, I'll be running along." And he'd leave and take Loretta out to dinner.

You'd see them at Ciro's and Victor Hugo's and the Derbies and places, lots of times, but never with the usual Hollywood crowd. They'd either be by themselves or with friends quite unidentified with radio and pictures.

And it was the same at the wedding. It was just a little wedding they had out there in Westwood in the Church of St. Paul. Music, decorations, everything, were simple, and unpretentious. The bride was breathtakingly lovely, of course.

So Loretta, whose life, despite her fame and success, has known too little of joy and of peace, seems to have found them at last. Her husband is tall, dynamic and handsome. He has breeding and background. He is a graduate of Union College in Schenectady, N. Y., and a member of Phi Delta Theta. He is successful. He is attractive. He is well liked. More than that, like Loretta, he is a member of the Catholic Church, which must mean much to them both. This is Tom's first marriage and, you almost might say, Loretta's, too, since that marriage of hers to Grant Withers so long ago, was later annulled.

SINCE that time, Loretta has been in love—yes, but never happily so. Once upon a time, it was with Spencer Tracy, during those years that he was separated but not divorced from his wife. But Loretta's religion came first. A Tracy divorce could not solve this problem, for her.

Then she and Eddie Sutherland, the director, began seeing a lot of each other. Eddie was obviously head over heels in love. Sometimes you decided she felt the same way. Certainly, she thought a lot of him . . . But I guess not enough.

Then Loretta met and came to care a great deal for William P. Buckner, Jr. But he was tried and convicted on charges of mail fraud; was married to Adelaide Moffett, the New York debutante.

But now, all that is changed. She has found happiness all the more precious because it was so long delayed. She has missed much of youth—but she is still young. And perhaps the girlhood which she appears to have sacrificed, has not been sacrificed, but only exchanged for a new appreciation of life's values. Perhaps she is the winner, not the loser, after all.

She has said to the newspapers that she will continue her career on the screen. And Tom Lewis has said that he wants her to do this if she wishes. But in confidence, she has said something quite different. I shan't tell where or to whom. That is not important. It is what she said that is important, because it reveals the kind of a "career" Loretta Young Lewis is hoping for deep down in her heart:

"I hope our family starts right away! I want three . . . at least . . ."

And it looks like Loretta's wishes are coming true—for rumor has it that she has a date with the Stork.

You wouldn't call her *pretty* . . but she's the most glamorous girl in town!

Poor little Jane! Even her mother admitted she was plain. But that was last year . . . now she's the most popular girl in our set.

Her secret? She learned to make the most of her figure. She's poised, graceful, looks lovely in everything she puts on!

She proved to everyone that naturally beautiful contours are more glamorous than the prettiest face in the world.

THE Bali BRA REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Jane wears the BALI Bow Bra illustrated, with its exclusive bowknot feature which raises and separates the bustline to perfect pagan curves.

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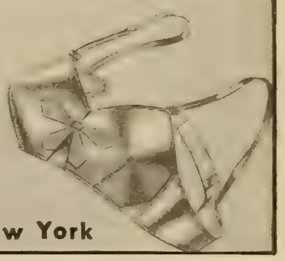

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Glorifying the American Girl

[*Continued from page* 42]

in a mirror without finding that out. But nobody can tell her that she's more attractive than five million other girls. Nobody can tell her that she can count on her looks to make her famous. She's convinced that if she wants to amount to anything, she's going to have to work hard.

If there ever was a typical American attitude, that's it. And it explains Laraine. She has had it all her life.

As of this writing, she is 19. ("I hope I'm around long enough," she says, "to be sorry I ever told anybody my age.")

SHE was born Laraine Johnson in the little town of Roosevelt, Utah, the youngest of seven children. "I'm a twin, but I came after my brother, and I wasn't expected. They had a name already picked for him—Lamar. They couldn't think of a girl's name to match his, so they did the next-best thing. They called me 'Lorraine,' only they changed the spelling to 'L-a-r-a-i-n-e' to make the first two letters of my name the same as his."

Her father was, and is, a contractor. Her brothers and sisters are anything but actors and actresses. As far back as the family history can be traced, no one even remotely related to her ever had an urge for the theater in any capacity.

Laraine can't explain the phenomenon, but the urge overtook her at about the age of six. She decided then that she was going to be an actress. "I think Billie Dove had something to do with it. She was my idol, and I wanted to be like her. I can remember fighting for a seat in the front row every time she was on—and staying through two shows. At the age of six."

Something she can also remember is forcing her brothers and sisters, and any available neighborhood moppets, to take part in backyard dramas of her own invention. "I was always both the star and the director—a horrible domineering child. I'd show them how to sing, how to dance, and how to act. One time the boys wanted to do some Westerns, but there wasn't much a girl could do in Westerns, so I stopped those."

As additional proof that she must have been a "horrible" child, she cites these facts: "I stole some candy once and got caught. My mother made me march down to the store and pay the man—a very painful thing to have to do. But what really hurt was that my best friend was the one who told on me. . . . My twin brother was always so good, and I was always getting him into trouble. Mother would tell us both to stay on the front porch, and he would be all for obeying, but I'd think of more exciting things to do.

"I don't know how many times we set out to walk to Hollywood, which was my idea of something to do. Once we were well on our way—a mile or more—before Mother caught up with us. . . . I was the kind of little girl that little boys would lie in wait for, to throw rocks at. . . . I was always belonging to some gang, which was always fighting with some other gang, with sixteen on one side and five on the other."

When Laraine was about 10, the Johnsons moved to another small town—Rialto, California, a move that had a profound effect on her. "No mothers would let their children speak to me, because I was a Mormon. I had no playmates except my own brothers and sisters, and I was resentful about that. My revenge was to make up stories about imaginary wonderful people I knew, and then act out the stories. There wasn't anything else that gave me such satisfaction. That cinched things. I *had* to be an actress."

Soon, thereafter, the family moved to Long Beach, which was big enough to be indifferent to her religion. It was also big enough to have a Little Theater, and elocution classes in the schools, and drama classes. And—it was only 30 miles from Hollywood.

She didn't know, when she started, that it would take her years to cover those 30 miles. She wonders now if she would ever have started, had she known. She supposes she would have. Acting was the one thing she wanted to do.

"And I'm a Mormon," she adds simply. "As a Mormon, I believe that you can get anywhere you want to get if you work hard enough and don't double-cross anyone, going up."

In junior high, she concentrated on elocution and won blue ribbons all over the place. But the blue ribbons weren't her goal. Her goal was to get in the Long Beach Players' Guild—which the speech awards helped her to do. The directors decided to let down the age bars and let her in, even if she was only in her early teens.

She wasn't popular in school. "I was a strange sort of person who walked around with her head in the clouds, not seeing people, not talking to people. I was always mentally rehearsing lines. . . . At noon, the others would all go outdoors. I'd go in the empty school auditorium and rehearse. After school, I'd walk fifty blocks to the theater, to rehearse some more, sometimes straight through to midnight. I'd do my lessons in the morning, before I went to school. . . . No, my family didn't object to all this. They seemed to think, just as I did, that I was going to be an actress. Certainly as long as they could remember, I had been talking about it."

ONE of the directors of the Guild was a man named Elias Day, once a Broadway stage director. Crippled, living in Long Beach for his health, he kept up his contact with the theater through advising the Guild. He knew more about stagecraft than anyone Laraine had ever known. Though he wasn't a professional coach and didn't take private pupils, she hounded him to take her as a pupil. Finally, he consented.

"Most of the acting I know today, I learned from him," she says.

She had been working with the Guild a little more than two years when a Hollywood agent named Marty Martin saw her in a Guild play—and decided that, young as she was, she had talent the movies could use. With the ardor of a discoverer, he set out to sell her possibilities to Hollywood.

"He didn't have much luck," she says, "—for a long time. I don't understand why he didn't give up trying. I think *I* would have, if I hadn't talked so much. He'd call me up and say he wanted me to meet some producer or director. I'd rush up to Hollywood on the train—and come home on the bus, to save money, just in case I *didn't* get a contract. I did that three times a week for two years.

"Then Paramount signed me, and told me what a find I was. I lived to learn that studios tell that to all newcomers, even the ones they think are dreadful. I was one of those. I lasted just six months. During those six months, I wasn't in even one still picture. They didn't even ask me to pose for leg art. And I was in just one movie. I had a small part in a Lew Ayres picture—which was shelved. I hated Lew, and he couldn't stand me. Now we're lovers in the *Kildare* series and get along beautifully.

"After Paramount, I did three Westerns with George O'Brien. There was a faint touch of irony in my making my movie bow in Westerns, after my early loathing for them. But I couldn't have had any better training than those three pictures. When you're in a Western, you don't have any chance for retakes. You have to be ready on the first take, because there aren't any others.

"WHEN I had first come to Hollywood, I had looked around for a good coach. Someone had told me about Florence Enright, who had coached Katharine Cornell and James Cagney. I went to her and asked her to take me as a pupil. She said she didn't take private pupils. I had to argue for two months before she agreed to take me—to keep me quiet. And then, after the three Westerns, my income stopped.

"I made up my mind that I wasn't going to let the lessons stop. Each lesson cost $25. I walked everywhere to save carfare, I spent ten cents less for lunch than usual, and I went only to shows where I knew the manager and could get in free. And I had enough for one lesson a month, anyway.

"Didn't I ever think of getting discouraged? No. I was having fun. Even if I hadn't made a dent in Hollywood, I was a celebrity in a minor way, taking lessons from a famous coach. And, frankly, I liked being pointed out as a shining example of a hard worker. All this time I was still working with the Long Beach Players' Guild."

If she hadn't been so willing to work, an M-G-M talent scout wouldn't have seen her in a Guild play two and a half years ago. Result: screen test. Result: contract.

They asked her to change her last name. She took the name of Day in memory of the man who taught her acting and didn't live to see her get her big break. He died only a few days before she signed her contract.

She made her M-G-M debut as Wallace Beery's niece, fresh over from Ireland, in *Sergeant Madden*. A typical colleen, not a typical American girl. Acquiring that Irish accent took a bit of doing. But not as much, Laraine says, as the Cockney accent she spent six months acquiring for *Northwest Passage*—in which you never saw her, because the second half of the book, in which she was to play the girl Robert Young married, was omitted from the picture.

In other words, all the effort she expended during those six months was wasted. "But if you didn't make false steps," says Laraine philosophically, "you'd get there too fast. If you eat your cake too fast, it's all gone, and you have to sit by and watch other people eat theirs."

She hopes she isn't as close to stardom as people are trying to tell her. "The harder I have to work for it, the more I'll deserve it if I get it. And if I do get it I want to be sure I deserve it. I'm not sure yet." She can say that after seven years of persistent hard work.

She won't believe people who make predictions about her future—unless they're professional fortune-tellers. And it's getting so she can't believe them, either. Her favorite seeress predicted that nothing would happen to advance her screen career in 1940. Laraine says, "I'm just waiting for this month to get going good because she told me I'd do something I shouldn't. She also said I'd get three marriage proposals this year. What with conscription, that's a pretty safe prediction. . . . Do you suppose she could have meant I'd get married this month? But I don't know who the unhappy man could be. I'm not in love with anybody at the moment. Cross my heart, I'm not.

"Besides, I'm getting ready to build a house in Benedict Canyon. Does that look as if I had marrying ideas?" It's going to be "an Eastern farmhouse," and far up in the canyon, where she can keep horses.

She started a Little Theater company in Hollywood last year, to keep busy, acting, in her spare time. Now she has started a Little Movie company. Every Sunday they go on location, shooting 16-mm. movies.

Laraine doesn't drink. Neither does she smoke. She once objected to leg art, but the studio has broken down her resistance to it. "They do such a beautiful job of retouching," she says. She doesn't think much of her figure. She wishes she weren't quite so tall. She thinks five feet seven inches is tall.

She has dark brown hair so curly that she's forever trying to get the curl *out* of it. "It's as stubborn as I am," she says.

A few of the things she likes are hot dogs, hamburgers, green apples with salt, football games, sports clothes, comic strips, and —but why go on? You must have the idea by this time. She's the glorification of a typical American girl.

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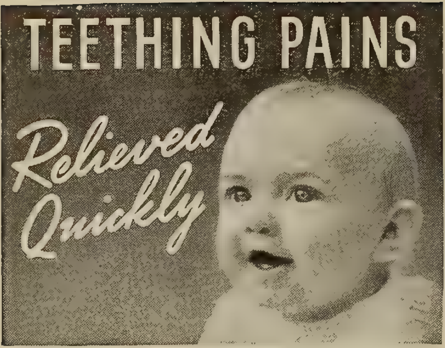

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Why Myrna Loy Is a Man's Woman

[*Continued from page 26*]

Myrna screams that she *isn't* The Perfect Wife. But people don't listen. They believe what they've seen.

Director W. S. Van Dyke started it all. He laid hands on a script that had been knocking around M-G-M for months—a little mystery drama called *The Thin Man.* He saw great entertainment possibilities in it, if it were played less for the mystery than for the swell relationship between the detective and his wife. He sold the idea to Producer Hunt Stromberg. Then came the problem of casting.

It was easy to visualize William Powell as *Nick Charles.* Bill had played detectives before, and countless suave sophisticates. But who should play *Mrs. Nick Charles*? What actress on the screen had the right personality to look natural in the part?

Van Dyke has been accused of genius, choosing Myrna. Up to that time, she hadn't done anything remotely like the role of *Mrs. Nick Charles.* She had played slinky Oriental vamps, passionate native girls, exotic Other Women, and a few serious dramatic leads. On the basis of what she had done on the screen up to then, no director would have picked Myrna to play a comforting, companionable, amusing wife.

But Van Dyke was acquainted with her personally. He had directed her. He knew not only what she could do in front of the camera, but what she was like behind it. And, simply because he did know her, he couldn't think of anyone who would be more convincing, playing a woman that any man would like to have around.

Now the world is full of men who can't think of any woman more appealing to the adult male. And the world is full of women who wonder why.

Sometimes it's a mistake to wonder why movie stars are so popular—because stars don't always have the same effect on people in real life that they have on characters in their pictures. But, in Myrna's case, it's safe to wonder. In Myrna's case, the effect *is* the same. Men take to her in person, too. For one thing, she is a woman who doesn't demand attention.

MOST women who are pretty want people to think them spectacularly pretty. They keep changing their hair-do's, their make-ups, and their clothes styles, searching feverishly for ways to attract more attention. It never occurs to them that the more people they awe, the fewer people will be comfortable around them.

Perhaps that has occurred to Myrna; perhaps not. Anyway, she does nothing to be flashy. She is always well-groomed, but her coiffures, her make-up, and her clothes are always simple. So simple that they never startle anybody into gasping, "Why, is *that* Myrna Loy?" Anybody can recognize her anytime, anywhere.

There's a very good reason why men have never taken to some of the Glamor Girls worshiped by women, and the reason is: Men don't like to feel, when they look at a pretty woman, that she has worked hard to be attractive. They like to feel that she hasn't.

Myrna's simplicity lets them do just that.

She gives them the feeling that she's natural. Which, in turn, gives them the feeling that other people can be natural around her.

The trouble with most attractive women is that they never let men relax. And they never relax, themselves. They're afraid they may lose some of their physical appeal if they forget it for an instant, or let men forget it. Myrna is an exception and a relief.

She doesn't have a glamor complex. Something she does have is freckles. She doesn't care who knows it. A woman obsessed with being glamorous would consider freckles a liability. Myrna considers them "sort of girlish."

Ego doesn't stand out all over her. She isn't the spoiled-darling type—the kind of woman who thinks so much of herself that she can't take time to think of anybody else.

When an actress has temperament, it's a safe bet that she has an inflated ego. It's also a safe bet that she isn't easy to get along with. But who ever heard of Myrna's being temperamental?

AN ACTRESS may give the public impression that she's thoughtful of others. The acid test, however, is the loyalty—in private life—of the people who work for her. Myrna has had the same colored maid, Teresa, for years. The same hairdresser. The same make-up girl. The same wardrobe woman. They don't *have* to work for her. They've had offers from other stars. But they're happy with Myrna.

Her best friends call her "Minnie." Her husband calls her "Min." And she loves it. She wouldn't, if she had a glamor complex.

One of her best friends is Hedy Lamarr. That also is a tip-off to Myrna. It isn't every feminine star who can see something in another. Especially one as beautiful as Hedy.

In other words, Myrna isn't the kind of female who can't think of other women except in terms of competition.

A few years ago, people started calling Rosalind Russell her most dangerous rival. So what did Myrna do—start hating Roz? No. She wondered if maybe they didn't have something in common. She made a point of getting acquainted with Roz. And *they* have been pals ever since.

Myrna and William Powell hold the long-distance record for screen partnerships. They have done nine pictures together over a period of six years. The reason why most screen teams break up long before that is that their egos can't stand joint billing. Each resents the other as a rival for popularity.

But Myrna doesn't have any more use for petty jealousy than Bill does. The longer they know each other, the closer they become. That says a lot for Myrna's wearing qualities with men, and it says a lot for her loyalty to a friend.

They're one screen team who get together off the screen. And oftener than ever since Bill's marriage to Diana Lewis, which has made a foursome possible.

One thing that definitely makes Myrna a woman who appeals to men, is her disposition. It's even. She doesn't keep herself constantly stirred up. She doesn't harass herself, or other people, with petty worries. She doesn't get upset when things go wrong. She isn't a bundle of nerves.

A woman who is constantly on tiptoe, wondering what will happen next, makes a man jittery, too. Myrna has the opposite effect. Her calm is infectious. And it isn't a hard-won calm. It's natural. It's part of her, like her Montana background. And maybe that Montana background explains it.

She has the philosophy: "Easy does it." She doesn't whiplash herself with ambition, trying to force things to happen. She isn't a schemer. She takes things as they come. If they're good things, fine. If they aren't—well, better luck next time.

She isn't complacent. She's convinced that the world doesn't revolve around her.

Somebody set out to convince her the other day that nothing could be more important than for her to pose for a certain photo. It was the wrong approach to try on Myrna. Because her answer was: "Don't you know there's a war going on in Europe?"

Few things bother her. But few people get the idea that they can impose on her. The tilt of that chin warns them that they'd better not try.

The thing that bothers her most—and men love her for it—is injustice, like that story, just before she started *Third Finger, Left Hand* with Melvyn Douglas, that she had turned down a certain actor as her leading man "because he wasn't a big enough name." That made her as boiling mad as she has ever been.

It didn't matter so much that the story was unfair to her—accusing her of thinking she was too good for a very good actor. What mattered was that the story was unfair to him—belittling his recent screen accomplishments. She went to the trouble of seeing to it that the wrong done him was righted. A story appeared next day, pointing out that the best reason why he wasn't going to be in Myrna Loy's new picture was that he was starring in another.

MEN like a woman who plays fair. And Myrna plays fair.

Lionel Houser, who wrote *Third Finger, Left Hand,* is just one man who has found that out. This is how he found it out: Before the picture started, Myrna came to him and said, "I have a couple of suggestions for changes in the script. But if you don't like them, forget them." As Houser says: "What a relief from the star who waits till a picture starts to think of changes, and then goes screaming to the producer, demanding changes—and, incidentally, demanding a different writer on her next script!" He asks skeptically, "Are there any other women in Hollywood like Myrna Loy?"

She doesn't break into tears when she's unhappy. Even then she can be calm. Like the time she drew two floppo pictures in a row. She was plenty unhappy when she started getting the box-office reports. She didn't sail into the Front Office on a river of tears, full of bitterness about the treatment she had been getting. She simply walked in and said she supposed they were as worried about those last two pictures as she was—but couldn't they find something extra-good for her next?

A reasonable woman is a man's woman.

Another thing about Myrna: She doesn't try to baffle anybody. She doesn't try to be a woman of mystery. Men like her for that, too. A woman of mystery may be fascinating, challenging. But when they want companionship they'll pick a woman who's predictable. Which Myrna is, with that even disposition.

She isn't the prattling type. A man can trust her not to gossip. Even women can trust her not to do that. You should see Myrna, sometime, in a group of gossipy women. She's the only one who isn't talking.

She's a sensational listener. Most women like to talk just to hear themselves talking. But Myrna doesn't like to talk unless she has something to say. That endears her to men. So does her wide range of interests. Conversational life with her wouldn't be dull.

She won't venture an opinion on a subject she knows nothing about—which is a rare trait indeed. It keeps popping out in Myrna. It popped out again during that scene in *I Love You Again,* in which she dumped the scrambled eggs on Bill Powell's noggin. They tried rubber scrambled eggs first. They were unsuccessful; they bounced. So Director W. S. Van Dyke ordered some real eggs to be scrambled. Bill said, "Be sure to scramble them with milk. I'm allergic to any other kind." Van Dyke said, "Who ever heard of eggs being scrambled with milk?" Bill said, "I never eat any other kind." Van Dyke appealed to Myrna. "Can eggs be scrambled with milk?" Bill chimed in, "Can't they?" She refused to venture an opinion. She wasn't versed on the subject.

Don't infer from this, however, that she has never scrambled an egg. She just hasn't bothered to try a complicated way of doing it. Her cooking, like her personality, is the acme of simplicity. On cook's night out, she prepares steak and baked potatoes. A man's dish.

Men like a woman with simple tastes. And Myrna's answer the description. She doesn't, for example, live in a showplace. Her house is a home. Architecturally, it's a California ranch house. It's tucked away in a hidden valley off Coldwater Canyon. She and her husband—Producer Arthur Hornblow, Jr.—discovered the spot while picnicking. (If she hadn't had a taste for such a simple thing as a picnic, they would never have found the spot.) The rooms of the house aren't of auditorium dimensions. They're large enough to be spacious, small enough to be intimate. The living-room is actually livable. And flowers are all over the place. The gardener isn't responsible for all of them. She planted, sprayed and fertilized some of them herself. Meanwhile getting more freckles.

Something else that makes her a man's woman is her sense of humor. It isn't every woman who would appreciate—as Myrna did—the gag gift that Bill Powell sent her on her last birthday: a huge funeral wreath, tastefully adorned with a white streamer on which, in gold letters, was the thought "Be brave, dear."

Men, the sentimentalists, like a woman who's a sentimentalist. And Myrna's that. She came back from her recent visit to her old home-town, Helena, cherishing a horseshoe, which, she was sure her pony had worn. While she was there, she made a personal appearance in the theater where she gave her first performance—as a little sprite with butterfly wings. The thing that made her happiest was the fact that the people who used to call her Myrna still felt able to call her Myrna.

And last, but not least, she's honest. It's great publicity to be hailed as The Perfect Wife. "But," says Myrna, "I'm not it."

She'll have to do, though, till the perfect one comes along.

FREE

A valuable addition to your portrait gallery will be found in next month's—January's—MOTION PICTURE. It will be another of those beautiful color portraits—free of printed matter front and back like the one of Laraine Day on page 43 of this issue—which have been a monthly feature of MOTION PICTURE Magazine. It will be of WILLIAM HOLDEN, Hollywood's latest heartthrob.

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The Brawn Boys vs. The Brain Boys

[*Continued from page* 47]

Trail, et cetera. That's where the brawn boys come in, muscles flexed.

Some say the war is responsible for the rugged variation in leading men. In wartimes brutality rules the world, force is king, and the public's taste, whetted by stories and radio accounts of horror and bloodshed, must have red meat in its entertainment. Their emotions, stirred by the terror that rides the world, must have stimulation just as strong or there is no escape from realities. Therefore, powerful drama is indicated. Not war stories, but Westerns, adventure, frontier, any kind of action drama. And the brawn boys are needed to put over the mood. Well, it's a good argument anyway. . . .

IT'S not the way the brawn boys see it, though. One—Victor Mature, an out-sized Cary Grant, with the same craggy nose, jet black hair and brows, African brown eyes, and twice as broad as lean Grant—thinks there's another reason. Maybe the producers have always yearned for herculean types who could act, were not able to find them until recently, and had to content themselves with intellectual shorties.

"Of course I resent your remark," smiled Mature (pronounced "Mah-toor-ah"). "All the big boys will. We don't like to have it thought that because we are big and muscular we haven't any brains. Match us mentally with any of the so-called intellectual actors and see what happens. Why, Brod Crawford's a brilliant guy, and many of the fellows you mention are college men."

Mature, for all his Rodin-like torso (we saw him change his dress shirt for a scene in *No, No, Nanette,* so we know), went a year and a half to the university in his home town of Louisville, Kentucky. "And then I got tired of it, and chucked it," he says. Broderick Crawford, the big boy with the busted nose, is a Harvard man. He spent twenty minutes there—just long enough to walk into the registrar's office, decide he didn't want to go to school, but he did want to act, and walk out.

A rough roll-call of higher learning shows that John Carroll, Metro's "young giant," did a semester at Evanston's Northwestern, Dick Foran is a Princeton graduate, Jon Hall attended Swiss universities and an English college, Dean Jagger was a student at good old Wabash, Dennis Morgan went to Wisconsin and Carroll College, Vincent Price has a B. A. from Yale to which he added European study.

Jack Carson graduated from Carleton College (Northville, Minn.), John Wayne is a former U. S. C. student and George Sanders studied in England at Brighton and then Manchester Technical School. But all this erudition doesn't mean that the brawn boys like to spend long evenings at home, surrounded by their dumbbells (iron) and books, translating Homer's *Iliad* from the original Greek.

"No, sir," says Mature. "In the first place, I'm too lazy. In the second place the only other language I know is German—the kind of German that is Austrian—because that's the language of my Austrian father and mother who came to this country from Innsbruck forty-one years ago."

It does not mean that all the muscle men are lazy—this is Mature's private boast—but that most of them are pretty busy, either as husbands or fathers (half of them are married or in the process of becoming un-married), or helping to build their individual Hollywood legends.

The latter is important, for, with the renewed emphasis on brawn, there has grown up a new school of personal publicity. With the Colmans and Bill Powells accent was on culture and wit. Nowadays the new heroes concentrate on adventure, the more lurid and gory the better, and they vie with each other in out-telling 'em. So far John Carroll, who has a long French name, Julian de Culougne Lafaye Lafayette, comes from New Orleans, wins, hands down. The boys all admit it.

Carroll's salty saga starts at ten, just to give a rough idea, when he ran from home and got a job in a Texas steel mill. Sure, that's what's down in his biography. He was a "newsy," ran packages of guns across the Mexican border (his innocence of their contents was his shield); then he sailed around the world on a freighter. Murder, gang warfare, opera singing, deep-sea diving and treasure-hunting all figure prominently in Carroll's story, and even Errol Flynn, who tells a whopping good one, himself, pales at Carroll's creations.

It may be professional jealousy, but the brawn boys seem disinclined to include *le* Flynn in their muscular circle, although he puts on as good a swashbuckling show as any of them. "Yeah, that Flynn," jeered one of them. "They had to blow up his biceps with a bicycle pump for *The Sea Hawk.*

Among saga slingers, Dennis Morgan, whose real name is Stanley Morner, is no slouch. He comes from the timber and *smorgasbord* belt of Wisconsin, and in his veins run Scandinavian, Scotch, Dutch blood. There were no flights from home in his childhood, as in Carroll's story, but the summers were spent in swinging an ax in his father's lumber camp in Wisconsin woods and there's nothing better for developing muscle.

In school he played basketball, football, baseball, and was a track man. He played semi-professional baseball, too.

Morgan might have gone all to sinew if he hadn't discovered that he had a fine tenor voice and his devotion to training it kept him from signing with the Yankees or going off pearl-fishing in the South Seas. Of all the stalwarts, young Morgan seems to have the liveliest and most inquisitive brain. His interests range from the intricacies of Technicolor photography to trombone-playing and fishing for muskalonge.

BIG and bulky "Brod" Crawford, son of Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford, even if he comes from theatrical parentage, is not outdone when the brawn boys get together to boast about their pre-Hollywood adventures. His included taking his Harvard tuition fees and going to New York to be an actor, which caused momma and poppa practically to disown him. When his money ran out, big Brod signed as a seaman on a South American-bound tramp steamer that eventually took him three times to Europe, and engaged him in numerous dock scraps. In one fight he had his nose broken which gives him visible proof of skirmish, an advantage over the other brawn boys.

Fullest recognition of his husky qualities arrived when he and Andy Devine, no weasel figure of a man, stole all honors in *When the Daltons Rode.* Brod's reward for this larceny comes in being allowed to appear with La Dietrich in *Seven Sinners,* which also harbors such out-sized males as John Wayne, Albert Dekker, Oscar Homolka.

George Sanders, the husky Englishman, has a life story that takes precedence over some of the more primitive success stories that roll off the tellers' tongues. His is that of revolution and civil unrest, for he was born in St. Petersburg in old Russia, and when he was a youngster he fled an anarchist uprising with his father. As an English schoolboy, life settled down to the routine of Dunhurst, and then college. Once an adult he made off for the Argentine and Brazil and had himself a lot of local color, which makes for punchy copy when repeated. And so, by way of the London stage, to Hollywood.

Whenever Jon Hall wants to intimidate the other oomph-atic hombres he can spellbind them all with legends of his native Tahiti. Or drop a few remarks about how the best fishing is done with the spear (as he does it) and not with rod and reel. Of French-American-Tahitian descent, young Hall swims, dives, canoes, fishes like the hero of your favorite South Sea "escape" film, which he probably is, Mr. Goldwyn having cast him in *Hurricane* and Mr. Edward Small in *South of Pago Pago.*

Hefty Victor Mature, the Hal Roach Hercules, is outclassed, biographically, when he's in the company of these doughty lads but he has a local prestige that several would give a torn-in-two telephone-book and a bent belaying-pin to own. It was Vic who dreamed up the idea of living in a tent pitched in a friend's back yard, at a time when overhead covering and food were of greater necessity to him than publicity.

"I was living on twenty dollars a month," the strapping fellow said, "and I wasn't sure that the twenty would come in regularly. Answering phones, mowing lawns, those are the ways I made it. So I got a tent and camped out. The first film job I got was as a gangster in *The Housekeeper's Daughter* and I stayed right in the tent, because I figured that the money I made would keep me in hamburgers for nine years and in nine years I should be able to crack pictures."

Mr. Mature still has the tent, tucked away somewhere, even if he has forsaken the rugged life for a house with two bachelor friends. Socially, the interlude hasn't hurt him at all. With a physique that would make Atlas envious, he Ciros socially-elect ladies like "Liz" Whitney, and does not ignore Hollywood products like Lana Turner. To the suggestion that the brawn boys rate higher with the girls than the brain boys, and only because the women dote on the body beautiful, Mature says uh-uh: "It takes more than that." It probably has to do with technique.

The ranks of the calisthenic chums will be visibly enlarged when Paramount's Stirling Hayden makes his first screen appearance in *Virginia,* and he's going to be able to match any of the tall tales told, including Carroll's. Hayden is a sea-farer, born in New Jersey, and he'll bowl the boys over with tales of how he sailed the seven seas.

Admittedly, these heroic stories work a hardship on the other members of the beef fraternity, but the boys bear up well. Lon Chaney, Jr., for instance, son of the famous actor, has refrained from territorial traipsings. He matches his powerful physique with gentlemanly, but local, pursuits like athletics and pedigreed dog-raising. Dennis O'Keefe is the son of vaudeville parents (the Flanagans), has traveled all over the United States, and now gives his big frame expanding room on a San Fernando Valley ranch. He's a great hunter, too. Bob Preston is practically a California product, with routine background.

Dean Jagger, Vincent Price, Dick Foran, John Wayne are not new faces to film audiences. Their grapplings have been with elusive film recognition; their brawniest experiences on the football field, for all four were talented pigskin pushers. . . . Jagger, a halfback for Wabash, Price on the Yale team, Foran (who sings) for Princeton, and John Wayne (real name, Morrison) a guard for U. S. C. Jack Carson, who steps up in Ginger Rogers' *Lucky Partners,* is a fairishly newcomer, with the cheers of the football stadium behind him, too.

THE studios, of course, have sensed the new trend. Premier muscle men like Victor McLaglen, Alan Hale, Wally Beery, Charles Bickford, Andy Devine (he lost fourteen of his 250 pounds making *Devil's Pipeline*), "Big Boy" Guinn Williams, and their virile talents, are being put on inspection again, aided by robust stage importations like big Sig Rumann in Paramount's *Victory,* whose special gifts qualify him as a "brain boy," too.

Metro is dusting off powerful plots for de-luxe brawn boy Clark Gable and at Warners Humphrey Bogart has been fitted into the story of *High Sierra* which was vacated when all-time brain boy Paul Muni left it. This would look like a triumph for the muscle clique if Muni (whose real name is Muni Weisenfreund) did not bob up at 20th-Fox to do a part in *Hudson Bay* that is just as virile as the one he abandoned. It has brought about several good laughs, one of which cropped up in the unsigned note to Bogart from Wardrobe: "Humphrey Weisenfreund," it read, "where shall we deliver the crepe hair?"

Attempts to sort out the muscle from the mental actors court confusion. Henry Fonda, long the thinking-things-out type, has developed muscles with the *James* series, and Tyrone Power, never regarded as a torso kid, will do a batch of *Zorro* films, all about the exploits of an early California bandit. Cesar Romero, for years the drawing-room type, despite his six-feet-three inches, 175 pounds, finds himself in saddle as the *Cisco Kid,* and confesses that he hasn't been off of a horse since Christmas.

Even the pint-sized boys who fluctuate between brain and brawn displays, Cagney, Raft, Garfield, are being blown up to heroic dimensions by the demands of the new trend. And Preston Foster, a six-feet-two-inch fellow, weight 200 pounds, will hit the top of the pile, it is declared, when he shows up as a Mountie in DeMille's new film of the stalwart Canadian police.

Despite all the furore caused by the torso lads, no worry lines are noticeable on the brows of Jimmy Stewart, Melvyn Douglas, Lew Ayres, Ray Milland, and the others of the mental school of acting. They have figured it out and they know the public: Some like 'em brawny, and some like 'em brainy.

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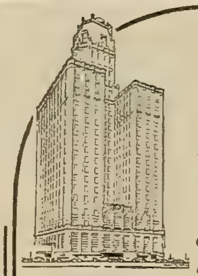
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Who Said Oakie Is Washed Up?

[*Continued from page* 64]

Van Nuys home Mrs. Oakie wears the pants, and Oakie is content to have it so. He crossed her once and nearly lost her. He's not going to do it again.

Wise-cracks, he realizes at last, are all right in their places. Their places, he indicates, are in his past.

About his career, now, Jack is more than a little bit confused. He's rather amazed at the fact that he's starting all over again—after thirteen years and more than fifty pictures in Hollywood. True and naturally, he's very happy about it. It's not a pleasant thing for a man to face—even when he doesn't admit it out loud—that he's washed up. And whether or not he does admit it, that's exactly what Jack Oakie was facing until Chaplin cast him in *The Great Dictator*.

Sobered, quieted, older, Oakie is trying to figure out just what direction he wants his new career to take. Like most comedians, he's tired of being funny. He has the sneaking idea that he wants to play big, heavy, dramatic roles. But so far, he hasn't convinced any producer on that point.

SO HE'LL go on being a comic—and he'll console himself with his old philosophy: "It's better than drivin' a truck!"

Today, making people laugh is a job with Oakie. It's no longer a free service to humanity; he's going to get paid for it, and he's not going to do much of it when he isn't being paid.

Never again, you can bet, will Jack Oakie pull another gag like the one he did a few years ago, when he attended a big producer's dinner party. Oakie arrived with a snootful. That was at the time when Hollywood was beginning to be more than a bit bored with Oakie's clowning. This particular night, the host and guests gave him the works. Instead of laughing at his sallies, they just froze. His funniest lines, his hardest efforts, didn't get a snicker. . . .

Now, Oakie's no fool. He knew he was on the spot. Neither is Oakie a coward, to take things lying down. Many another person, in Jack's spot that night, would have sneaked away, licked. Not Oakie. Instead, he went to his host's telephone, called up Central Casting Bureau.

"Send me," he ordered, "four dress extras. I'll pay the full charge. All they gotta do is to follow me around, and when I crack a joke, they gotta laugh, even if the joke stinks."

Central Casting sent the extras, in dress-suits. For the rest of the evening they obeyed orders. Jack got his laughs—but it was Jack who PAID for them, instead of getting paid. He paid plenty—plenty, besides the $30 he coughed up for the four extras. Because his host, that night, was Darryl Zanuck, and when you get in bad with Zanuck you're pretty much in bad all over Hollywood. Oakie and Zanuck parted right there—it was after that, that Oakie, whenever he had the chance, began giving that murderous impersonation of Zanuck.

"Zanuck," he said, "can't lick me."

Today, though, Oakie isn't giving that impersonation of Zanuck any more. Of late, Oakie has been working for Zanuck, and he was proud of it. And he can still work and save his face—for he was right when he said Zanuck couldn't lick him. Zanuck didn't. Nothing has licked Oakie. Oakie isn't licked—BUT, he has been spanked. Zanuck did a bit of it, but life did a lot more of it. The spanking made a new Oakie of him.

PREVIEW TONIGHT!

AND you're invited! The new Myrna Loy-Melvyn Douglas comedy, "THIRD FINGER, LEFT HAND," is just one of the many important films on the all-hit program. Another is Cecil B. DeMille's "NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE," starring Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard. Clark Gable plays a daring foreign correspondent in his new picture, with Hedy Lamarr, "COMRADE X," which you can preview tonight, too. It will cost you just ten cents for ten wonderful previews! Isn't that an entertainment bargain? MOVIE STORY'S previews are in the form of thrilling story versions of the films illustrated with actual scenes from the movies. Get your copy today!

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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

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The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 51]

No More Jalopies For Wayne

■ Wayne Morris has learned a lesson: NOT to go jalopy-riding with perfect strangers.

Seems that at Santa Barbara the other afternoon, Wayne was recognized by a group of youngsters who were his fans and who saw him while driving their stripped-down auto. They asked him to ride with them, and, good-sport-like, Wayne hopped in.

So excited were the kids that they ran SMACK into another car. And now Wayne is nursing bruises and a cut face.

On Kissing

■ Hottest battle-of-words in town, as this is written, comes exploding from the irate lips of Ann Sheridan and Mary Beth Hughes, two of the hottest honeys in pictures. And what they're arguing about is KISSES and how to give 'em . . . . ! !

It all started with that 56.2-second kiss Ann bestowed on George Brent in that movie take that got so publicized. All the whoop-te-dooo about the long smacker got Beth burned up, and the other day, she popped out with her own recipe for a kiss that is a kiss.

It isn't how LONG the kiss lasts, take it from Mary Beth, but what it's got IN it.

"A kiss isn't an endurance contest," she snorted. "That redhead Sheridan may think so, but take it from li'l Mary Beth: if a gal has got love on her lips, she can kiss a man for just a second—and he knows he's been kissed!

"I'm just telling Ann for her own good. If she keeps on, she'll smother some man!"

Terse Verse

■ Would you rather kiss Ann, or Mary Beth?
The answer is: Yeth! YETH!! YETH!!!

Junk Dealer

■ Clark Gable says he hopes he'll never, NEVER have to play the role of a garbage-collector. Not that garbage-collectors aren't very nice people, in their place—but look at what happened to Gable for playing that oil-man role in *Boom Town*—

From his fans, since the picture, Clark has gotten a slough of gifts reflecting the oil-fields role. Among the presents are miniature oil derricks, nearly 500 pictures of old gushers and old boom towns, samples of crude oil in every conceivable type of bottle and flask and container, books about oil, souvenirs from famed oil fields and wells, nearly tons of oil shale, paper-weights and other gadgets made from old oil-well machinery, bales of fancy oil stock, watch charms, newspapers and such things.

The flood is so huge that Gable is thinking of setting aside in his house a room for the oil-role trophies, like his horse-trophy room.

BUT—as we've said—he sure hopes he'll never have to play that garbage-collector role.

Or even the role of *Don Juan*. He fears Carole wouldn't like him having a roomful of conquests for trophies . . . .

Settling-Down Note

■ Lana Turner has sold her flaming red automobile, and bought a discreet gray one instead.

She says she's OFF the color red for life.

Little Girl's Big Break

■ To a 12-year-old little girl from Nashville, Tennessee, there has come one of those "breaks" that make you think of how the good fairy waved her wand and made everything bright and perfect—

The child is Thelma Gene Graham, a tot whose hobby has been ventriloquism. Seems that Edgar Bergen went to Nashville to pick up a new plane he has bought—and while there, someone told him about little Thelma. Bergen and Thelma got together, and so impressed was Bergen by her ventriloquial ability that he has arranged to have the little girl come to Hollywood, where he will take her on as protegee—and teach her how to make Charlie McCarthy and Elmer Snerd talk.

But he won't teach her SOME of the things Charlie says.

Terse Verse

■ Gals that'd go for Jimmy Cagney
Are the kind who'd say: "He's SO dis-tag-ney!"

Maybe Temple and Pickford

■ Most interesting development to start Hollywood talking this month is Mary Pickford's proposal that she get together with Shirley Temple for a co-starring film, in which Mary'd play Shirley's mother . . .!

It's our suspicion that Mary is advancing the idea as a "feeler"—both to see how the public reacts to her own notion of getting before the camera again—and to see what Shirley's ma will do about it. Mrs. Temple has been quite cagey about any further picture ventures for Shirley, since 20th-Fox dropped the starlet. But everybody knows that when the RIGHT proposition comes along, the Temples will take it.

Mary has no definite story in mind for her joint Temple-Pickford (or should it be Pickford-Temple?) film. But, says she:

"I believe Shirley and I have the same type of audience—and I think that Shirley even looks like me!"

Terse Verse

■ Gals that go nuts for Smiley Burnette
Some day might grow up—but they aren't, YET!

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JACK BENNY AND FRED ALLEN FIGHT IT OUT

First Jack Benny accused Fred Allen of being so afraid of pain that he took a local anesthetic every time he had a manicure. Allen promptly started to take boxing lessons, explaining gloomily, "Jack has the advantage. I'm two-fisted, but he's two-faced."

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Hollywood

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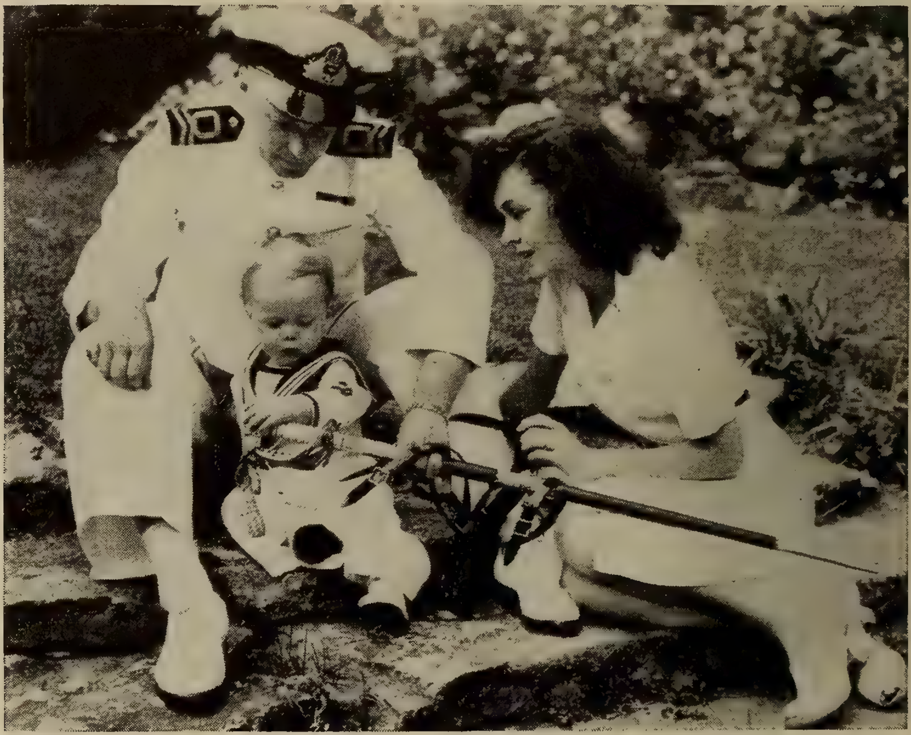
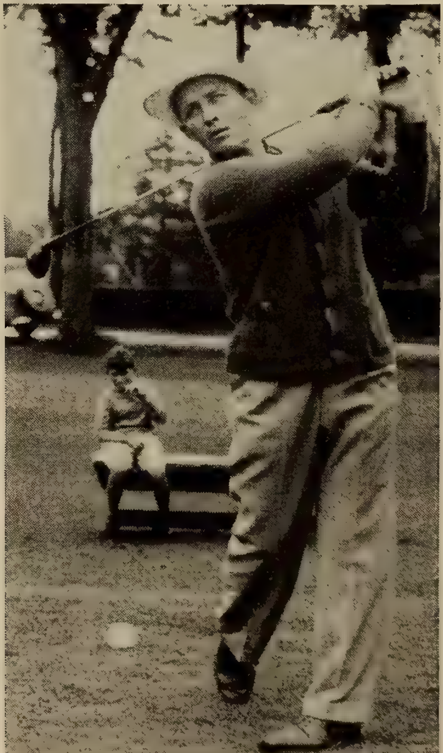
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]



Maureen O'Sullivan and Michael Farrow (now 19 months old) join husband and daddy John Farrow in Ottawa, Can. Lieut. Farrow, with Canadian Navy, was among the first Hollywoodians to enlist



Bing Crosby, a good golfer, entered National Amateur Championship, failed to qualify for pairings. Crowds following him groaned when he bagged bogies—not birdies. He can sing, but didn't

Mary Martin, whose heart now belongs to hubby Dick Halliday, former Paramount scenario editor, goes into dance for first time in *Love Thy Neighbor.* Director Eddie Prinz rehearses Mary

whether it is Ann Gillis or Jane Withers in his life.

■

AND then there's Deanna Durbin (and don't fool yourself, she WILL be Mrs. Vaughn Paul some day!).

Deanna, after years of being a baby, has suddenly blossomed out into full-fledged young womanhood, and is gloating about it.

Barbara Stanwyck in role of newspaper woman reads proof in the Frank Capra picture, *Meet John Doe*. If copy boys pause for look (they will), paper will never go to press. Gary Cooper co-stars

At last allowed to go out by her ownsome, Deanna crows:

"All the time I knew I was growing up, but everybody at home and at the studio persisted in treating me like a 12-year-old kid! They sounded soooo funny, talking to me as though I didn't know the facts of life!"

So Deanna rebelled. And when a movie star rebels, those who are wise often let her have her own way. Apparently, Deanna's bosses, both at home and at work, were wise. For now Deanna can have dates, go to shows, night clubs; go swimming by herself—and do pretty well as she darn pleases.

"I've stopped being lonely," says Deanna, seriously. And that, somehow, is a pathetic note in a typical Hollywood story.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jeffrey Lynn and Dana Dale—
Won't she look cute in a bridal veil?

■

BABY-TALK—Happiest papa-to-be in town is Jack Benny, who's been married to Mary Livingston for 14 years without having to learn about didies—it'll be a Christmas baby for the Frankie Albertsons—who already have a six-year-old son—Ol' Doc Stork has a spring date written down for Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward—those offspring of famous screen stars, Noah Beery, Junior, and Maxine (Buck's daughter) Jones, are going to have an offspring of their own—it was a Caesarian baby for the Vincent Prices—Jane Wyman's taking five movie-less months to be a mama—John Payne and Anne Shirley don't want their baby to be poor, so John's putting every fourth pay-check into the baby's savings account—did you know that Don Ameche has changed the name of his Fourth Son to Lawrence, because he likes the phonetic value of having the four boys named Tommy, Ronnie, Donny—and now, Lonnie!—the Lloyd Nolans are going to put the title of that Beverly Hills apartment house they've just bought in the name of their November baby.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Gilbert Roland and Simone Simon—
He won't let her Alone Alon!

[*Continued on page* 91]

The Great Profile gives IT up for preservation in cement. Sid Grauman, doing the heave-ho, looks as if he'd like to cement him for keeps. Scene? Grauman's Chinese

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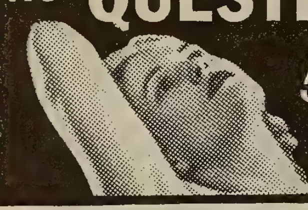

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
Of MOTION PICTURE published monthly at Louisville, Kentucky, for October 1, 1940.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, Laurence Reid, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Stamford, Conn.; Marion F. Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Gordon Fawcett, Greenwich, Conn.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, New Canaan, Conn.; Allan Adams, Port Chester, N. Y.; Frances W. Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Clarence Fawcett, Portland, Ore.; Margaret Conner, Seattle, Wash.; W. H. Fawcett Estate, Brainerd, Minn.; Gloria Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.; John Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.; Virginia Lee Fawcett Trust, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ———. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1940.

[Seal] DOROTHY C. ZIPF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 9, 1943.)

MOTION PICTURE'S Shopping Guide

Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 34 and 35. . . . If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Peerless daytime frock, page 34:

Chicago	Carson, Pirie & Scott
Detroit	J. L. Hudson
New York	Lord & Taylor
San Francisco	The Emporium

Maureene pinafore dance frock, page 34:

Chicago	Mandel Brothers
New York	R. H. Macy
San Francisco	Hale Brothers

Fowler Sportswear tailored dress, page 35:

Detroit	J. L. Hudson
New York	Wanamaker's
Philadelphia	Wanamaker's
Portland, Me.	Porteous, Mitchell & Braun

Maureene three-toned orchid party frock, page 35:

Chicago	Mandel Brothers
New York	R. H. Macy
San Francisco	Hale Brothers

Sultana pin-pendant and bracelet, sketched:

Chicago	Marshall Field
Los Angeles	May Co.
New York	R. H. Macy

Pomp-Adorable hair ornaments, sketched:

Chicago	Marshall Field
Detroit	J. L. Hudson
Los Angeles	Bullock's Wilshire
New York	Lord & Taylor

Seamprufe nightie and matching slip, sketched:

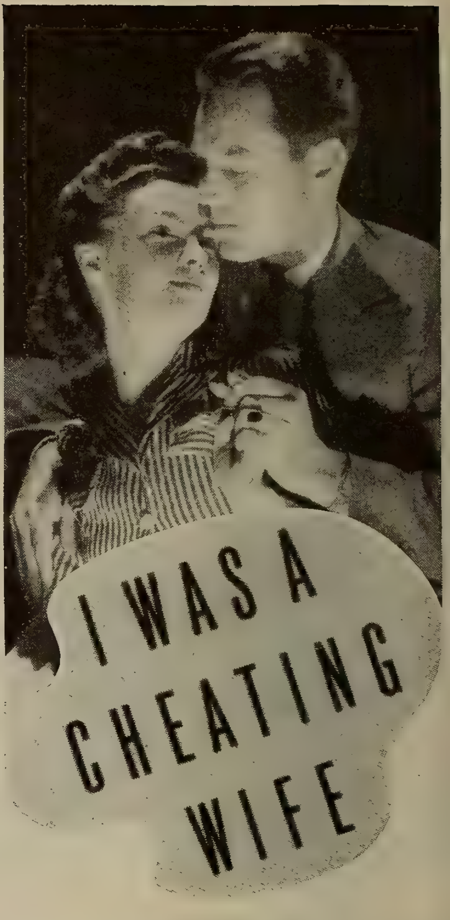
Boston	Conrad & Co.
Chicago	Marshall Field
Dallas	W. A. Green
Los Angeles	Fifth Street Store
Washington, D. C.	S. Kann Sons Co.

Brewster's Gaucho Hat, sketched:

Boston	William Filene
Chicago	Carson, Pirie & Scott
Los Angeles	J. W. Robinson
St. Louis	Famous-Barr
New York	Franklin Simon

Kimball Bow-knot evening hankie, sketched:

Chicago	Marshall Field
Dallas	Titche-Goettinger
New York	McCreery


I WAS A CHEATING WIFE

ANY woman who has been jilted knows how terribly her pride can be hurt when the man she loves rejects her. With such bitter memories behind her, this girl wanted to prove to herself that she was still desirable and appealing to men. And so—recklessly, wildly—she neglected the man she married to play around with others. Out of her heartbreak comes this gripping confession. Don't miss "I WAS A CHEATING WIFE," in the new ROMANTIC STORY.

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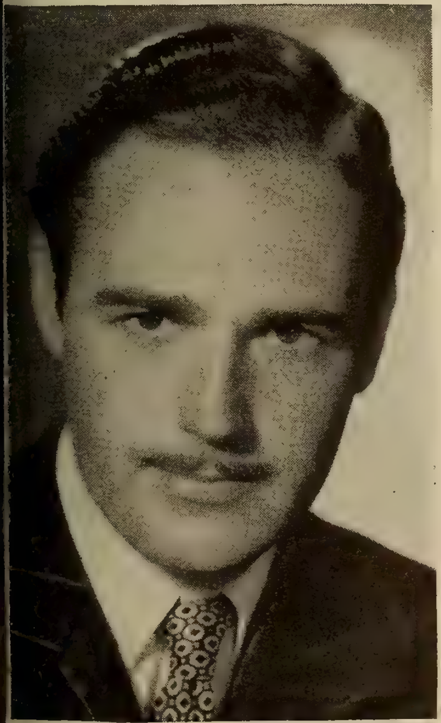
ROMANTIC STORY

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 89]

Why wear chaps when you can show 'em neat? And why should drugstore cowboys yell "Hi Ho Silver" when Mildred Coles is in the pasture. The Warner starlet is in *The Letter*—no Western



LORD knows that Diana Lewis is trying to live up to the dignity befitting being Mrs. Bill Powell. Determined to show that she isn't too young to be Bill's missus, Diana gives Hollywood such things as this to talk about—

The other day, she was buying a hat in a swank milliner's. Hat after hat she turned down. Finally, with overpowering dignity, she turned to the saleslady with:

"But haven't you something a bit more —ah—MATRONLY?"

■

CUPID'S RE-couplet (?)—
Mr. and Ex-Mrs. Wally Beery—
Once again calling each other "Dearie!"

Patric Knowles, English player who has done his bit around Hollywood for several seasons, is now doing his bit for Britain. Pat joined up for the duration the other day in Canada. It's the R.A.F. for Pat

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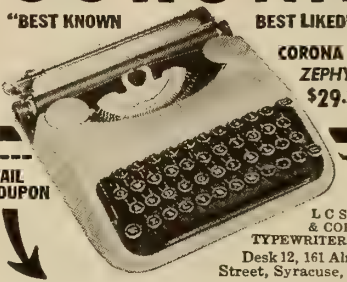

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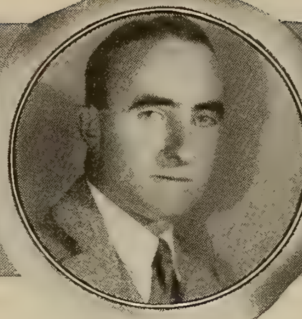

BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

YOU can't find a better spot in finding what's wrong with the country than a Pullman smoker, barber shop or beauty shop. The Pullman's big talk is seldom remembered. It sort of evaporates along with the passing scenery. After you've heard for the 'steenth time the new variation of the one about "the farmer's daughter and the traveling salesman," all the loose chatter about war, stocks, politics—whether Bryan stands a chance against McKinley—fades into insignificance. No, sir, no stranger is going to change your vote regardless of his "didja hear the one. . . ?" You never see him again after you've rejoined your wife in the club car.

A barber shop or beauty shop? Now there's something different. The barber or beautician gets the same steady customers—who have a speaking acquaintance with one another. When the men gather to get the clippers over their necks, Mr. Loud Mouth, waiting his turn, cracks forth about something that's wrong with America. It may be politics; it may be war; it may be baseball. It could be the movies. And first thing you know, the whole room is in the discussion—including the guy with the razor.

If captains of industry or government or movie entertainment would know about real trends in their fields they should check out taking polls from phone books and concentrate on the candy-stripe pole that spells Barber.

But wait, the barber shops are getting stiff competition from the beauty shops when it comes to arguments and discussions. With the entire feminine contingent of the country (from 16 to 65. After 65 grandma prefers her rocker while telling you—"now when I was your age, your grandpa and I. . .") beauty-conscious, beauty shops have mushroomed everywhere. Ye Beauty Shoppe can be found now from Broken Elbow, Texas, to Dorsal Fin, Maine. And when the girls gather for that hair-do they make the men in the tonsorial parlor look like a bunch of deaf mutes, once they let their hair down and give.

Lowdown From Beauty Parlor

SO I say, if Mr. Movie Producer wants to find out who's who and what's what and how to fix it up, let him look to the beauty parlors of America. He'll certainly get an earful. Maybe his ears'll burn. If so, it means they're talking about him. But he can take it. He can guess pretty well that the femmes getting the facials aren't talking about stocks, baseball, politics and those new naval bases in the Caribbean. They aren't that kind of debating society.

What they are talking about is that movie they saw last night and THAT MAN who was in it. It will surprise him to know they're not gushing so much about THAT MAN as heretofore. Maybe the producer thinks femme fans don't know what it's all about. If that's been his train of thought he's in for the shock of his life.

From a letter I received from an inveterate moviegoer who operates a beauty shop in Oakland, California, she says her particular shop gives a very good residential-neighborhood cross section of what's wrong with the movies. Multiply this fan's keen analysis and observation by thousands of such observations from femmes getting all prettied up everywhere—and you have a country-wide cross section. And it's the femmes who patronize the movies. If he pleases the women, the producer has found the key to box-office success.

The Oakland beautician pleads—"Why not more great strides in musical film recordings—like *Moonlight Sonata* (Paderewski's hands, breath-taking in action) . . . Stokowski's direction in *100 Men and a Girl* . . . Heifetz in *They Shall Have Music*?" She asks: "Why not more strides in lighting and photography? Why must a room lighted by one candle have light flaring from every corner of the room? With the sensitive film of today, don't they dare to experiment with unique shadows and lights on the stars for effects—such as when Ingrid Bergman melted into the shadows after calling to Leslie Howard in *Intermezzo*?" She asks: "Where are the 'crusaders' of Hollywood? Outside of Capra and Kanin all of the others seem to be on the plane of 'yes' men. No one has really tried anything 'new' in ages. Aren't there any imaginations left in Hollywood?" She should have included crusader Hitchcock, who crusades in every picture he directs.

This fan is an adult, seeking adult entertainment. She asks adult questions of grown-up producers, some of whom are still operating on the idea that the mental grasp of Mr. and Mrs. America is that of a 12-year-old moppet.

Recommendations

DOES Hollywood realize how the movie public is starving for good travelogues? That's another question posed by this beautician. She recommends travelogues as one way of eliminating the double feature. All the crockery and vegetables could be tossed down the Grand Canyon to keep company with discarded razor blades if producers would sense how they could please with a travelogue.

She says that Hollywood could, if it would, bring the country's natural wonders to our very doors. And in Technicolor and sound—such as a tour through all the Hawaiian Islands, Death Valley in the Spring with its beautiful carpet of flowers—and the Grand Canyon in all its compelling vastness, beauty and color. Knowing that many of us will never see Radio City and the Empire State Building she even recommends the films capture these wonders, too.

Don't disappear into a conference, men. You should stay and know that a big cross section of American fans (the ladies) are not thinking constantly of Errol and that Gable fellow. Nor are they thinking of replacing those broken cups and saucers by holding the winning ticket at yonder Bijou.

It's through such letters as this that Hollywood's Big Minds may become aware of the pleading voices of their public. With dishes and double features out of the way we could get home at a reasonable hour after a good newsreel, a two-reel comedy or travelogue, and a brilliantly acted feature. That's her story and I'll ride along with her.

Meanwhile we recommend that Messrs. Big of Hollywood send their femme spies into America's beauty parlors. Let them travel up and down the country. It might take six months—with plenty of facials and hair-dos. But better to pay off on facials and hair-dos and learn the real lowdown than to throw all the eggs into the show-off basket (where the big lights play on another Hollywood premiere). Better movies are not made by erecting circus seats for commoners to see the ermine and hear the swish of satin as the stars traipse down the flower-banked carpet to the "mike" to say: "I'm so glad to be here tonight."

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IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts..."How lovely, how truly lovely you are"!

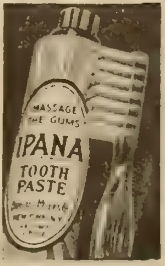
Her moment of magic!—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile... are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your *gums* as well as your teeth regular daily care... and never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"!

THAT TINGE OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble... but the minute you see it, *see your dentist!* He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.



Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

With the
Gratefully Acknowledged
Cooperation of the
★ UNITED STATES NAVY ★
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents

ROBERT TAYLOR
IN
FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M-G-M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies...excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them...a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH **RUTH HUSSEY ★ WALTER PIDGEON**
PAUL KELLY • SHEPPARD STRUDWICK • NAT PENDLETON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION
Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben

WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...
RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made the "Hell Cats" purr!

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NOV 29 1940

MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, Jr., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LX. No. 6 JANUARY, 1941 Twenty-ninth Year

Features

I Must Be Mad! .... *Roger Carroll* 21
He Won't Be Licked .... *Dan Camp* 23
Sanest Man in Hollywood .... *James Reid* 25
Hedy's Private Opinion of Men .... *Marian Rhea* 28
Your Hollywood—And Mine
(No. 5 Famous Families of Filmdom) .... *Louella O. Parsons* 36
Cold, Cold Ground for Massey? .... *James F. Scheer* 46
Who Are They? .... *Jack Holland* 75

Personalities

The Girl With Bounce (Lucille Ball) .... *John Castle* 26
The Master's Voice (Edward G. Robinson) .... *Louis Raymond* 31
Is He the Great Donlevy? (Brian Donlevy) .... *Gladys Hall* 33
Gorgeous Hussey (Ruth Hussey) .... *Leon Surmelian* 42
Young Man on His Way (Dennis Morgan) .... *Dorothy Spensley* 45
What a Beau-Man! (Lee Bowman) .... *Frances Draper* 52

Pictorial Features

Carole Lombard 19
Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier 22
Jean Arthur 24
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. 27
Hedy Lamarr, Clark Gable 29
Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy 30
Ellen Drew 32
William Holden 43
Paul Muni 47

Departments

The Talkie Town Tattler .... *Harry Lang* 6
Stars Over Broadway .... *Dorothy Lubou* 14
Hollywood Parties 15
Picture Parade 16
The Talk of Hollywood 50
On the Sets With the Stars 69
Between Ourselves 84

To the Ladies

Beauty Is a Gift .... *Denise Caine* 34
Deanna's Designs for You 40
Christmas Stocking .... *Candida* 48
Make Your Christmas Gifts Tasty .... *Pauline Rawley* 54

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The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.

As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

★ ★ ★ ★

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

★ ★ ★ ★

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

★ ★ ★ ★

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is Hechtic.

★ ★ ★ ★

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.

An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

★ ★ ★ ★

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

★ ★ ★ ★

King Vidor, whose direction is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

★ ★ ★ ★

It's a great job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X"es, say we all of us.

★ ★ ★ ★

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

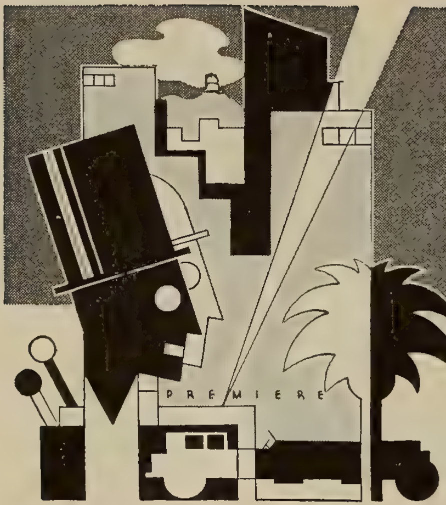
★ ★ ★ ★

They're thinking of calling it—

★ ★ ★ ★

Comrade Xmas. —Leo

Advertisement for *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*



THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

Now that the song came true—and Mary Martin's heart really belongs to Daddy Dick Halliday, she and Jerry, the pooch, beg Santa not to be jealous and forget them

Socialite actor Bob Stack gets around but plays no favorites. However he favored Mary Beth Hughes for dinner date. The girls will miss him if he's drafted

SO AT last, it seems, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are tired of playing guessing games with Hollywood.

Anyway, the other night, at a party, Charlie at last and for the first time on record, publicly introduced Paulette to some guests as: "—my wife!"

So that makes it official, huh?

■

AND on the other hand, just to remind themselves that they really ARE married, Clark Gable and the missus—who used to be that Lombard girl, remember?—entertained a dinner guest at their ranch home.

The dinner guest was—of ALL people—the minister who performed their marriage on that elopement of theirs to Kingman, Arizona.

■

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if Deanna Durbin is Mrs. Vaughn Paul by the time you read this item!

■

SIMMERING LIMERICK:

That clever young movie performa
Named Raft, and that lady named Norma
Are still going strong,
And, though it's been long,
Their romance seems warma and warma!

■

FUNNY how all the time some stranger ups to try to tell the movie stars whom and how to love—just as though they aren't doing quite amazingly without any outside help at all!!

Latest teller-how is a feller named George Antheil, expert on the functions of the

[*Continued on page* 8]

Vera Haal, RKO's new "find" from ranks of singers and models, debuts in *You'll Find Out* with Kay Kyser. Of French-Dutch ancestry, she's five-five, 118 lbs.

THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

Only Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," the picture millions will always remember, could write this sequel you will never forget. More laughs . . . more romance . . . more downright enjoyment than you've had since you can remember!

GENE TOWNE presents
Louisa May Alcott's
"LITTLE MEN"

with
KAY ("IT'S A DATE") **FRANCIS**
JACK ("THE DICTATOR") **OAKIE**
GEORGE ("WHEN THE DALTONS RODE") **BANCROFT**
JIMMY (AMAZING YOUNG CHARACTER ACTOR) **LYDON**
ANN ("ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER") **GILLIS**
CHARLES (HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HEART-THROB) **ESMOND**
and for the first time on any screen
ELSIE (WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT GETS THEM) **THE COW**
the glamour girl who captured the hearts of the nation at both World's Fairs!

Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

One of the chummy foursomes in Hollywood is made up of Randy Scott, the Fred Astaires, and the former Mrs. John Hay (Jock) Whitney. Here at Beverly Brown Derby

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Remember Antonio Moreno? He's very much in social whirl. His pal at recent benefit horse show and polo game at Will Rogers' Ranch was La Lupe the Velez

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joseph Gray and Wendy Barrie—
Here today, and goin' to-marrie
? ? ? ? ?

■

AND by the time you read this, it's a cinch that Kay Stewart's calling cards will read Missus Bill Proctor.

■

JUST to give you an idea of how too, too simple it is to keep track of who's-whose in this Hollywood, take a look at what the town's observers picked up in one night of watching the twosomes at just ONE nite spot . . . .

Take Ciro's, after a recent preview, and look around the place to see who is with whom. Over there is Joe Pasternak, who's always getting himself romantically listed with some cutie, and this night he's with Cutie Dorothy Dareel. Franchot Tone goes skittling by with Maria Montez, whose caloric rating is just over the torrid mark. Liz Whitney and Victor Mature arrive together—but they don't share a twosome table; instead, Liz sits with the Fred Astaires, and nobody seems to see Vic after that, so maybe he's out looking for Lana Turner again. Bob Sterling and Linda Darnell are having a tete-a-tete dinner. Ken Murray and Mary Healy are a twosome. And Reginald Gardiner is NOT with Natalie Draper, but with Mary Parker, instead. Kay Aldridge, who's supposed to be all hot and bothered over Helen Parrish's brother Bob, is with Joe Rivkin, who's practically in heaven. Wayne Morris, who used to be Bubbles' husband is with Pat Stewart, but has a lot of his dances with Gayle Melott.

And tomorrow night, they'll probably be all scrambled up in another set of doublings.

Maybe it's just research, huh, Mama?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Our Photo Editor Ray Stark and Frances Brice
Discovering that it's really nice!

BABY-TALK IN HOLLYWOOD—blessed-event tragedy of the month . . . happened to Vincent Price . . . who passed out so many cigars when the stork came to his house . . . that he had to go home and go to bed, too, which made it the whole family!

The Johnny Weissmullers have named it. And it is NOT "Tarzan" ! ! Instead, he'll be John Scott Weissmuller—after Papa and Mama, you know.

Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have finished furnishing the nursery, and now all that remains to be done is to have it.

And Deanna Durbin—ssshhhh, now!—was the central figure at a baby shower. Honest! Only, it was Deanna who gave the shower, and it was for her sister, Mrs. Clarence Heckman, who had a stork-date. But anyhow, it was good practice for Deanna, no?

The *Blondie* series go on apace. And here are the principals, Arthur Lake, Daisy, Larry Simms and Penny Singleton. This time they are seen in *Blondie Plays Cupid*

TRUST these Scandinavians not to overlook a good business bet. Talk about the Scotch!—look at Garbo, who is turning her "friendship" with Doctor Gaylord Hauser to good account (if the reports are true) by preparing to go into business with him—really business, I mean.

After two years of being teamed in the romance-gossip, it's reported that Garbo and Hauser will open a health farm.

Wonder if Garbo'll give Swedish massage to the customers?

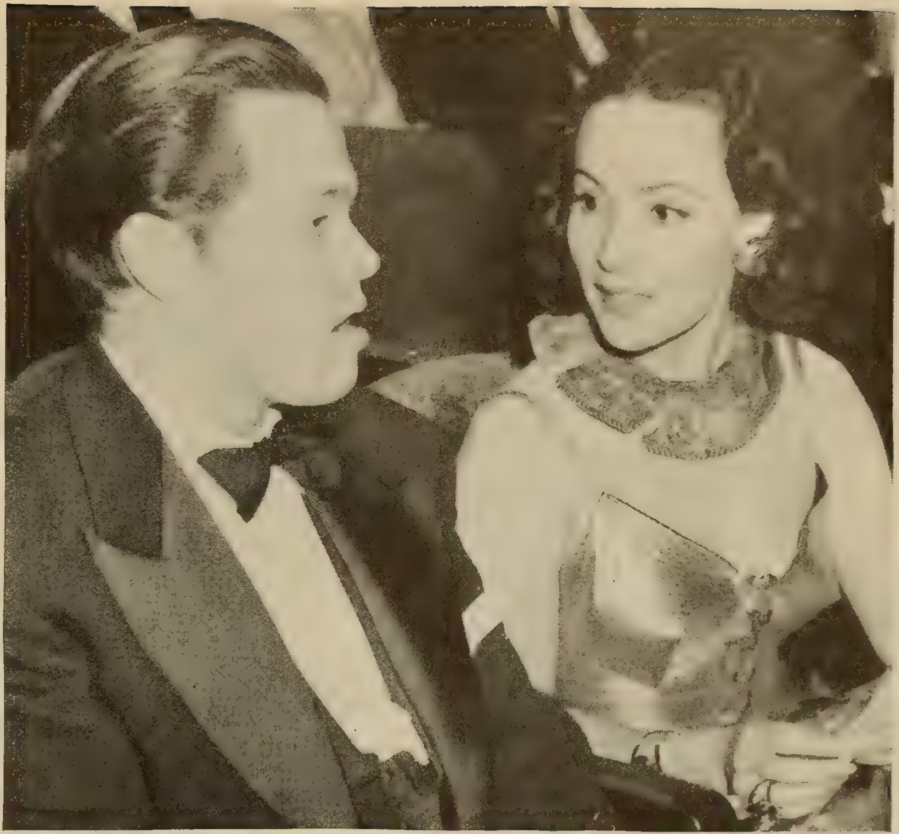
■

ELOPEMENT-RUMOR of the month paired up Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer in a much-talked-about airplane dash to Las Vegas. But —they didn't get married—even though they DID sign on the airport register, when they took off in a chartered plane, as "Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Smith."

Nobody seems to believe their explanation that Greg was just going to Las Vegas on a business trip, so Dorothy just went along for the ride. Most of Hollywood (suspicious town) believes that they were either just practicing for a real elopement, or maybe were trying out to see whether the newshounds would be on their trail. They found out, all right—for hardly had they taken off in the plane, than the wires got hot, and the report got around.

So they flew back the same night—still single.

■



—Chas. Rhodes

Orson Welles fell like a Martian on New Jersey when he met Dolores Del Rio. She likes him too, and stepped out in gold lame gown with hammered Aztec gold jewelry

MEANTIME (talking about Dorothy Lamour), her ex-sweetie-pie Wynn Rocamora, the agent, has found a new stunt in a giftie to give his gal-friends. Anyway, his current gal-friend, Gertrude Niesen, is wearing a new diamond pin—and the diamonds outline Wynn's telephone number . . . !!!

Wonder whether it's to make it easy for Gert to remember?—or to make it plain for anybody else to see. You know, these Hollywood honeys DO give each other's diamonds a close looking-over. . . . .

And Wynn probably knows it.

Allan Jones strums guitar, sings for Nancy Kelly in *One Night in the Tropics*. Stars took Caribbean cruise later

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Lyle Talbot and Linda Brent—
They'll be married soon if already they ent!

■

THE Hollywood superstitious are keeping a close eye on Cesar Romero, these days. They recall that not long ago, a certain famous palmist and fortune-teller told Cesar that he'd (1) have a serious illness, and (2) right after recovering, he'd meet the one and only girl and marry her.

Well, Cesar has just about completely recovered from that serious attack of fever he recently had.

And now every time he goes out with a girl, Hollywood wonders if she's going to be Mrs. Romero.

■

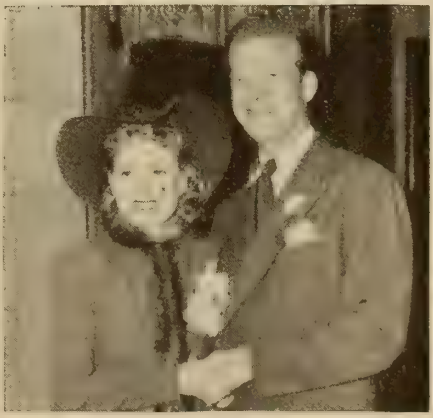
OL' MAN Tattler has an apology. And is his face red? And, as a matter of fact, isn't ALL Hollywood's face red—about Forrest Tucker's wedding, I mean. Here he ups and marries Sandra Jolley, of the Earl Carroll gals, instead of Helen Parrish, to whom he was but most definitely understood to be engaged.

Explanations?—none, except that "this is Hollywood, Mama," as the man said when his wife came home unexpectedly and found what she found.

■

VIC ORSATTI, that big agent man, who gets 'em but don't always hold 'em, is now also the *guy who used to be* Helen Gilbert's sweetie, as well as the *guy who used to be* June Lang's hubby. Helen says she's going to marry Bill Marshall. So, presumably, Vic is on the prowl again. Next . . . !?

[*Continued on page* 72]



You all know that Martha Scott put one over on recent NY trip—marrying radio executive Carleton Alsop. Martha's man looks like a good screen possibility

THE *Blue Swan* "KIN"
wishes your "Kin"
a Merry Christmas

they're Sisters OVER the Skin

Santa brings you the cleverest, most fashionable, comfortable, *and* economical Christmas Gift suggestions you've heard in many a moon.

Blue Swan UNDIKINS†
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The most in pantie smartness . . . the least to wear! Band or Hollywood brief styles in Celanese rayon. 39c

FLARIKINS*

Freedom *and* sleek, fashionable lines. This flare pantie gives both! Celanese rayon. 59c

SMOOTHIKINS*

Smooth as whipped cream. With soft-blending, sylph-like lines. Celanese rayon. Defies chafing. 59c

SLENDIKINS*

A new "undie thrill" to wear under sports or evening wear. Smart substitute for lightweight girdle. Rayon-and-Laton,* tailored or lace trimmed. 59c

AND THE NOBELT‡ WAISTBAND IS AN "EXTRA" CHRISTMAS GIFT

A marvel of comfort, guaranteed to last the life of the pantie!

YOUR FAVORITE STORE HAS BLUE SWAN UNDIES

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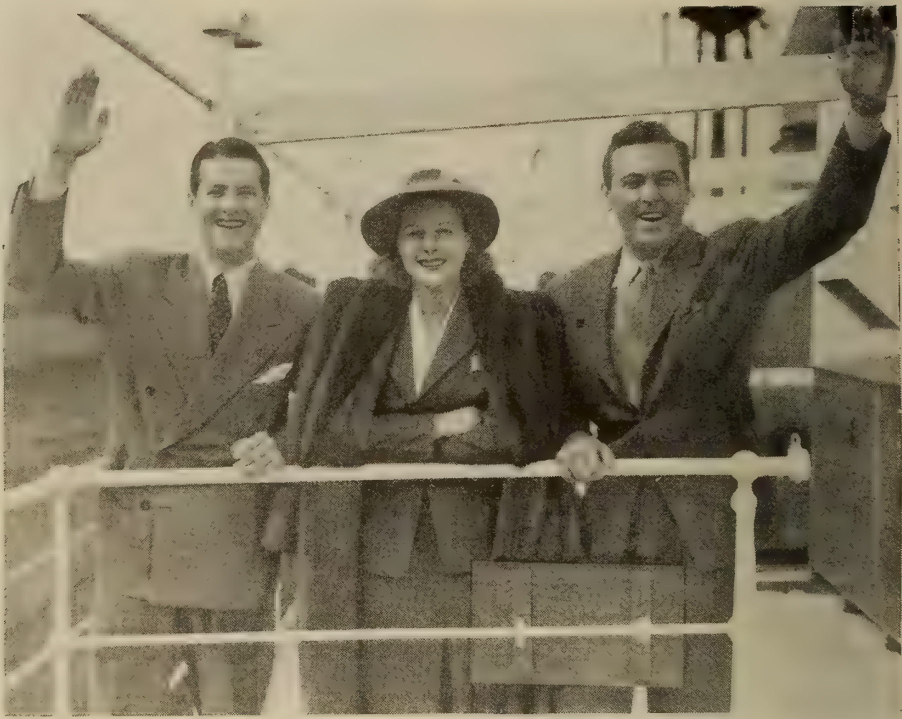
Blue Swan Mills, INC.

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By **DOROTHY LUBOU**



When the *Chirique* sailed on recent Caribbean cruise it carried Robert Cummings, Irene Hervey, Allan Jones. The men recently completed *One Night in the Tropics*

AT LONG LAST: The event of the month, if not the year, was the long anticipated premiere of *The Great Dictator* . . . It's the season for comebacks. Jolson. Ed Wynn, cutting up familiar but ever popular didoes in *Boys and Girls Together* . . . And Chaplin . . . For you must include Chaplin among the great comedy figures who have become little more than a beloved memory to present-day audiences. Charlie frankly admits that he is out to woo the younger generation who know him not at all . . . Despite a disappointed press—nothing could have lived up to such an extravagantly ballyhooed production—the opening day at the Capitol Theater broke all records . . . The white-haired comedian is East for his first visit in ten years . . . And it was as "my wife" that he introduced Paulette Goddard to theater audiences! . . . Right on top of all that Anatole Litvak excitement, too . . . Odd that Charlie should finally admit the marriage, when it is strongly rumored that Paulette is seriously interested in the director . . . Charlie is still in love, and very proud of his beautiful wife . . . For Paulette, it must be said that until she entered his life, the comedian was a morose, solitary figure . . . The influence of her youth and gaiety has transformed him into a smiling, sociable being . . . Chaplin will remain East for a two month stay . . . Paulette is due on the Coast for a picture.

Jinx Falkenburg, featured in Al Jolson's *Hold on to Your Hats*, sells Eleanor Powell a British-American Ambulance Corps auto tag during Eleanor's N Y C visit

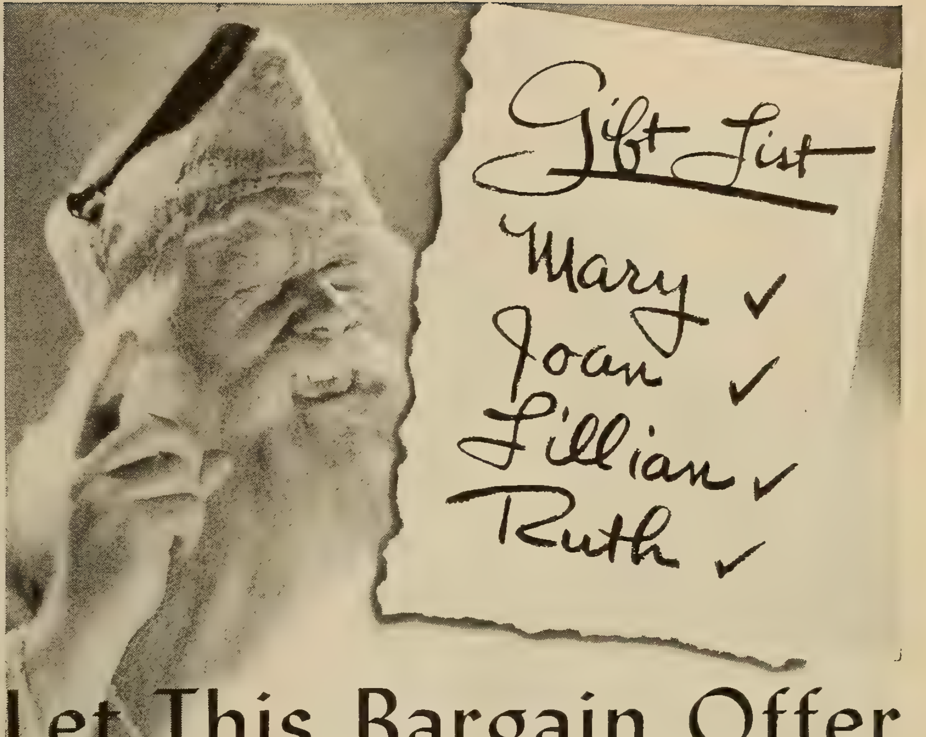
[*Continued on page* 67]

Hollywood Parties

SURPRISE party that never did jell was the one Ann Sothern cooked up for hubby Roger Pryor . . . Ann's plans were all under control and the affair was about to go off in the approved Hollywood surprise-party style when Roger—who never has gone for the filmtown's way of doing things—got wind of it and put his foot down . . . So Ann changed her plans . . . And what started out to be a party definitely in the Hollywood groove, turned out to be a spaghetti feed given by Mr. and Mrs. Pryor to just a few of their very best friends . . . The guests—half of whom never *did* know it was Roger's birthday—included Mary Brian, Cesar Romero, the Ray Millands, the George Murphys and Jerry Asher . . . Elsa Maxwell, Connie Bennett and the rest of the Hollywood party-givers better look to their laurels! . . . None other than Shirley Temple is fast becoming known as the town's No. 1 hostess . . . Latest party tossed by the Temple gal had her classmates of the Westlake School for Girls as her guests at an evening performance of the Ice Follies . . . After the show, the party went backstage to meet the stars . . . And Shirley—who has been "Shirley-honeyed" to death for years—got the thrill of her lifetime when Evelyn Chandler, star of the Follies, greeted her with, "How do you do, MISS Temple?" . . . Coming-out party-of-the-month—was the one staged for Judy Garland by a bunch of players on the M-G-M lot . . . The occasion was the fact that Judy had entered the ranks of full-fledged actresses by playing her first honest to goodness love scene for the screen . . . Of course, Judy has done a lot of kid love-playing in her pictures with Mickey Rooney, but that was nothing—absolutely NOTHING—compared to the scene she did with George Murphy for *Little Nelly Kelly* . . . Judy, so nervous she could hardly get through with the scene, almost died when she walked off and found that practically every star on the lot had sneaked onto the set to watch her emote . . . Flowers from Jeanette MacDonald and Myrna Loy, telegrams—and *such* telegrams—from Walter Pidgeon, Melvyn Douglas and Nelson Eddy helped the Garland gal celebrate her promotion from the ranks of kid players.

QUITE the most refreshing affair-of-the-month—was the Binnie Barnes-Mike Frankovitch wedding held at the Joe E. Brown home. . . . Refreshing because, in a town that is apt to stage-set and costume-design such an occasion to the nth degree, there was a complete lack of anything "colossal" or "stupendous" in the affair. . . . Starting as an evening party in the cocktail lounge of the Brown home, at midnight the guests followed Joe E. to the drawing-room where they witnessed the simplest of ceremonies which made Binnie Mrs. Frankovitch. . . . Followed a wedding breakfast of scrambled eggs, chicken livers and wedding cake, with champagne for toast-giving. . . . Among the many well-wishing toasts by Louella Parsons, Carmel Myers Blum, Joan Perry and Dr. Harry Martin, was the one sour note of the evening given by Producer Harry Cohn. . . . "The greatest of happiness," said Harry, "but Binnie, be on the set for *This Thing Called Love, tomorrow* morning at *eight* o'clock!" Brain-teaser party-of-the-month—was the party Laraine Day gave in honor of a bunch of her off-screen friends. . . . As each guest arrived, he was presented with ten common pins by Laraine, and told that every time he used a word with more than one syllable in it, he would forfeit a pin. . . . If you think that's easy, just try to hold a conversation in words of one syllable. After you've said "Gee" and "Swell" there's practically nothing left. . . . Most of the guests lost their pins when Laraine served them a spaghetti supper. . . . You can't even *eat* spaghetti in one syllable, much less say it. . . . When the pins were counted it was found Jean Johnston either didn't talk or knew a lot of baby words, because she had most of her pins and was rewarded with a pocket dictionary.

QUITE the swankiest cafe gathering-of-the-month—was the House of Murphy dinner party which included Barbara Hutton, Cary Grant, Sir Charles and Lady Mendl, Lady Joan Moore, Gaylord Hauser and Greta Garbo . . . Everyone was dressed in the most formal of clothes and the affair just reeked high society . . . Everyone, that is, except Garbo . . . And Garbo—gawdblesser—wore a brown tweed suit and felt hat . . . Simply because she *likes* tweed suits and NUTS to high society! . . . Novel party-idea-of-the-month—was introduced when Edward G. Robinson and his wife, Gladys, invited their friends to a "dueling party" . . . Guest of honor was champion fencer Duris de Young who spent the afternoon on the tennis courts giving exhibitions of his art and refereeing the Robinsons' guests who wanted to have a try at it . . . With all the amateur thrusting going on, the two most popular guests were a couple of doctors who were kept busy taping minor scratches . . . Their main job came in patching up the gash in Writer George Schiller's leg, the major casualty of the day . . . Comedy relief was furnished when Eddie Robinson and Writer Harry Crocker, who had never had rapiers in their hands before, proceeded to show the experts how it *should* be done.



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PICTURE

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED—AAAA—

They—Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton, William Gargan—Knew What They Wanted and we know what we want—and that is for you to go and see *They Knew What They Wanted*. *Tony* (Charles Laughton) goes to Frisco and in a restaurant there he sees *Amy* (Carole Lombard) and falls in love with her. Returning home he decides to marry *Amy* but as he can't write he has *Joe* (William Gargan) play *Cyrano* on paper, and *Amy* finally accepts the proposal—$15,000 and a handsome man (*Tony* sends her *Joe's* picture) sound like a good match. When *Amy* arrives at the ranch she finds she's been cheated but decides to keep her bargain. In the ensuing festivities *Tony* has an accident and the marriage is postponed—giving *Amy* time to learn to love *Tony* but also to become a victim of *Joe's* Casanovian tendencies. The day before her marriage to *Tony*, *Amy* finds she's with child (*Joe's*) and although *Tony* wants to proceed with the nuptials—after giving *Joe* the beating of his life—*Amy* can't let him do it—not yet.—*RKO-Radio.*

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME —AAAA—

We're not in the tourist business and we have no affiliations with any steamship company, but we urge you to book passage for *The Long Voyage Home* when it arrives at your home port. And if you're not a very good sailor don't let that bother you for John Ford (director) and Dudley Nichols (screen playwright) have planned a memorable voyage for you on the *S. S. Glencairn.* This British freighter bound for home through the war zone is manned by John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, Ian Hunter, Barry Fitzgerald, Wilfrid Lawson, John Qualen and Ward Bond. There's also Rafaela Ottiano, Carmen Morales and Mildred Natwick. *The Long Voyage Home* is based on Eugene O'Neill's four short plays—*Moon of the Caribbees, Bound East for Cardiff, In the Zone* and *The Long Voyage Home*. Although this is a very timely film it isn't another war picture and current events—naval—are used only to point up the characters in this plotless but thrilling film of seamen. But then men make history.—*Walter Wanger-United Artists.*

ARISE, MY LOVE —AAA½—

Are you looking for entertainment? Then, arise, my love and hie yourself over to the neighborhood movie where Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland are cavorting on the screen in a romantic comedy entitled *Arise, My Love*. It's a story of two adventurous souls—*Augusta Nash* (Claudette Colbert), a newspaperwoman, and *Tom Martin* (Ray Milland), an aviator—against the chaotic background of Europe from the days of the Spanish civil war to the invasion of France last June. This doesn't sound funny, you say. But it is, for *Arise, My Love* isn't a war story and while the grimness of the situation does inject itself—to advantage—it is still primarily a love story—a hot and hectic one at that. *Augusta Nash* wanting a scoop for her newspaper poses as *Mrs. Martin* and saves supposed-to-be-hubby *Tom* from a Spanish firing-squad —not a bad beginning, you'll admit. And the end isn't bad either when *Augusta* and *Tom* are rescued from the sinking *Athenia* and return to their respective loves—reporting and flying—and we presume respectable love. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland are simply swell, ditto Walter Abel.—*Paramount.*

PARADE

THE GREAT DICTATOR —AAA½—

Maybe the anticipation isn't always greater than the expectation—we insist we're not cynical which explains the reservation, we hope—but we're sorry to admit it's so regarding the long and anxiously awaited—*The Great Dictator*. When Charles Chaplin started production—he also wrote and directed—on *The Great Dictator* perhaps the situation still had possibilities for comedy but with the turn of events in the last year one can hardly find the dictators a laughing matter—apparently not even Chaplin himself. Chaplin plays the part of a Jewish barber who is mistaken for *Dictator Hynkel* when he escapes from a concentration camp, and you'll find Jack Oakie doing a marvelous piece of business as *Dictator Napaloni* of *Bacteria*. There's also Paulette Goddard as *Hannah*, Reginald Gardiner, a Storm Trooper, Billy Gilbert as *Marshal Herring* and Henry Daniell as *Propaganda Minister Garbitsch* adding their talents to Chaplin's genius. There's just one more thing—Chaplin can talk, and how.—*Chaplin-United Artists.*

ANGELS OVER BROADWAY —AAA—

Elsewhere in this department we urged you aboard a freighter to introduce you to some interesting characters; this time we ask you to join us on an excursion ashore to see *Angels Over Broadway* and meet some interesting land-lubbers—two of whom you met aboard ship. It's a rainy night so we'll go into the Aladdin Cafe. That's where *Bill O'Brien* (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.) is, seeking shelter and a sucker. *Bill* thinks he's found him when he runs across *Charles Engle* (John Qualen) who is tossing money around freely before being turned over to the law for stealing $3,000 from his firm. *Bill* tries to persuade *Nina Barona* (Rita Hayworth), a dancer, to help "take over" *Engle* but he runs into interference from *Gene Gibbons* (Thomas Mitchell), a drunken playwright, who has learned of *Engle's* suicide plans and is determined to help him raise the $3,000. He enlists *Bill* and *Nina's* support. We think Ben Hecht who wrote, directed and produced *Angels Over Broadway* is either pulling someone's leg or else he believes in angels. Either way you'll find it interesting.—*Columbia.*

A DISPATCH FROM REUTER'S—AAA—

Warner Brothers, who have given us such excellent biographical pictures—*The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Life of Emile Zola, Juarez* and *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*—have skipped a beat on this, a study of Julius Reuter, the man who back in 1849 founded Reuter's News Service. Then Reuter's was a pigeon-carrier service between Aachen and Brussels: today it is an international news wire service. Now don't go mentioning Muni to us for *Ehrlich* last season, plays *Reuter* and handsomely, too, so the fault doesn't lie in characterization. Neither is it that Julius Reuter's life wasn't interesting, exciting, or important. It's just that *A Dispatch From Reuter's* is strictly formula. Poor boy makes good with the help of the understanding little woman, marries, raises a family, reaches the important crisis in his career and comes through it all beautifully. And Warners did it beautifully, too—with expensive settings, handsome costumes and an extravagant cast—Edna Best, Eddie Albert, Nigel Bruce, *et al.*—*Warner Bros.*

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)

THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA (granddaughter of the late CORNELIUS VANDERBILT)

MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS

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If A stands for American and B stands for Beauty, then C stands for *Cleanliness!*

American Beauty, no matter how luxuriously nurtured, is always touched with the white wand of a puritan, almost bandbox daintiness! Hair is shining. Skin is visibly cared for, sweet and clean—like fruit blossoms after a shower.

In many of America's leading families, the rites with which this exquisite flower freshness of skin is wooed are the simple and adequate ones of Pond's beauty primer de luxe:—

BURY your face under sleek layers of Pond's Cold Cream—and *smack* your skin all over briskly with your cream-coated fingers. Do this for 3 full minutes. This cream serves two needs—it cleanses and softens, by mixing with the dead surface cells, dust and make-up on your skin.

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FRESHEN now with the cool, astringent splash of Pond's Skin Freshener. Then

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I MUST BE MAD!

By ROGER CARROLL

IDA LUPINO PUTS SUCH REALISM INTO PLAYING MAD GIRLS THAT SHE WONDERS IF SHE ISN'T A BIT NUTTY. IT'S GOOD ACTING. AND IT PAYS . . . IT HAS MADE IDA A STAR

LOUIS HAYWARD said, wryly, "She frightens me. She didn't tell me she was capable of these things when I married her.

"We never go to the previews of each other's pictures. It's too nerve-wracking. It's a bit like watching someone walking a tightrope strung between two 'planes a thousand feet up in the air. So I didn't see *They Drive by Night* when it came out. I read the reviews, which gave her a great build-up. 'Now you can't see it,' she said, 'because you'll be expecting too much.' But the other afternoon I was driving along the Boulevard, alone, when I saw it billed at a second-run house. I obeyed that impulse. I stopped, parked the car, and went in.

"I don't know what I expected. All I know is that I didn't expect what I saw. I sat there chilled to the marrow. I thought I knew everything she could do. But I never even suspected that she could go quite so convincingly [*Continued on page* 63]

VIVIEN LEIGH
LAURENCE OLIVIER

Just as Olivier and Leigh love each othe passionately, so as Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton in *Lady Hamilton*, they carry on one of the great loves of history

He Won't Be Licked

FOR DOWNRIGHT BRITISH BULLDOG DETERMINATION NOT TO BE LICKED, LAURENCE OLIVIER TOPS EVERY ENGLISHMAN IN HOLLYWOOD. SO THAT'S WHY HE'S CAST AS BRITAIN'S GREATEST HERO, LORD NELSON

By DAN CAMP

NOW, if you'd come up to me and ask me to choose from among all of Hollywood's Englishmen—and heaven knows, my friend, the town is CERTAINLY alive with 'em!!—anyway, if you'd ask me to put my finger on the one Britisher who above all others here in movie-town is most characteristically, utterly representatively the prototype of Johnny Bull himself, I certainly would NOT point at Ronnie Colman—!

—Nor Alan Mowbray, either. Nor yet Charlie Chaplin or Cary Grant or Boris Karloff (nee good-old Anglo-Saxon "Pratt") nor Basil Rathbone, nor Herbert Marshall, even though they're all good, solid Englishmen.

Nope, none of those for me as the symbol of Britain today. Give me Laurence Olivier. There's your man! Not because he guzzles tea. Not because he has the accent. Not just because he was born in Dorking, Surrey. But because for sheer, downright, British bulldog and bullheaded stubbornness and determination not to be licked, come hell or high water.

That's Britain today—today, yesterday and tomorrow. And that, too, has been Laurence Olivier in every facet of his public and private life. Once let an idea get into the mind of either Britain or Olivier, and it'll take entirely too much to change that idea—as Hitler and Hollywood have pretty well found out.

You ask me to prove it? Well, all right—as Al Smith used to say in those dear, gone old days, "let's look at the record"—

In the first place, just like Britain, Laurence Olivier has refused to be licked. Like Britain, he's been pushed around pretty badly. Hollywood slapped him down twice—with as vicious a pair of slaps as this utterly relentless place has ever dished out to any aspirant for success. The first time, just when he got his feet on the Hollywood ladder, somebody said of Laurence:

"He looks like Ronnie Colman. He acts like Ronnie Colman. He talks like Ronnie Colman. He IS a second Ronnie Colman."

And that, as you Hollywood-wise readers well know, was an out-and-out defeat for Olivier, in that first battle. He had to take it, too. He had to fold up his hopes and his ambitions and his plans, and get out. He went back to England. But then, don't forget that in the Battle of the Lowlands, England had to fold up and get out, too—but she's coming back now, isn't she? And just so, Laurence Olivier came back—fighting mad—back to the Hollywood that had walloped him.

AND this time, Hollywood walloped him again—with the crafty, battle-wise Garbo captaining the campaign. It was when Olivier, still smarting under that first rebuff, was brought back by M-G-M to play opposite Garbo in *Queen Christina*. M-G-M wanted Laurence to play the role of the Spanish ambassador, and Olivier saw this time a chance to retrieve his previous losses in the Battle of Hollywood, and to consolidate his position afresh. But even as Britain lost again in the Battle of France, so did Olivier lose in this second phase of his Hollywood campaign. Let's call it the Battle of Garbo.

For while M-G-M DID want Olivier to play the role, Garbo had different ideas. Garbo wanted to do a big favor for John Gilbert, who had certainly done a very big favor or two for Garbo, once upon a time. Garbo wanted Gilbert for the role, and so she loosed a Scandinavian blitzkrieg against Englisher Olivier that was just as destructive as Hitler's blitzkrieg in France.

Olivier was introduced to Garbo—and Garbo refused to speak to him!

[*Continued on page* 55]

As Lord Nelson, the hero of Trafalgar, Olivier plays opposite wife, Vivien Leigh, who has title role of Lady Hamilton in the Korda film. Nelson and her ladyship had great romance—it changed course of British Empire

JEAN ARTHUR

If you think Jean has plumbed all her talent you're in for a big surprise in *Arizona*. She shows a bagful of new tricks

SANEST MAN IN HOLLYWOOD

JOEL McCREA HAS BEEN AROUND HOLLYWOOD ALL HIS LIFE. THAT'S WHY HE WAS NEVER BEDAZZLED BY THE TOWN AND ITS STARS. SUCCESS NEVER WENT TO HIS HEAD—AND HE HAS ALWAYS KEPT BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND

By JAMES REID

THE script of *Reaching for the Sun* required Joel McCrea, arriving home in a jubilant mood, to say to Ellen Drew, "How would you like to fill up the house with balloons—great big colored balloons?" After which the script required Ellen to demand to smell his breath.

As they rehearsed the scene, Director William (Wild Bill) Wellman went through the motions of having a brainstorm. "This can be funnier," he enthused, addressing Joel. "As you say 'great big colored balloons,' be expansive. Do just a hint of the business that Sally Rand does in her balloon dance."

Joel studies Wellman a moment, the way a wary victim regards a notorious prankster. He decided that this time Wellman was serious. "But I don't know what Sally Rand does in her balloon dance," he protested mildly.

"We'll soon fix that," said Wellman—and sent for a dance director, who arrived on the double-quick.

The three of them went into a huddle. The dance director illustrated parts of the dance.

Wellman liked the part in which the dance director started with both arms arched to the right, graceful fingertips lightly holding a big imaginary balloon, which he tossed airily to the floor, caught daintly on the rebound, and batted lightly high in the air [*Continued on page* 64]

THE GIRL WITH BOUNCE

By

JOHN CASTLE

LUCILLE BALL HAS DONE PLENTY OF BOUNCING IN HER YOUNG LIFE. NOW THAT THE BUZZ OF THE "B'S" HAS DIED IN HER EARS, SHE'S BOUNCED INTO PARTS WITH MEAT ON THE BONES

IN SPITE of the fact that Lucille Ball will have to live at least 105 years more if she expects to have seven years bad luck for every mirror she's broken, these statistics don't bother her one bit. She always breaks a mirror for *good* luck on the first day of every picture.

It's just an old Ball ritual, and it seems to be working better now than ever before, judging from her smashing success in *Dance, Girl, Dance* and *Too Many Girls.*

"That mirror I used before *Dance, Girl, Dance* certainly was everything it was cracked up to be," she laughed. "Do you know I never was so scared as when I went into that picture. Just thinking of my part as *Bubbles*, the 'Tiger Lily,' made me tremble. It was my break of breaks, this picture, and I didn't want to make people dislike me. I didn't see how they could do anything else, because I had to be mean to Maureen O'Hara, who had the sweet girl role in the picture.

"I had to steal Louis Hayward from Maureen," she continued. "I had to slap her face, pummel her on the stage of the burlesque theater—of course I got a make-up department black eye out of that myself—and be generally hateful. But the character was a real one. I had known girls like that. The part had meat on the bones; so I took it—and now I'm glad. It was the best role I've had."

Actually it's a well-known fact that the oval of glass had nothing to do with Lucille Ball's sudden rocketing to success as a comedienne. It's the girl before the looking glass, the smasher herself, who's responsible. There's no magic or mystery about it—no hocus-pocus, no sleight of hand—for it wasn't done with mirrors!

"In *Too Many Girls* I was an ingenue—definitely. I was afraid to take that part too; this time because there wasn't much to do. Perhaps I was meant mainly for decoration. And I don't know if I'm decorative [*Continued on page* 66]

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

Just the other day the stork over Hollywood carried the banner—A Doug Jr. Production. To buy shoes for the little angel, daddy turned from blessed-eventing to *Angels Over Broadway* who guided him into a bit of drama

HEDY'S PRIVATE OPINION OF MEN

COMPARED TO CONTINENTALS, THE AMERICAN IS BIGGER IN STATURE AND CHARACTER, BUT SPOILED. HEDY'S IMPRESSION OF HIM IS GOOD, IF HE CARES

By MARIAN RHEA

"YOU know," said Hedy, "at first I thought American men were 'high hatted.' (No doubt they had the same opinion of me!) But now I know differently."

Then she blushed when we told her that in the best usage of American Slang, we leave off the "ed." "I shall never achieve English with entire correctness," she mourned. But we had to dispute that, and with sincerity, since her English is in truth excellent—equal even to the discussion at hand in which Hedy, the embodiment of many a man's unattainable dreams, was giving her private opinion of men...American men in particular.

She looked lovely. She wore a light-gray gabardine sports suit, expertly tailored, with a plain white slip-on sweater and raspberry red camel's hair sports coat. The gray brought out the pearly tints of her skin; the crimson, the sea blue of her eyes. Her hair was, as always, parted in the middle and brushed carelessly back to fall about her shoulders in loose waves. She talked with gestures, laughing often. What she had to say was canny, penetrating, sincere.

Once or twice she brought her former husband, Gene Markey, into the conversation. "We were happily married almost two years. Not long before we separated Gene told me he [*Continued on page* 59]

HEDY LAMARR
CLARK GABLE

As Garbo took you comrades in *Ninotchka*, so Clark and Hedy will take you in *Comrade X*. He plays Yank newspaperman in Moscow in love with Russian proletarian. Maestro, a leetle Tschaikowsky, please!

JEANETTE MacDONALD
NELSON EDDY

Having proved through concert tours more popular than ever, the songsters are united for seventh time in Noel Coward's *Bitter Sweet*—set in the Gay Nineties

THE MASTER'S VOICE

By LOUIS RAYMOND

ROBINSON'S APPEAL IS MENTAL. THAT'S WHY HE STAYS UP THERE. HIS VOICE GETS YOU. AND YOU'D KNOW IT EVEN IF YOU HEARD IT IN THE DARK ON THE BURMA ROAD

You wonder if he can play Jack London's *Sea Wolf?* Listen, when did Eddie Robinson let you down? It follows his study of Reuter in *A Dispatch From Reuter's*

EDWARD G. ROBINSON admits readily that glamor is as alien to his personality as military instinct, that he could no more give off an aura of romance than he could plot to set up a star-spangled dictatorship on Catalina Island.

Yet, he manages in picture after picture—from *Little Caesar* to Dr. Ehrlich of *The Magic Bullet* and *A Dispatch From Reuter's*—to endow his characters with a great quality of romantic appeal. It may not be the kind of glamor that points to that insistent Hollywood hour of sex o'clock, but it is the kind of glamor that moves men's minds as well as their hearts, the kind that endures long after the serenade is ended and oomph is gathering dust on an art director's drafting-board.

It is, in short, a glamor biographical rather than biological.

And Edward G. Robinson has capitalized upon it, as no one, with the exception of Paul Muni, has succeeded in doing. He has been at the business so long that it is difficult to imagine him going in now for the fictional ruggedness of Jack London's *Sea Wolf.*

What if this story develops a new Robinson! What if it reveals him as an adventurer so picturesquely magnetic, registering love [*Continued on page* 58]

ELLEN DREW

She's such a neat package that it's *Christmas in July* and every month whenever she appears. Her next—*Reaching for the Sun*

IS HE THE GREAT DONLEVY?

YOU'RE PROBABLY CALLING HIM THE GREAT DONLEVY AFTER THE JOB HE DID IN "THE GREAT McGINTY." NO ONE DENIES HE HAS WHAT IT TAKES, AFTER PLAYING THE GENTS WITH THE GATS AND GUTS. MAN, WHAT SCARS!

By GLADYS HALL

IS HE The Great Donlevy as he was, so sensationally, *The Great McGinty*? Is he the somewhat sinister barkeep, shady politician, killer, sadist and other grim characters he portrays so realistically on the screen? Or is he a gentle soul, kind to kittens and babies? Why didn't he hit the movie Big Time faster than he did? Five years in Hollywood, you know, before he made *McGinty*, who has certainly made Donlevy!

Well, heck, what's he all about? That's what I wanted to know. So I took the worst of all possible ways to find out: I lunched with Donlevy. I mean, a gal is the Village Idiot if she expects a man—and a man's man, at that—to be any good at the parlor game called Analyzing Myself. And Donlevy, I'd heard tell, is a man's man, the kind all men from C. B. DeMille over at Paramount, to the guy who hoists the props around, slap on the back and say "Howsabout a drink?" That's not the type of man, I might have known, who thinks it's any fun to play little games like "Who Am I?"

Still and all, he is an Irishman, born in Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland—and an Irishman has the gift o' gab, the slick silver tongue in his head . . . so it's that was the hope in me when I got meself invited to lunch with the loikes of him at Lucey's, in [*Continued on page* 57]

BEAUTY IS A *Gift*

BY DENISE CAINE

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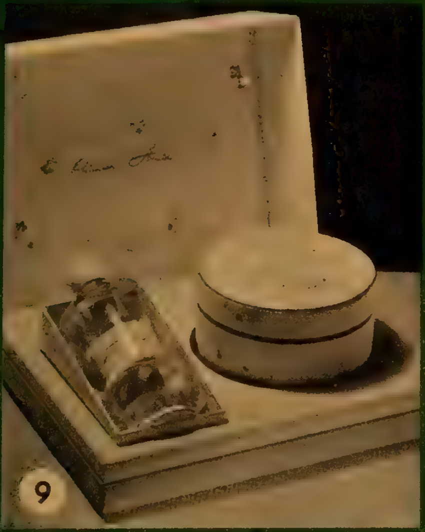
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1 Gift scents—Luxor American Beauty Perfume, DeVilbiss atomizer, $1 each

2 He CAN take it with him—Travel Kit of Palmolive Shave preparations, $1.50

3 Anna Neagle likes her Marvelous Eye-Matched Make-Up set. It's $2[illegible]5

4 A gem of a gift is Pro-phy-lac-tic's Jewelite brush, comb set, costing $[illegible].50

5 Pond's brings loveliness in Beauty Box of creams, Danya, powder, 50 cents

6 Setting you up in fine style—with Cutex Minikin, $1, or Kurlash Purset, $2[illegible]9

7 Pretty hand-y, Wigder's purse set of file, cuticle scissors, tweezers, comb, $2

8 Holiday-wrapped jumbo size of Jergens Lotion, smoothes way for romance, $1

9 Say Forget-Me-Not with Primrose House Bath Powder, Cologne set, at $2

10 For stocking toe that movie star pet, Lux Toilet Soap in gala wrap, a few cents

11 Lynne Carver found a Max Factor Vanity Lipstick Set to give her friends, $3

Do you miss out under the mistletoe? Write Denise Caine for [illegible] with your beauty problems. Be sure to enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope, and forward your letter to DENISE CAINE, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

YOUR HOLLYWOOD—AND MINE—

No. 5 FAMOUS FAMILIES of FILMDOM

THERE is no time in movie history since I first started to write my impressions of this fabulous industry that there hasn't been a famous sister-act—if you will pardon me for expressing myself thusly. Today, Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine are the favorite topic of conversation—two girls who, in a few brief months, stepped out of supporting roles into the sparkling, exciting status of stardom—and Olivia and Joan recall vividly to this writer the sisters of another period.

Think back to those glamorous days when the Gish sisters were in the headlines, fair-haired Lillian who was so shy—and Dorothy with her laughter and love of life. Mary Pickford and her never-to-be-forgotten devotion to Lottie, and her brother, Jack. The beautiful, stimulating Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance; Constance and Joan Bennett, socially-conscious and sophisticated, who have had millionaires and titled gentlemen of two continents in love with them; the tragic Mary Miles Minter and her equally unlucky sister, Margaret Shelby Fillmore.

Some of these favorites are still stars of the screen. Others have faded from the picture. Many movie families have been saddened by death, but in each of their stories I like to think there is that spirit of family devotion that perhaps more than anything else has made the cynical world appreciate that stars are real people with the same family problems, ties and responsibilities which all of us have to face.

Like most movie sisters I have known there is hardly an iota of likeness between Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine. Independent is the word for Olivia, as I well know from an experience of my own with her. However, her spunk wasn't as amusing at the time as it is now since

Miss Parsons' association with famous film families dates back to the Gishes, Talmadges, Pickfords. Next month she tells you of filmdom's children

No movie family was more devoted than the Pickford clan. Mary loved her family above everything else. Below, she appears with sister Lottie, latter's daughter, Mary, and her mother

Filmdom has never lacked for a famous sister act. In a few brief months sisters Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have stepped into stardom. Each paddles her own canoe professionally

LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I was working on the Hollywood Hotel Radio show, doing a daily and Sunday column for the Hearst papers and reviewing and previewing dozens of pictures each week. Perhaps all our tempers were running high one day when the little De Havilland girl failed to show up at a radio rehearsal.

OLIVIA, at that time, had not done much on the screen beyond playing supporting roles with Errol Flynn, George Brent and other male stars at Warners. Since Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, Norma Shearer, Jeanette MacDonald, Bette Davis, Miriam Hopkins, Marion Davies, Marlene Dietrich, Eleanor Powell and other top stars could be on time, I couldn't see what was keeping Miss De Havilland.

When she did appear three hours later, after I had telephoned the studio and paged her, we were on the verge of putting on a substitute actress. But I couldn't help admiring the pretty, determined Olivia. She said the studio had booked her for our show without asking her permission and that was that!

Her spunkiness struck my sense of humor. After all, I am not fooling myself that I have the reputation of being a lady ogre in skirts. I know that more than one baby star has been carefully coached to be nice to L. O. P. I have often wondered where the rumor started that I cheerfully chop off the heads of people I don't like—because, outside of a slight Irish temper, I'm not a hard girl to get along with—honestly I'm not. Sometimes, of course, when you are doing three or four jobs at one time it is rather convenient to have people hop around because it saves time and trouble.

This little De Havilland girl, however, sassed right back

Miss Parsons' friendship with Mary Pickford has endured from time Mary became a screen star. In 1917, L. O. P. interviewed Mary in Chicago

The Bennetts may not have such close family ties as the Gishes, but Joan surely shows affection for Barbara, and great admiration for Connie

The Bennetts are always surprising, due to their color. Connie has often been called Hollywood's best-dressed woman. Here in fur wrap which set style 10 years ago, she's flanked by Barbara and Mother

Your Hollywood—and Mine—

No family went through such tragedy and bitterness as marked Mary Miles Minter, her mother and sister. It ruined her career

and while I wouldn't want it to go any farther than the half-million of us, I can assure you I never forgot her after that.

Joan, on the other hand, is more subdued and less temperamental than Olivia. There have been rumors that the sisters were not on close terms when they started out in Hollywood and that Joan took the name of her stepfather, Fontaine, so that Olivia couldn't say she (Joan) was getting ahead on the De Havilland reputation.

Personally, I never believed there was any hard feeling between them. When Joan first came to Hollywood, Olivia was nursing a broken heart over a wrecked romance and, perhaps, this made her seem difficult and moody. Very wisely the sisters decided to paddle their own canoes professionally—and at this moment no one is more delighted over Joan's great success in *Rebecca* than the beautiful Olivia, and by the same token Joan makes no secret of her pride in Olivia's marvelous *Melanie* in *Gone With the Wind.*

IN LOOKING back over the years, I know of no movie family more devoted than the famous Pickford clan. The one and only Mary Pickford worshiped her mother, Charlotte Pickford, and she worked unceasingly to help Lottie and Jack on the screen.

I refuse to tell how many years I have known and loved Mary. A tireless worker, unfailing in her loyalty to her friends, deeply thoughtful of others, no one has ever taken the place of the Queen of the Screen who was America's Sweetheart for so many years.

Whenever I think of Mary it is not as the world-famous star, but as the little Irish girl who loved her family above everything else on earth. Mary actually suffered because she, of her mother's three talented children, achieved the greatest fame. She would have given anything if Lottie, a pretty brunette, but lacking Mary's divine appeal, could have shared her screen throne. She kept Jack Pickford a screen star long after his popularity had dimmed because she wanted him to have his own spotlight and not have to shine in her reflected glory.

Of course, Mary's devotion to her mother is a legend that has not yet been touched for tenderness and sheer worship.

But in the days I remember so pleasantly, the Pickfords,

With Mary Pickford and the Gishes, Norma and Constance Talmadge were the original Cinderellas of the screen. They were among first to blaze the way toward great film fortunes

There haven't been many brother clans in movies. Remember the Moores, Owen, Matt, Tom? Owen, deceased, was Mary Pickford's first husband. Tom was once wed to Alice Joyce

Louella O. Parsons

The author's friendship with the Gishes goes back to 1912. Lillian, left, was Bette Davis of her day. Dorothy was ace comedienne

the Gishes and the Talmadges were the inseparable clans of moviedom—and I think they knew more happiness, more joy in their work and greater camaraderie than the movie world has known before or since.

They were the pioneers along the glory road. Most of the movie actors before the era of the Pickfords, Gishes and Talmadges, had not been in the big money. Before them, movies were mere nickelodeon affairs and these three families were the first to blaze the way toward great picture fortunes

BUT they had not always been rich. Deep in the hearts of Charlotte Pickford and Mrs. Mae Gish and in their brood of talented children, were bitter memories of privation and hunger and the struggle to get the bare necessities of life. Mary, Lillian, Dorothy, Constance and Norma were the original Cinderellas of motion pictures—and I believe they were the gayest and happiest group of friends I have ever known. There was no jealousy between the clans. The Pickfords and the Gishes were so joyously Irish that Kathleen Norris might have written them into one of her famous Shamrock novels.

Today in Hollywood I think it is sad there is not more of this spontaneous happy spirit. More and more the present-day stars draw closer into their shells and there is little friendly mingling. Oh, perhaps when a big party comes along some of them will come out of seclusion and attend—but the spirit of one big happy family is gone, I am afraid, from Hollywood forever.

Lillian Gish, D. W. Griffith's lovely star, was the Bette Davis of her day. The other girls, including Mary, worshiped at her shrine and considered her a greater actress than Duse. Dorothy Gish was a veritable little gamine. She adored her dramatic sister, but she was not above mocking both Lillian and the supreme master, D. W. Griffith, when their backs were turned.

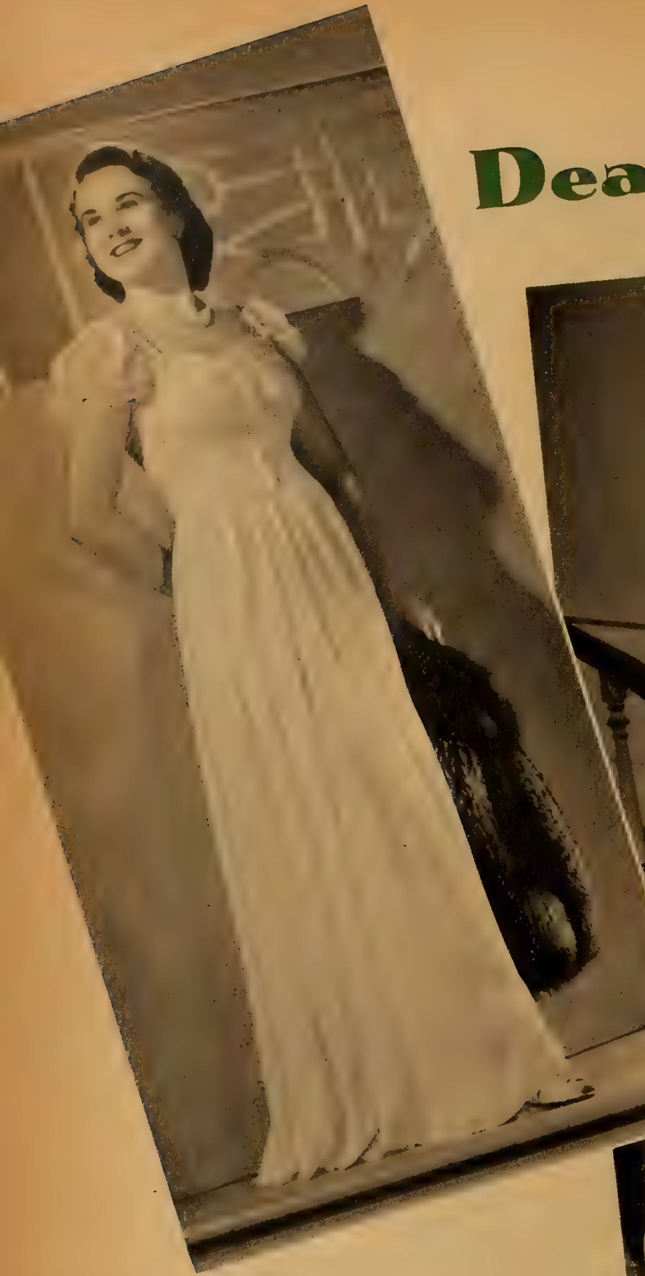
I first met the Gishes when they came to Chicago for the premiere of *The Birth of a Nation*. They were with D. W. and Mae Marsh, and while Lillian was the personification of dignity, Mae and Dorothy were out to have fun.

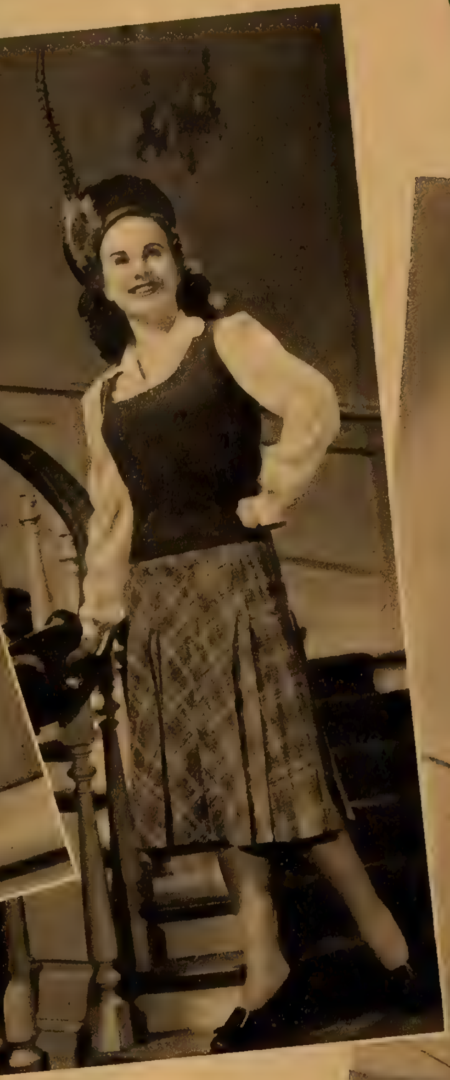
I was on a Chicago paper then and for some reason Dottie and Mae became my boon [*Continued on page* 60]

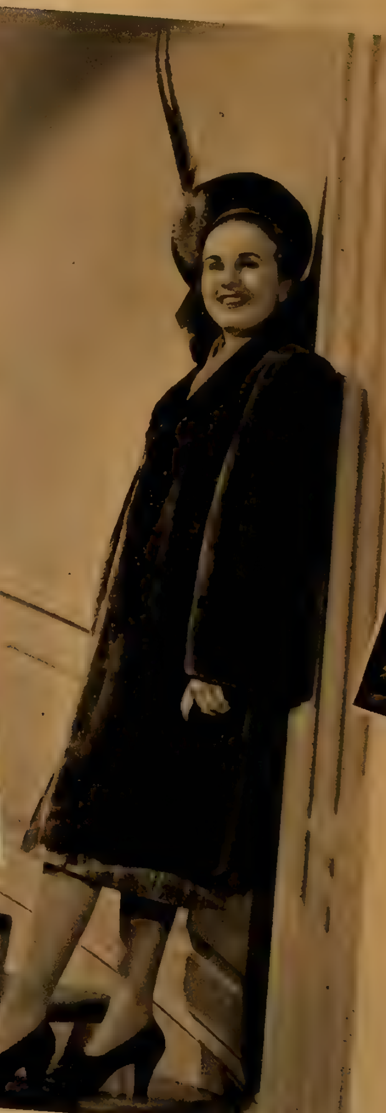
Noah and Wally Beery, until this year, hadn't been too friendly. Wally's happiness is unbounded with adopted daughter. Was best man at wedding of nephew, Noah, Jr.

One of the most talented set of sisters are the Lanes, three of whom, Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary, are pictured with their mother. They carry on where Talmadges left off

Deanna's Designs for YOU

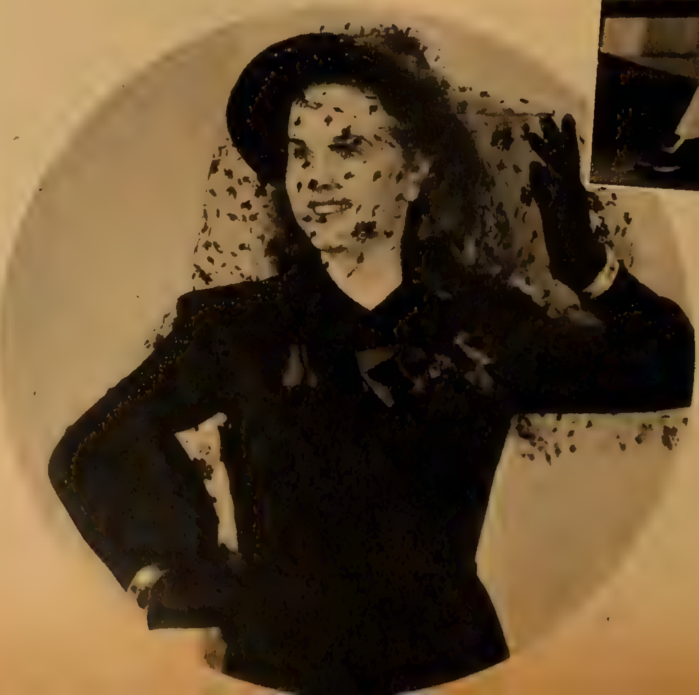






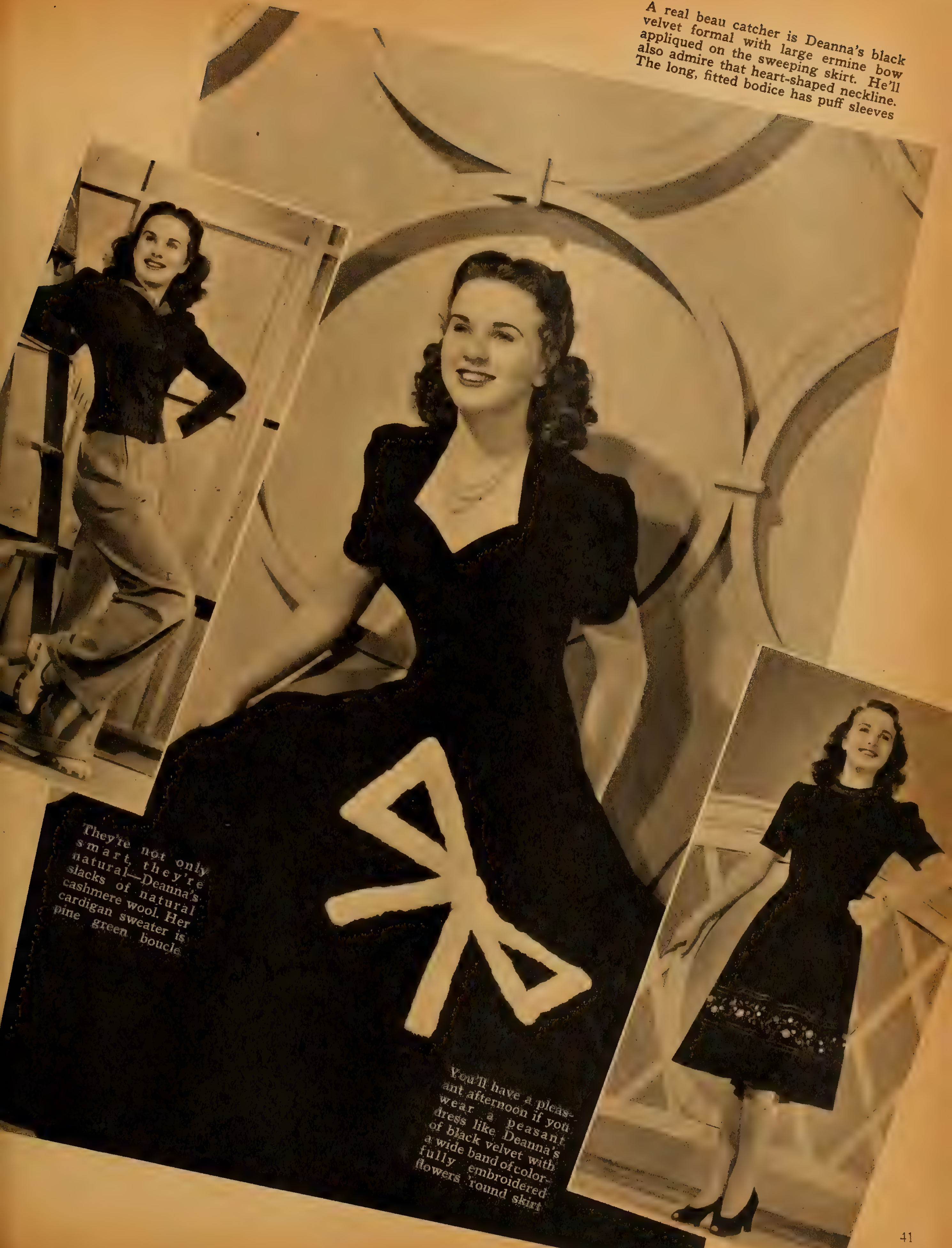
Young but sophisticated is Deanna's white chiffon evening dress with draped bodice and cap sleeves. Self-material braid outlines bodice and sleeves

A bonnie style for Deanna—and you—is the green plaid pleated skirt, above center, worn with a tailored white silk shirt and sleeveless green slip-over



Very sleek and very stunning—and very durable, too—is Deanna's casual fur coat of otter with draped back, bell sleeves and rolled lapels. Her tam-o-shanter is green suede

For little luncheons and big dates Deanna wears a simple slim black crepe dress with a satin bow at the yokeline, a black felt veiled pompadour



A real beau catcher is Deanna's black velvet formal with large ermine bow appliqued on the sweeping skirt. He'll also admire that heart-shaped neckline. The long, fitted bodice has puff sleeves

They're not only smart, they're natural—Deanna's slacks of natural cashmere wool. Her cardigan sweater is pine green boucle

You'll have a pleasant afternoon if you wear a peasant dress like Deanna's of black velvet with a wide band of colorfully embroidered flowers 'round skirt

GORGEOUS HUSSEY

RUTH HUSSEY HID HER LIGHT UNDER A BUSHEL. ONCE SHE TURNED ON HER CHARMS HOLLYWOOD WAS EASY. MORAL? DON'T HOLD BACK—GIVE YOUR ALL!

By LEON SURMELIAN

RUTH HUSSEY hit Hollywood three years ago with the road company of *Dead End*—in which she played the society girl. She thought with a sublime naivete nobody would notice her when the play opened at the Biltmore Theater, packed with ermined movie ladies, potent producers, poker-faced talent scouts—those professional Missourians who have to be shown, and Ruth showed them plenty, rather innocently, to be sure. She couldn't help herself. She had one of those fatal figures, if you know what we mean.

One of the town's most renowned connoisseurs of feminine pulchritude and sundry other prerequisites for the movie curriculum, Bill Grady of M-G-M, sent her a message after the first act, inviting her to see him at the studio the next day. He wanted to talk to her. "Glory hallelujah!" Ruth exclaimed, silently, with her heart beating fast. She couldn't believe it. The girl was modest, one of those blessed creatures who often say to themselves, clowning before a mirror, "Who, me?"

The next day she hurried to the huge Metro factory, and even the cops and the boys in the front office turned around to look at her in that shameless way of men. She was one of those smouldering long-haired brunettes with the complexion of a milk-maid,

[*Continued on page* 62]

Even since William Holden was chosen to play title role of *Golden Boy*, his star has been shining brilliantly. He gave a very human performance in *Our Town* opposite Martha Scott. Later he was selected as romantic lead opposite Jean Arthur in *Arizona*—and in the coming months you'll see him in *I Wanted Wings*. His popularity has grown apace with his versatile talent.

YOUNG MAN ON HIS WAY

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IT LOOKS LIKE THE BIG BREAK, AT LAST, FOR DENNIS MORGAN—WHO PLAYS WYN, THE PHILADELPHIA "MAIN LINE" BOY FRIEND, TO GINGER'S KITTY FOYLE

FOR the moment it looked as though that ol' debbil, Production Schedule, would deprive Dennis Morgan of his chance to play *Kitty Foyle's Wyn* in the Ginger Rogers-RKO film taken from the quotable novel by Christopher Morley.

Aside from the fact that *Kitty's* lover, as a portrayal, was important (Morgan won over all other testees, and there were plenty), it meant a break away from outdoor and action roles recently handed the young fellow with the bland grin, and it meant the first loan-out under his yearling Warner Brothers' contract.

While he likes the he-man roles, active sportsman off-screen that he is, Morgan welcomes the introduction to the drawing room; and Hollywood is of the opinion that as a Philadelphia "Main Liner," an aristocrat to his well-turned heel, it's perfect type casting.

Morgan, who has been kicking around Hollywood for five years, and has several battle scars to prove it, has no false illusions that a high-powered dramatic moment in any of the eight films he has made for the *Freres* Warner brought about the Foyle *assignment.* He doesn't seem to have any false illusions at all, come to think about it, and if he has, he keeps them tucked away among his clean handkerchiefs, so they won't get soiled.

The way he explains it is simple, direct, like the guy himself, and he crosses his long legs, [*Continued on page* 61]

COLD, COLD GROUND FOR MASSEY?

HOLLYWOOD WAS WRONG ABOUT ILONA MASSEY BEING THROUGH. SHE'S TAKING FIRM ROOT IN ITS FERTILE SOIL AND MAKING GOOD AT LAST

By JAMES F. SCHEER

IT WAS a typical Hollywood and Vine Street group: Peter the Hermit, his white apostle's beard flowing in the breeze, a few bit players, a reporter from the *Citizen-News*, and a couple others.

One of the boys glanced up from the Hollywood Reporter. "Looks like the cold, cold ground for Massey," he said. Others leaned over his shoulder. He pointed to a news item that said Ilona Massey and M-G-M were through.

I didn't stay for the rest of that conversation. I was thinking of *Balalaika* and that beauty in blond, Ilona Massey, singing with Nelson Eddy. I was thinking of Hungary's greatest loss and America's greatest gain—of the lights-ablaze *Balalaika* preview night at the Fox-Westwood Village Theater when hard-hided critics ran short of superlatives, forgot they were critics and became admirers.

It couldn't be true that Ilona Massey was through!

What's more, it wasn't!

"Oh, sure, I am not going to sing for M-G-M anymore," she smiled as she sat next to me on a low sofa in her bright Westwood apartment. "But Hollywood has not seen the last of me. My career is only beginning. Just think, I will play a peasant girl found by Franz Schubert and trained for singing by him in *New Wine*. That is the life story of the immortal composer, its harmonies and discords, to be made by Alexander Korda."

Flap-eared Junior, sleek brown dachshund, nuzzled his damp nose into Ilona's hands, resting his head on the plum-colored housecoat covering her thighs.

"This is my big opportunity," she said in her low husky voice that sounds a little like Dietrich, something like Garbo, and exactly like Massey. "It will be even a better part than the one I played in *Balalaika*. I am to sing Schubert's *Serenade* and his [*Continued on page* 56]

PAUL MUNI

Out of case histories and biographies and into action and adventure steps Muni as French Canuck trapper in *Hudson's Bay*

Christmas Stocking

Arleen Whelan chose a Diana Dean satin housecoat for Christmas giving. It has Talon fastened quilted top, new button-up skirt, deep hip pockets

From Santa—Arleen's blue-fox-dyed-guanaco budget jacket, with I. J. Fox label

For luxurious giving or getting—Yolande sheer handmade gown with val insets, edging; "Babs" slipper with lamb's wool collar, open toe, from Daniel Green, or "Love Letters by Joyce" with your name or monogram

Put the men on your list down for Botany Wrinkle Proof Ties (center) designed by Hugh Daniels of Hollywood. Swank Jewelry features Uni-Gram Key Chain and smart Dumbbell Cravat Chain and Collar Pin Set

By CANDIDA

Zero King Ski Suit is a gift! Arleen's has lamb lined jacket, hood, tapered trousers

Arleen loves her Helen Harper evening sweater. In white or colors, with sequin collar and pockets, it's an inexpensive yet glamorous gift. Arleen's in the 20th Century-Fox film *Charter Pilot*

Stock up with gift accessories. "Smart-Set" gloves are of sueded rayon, one with shirred leather panel, the other, "Hitchhiker," has colored thumb. Fri-Lo Bags are broadcloth and fur

TURN TO PAGE 80
for the names of stores where you can buy these Christmas gifts. If no store near you is given, write Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Please state which items interest you.

To keep a date for rodeo show in N.Y.C., Gene Autry chartered a TWA commercial plane at a cost of $3,000 to fly his horse, Champ, from Los Angeles. Interior of plane was turned into a stall. Hoss stood the trip well

Deanna Durbin is such a gold mine for her studio that Paramount discovered Susanna Foster, a youngster who sings in *There's Magic in Music*

The Talk of Hollywood

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Haiti Lamarr

■ If you don't think they start young, in Hollywood, then contemplate the case of little Poochie Brown, the infant son of Harry Joe and Sally Eilers—

It was on that Caribbean cruise the Brown family recently took. As the boat approached one of their island stops, Poochie began hopping up and down.

"Why," asked Mama Sally Eilers, "are you so excited?"

"Because we're gonna see Haiti—we're goinna see Haiti—we're gonna see Haiti Lamarr. . . . ! ! !"

Hedy Cantor!

■ Or maybe (since we're in a silly mood already, ennyhoo!) you'd like better, the one about the time young Mr. Mefoofsky was trying to compliment his gal friend.

"H'mmm," he said to her, "you've got eyes like Hedy!"

Expanding under the praise, she preened herself and said:

"So? Eyes like Hedy Lamarr, I have, hah?"

"No," he corrected; "no—I said eyes like Hedy—Hedy Cantor!"

Skip It

■ Well, THAT'S over with! Heaven knows, we Haiti tell things like that, but in this case, we just Hedy pass those two yarns on—thus clearing the way to get down to the more serious and important things of Life in Hollywood—like, for instance, whose legs are the classiest in Hollywood? and what is Nat Pendleton's latest invention for the boon of the human race? and did Garbo commit suicide? and all about another Crosby going into movies. . . .

[*Continued on page* 68]

Cary Grant and James Stewart are the boy friends in Katie Hepburn's life—who help to make *The Philadelphia Story* click. All three principals are up on their comedy and romance as members of "Main Line" society

Buddy Rogers chucked aside his baton and checked out his band to resume screen career. He's seen soon with Jane Withers in *Golden Hoofs*

20th-Fox goes to the trapper-fur trading country *Hudson's Bay* for its first Paul Muni film. John Sutton and Gene Tierney carry on love interest

Carole Landis, whose recent marriage went on the rocks, emerges in another comedy role in *Road Show*, the Hal Roach feature based on Eric Hatch's novel. John Hubbard, Menjou, Butterworth are in the cast—not forgetting comedienne Patsy Kelly

Ann Rutherford is all set for ice-skating this season, wearing latest trick in winter sports toggery. Note that Ann gives her "grables" plenty of freedom. Last seen in *Bad Man of Wyoming* with Beery, next will be *Keeping Company*. Lucky guy

WHAT A BEAU-MAN!

By FRANCES DRAPER

LEE BOWMAN LOOKS LIKE A PLAYBOY, HAS A JESTER'S SENSE OF HUMOR, AND CHARMS WOMEN LIKE THE PIED PIPER CHARMED THE KIDDIES. HOLLYWOOD IS HIS OYSTER

IF YOU were a Pinkerton detective in search of Lee Bowman, the first question you'd ask would be: "Is he acting in a picture right now?"

Supposing that he were, you'd find him at home in bed at nine p. m., pouring over tomorrow's script. However, if he were between pictures, you'd go like a homing pigeon to Ciro's night club.

Sure enough, you'd find him at the corner table—with Cary Grant, John Payne, Anne Shirley, Randolph Scott, Dennis O'Keefe, and agent, John Maschio and his wife, Constance Moore. Long before you saw them, you'd hear the yell of laughter from their table. Because Lee would be telling an uproariously funny anecdote.

If this didn't paralyze you with astonishment, it certainly should. Most leading men are dark, handsome and glum. The average wooden Indian has more animation than the normal screen star, a few feet away from the screen. Except for Lee. He fits the dark and handsome part of this description. He's also tall, graceful and twenty-four. His eyes are gray, his clothes are wonderful, and his laugh is infectious.

But there the comparison stops. He's a combination of three magic qualities—charm, fun, and a complete lack of inhibitions. For these reasons, he's always in trouble. And for these reasons, Hollywood's giddy citizens are his adoring public.

The rest of his public is growing steadily, of course. They saw him playing Irene Dunne's fiance in *Love Affair*, and they watched in astonishment while he enacted a hoofer in Lana Turner's *Dancing Co-ed*. Please, they noted that in the picture, *Gold Rush Maisie*, he finally got out of the Other Man class—and won the girl, Ann Sothern.

But Hollywood is still his main public. Hollywood has been writing him fan letters—in the form of party invitations—ever since he came West, three years ago. He came West without knowing a single Hollywoodite, either . . . and in no time he knew everyone.

This achievement is still somewhat of a miraculous mystery. Perhaps it was because he had a small part in a Cary Grant movie, and instantly became one of Cary's best friends. At any rate, he was shortly sitting in the living rooms of every young actor in moviedom.

Like Tyrone Power and Clark Gable, Lee hails from Cincinnati. His family is socially sky-high, and when he came to

Hollywood he brought with him his mother, Mrs. William Clyde. Cincinnati's top-drawer families have been following him West ever since his arrival—to camp in crowds around his apartment.

He'd left Cincinnati for Princeton, and discarded Princeton for the New York Academy of Dramatic Arts. There he'd studied for two years, made a brief flurry in Summer stock, and then set about warning Broadway of his existence.

This was no mean feat, he soon discovered. It took months of marching from casting-office to casting-office before he finally ran into his first chance. But what a chance! He was (maybe) to play the singing lead in a series of big-time radio broadcasts. Lee shouted ecstatically at the producer. He'd show him real singing at the tryout two days later—never fear about *that!* He sprinted gaily out of the producer's presence, and then came to a dead and worried stop. He'd neglected to confide in the producer that he couldn't sing a note. In the next two days, however, he meant to learn.

He did. He spent the following forty-eight hours singing, under the direction of a confused singing teacher. Day and night he practised his two songs, and hoarsely shouted them to the skies. Meanwhile, he hired an equally destitute clarinet player, who was to receive a small fee for providing Lee's musical accompaniment.

THE great hour approached, and Lee and his clarinet-player approached with it. Lee was croaking and dizzy from his arduous preparation. Oddly enough, the musician was impressively spruced up for the occasion—but Lee didn't notice that. They arrived at the producer's office, and the tryout began.

Immediately Lee found that the clarinet was out-blasting him—the more he tried to sing over it, the louder it got. He waved frantically at the player to tone down the accompaniment—but the clarinet only rose in volume. Then the reason for the player's careful dressing and for this outburst of sound dawned on Lee. The double-crossing musician looked on this as *his* tryout—and his great chance!

The duel between his instrument and Lee's voice continued throughout the first song. Then Lee's voice went down for the count. He croaked hoarsely, "Okay, boy—you win!" and walked out, trying to look jaunty. (P. S. The clarinet player impressed the producer so much that he's been working for him ever since!)

But not Lee. He was back where he started, only temporarily minus a voice. He whispered his way into his agent's office, the picture of bitterness—and found that Hollywood had asked for him at last. That is, in a way it wanted Bowman. In a six-months'-contract-in-case-we're-wrong way, it wanted him.

Nevertheless, Lee went West like a streak of lightning. A few weeks later, he knew everyone—and the studios knew him. Shortly thereafter, Bowman legends began to spring up—the kind of stories that always grow up around a refreshing personality.

And Bowman was refreshing. He was wonderful at a party—an uninhibited (which means unHollywood) personality. Just when a dull stretch loomed in the offing, Bowman would suddenly rise to his feet and act out a fat dowager he'd seen airing her Pekinese. He'd bring down the house—because he was such a topnotch comic, and because he was so devastatingly attractive that no one expected him to be faintly entertaining.

Or else, perhaps, a dead party would be crouched around a table at the Trocadero (in the days when the Trocadero was going down, and Lee was coming up)—and, abruptly, the orchestra would begin playing some song. Idly, without raising his head, Lee would begin bellowing the song himself. Not singing it—roaring it. But as casually as if he weren't aware of what he was doing. His table would collapse with laughter, and wait hopefully for the orchestra leader to have Lee thrown out. Instead, it always resulted in the same thing—Lee's being invited to sing at the microphone. Usually he did, in the end.

BUT there were many other legends, unconnected with Lee's ability to entertain. There was, for instance, the famous evening at the Bublitzky Russian Restaurant on Sunset Boulevard. That night Lee came in alone, to find actor Tom Brown dining with his wife, Natalie Draper. This was mildly surprising, since Tom and Natalie had been separated for many months and were definitely eyeing Reno. Lee had often been out with Natalie in the past few weeks, so when she beckoned him to their table, he came in happy innocence. He was, he told them blandly, going to New York shortly on a trip. Natalie announced that she was, too—and Lee said maybe they could see each other there.

SPECIAL OFFER

Readers, here's your last chance to get a colored portrait, free of printed matter front and back—like the one of William Holden on page 43 of this issue—of Hollywood's gift to women—JIMMY STEWART. Speaking of gifts, this beautiful portrait of Jimmy will make a nice gift to put under someone's Christmas tree. And the nicest part of all, it's only 10c. If you'll write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., and enclose a dime you'll receive the photo in plenty of time for Christmas. Treat yourself to one, too, and save a nickel—you can have two for 15c. Canadian orders not accepted.

That sprung the trap. Tom Brown developed a sudden rush of husbandly possessiveness. He leaped to his feet, shouted that Lee had no right to ask his wife out—and hit Lee a blinding blow on the jaw. Lee sailed neatly across a neighboring table, and landed in a sitting position on the floor—with everyone in the night club standing up, aghast, to see what would happen next. They saw. Tom Brown stamped over to Lee and stood belligerently over him. Lee glared up at him, with one hand on his jaw—and said angrily, "That's a hell of a thing to do to a guy in the middle of a picture!"

That ended that. The night-club denizens collapsed into their seats again, shrieking with laughter. "Actors," they said wisely to each other, "are certainly actors!" And Lee got up, had a drink at another table, and departed.

Lee lived that down. Everyone knew that between pictures he slung blows freely when necessary. But there soon arose another legend. This one involved Joy Hodges, a Universal starlet who had previously livened Broadway with her presence. Lee and Miss Hodges met and night-clubbed for a few weeks—and then suddenly announced their engagement. Everyone was delighted, particularly Lee and Joy. The wedding date would soon be set.

But the morning after the engagement announcement, reporters surrounded Joy. They asked about the romance, and she told them all she knew. She said that when Lee proposed to her, he had turned pea-green with love. She added that love had not only made his skin the color of grass, but had weakened him so that he'd had to retreat to bed for a day to recover.

These remarks on love were sent around the world by syndicated news services, and Hollywood read them with howls of joy. They screamed over them, and they lay in ambush for Lee. For the next few days, every time he appeared anywhere, he was greeted by a raucous barrage. "How's the love kid? A shade greener today, maybe!" "Here comes Cupid's greenest product!" And so forth, while Lee ground his teeth.

Perhaps it wasn't ridicule that ruined the romance—although nothing dampens ardor quite so fast. Perhaps it was doomed for some other reason. In any event, their engagement was broken shortly thereafter. Joy has since married a newspaper publisher from the Middle West, and continued her acting career at Universal. Lee is still a bachelor.

FOR a while after his broken engagement, Lee became as much of a permanent fixture at the Trocadero as the headwaiter. His name was in every column every day—with every actress in Hollywood. He was seen and photographed nightly with Sonja Henie, Joan Crawford, Joan Bennett, Roz Russell and others. Women liked not only his personality, but his dancing, tennis, and badminton prowess. West of the Rockies, he's almost a champion at all three of these activities.

But about a year ago, Lee retired to the serious life. (He's made a reappearance in cafe life, since.) No one could find him for months, except at the informal home parties given by his friends, the John Maschios. These he attended, as did his best friends—Cary Grant, Phyllis Brooks, John Payne, Anne Shirley, Richard Greene, Reginald Gardiner, Constance Moore, Dennis O'Keefe, and so on far, far into Hollywood's younger set. Lee usually arrived with fifteen people—all of them visiting socialites from Cincinnati, and all of them open-mouthed over the movies.

Despite parties and night clubs (which Lee is attending regularly again, these days) he's deadly serious about one thing. It's not parties or women—it's acting. Unlike most actors, he doesn't talk about his career. But he works at it constantly. During the shooting of a picture, you could search every night-spot in Hollywood without finding him. . . . . because he's home in bed, after an early dinner and a long study of his next day's lines.

Lee looks like a playboy, has the sense of humor of a jester, and charms women the way the Pied Piper charmed moppets. When he plays, he plays hard—and when he works, he doesn't play at all. His mind is on the moving pictures. And apparently Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is thinking about him as vigorously as he thinks about it. *Gold Dust Maisie* is his first leading part—but Hollywood thinks it's only the first of many. And a man whose public is made up of Hollywood's glittering personalities should end by getting fan mail from the world!

Make Your Christmas Gifts Tasty

By PAULINE RAWLEY

SOME SIMPLE RECIPES FOR THE SWEETEST WAY OF SAYING "HERE'S WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS"

GAYLY wrapped boxes of candies make gifts *everyone* remembers, and are particularly relished by those who have a "sweet tooth." (But don't we all?) Another good reason why you should "make your Christmas gifts tasty" is that pure, wholesome homemade candies play a very important part in the diet—provided they are eaten when they don't interfere with appetites for food essentials.

When it comes to playing Santa with homemade sweets, there's absolutely no limit to what can be done. You really don't even need to be born with a sense of ingenuity—'cause the shelves of your grocery store, and for that matter your own pantry shelves, no doubt hold all sorts of simple, everyday goodies that make holiday candies lovely to look at and delicious [*Continued on page* 74]

You can do your Christmas shopping at home by giving tasty gifts of homemade fudge, peanut brittle, wafers and caramels

After playing Myrna Loy's young sister in *Third Finger, Left Hand*, Bonita Granville plays Santa sweetly—with boxes of homemade sweets

Your Christmas tree will be in excellent taste if trimmed with strings of popcorn, colored gumdrops, red and green jelly beans and star cookies

He Won't Be Licked

[*Continued from page* 23]

The scripts were put in their hands for *Queen Christina*—and Garbo refused to rehearse with Olivier! In all the battle, Olivier achieved only one brief success—he did get Garbo to speak to him just once. She said:

"Life—iss a pain!"

After a while, M-G-M and Olivier both agreed with her, with certain elaborations, and within a fortnight, Olivier had dropped the second round and was on his way back to England again—just like King George's boys got out of France and back to Dover. BUT—mind you this!—but NOT licked—only temporarily set back. As those marvelous British communiques had it, in the thick of the Flanders affair: "The situation is serious—but by no means desperate!"

GREATEST damage was not to Olivier's prestige, but to his self-esteem. His prestige as an actor was firm and unassailable—a snub by Garbo couldn't change that. But he did feel that this lady from Stockholm had made a "blasted fool" of him, to use his own words. And to hell with her and it and Hollywood. So he went back to Britain and made pictures there, in a nice Garbo-less atmosphere, and gradually he came out from under the sting of what Greta had done. And when finally he met Vivien Leigh, and she gave him the direct opposite of what Garbo had dished out, then Olivier recaptured his self-esteem, too.

But that's another part of this story, and we'll get around to Vivien later. Meantime, let's follow out this Battle of Hollywood progress—to Larry's ultimate and current victory.

Many another nation, unlike Britain, would have folded up under the impact of the defeats she has suffered. And many another Hollywood actor would fold up under the impact of the two blows Olivier took. Indeed, many HAVE folded. But Britain came back, and so did Olivier.

With an intensity and determination that is so characteristically British that it doesn't need elaborate explaining, Olivier prepared himself to play one great role—the role of *Heathcliffe* in *Wuthering Heights*. He must have known that some day, inevitably, Hollywood would need a man to play *Heathcliffe*. And he determined to be so outstandingly that man that nobody else could do it.

And so, when in the course of time, Hollywood came to him almost literally on its knees—in the person of Director Willie Wyler, practically begging him to play *Heathcliffe* in *Wuthering Heights*, why, then and there, Laurence Olivier tasted victory. He played hard-to-get for a while, but inside him I'll lay ten-to-one he didn't mean it. He wanted that role, and he wanted to lick Hollywood. He achieved both aims—and that, Mister Hitler, may be an omen to you. These British, they are *verdammt* pigheaded, *nicht wahr?*

So Laurence Olivier today stands among the top tops of Hollywood's elect. Today he has passed Charles Boyer as the woman-killer of the screen. His salary is skyrocketing. His fan mail is colossal. His position is unassailable.

And now let's turn to more proof of this British stubbornness of his. That brings us to Vivien Leigh. In the romance annals of Hollywood, there is no more magnificent example of a love so fiercely stubborn and stubbornly fierce, so determinedly all-defying, as this Leigh-Olivier romance which culminated, despite every imaginable obstacle, in that romantically lovely marriage in a Santa Barbara garden under a midnight California moon, the other night.

I don't believe there's a man in Hollywood who would have dared carry out his love against the obstacles which stood before Laurence Olivier in his determination to make Vivien Leigh his mate. Olivier defied the rule which nobody else in movies has ever successfully thumbed his nose at. He defied the rule that Thou Shalt Not Commit Scandal.

Let's face it frankly and honestly: the love-life of Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, in the months before they could marry, was as defiantly, brazenly, but magnificently unconventional as any story that would ever be banned from the bookshelves of Boston. Olivier was married to Jill Esmond, and Vivien was married to Herbert Leigh Holman. But when they had met and found that they loved each other, Vivien and Laurence didn't hide their love; they didn't cheapen it by sneaking it down back alleys and through the filth of evasion and subterfuge—no, they proclaimed it to the world and told the world to do its worst, if it wanted to.

Olivier, with the stubborn determination that is so essentially British in him, made up his mind that the only woman he wanted to share the rest of his life with was Vivien Leigh—and to achieve that end, he was willing to throw overboard everything else in life. And so was Vivien Leigh.

WELL, you know the rest. You know how they devoted their lives to each other even before there was any apparent chance of marriage for them. You know how the world, beaten by the honesty of these two lovers, surrendered before them—lay down its weapons of gossip and scandal and cheek-licking smirking and ostracism.

And once again, Laurence Olivier's essential British stubbornness had carried the day.

I could go on further—I could point out how, flying in the face of advice and dissuasion, Laurence Olivier carried out his determination to produce plays and to act in them, even though it cost him time and money aplenty. In Britain, he bought a play called *The Ringmaster* because he wanted to play the role—and even though wise friends knew it was a lousy play, and even though he had to play the role in a wheelchair because he had broken an ankle, Olivier went through with it—and scored a decisive financial flop.

But he got his way. And unlicked by that flop, he went pigheadedly, bulldoggedly ahead and did the same thing over again with a play called *Golden Arrow*. That flopped, too. But there was still a bug in his system. Despite those two failures at producing for himself, he wanted to produce *Romeo and Juliet*, too.

And when he got Vivien, he wanted to do it for *themselves*—and as you jolly well know, he did. He didn't make a cent on that; he probably lost plenty. But he produced a magnificent bit of Shakespeare—and he gratified that indefatigable British stubbornness of his by doing it.

So there you are—and by this time, I'm afraid I've given you a frightfully wrong idea of the man Olivier, himself. You probably envision him now as an intolerably stuffy, smug, self-satisfied, mule-headed, arrogant Britisher with about as much charm as a concrete statue of Henry VIII.

Well, that's all wrong. For this coldly brick-wall British foundational stubbornness of his is camouflaged behind as charming and attractive a front as you'd want to encounter.

He's a storyteller with a sense of humor that belies the canard that Englishmen haven't any. True, that sense of humor of his sometimes manifests itself in rather shocking ways—like his trick of telling you, off-handedly:

"My father, you know, was a PRIEST!"

Then he sits back and smiles a very British lip-twist at you, while you squirm out of the mental dilemma he's put you in. And he lets you squirm embarrassedly for minutes before he adds, quite innocently—

"—Yes, a priest—of the High Episcopal Church of England."

And then, while you're gratefully remembering that Catholic priests are the kind who can't get married, Laurence smoothly steers off into a funny story before you've had time to get mad at him for pulling your leg.

Before the war, Olivier was more of a rounder than he is these days—although he was never a night-club hound or a party-goer of the top rank. However, since his homeland is torn by her-life-and-death struggle, Olivier (and Vivien with him) has gone into semi-seclusion. This is not a pose, take it from us who know our Hollywood and its people. . . .

This is not a pose; it's the real English in them. They do not pose, these days, for smiling pictures showing a mouthful of teeth in a glad-mugged grin. They don't do that because they don't feel like grinning—and not merely because someone has advised them it wouldn't be politic.

They don't rush around, spending their incomes on parties and nite-spots and yachts and fancy-trimmed station-wagons and six-figure houses and polo ponies and all the other money-frittering things of Hollywood. Instead, they are devoting their funds and themselves to helping Britain. How much of their money they send into Britain's war chest, I don't know—but it's tremendously plenty.

On one thing Olivier IS spending money, himself—it's in perfecting his flying. Behind that, there's the obvious reason that he shall be ready to do his bit actively and fiercely when the time comes when Britain calls him. He will fight not alone with his words, his money, but with his life as well.

He's not making any public circus of that readiness. With typical reserve, he is waiting quietly and patiently for the time when his country calls him.

He is not making publicity hay out of his England's travail.

They live quietly in a modest Beverly Hills house while they wait for the call, do Vivien and Laurence. They go calmly and efficiently about their Hollywood work—but there is in their demeanor the inescapable indication that they consider this only a stop-gap until the call comes. Meantime, they're doing their work and doing it well. But they won't sign any long-term contract—and you can draw your own conclusions.

That's Laurence Olivier, then—the one Englishman in Hollywood above all others who, to this humble correspondent at least, most clearly typifies the Britain of today, even though he doesn't spend all his time waving the Union Jack.

I rather believe that Laurence Olivier loves his flag too much to do that.

Cold, Cold Ground for Massey?

[*Continued from page* 46]

Ave Maria and other beautiful songs not yet chosen."

Her eyes sparkled blue. "I am so happy. After *New Wine* will come *The Royal Box*, a musical for Paramount release. I like work. I cannot sit idle. This free-lancing will give me pictures I could not have at M-G-M. I can, what you call it, look over the field and consider the best offers." She nodded her head and a shaft of sunlight threw gold into her honey-colored hair. "Is that not right?" she asked.

"Two pictures in three years—that is what I made at M-G-M!" Ilona sighed and curled her long shapely legs beneath her. "I almost went crazy waiting for assignments. I believe to work for my money, not to sit. Do not misunderstand. There is no grudge between M-G-M and me. We parted because—well, mainly because there were not enough pictures to serve Jeanette MacDonald and me both. That was why I had been idle to begin with, I suppose. In some respects I am sorry to be gone from M-G-M. Mr. Mayer was very kind to me."

IT IS no secret that Ilona's ex-studio has long frowned on her consistent dating with the romantic, soft-spoken Alan Curtis and the possibility of marriage as bad business for a budding career. Thus, disagreements between Ilona and studio about how her private life should be lived.

Coupled with this, Ilona has constantly chafed for more work with little forthcoming. So the adieus were exchanged with no hard feelings.

But the Hollywood and Vine boys were wrong. For, to borrow their pun, Massey is far from the cold, cold ground so far as career is concerned. In fact she's taking root in the warm, fertile Hollywood soil and fast becoming Americanized—a citizen in deed, if not in papers.

"For two-and-one-half years I am planning to be a citizen," she explained, sliding into a slightly wrong verb tense, as she does so pleasingly on occasion. "I have tried a thousand times to get my citizenship papers. I can pass my tests now, but the quota of Hungarians allowed in the United States is filled for four years. I am here on my visitor's visa. Yes, I have been fingerprinted—an alien, you know. Not undesirable, I hope," she grinned. "I felt like a criminal—fingerprints. But the men were very nice. They even wipe off your hands when they finish with you." The grin became a smile.

"Naturally I wish my father and mother, who are 60 and 58 years old, were here safe in America. Europe is boiling with such troubles." She shook her head thoughtfully. "They have a small cottage near Budapest. I wrote telling them to come—that I have money for the boat. Mail goes slowly through the censors, so I waited a long time for this reply which my father wrote: 'We thank you very much, but we must refuse to come to America. We are old and can do little. What have we to offer your country? What can we give to America?' "

A noble sentiment, but the Masseys need not have worried on that score. They have already given generously to America—Ilona.

Today the gift of the Masseys to you, me, and the world is not too far removed from the peasant girl who milked cows, shucked corn, tossed feed to the chickens, suffered palm burns when the horses jerked reins from her hands.

There's still the simplicity of a lullaby about Ilona—speech, dress, and social carriage. What's more, she has the qualities of every man's mirage girl. She's as honest as a mirror and not nearly so brutally frank. "I could not be a good liar if I wanted to be. My memory is too faulty," she says. She's the shy, sweet Joan Fontaine in *Rebecca;* she's that "dream walking" that Revel and Gordon put to words and music. To sum it up, if eyes were made for seeing, Ilona is her own excuse for being.

As is her custom, she underrates herself. Consequently, from the time her first "goo-goo" was auditioned until 1936, Ilona hadn't the slightest idea that just as sure as her toys were a wooden spoon and a rusty-edged drinking-cup she would some day appear on the American screen.

What right had she—a little, tousle-haired peasant girl who walked barefooted behind the plow, damp black soil squeezing up between her toes—to have dreams? Hm, that was for Cinderellas and children in Grimm's fairy tales. But for Ilona Massey—oh, no!

It was her way of thinking: "Ilona Massey is plain; Ilona is big-boned; Ilona is clumsy. Ilona is a peasant." But it was this very thing that prodded her to success.

All right, she wouldn't dazzle them with her beauty, but maybe if she tried she could sing—or perhaps dance, if she would not walk flat-footed and heavily.

"You cannot appear in our play. You are not pretty," one thoughtless schoolteacher told her, not realizing the sting of her careless words brought tears to those soft blue eyes.

That was a memory that burned but was not blessed.

Others burned their marks on her personality. The "children must be seen and not heard" attitude of Hungarian parents relegated her to the stool behind the kitchen stove. Children preserved a mummy-like silence that was far more torturous than golden. How was a child to have social practice—to learn the art of becoming an adult—in such a set-up?

THUS came Ilona's shyness.

As she grew older, she fought back at her inferiority, tried salesmanship in a Budapest dry goods store, and was fired the first day. The customer may always be right, but there are limits.

"This kind of ribbon will fade easily," said one purchaser to her. And Ilona answered, "I believe it will." She was so frightened that she said what she shouldn't have. "These stockings marked one hundred per cent silk feel like part cotton. Are they?" demanded a hardened bargain-hunter. Ilona stuttered and finally agreed with the shopper. The floor manager with a Winchell ear heard the conversation, and Miss Massey left without references.

Next she worked with Aunt Terese as a seamstress. That was in Budapest, too. She saved as much as 60 pengoes per month—about $12 in American money—and studied music and voice secretly for fear her father's iron hand without a velvet glove would put a stop to "such foolishness as a stage career."

Then it was high school: four years' studies crammed into two years of puzzling with geometry formulas, learning German, Polish, and Italian, studying lives of the composers and opera stars in the yellow light of a smoke-chimneyed oil lamp.

That Massey girl began to make up in nerve what she lacked in confidence. She asked for and received a job dancing in the chorus at the Budapest Opera House. "And you must know I was in the back row of the chorus," she explains. "The pretty ones were in front."

By now you must know also that Ilona would make a swell press-agent—for anybody but herself. When she began to sing

[*Continued on page* 71]

You'll soon see Ilona Massey as peasant girl in *New Wine*, based on life of immortal composer, Franz Schubert. She's deep in romance with actor Alan Curtis. And they'll be married as soon as he gets final divorce papers from ex-wife, Priscilla Lawson

Is He the Great Donlevy?

[*Continued from page 33*]

Hollywood. First thing I thought when I saw him was that, for once, studio biographies don't lie . . . the biography of Brian, I thought, says a neat and not over-full mouthful when it states that he's Ireland's answer to Hollywood's prayer for "a male star who can fight a man and love a woman with equal expertness; that he has the broadest shoulders in Hollywood, a physique like *Ajax*, yet once posed for collar ads, he's that handsome in the face. . . ."

Though it did err in one particular and that was, according to Brian, when it said he could "fight a man or love a woman with equal expertness" . . . the fighting a man is the God's truth, the man is scarred up like a veteran of the Foreign Legion with stabbings and woundings . . . but when it comes to loving a woman, "I've got ten thumbs when it comes to women," he told me himself, adding, "I'm a little clumsy. If I could change certain things about myself, I'd like to feel a little more at home with the ladies. I'd like to be a little more graceful . . ."

So there we were at the luncheon table. . . and his opening gun wasn't sweet music to my ears because he said: "I'm scared to death of you people" . . . meaning us magazine and newspaper hounds . . . And I thought to myself that he looks younger off the screen than he does on, lighter complexioned, for one thing, with his hair that is reddish-brown and his eyes a light blue that could be the color of steel if his temper was running . . .

It was plain at the outset that there was nothing to be got from Donlevy by the direct approach . . . a flank attack, I thought, that's the way. And the long and short of it is that we sat and talked and ate (Boy, how that man loves to eat—clam chowder, spaghetti, spumoni were just a few of the items he put away). And when we were all done talking, I toddled home and thought over the floor-plan of our talk. And decided that no man can tell of himself whether he is great or near-great or not great at all, nor any one woman, but that from what a man says, from the deeds a man does, *others can sit in judgment*. Others can label him.

SO ALL I'm going to do is put down for you to read some of the things that stick in my mind out of all the things he said. And then you can write your own ticket.

"Only thing I ever think about," he said, when we were talking about the parts he has played, "is whether I can believe the guy I'm playing. Whether he's a real guy, whether the things he does are things you can understand. *McGinty* was the kind of fellow I like best, not mushy, not mewling, a man who could take it, whatever it was . . ."

When he believes in something he's doing, Donlevy goes the whole way. As when he played *McGinty*, he did something he's never done in his life before, or ever will again, more than likely: he spent $1,000 on clothes, and right out of his own pocket. He got everything, he said, "from gray spats up." He gave it everything he could and then waited to see what would happen. He hates clothes. An old shirt and no tie is his idea of what the Well-Dressed Man *should* wear.

And yet, I dunno, these Irishmen, it's the blarneying tongues they have, at times . . . for Donlevy was dressed in shades of blue that were positively symphonic, two tones of blue in his suit, blended blue tie, even hat, a navy blue straw with blended band, handkerchief tipped tastily from his pocket with monogram showing. For one who hates clothes, I thought, you're turned out pretty *luciusbeebeish*.

And then this seems pretty significant of something or other about him—he wanted to go out on the road and meet all the little honky-tonk town newspaper people. *Not* a personal appearance tour. He *wouldn't* make a personal appearance tour. Says he doesn't believe in them. Thinks they are phony. Exhibitionistic. Pretty Me, Look At Me, that sort of thing. Same as he won't have portraits made of himself. They're phony, too, he says, those prop smirks for sale. If the studio wants pictures of Donlevy, they can go out to his house, he says, catch him painting the fence, digging in the earth (he loves to work in the ground, get his hands in the earth), get pictures of him as he is, at what he does, not the way he may look when he's "dead and gone to Heaven, the Saints willing!"

So, recently, Donlevy went on the road, as he wanted to go. He hit twenty-one cities in four weeks. He met all the newspaper gentry, the kind of friends a fellow needs, he said. He met the guys who run the projection machines in movie houses. The Forgotten Men, he called them. He found them playing solitaire while *Gone With the Wind* or *The Great McGinty* unreels, cocking an eye at the screen now and again, just to make sure *McGinty* is not standing on his head or *Scarlett* isn't out of focus entirely . . . "But, boy," he said, "if they don't run those machines the way they should be run, if they don't keep their eyes on their work, a lot of big, shining stars would be forgotten men, too."

He is "superstitious about Gable," is Donlevy. He admires him the way a small boy admires a Rockne, a Babe Ruth. Not very apt similes, perhaps, but you know what I mean . . . He says himself, "I'm superstitious about Gable. I never have met him. I hope I never do. Not until I'm ready, anyway. Or if I do I hope it will be accidental; it would mean so much to me it might be better if it came on me unawares. First time I saw him was in the theater where I got my first job. I saw him in *Machinal* in that theater.

"When I came to Hollywood, first picture I did was *Barbary Coast*. The director said he wanted to see me in costume before he could decide on me for the part of the black-shirted killer. He said he wanted me to wear solid colors. I went down to Wardrobe and they gave me a shirt to try on. It was Gable's. He'd worn it in *Call of the Wild*. I kept that shirt on . . ."

He's casual about the things he's done, is Donlevy . . . things only strong men can be casual about.

"I've been in a couple of wars," he flipped, "and will be in a couple more, no doubt. And it doesn't seem to settle anything. I live next to the Soldiers' Cemetery out in Brentwood. The Dictators should live there a couple of years, maybe they wouldn't rest as easy as the boys under the crosses do; gives a man ideas he doesn't want to live with."

And then, later, checking the records, I found that just after his folks moved to Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, somebody gave young Donlevy a bugle (he attributes the

[*Continued on page 70*]

Brian admits he's more suited to fighting men than loving women, would like to be more graceful. He must have been thinking of his screen work. In real life he charmed Marjorie Lane, former night-club singer whom he married after year's courtship

The Master's Voice

[*Continued from page* 31]

with such rudderless abandon that women, at the sight of him prettied-up by Westmore (Perc), begin swooning all over the land. You never can tell—in Hollywood. Barrymore might even turn suavely insidious and Leslie Howard hysterically hammy.

The idea strikes Robinson as fantastic, but he is too certain of Hollywood's unpredictableness to hazard the guess that it couldn't happen. He agrees that playing a seafaring vagabond of the Pacific Coast, so far removed from the recent comparatively serene roles of men in scientific achievement, has unusual possibilities for indulging in violent heave-ho. Yet, he does not visualize himself a swashbuckler—even in his most fanciful reveries before his Rembrandts and Winslow Homers. He is just not the type, with all due credit to Westmore (Perc). Swashbucklers don't smoke Havana perfectos for one thing.

Of his recent biographical roles, that of Paul Julius Reuter, the German-English founder of the great British news agency of Reuter's, is most in keeping with hurly-burly contemporaneous life. The quiet, patient, medical researcher, Ehrlich, however, is his favorite. The latter's humanitarian qualities appeal more to an actor who, in the passing years, has become definitely social-problem-minded.

In *The Magic Bullet* he was enabled for the first time to identify himself with a character who had devoted a lifetime to working out a panacea for a social problem.

It is a part, as is that of Reuter, that he would have liked to play on the stage had the stage the physical scope to present it adequately. The theater, he admits, might capture the essential character of these men, but the background against which they worked would be necessarily limited in the theater.

The afternoon your correspondent talked with Edward G. Robinson, he had just finished a conference with the sponsors of his popular radio program, *Big Town*, in which he plays a newspaper editor. Details had been ironed out for the resumption of the broadcasts.

On the desk in his Waldorf towers apartment lay a huge bundle of letters from newspaper editors and publishers from all parts of the country suggesting ideas for his microphone sketches, complimenting him upon their social importance. He was proud of these letters, read several of them aloud to show how impressed were the writers with the work he was doing.

He lighted a fresh cigar, laid a smoke screen that would have done justice to the old Park Row and the old Fleet Street in their palmiest post-luncheon tradition. If plays run in cycles so do impersonations. Newspaper life is providing a cycle for Edward G. Robinson. Radio showed him the way. The screen has followed.

Perhaps, the stage will complete the cycle. But no—he wants none of the stage, not even if he had the chance to portray a composite of Lord Northcliffe, James Gordon Bennett, Joseph Pulitzer, Charles A. Dana, Paul Julius Reuter and William Randolph Hearst all in one evening.

He is one Hollywood star—perhaps, the only one—who has neither desire nor intention of appearing in a Broadway play.

Robinson was not to be long in Gotham. He was not planning to show-shop on Broadway or counter-shop on Fifth Avenue. He had already seen all the hits but Massa Jolson's. Yes, he would see that. The shops on the Avenue—well, he liked them better in the more decorative festiveness of December. Meanwhile, there were more huddles to keep with radio people.

He would be on time for them if he could evade theatrical producers who were camping on his trail. They wanted to star him. They had tried to interest him in returning to the stage. His phone had been ringing with requests from managers to read this play and that. Immediate production was promised if he found a script to his liking. His answer to all was "No," delivered with that familiar suave finality with which he dismisses a subject in his screen roles.

With the years he has acquired a mellowness, a philosophical outlook on the amusement life of the nation. He does not believe that the stage can satisfy his desire for self-expression. He likes the high pressure of his radio work, the immense vitality and variety of his biographical and historical roles on the screen.

"I've been dallying with the idea of playing Beethoven in the films," he said. "Say, you might get a wrong idea there, 'playing Beethoven'," and his wide mouth grew wider. "I'd better say 'acting Beethoven.' Wagner, too, has been suggested, though I'm afraid he had too tempestuous a love story for me. I'd have a hard time convincing myself I had the oomph for Wagner, especially when he was caught up in the ecstasy of *Tristan and Isolde*. But Beethoven—he's different. He's more up my alley. I have something of the same shaped face. Or at least I would have when Westmore got through with me. I wouldn't mind doing a whole gallery of composers from Brahms to Sousa."

Edward G. Robinson enjoys taking trips to N.Y.C. 'tween pictures. Then he relaxes on a shopping spree, ending up by visiting art galleries and buying up Old Masters. He was met on last trip by step-daughter Jean. He's now making *The Sea Wolf*

Upon second thought he said he might have to omit Cesar Franck, even though it meant sacrificing a vivid scene of that composer struggling away at his great symphony in an organ loft of a Paris church.

"There'd be too much of a temptation for people to wisecrack: 'From Little Caesar to Cesar Franck.' No—Beethoven's my man. Such a great dramatic figure! Such a stormy life, such a vivid climax with deafness coming upon him!"

Edward G. Robinson also has been mulling over the possibility of portraying General Grant. Indeed, the mulling has extended over several years. He would have to grow another beard, smoke even more cigars than he does now, but otherwise he says he is ready. He doesn't know whether the screen play should end at Appomattox or take him to the White House. But, in the event it is the latter, he is ready for that, too.

"Somehow," he grinned, "I seem to have dodged the White House, but it's no fault of mine. I'm not the type for Lincoln or Washington or Jackson, but there are others I might approximate."

A group of army bombers roared overhead. Robinson rushed to the windows. He said he had never got over the habit of hurrying to a window to look at an airplane. He is not as blase as his screen parts make him out. He has his enthusiasms. He named two of them—Alfred Hitchcock and William Wyler, the directors. He thinks them men of rare dramatic instincts, of unusually fertile imaginations. He likes the way they co-operate with actors and writers to achieve their effects. In the end you invariably get from them, he adds, a memorable piece of work.

He has never worked with Hitchcock but he would like to. "He does such unexpected things, like the opening scene of *Rebecca*, for example, with a voice, representing the narrator of the story, reciting its opening paragraph while on the screen one saw the scene that was being described."

That picture brought out a new young star in Joan Fontaine, a fact which reminded him of the scarcity of new young stars in Hollywood. There are as regularly as ever big publicity build-ups of new faces, new personalities, but the old guard, the old favorites, says Robinson, still dominate the scene.

"Outside of John Garfield and Joan Fontaine, whom can you name that has been developed into an enduring stardom prestige?"

I sparred for time. He gave me about six seconds. I mentioned Master Rooney.

"He's been around a long time," he shot back. "He's not a new star. There are plenty of new names, of course. They bob up in secondary parts, and here and there in leading parts. But in the case of the latter they don't stay up there in star parts for picture after picture. The regulars are still on top—the Bette Davises, the Munis, the Garbos, Shearers, Cagneys, Powells, Powers, Flynns and—"

"And the Edward G. Robinsons?"

"Yes," he chuckled, "I'm still around, too. I went out to Hollywood shortly after sound was introduced. I was lucky. I had had a lot

[*Continued on page* 78]

Hedy's Private Opinion of Men

[*Continued from page* 28]

loved me more than he did the day he proposed." She said it, simply, frankly. And you gathered that even though, ultimately, this marriage didn't work out, she wasn't holding its failure against Gene; that he hadn't disillusioned her one bit concerning American men in general; that story of their break-up was simply the story of marriage and career and how the twain, somehow, couldn't find a happy meeting ground.

"Yes," she was saying, "when I first came to America, I thought American men were 'high-hatted.' It was because when I'd meet them on the lot or at a cafe, perhaps, and even though we had been introduced, they didn't greet me. They just—how do you say it?—gave me the 'once over.' But at last—" she smiled— "I found out that it was only your American custom. I learned that in this country a gentleman does not speak to a lady unless she speaks first. Now in Europe, a gentleman speaks first to a lady, giving her the opportunity to return his greeting if she desires. If"—her shrug was expressive—"she prefers not to answer, why, he accepts her decree."

She paused, thoughtfully. "Yes, I learned at last that American men are not 'high-hatted,' but I also learned something else at the same time—that they are spoiled. Of course," she continued, "you American women do the spoiling. You let your men—what is the phrase?—'get away' with a great deal. I mean, for example, you allow your men to telephone you at the last minute for an engagement. Now in Europe, no girl would permit that. That is, if a gentleman did ask to take her out at the eleventh hour, she would refuse even though she had no better plans than a dull evening at home. Of course," she interpolated, "you understand this is just my own observation. I do not mean to change your customs nor your men. I *like* American men!

"It is just that things are different in this country and I, a stranger, could not help but notice and remark such differences, when I first arrived. For example, American men are so—so casual—at least most of those whom I have met are—and how different that is from the Continental attitude!

"In Europe, there is no such thing as a 'girl friend' or 'boy friend.' If a gentleman takes a lady out very much, it is understood that he is serious, that his object is marriage. Here, a man and a girl can be 'boy friend and girl friend' and then, suddenly, they can break things off without either of them losing face because the whole thing has been just a 'casual' relationship.

"American men," she went on, "also seem to take a girl for granted in a manner which, to me, was very unusual. I remember one time—" the recollection made her chuckle— "when I first arrived in Hollywood, a certain man took me dancing one night and a few days later asked to call for tea. That was very nice. I was lonely and was happy to have him. But when he arrived, he wore very unattractive—I believe 'sloppy' is the American term for it—golf clothes and he hadn't shaved.

"Well, I was unused to such carelessness and considered it insulting. I told him so and commanded him never to visit me again! He apologized and left and I thought to myself, 'That, Hedy, is the last of him!' But the next day came a great box of roses and in it was a little note which said, 'I hope that these will signify a step in the right direction?' Then, of course, I couldn't be angry at him any more. I liked him all the better because, instead of being piqued, he was man enough to wish to make amends."

She laughed. "It's funny. American men do indeed dislike to shave, I think. Just recently, I was asked to have a conference with a group of gentlemen and one of them was unshaved. He looked very untidy. Since he knew there were to be ladies at the conference, I was very annoyed at this carelessness. So I wouldn't speak to him. I ignored him entirely, speaking only to the others present. At last, he apologized to me and to the other ladies. 'I did not have time to shave!' he said.

"But since I knew he had not been as busy as all that, I could not forgive him. Of course, you American women, in your desire for equality, have won splendid freedom and you are envied by other women the world over. But isn't it true that you have lost a certain consideration in gaining this equality? Perhaps it does not make a difference to you and perhaps you are right that it does not. But I, born and reared in a different environment, find it difficult to become accustomed to—what shall I call them?—these 'lapses' in manners."

SHE interrupted herself, again, to make a significant remark . . . "Gene is not like that, though. If he had been, I should not have married him. His manners toward me were always perfect.

"Besides," she went on quickly, "manners, good or bad, are not everything. In fact, if I have given the impression that I do not approve of American men, then let me hasten to dispel it. Because I do! My impression of the average American man is indeed good if—" she dimpled— "he cares!

"The American man, as I have met him or learned of him, for instance, is a wonderful sportsman. He is good in competition. He fights hard. And, which is still better, if he loses, he is a *good* loser. I have found nothing small or petty about the men I have met over here. Just as the average American is larger in stature than the average Continental, so is he larger in character—if I make myself clear. It seems somehow easier for him to be heroic. Just read in your papers of any great disaster, and there are always heroes emerging from tragedy. Nor is this confined to any class or walk of life. Your heroes arise from all stations, and I wonder if you realize how fine that is? It should make you proud of your men!

"The American man, too, is very sincere, forthright and whole-souled. He loves his wife and children and he takes an honest pride in them and in caring for them. He is confident he can do it, too—'cocky,' in truth, but it is an engaging 'cockiness' born, I think, of the fact that here in America there is opportunity for everyone. A newsboy can become a financier; a bootblack, president. It is wonderful, and it is reflected in the personalities of your men. They are happier, more confident, more optimistic. And of course," she added, "they are more boyish, because worry and responsibility have not made them old, whether they would be or no.

"Too," she continued, "if I said their manners, particularly toward women are not as impeccable as they might be, I do not mean that respect and real kindness toward women are lacking. I believe the contrary is true. As I look back over the years I have spent in this country, recollection of certain incidents proves that to me.

"There was the night that I was driving home, alone, after working at the studio very late, and I fancied another car was following me. So I—how do you say it?—'stepped on the gas' and exceeded the speed limits very woefully, I am afraid.

[*Continued on page* 76]

Hedy and Gene Markey were happily married for almost two years. If the marriage didn't work, she isn't holding its failure against Gene. Their break-up was simply the conflict of marriage and career—which couldn't find a happy meeting ground

Your Hollywood—And Mine

[*Continued from page* 39]

companions. We shopped, dined together and went to the theaters. Later I was to go into court and onto the stand as a witness for D. W. Griffith in the famous *Birth of a Nation* suit. How many of you remember that this picture, now looked upon as the original screen classic, was once banned because of the fear it might incite race hatred and riots?

My friendship with the Gishes, which began in 1912, continued after I moved to New York. I remember so well meeting Mrs. Gish in the bank one day and hearing her say she was there to deposit her girls' salary checks.

"I always tell Dorothy and Lillian that the money they earn is not income," stated Mrs. Gish. "It can stop any day and I hope you are saving YOUR money," she added.

I didn't have the heart to tell her that I was just one jump ahead of the sheriff and that I regularly pawned my mother's jewelry so that my child could go to a private school and to summer camp. I felt she wouldn't understand anyone living beyond her income.

Looking back, it seems to me that the mothers in those days had much more to say than the mothers of today. Mrs. Charlotte Pickford was always the boss of her brood even after Mary earned millions, and she was largely responsible for the fortune amassed by her blond child. I have heard clever businessmen say they had rather do business with the shrewdest lawyer than to try to best Mrs. Pickford in a deal. Mrs. Peg Talmadge, to the day of her death, was the head of her family of three girls. I can remember how scared Constance was a few years before Peg's death when she took some money out of the safety deposit vault and bought jewelry. "Mother saved that for me," she said, "and she would be furious to know I had bought this junk—and, of course, she is right!"

Because Peg, who had been very poor, appreciated the value of a dollar, her daughters are independent for life. Norma's fortune is estimated at $5,000,000 although much of this, of course, was piled up under the guidance of her first husband, Joseph Schenck.

As I said before, movie mothers of today seem to play a far less important role in the careers of their daughters—with the possible exception of Mrs. George Temple. However, I shall have more to say of the golden Temple and her family in the next and final chapter of this series. But in many cases now the parents of movie stars seem to have many outside interests of their own which wasn't the case back in the days of the immortal Gishes and Pickfords.

Ginger Rogers' mother, for instance, is interested in the little theater movements and also in coaching young players. Mrs. Fontaine, mother of Joan and Olivia, is a very pretty woman who remains in the background of her daughters' careers. Deanna Durbin's mother seldom visits the studio and leaves all important decisions to Joe Pasternak. Bette Davis' mother has had little to do with her famous daughter's career. The same may be said for the mothers of Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald and many other stars.

I have never met Mrs. Mullican, the amazing mother of the Lanes, Lola, Leota, Rosemary and Priscilla, so that much of the chatter about her interference in their romances may be just idle chitchat.

However, I do know that she sternly disapproved of pretty blond Priscilla's engagement to Oren Haglund, an assistant director at Warners. At least, it was an open secret on the Warner lot that she had forbidden Priscilla, the baby and prettiest of the Lanes—to see Haglund. Their subsequent marriage lasted but a few hours, though the news didn't break for over a year.

There was talk also that she was openly opposed to Rosemary's seeing Buddy Westmore, the youngest member of the famous make-up experts.

THE three Bennett girls are so colorful that, today, they are as exciting and interesting as when Constance married the rich Phil Plant some fifteen years ago. What a commotion it caused when her million-dollar divorce settlement was headlined.

The Bennetts are always surprising. While I have never felt there was the family closeness between them that exists between the Gishes and the Talmadges for instance, I do know that Barbara and Joan love each other dearly and both of the younger girls have the greatest admiration for Constance. When Barbara and her little brood of five Downeys come to Hollywood they are usually the house guests of Joan. Barbara might have achieved a film career of her own if she hadn't tossed it overboard to marry Morton Downey, the Irish tenor, eight years ago.

Although weeks go by without Constance and Joan seeing each other, there is a strong family tie, and whenever either is unhappy the other is an ardent champion. The Bennetts are like many non-professional families. They may have temporary feuds between themselves—but woe to the outsider who dares to say anything about one sister to the other two.

Often called the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, Constance is essentially a woman of the world. She has been called cold, selfish and self-centered by her enemies but I cannot believe a woman who will adopt two children and shower every maternal attention on them is as calculating as she has been painted.

My favorite story about Constance is the time she got wind that a certain Hollywood bank was to close its doors. Warners had just given her a check of $30,000. She rushed to the clearing house and got it back before it reached the bank. The bank officials were furious and threatened a lawsuit—but Connie was advised she was right and stuck to her guns.

Joan, the beauty of the family, is less of a business shark. She spends her money freely, is the soul of generosity and loves her home and fireside. She, too, has been adored by millionaires. There was one time last year when I thought the fabulously rich Woolie Donahue, heir to the Woolworth millions, had won Joanie. But her heart has always ruled her head and while Joan liked Woolie, it was Walter Wanger who won her as his bride.

The youngest Bennett has not always been a child of luxury. When she was married at 16 to John Fox she knew many hardships, did her own housework, took care of a tiny baby and pinched the family exchequer to make both ends meet. The father of the Bennetts is Richard, long famed for his temperament on the stage—and they get much of their color and excitement from him. Their mother was known on the stage as Adrienne Morrison.

IN THIS resume of famous screen families I must not forget the tragic, bitter family feud that existed between Mary Miles Minter, her mother and her sister. Almost as fantastic as any fiction story, Mary's fame proved a boomerang that was to all but ruin her life. Bitter were the accusations hurled by members of the Shelby clan as Mary sued for her fortune and found her mother, Mrs. Shelby, had dissipated almost her entire earnings.

I knew Mary when she was at the height of her blond, blue-eyed stardom. What a lovely thing she was—almost angelic in her spiritual loveliness.

Mrs. Shelby was a domineering mother and, although Mary must have been 16 at the time, she dressed her in pinks and blues and low-heeled shoes like a school child. "The baby" she called her, and as well as I knew this family I was never permitted to see the unhappy little Minter girl alone when I went to interview her. Mary's real name was Juliet—Juliet Shelby—and in looking back on her tragic fate I think she was as miserable and misunderstood as the original *Juliet* of Shakespeare.

The murder of William Desmond Taylor, to this day an unsolved crime, was the beginning of the end of the pink and blue Minter child. The fearful notoriety engulfed many people in Hollywood—but none suffered more than the Shelbys in the ensuing trial and later the bitter lawsuits. The mud splashed over a child's career brought about the estrangement of Mrs. Shelby and her two daughters.

I feel sorry for Mrs. Shelby for hers was a mistake sometimes made through bad judgment and too much dominance over a child. She has been accused of avarice but the bitter moments of anguish she must have suffered have certainly been enough punishment.

THE sisters of Hollywood have easily occupied the spotlight. There have been comparatively few brother clans in the movies. Of course, there were the Moore brothers, Owen (who recently died, was once wed to Mary Pickford), Tom (once the husband of beautiful Alice Joyce) and Matt, who has remained a bachelor. All good actors, not one of them was able to achieve the heights on the screen that was theirs in private life. The trouble with the Moore boys is that their wives were always more glamorous and exciting.

Wallace and Noah Beery, who until this last year were bitter enemies, are a colorful brother team. Wally's success was greater than Noah's, though at one time they were neck-and-neck as the screen's leading heavies. In fact, it was this career rivalry that kept them from being close personal friends for so many years. Each suffered domestic tragedy—Noah's wife was ill for so many years and not long ago Mrs. Rita Gilman Beery divorced Wally.

I believe that Wally's matrimonial unhappiness softened his heart and made him understand better the problems of his brother. At any rate, all is forgiven between them and a few months ago when Noah Beery, Jr., married Maxine Jones, daughter of Buck, it was the intrepid Wally who acted as best man. Also, I happen to know that Wally is doing all in his power to boost Noah's screen stock and get him the roles he deserves in the movies.

Young Man on His Way

[*Continued from page* 45]

casually, in a fashion that would delight *Kitty,* and mark him as a gentleman in her eyes, as he says:

"I think it's because I've played so many kinds of roles in my last films—a couple of cops, a pilot in *Flight Angels,* a soldier; and in *River's End* I did two parts, each calling for different characterizations."

There was a pretty good chance that young Morgan would not have an opportunity to show what he could give to the part of *Wynewood Strafford VI* because a couple of Warner producers, including William Jacobs, had pencilled Morgan's name into forthcoming film cast sheets. (Eventually George Brent was shifted into the part.)

Mr. Jacobs had written "Dennis Morgan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brenda Marshall" onto the cast sheet for *South of Suez* and then added as an afterthought "George Tobias," for no Warner film is complete today without its Tobias.

That took Morgan off the "at liberty" list and when RKO asked to borrow him for the Rogers film, there was a great deal of horizontal headshaking among the executives. Morgan was set for Mr. Jacobs, picture and that was all there was to it. When the news seeped out that Morgan was wanted for a big off-the-lot film and couldn't get away, everyone who knows the importance to a young career of working with Sam Wood, director of *Our Town* and *Good-bye, Mr. Chips,* in a Ginger Rogers' film, felt acute sympathy for Dennis. Brenda Marshall actually cried.

Just how much it meant to young Morgan is hard to say. He had been kicked around the film colony in pursuit of his career, often ignored, sometimes applauded, until a little thing like losing a part in a big picture was nothing. Besides, he had a funny philosophy—Swedes are great ones when it comes to dreaming up a rule of conduct or ethics. And Dennis, despite that Irish moniker, presented him by Jack Warner, is as Swedish (Scotch and Dutch, too) as his name—Stanley Morner.

HE HAD a strong belief in the theory Everything Will Work Out All Right In The End. He thinks that even Hollywood and sex will, too. He believes, also, that there is nothing he can do about it, except coast along, taking what is handed by fate, whether it is good or bad. It won't be bad long.

"That's the way Hollywood has been handing it to me regularly," he says, with a grin, rubbing his straight nose reflectively with a knuckle, which he does without knowing it. "Sometimes good, more than half the time bad. When I got a lot of money, I did the least work, which is slow rot to me."

It should be said here that Dennis is primarily a singer. He's an actor, too, but he is first and always a singer. It was his tenor voice, lifted in the arias of *Carmen's Don Juan,* that made Mary Garden, singing Bizet's *Carmen,* look at him appraisingly, and say, "You should be in films. I'll speak to my friend, Robert Rubin, about it."

This may be one reason why, in talking to Dennis today, one feels a reservation in his pleasure at being cast for one of the season's male acting plums. Of course he's flattered. It expands his ego, salves some of the wounds made by film indifference during his five years' servitude. He admires the star, the director, finds Ginger "swell," and betrays his inner yearnings by simply saying: "They own *Rio Rita* at RKO."

To most handsome young leading men with blue eyes and tannish hair with a flat wave in it, a sensitive mouth and broad shoulders (he's six feet two inches), the fact that Radio owned the rights to the Tierney musical *Rio Rita* would be just another answer for *Information Please.* To Morgan it is something beckoning and immeasurably thrilling. A chance to sing those Tierney songs for the screen would be the beginning of his conception of success.

To be sure, the Morgan voice has been heard on the screen before. He had a flock of Irish ditties to reel off—five of them, exactly—in *State Cop,* and they are using a theme song in *Kitty Foyle.* It will reoccur through the film, as a sort of obligato to *Wyn* and *Kitty's* love scenes.

But this is not enough to satisfy the young tenor's longings for complete exposition of his voice. It couldn't be. He's been singing since he was eight years old, in glee clubs and in choirs, through high school . . . "I played straight drama, too, seven plays at college," he says to bolster his dramatic pretensions.

For a year and a half he doubled as announcer and singer in a Milwaukee broadcasting station, barnstormed about the country in sixty one-night stands with an operatic troupe of five principals, one pianist and no chorus, presenting *Faust.* For forty-eight weeks, which is solid booking in any country, he sang at Chicago's Palmer House.

SINGING was a career and he bent all his energies toward reward in it: lessons of Alex Baas at Carrol College, more lessons at Milwaukee's Wisconsin Conservatory of Music. Then on to Chicago, which *Wyn* critically refers to as "civilization with its pants down," for some culture (voice) which *Wyn* apparently didn't know existed. This time at the American Conservatory of Music and the Chicago Musical College.

Perhaps because he thinks that opera is an outmoded art form, although he studies it (he is rehearsing with an opera coach now), Morgan took a few flyers at stock theater engagements. He wanted to play down the semaphoric gestures associated with opera, and he did. He came out of his training, which included South Bend appearances, and vaudeville, a well-equipped actor.

If a Hollywood talent scout had seen Dennis at that time, he might have come West on his dramatic abilities alone. But that is not what the Hander-Out-of-Good-and-Bad-Knocks had in mind for Morgan, then Morner.

In mid-summer of 1935, he was singing for a radio program, *Silken Strings.* Word reached him that Mary Garden, Chicago's favorite *Thais,* was putting on a few performances of that old indestructible *Carmen.*

Because he probably looked swell as a soldier, Morgan was assigned the role of *Don Juan* and would have sung it to a lusty conclusion if the whole performance had not been called off because Miss Garden's payment, which she demanded in advance, was not forthcoming.

This minor disappointment might not have changed the course of Morgan's life—he would have gone back to the *Real Silk* program—if Miss Garden had not taken a second glance at Dennis in his uniform. "Young man," she said, "have you ever thought of films?" With the speed of a modern mechanized attack, it was settled. Dennis had a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

"I liked the idea very much," Morgan admits. "What I couldn't understand was the speed. I was told to report at the studio on September 16th. When I broke all records getting out there, reporting at ten o'clock on that date, I sat around until eleven-thirty while the secretary to a top executive repeated into her 'phone that 'a Mr. Morner was waiting to see you about a contract.'

"It was news to the executive. I could see that when we finally met. But he was good-natured about it, and I soon had my contract. What I didn't have was any money to go with the contract, because I was automatically put onto the 'lay-off' period. All contracts run forty weeks, you know, with a twelve-week lay-off that is taken at the player's expense."

FRANKLY, this wasn't so hot for Morgan. In his hurry to reach the coast in time, he had cancelled a few radio engagements the money for which would have filled out his wallet. He had his wife to think of, too, and their youngster, Stanley, Jr., who was then an infant. The best way to make his money stretch, Morgan decided, was to buy a car.

His choice of car was unfortunate. It was an out-of-date bus and into it Morgan poured fifteen gallons of gasoline and three quarts of oil. "That was at nine in the morning," he tells. "At noon it was dry and I put eighteen gallons of gas into it and five quarts of oil." This made his pocketbook palpitate.

"The car didn't do so badly," he says, rubbing his nose. "Not when you consider its vintage. A few blow-outs, which cost me seven bucks each because I had to replace the tires. The engine gave up once and it cost me fifty dollars to get it to wheeze again. I was surprised that we made New Mexico as well as we did."

So was the old jalopy, as it steamed over the asphalt on its satin-smooth second-hand tires, with its cargo of young humans. "Ef you kin git over them bad fourteen miles beyond Almagordo," Morgan was advised, "y're a cinch for gittin' to El Paso all right, and then on to the Coast."

With a grunt and a wheeze the ancient bus pulled herself together and with dignity navigated the fourteen "bad ones." Then with a whoosh that sounded throughout the sagebrush county she exhaled the air from her four tires. It was time for cussin'. Morgan knew that the only tires to fit the ancient vehicle were back in Almagordo, and it would cost money to tow the car back, buy the tires, and fill 'er up with gas.

He walked over to a nearby suds dispensary and had himself a rye so that he could think things out. He didn't think things over for long. There was an interruption. A big fellow in a rancher's hat wanted to buy him a drink.

In a moment he had Morgan's story and he was pulling out a wad of bills that would "choke an ox," to use Dennis' words. He peeled off a hundred-dollar bill, which added to the twelve bucks that Morgan had left of expense money, made it possible to tow the jalopy back to town and have it outfitted with tires.

"Pay me back when you can," the rancher told Morgan, and this was the first chore that Dennis performed when he arrived in Hollywood. Again Morgan's philosophy of

[*Continued on page* 73]

Gorgeous Hussey

[*Continued from page* 42]

her cheeks tinged with the natural tints of wild country apples in New England. To her immense surprise, Mr. Grady turned out to be a real human being, sympathetic and understanding. He told her he would give her a screen test.

Ruth will never forget that screen test—nor others that followed it. She was taken to a sound stage like a lamb led to slaughter. Ruth, believe it or not, had a bachelor of philosophy degree from an exclusive college with a lovely name, Pembroke, and she knew of the seven wonders of the ancient world, but this sound stage surpassed the Colossus of Rhodes, the hanging gardens of Babylon—why, it was large enough to house an army corps and a few battleships along with the seven historic wonders.

They turned on a battery of blazing lamps, measured distances with a tape, and then asked her to emote before the cold, cruel, impersonal eye of a big black camera moving up and down, relentlessly, on rubber wheels, with a gang of technicians hanging on to it in various earnest postures. This went on for hours. As for Ruth, she was on the verge of nervous collapse. She had never been so tired, scared, excited, thrilled in her life. A week of anxious waiting . . . then, by crackey!—to quote her—she was called again to the studio and offered a contract.

HER first reaction to the contract was another silent exclamation, "The stars and stripes forever!"—to quote her again—but she doesn't come from one of those conservative New England families for nothing. She read the interminable contract through, pages and pages of legalistic jargon, and didn't sign it! No, she had to think it over. The contract could be binding for seven years, and if she didn't like Hollywood and the movies—in spite of her enthusiasm she had her doubts and misgivings—she'd be signing away the best years of her young, blooming life.

Some people never hesitate to put their signature on anything, and millons of girls would have given their right arms, to say the least, to sign that contract, but Ruth had to consider the studio's proposition from every possible angle. After all, she was doing pretty well on the stage. So many girls were put under contract—and then nothing happened. But the next day she went back to the studio and signed.

From then on she has done her darnedest to uphold her end of the agreement.

Of course, she was turned over to those sharp-eyed vultures known as beauty experts. They pounced on her and told her what was wrong with her, without beating about the bush or mincing words. They cut off—what a crime!—her long nice hair. They plucked her eyebrows, gave her a new mouth, and a formidable masseuse started in on her, to add a little bit here, take off a little bit there, for that indispensable streamlined figure of the right photogenic appeal.

The camera has a tendency to enlarge, and as Fred Datig, the casting director at M-G-M has told us emphatically, a girl can't be too thin for pictures. Consequently, we have those pitiful skeletal figures off screen, which, however, look absolutely luscious on the screen. Miss Hussey was a little too healthy for her own good so far as Hollywood was concerned. She was built like a Greek goddess, but had to shed off some of her curves, the experts told her.

She was given a few small parts, shot a man in *Madame X*, was shot in another picture, added her lustrous decor to *Marie Antoinette, Hold That Kiss, Man Proof*, and a few other photodramas, brief "first five minute" roles, and it seemed as though only the South American caballeros noticed her. They wrote her passionately polite letters, with flowery compliments in sweetest Spanish, and to this day her most faithful and ardent admirers are south of the Rio Grande. She looks kind of Spanish to them, being a blue-eyed brunette.

MEANWHILE, she was given innumerable tests, and always turned down for one reason or another whenever there was a real meaty role available for a girl of her type. She suffered a long series of heart-breaks, but kept her sorrows to herself. Particularly heartbreaking was the part with Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in *Sweethearts*, which she didn't get, after being tested for it.

Ruth's Irish blood boiled. She heard remarks about her being cold, reserved, too dignified and ladylike. Everybody told her to warm up. But she felt tied up before the camera. She felt perfectly free on the stage and radio, but her every movement before the camera had to be within precise mathematical limits, and she was under terrific burden. She was rated an eyeful and had to look right to justify that claim. So she finally said, "To heck with my looks, I'm going to concentrate on my action, and forget what I'll look like on the screen." A salutary decision.

In other words, her problem was a lack of the necessary amount of exhibitionism for raising the temperatures of movie audiences, movie audiences being what they are. And furthermore, she began to realize that she had to be something of an exhibitionist in real life to grab space in the public prints, of vital importance to any screen charmer.

Miss Hussey decided to live up to her name, which, you must admit, is an excellent name for an actress, especially for one who is a born lady. The girl, really, has loads of S. A., that indispensable magic ingredient for screen success. And being introspective, she wrote in her diary:

"June 9—Now I *know* all right. I didn't get that part in *Sweethearts*, and I know why. It was whispered to me that I lacked *allure*. Is that so! I don't think I've ever felt so mad in my life. So, that's what they want, is it! I'll show 'em. I'm also mad at myself . . . beginning to see the error of my ways. Instead of going after things, I waited for them to come to me. Who did I think I was, anyway, Bernhardt? All right, I'll hound them. What have I to lose now? Being a shy violet hasn't done much good. I'll try other tactics."

Ruth used in her diary one of the more polite words for the good old S. A. And at this time it seemed as though her option would not be taken up. And so consider the following entries in her diary:

"June 11—Here's a chance to do something. I'm going to make a silent test. All right, I'll 'turn it on' in a silent. I can do it. I'll give every variety of expression I can think of. I'll be sweet, I'll be coy, I'll look this way and that. I'll walk like a princess and then turn on them like a hoyden! I'll do it!"

"June 12—Well, I did it! I made the test! AND DID I TURN IT ON! If that film doesn't sizzle in the projection-room then I AM a bad actress. I might as well go back to radio as a fashion commentator. Now we'll see."

She heard that the studio needed somebody to play the part of *Sally*, sister of Robert Young in *Rich Man, Poor Girl*.

"June 18—I've dogged the footsteps of everybody connected with the picture for five days. They'll all be seeing me in their sleep. I hope they do and I hope they have nightmares if they don't give me that part . . . It's almost getting to be a joke. They all start singing 'I wonder what's become of *Sally*', the minute they see me."

"June 19—Miracle of miracles! The studio called me in today, TORE UP MY OLD CONTRACT AND GAVE ME A NEW ONE. I'll bet it was that last test. Why didn't I think of that allure stuff before? Tomorrow I'm going to the beach and celebrate."

She did, and got a bad case of third degree sunburn. "It serves me right for getting so excited," she philosophized.

"June 22—I didn't get the part of *Sally*. I GOT THE FEMININE LEAD IN THE PICTURE OPPOSITE ROBERT YOUNG! Is Hollywood crazy, or am I? This sunburn is murdering me and those searing lights will probably kill me, but I don't care. THIS IS MY FIRST LEADING PART IN MOTION PICTURES."

AND that was the beginning of Ruth's success as a film actress. She scored a hit in *Susan and God*, has a big part in *The Philadelphia Story*, is Robert Taylor's new femme lead and will be Spencer Tracy's next femme lead. She has definitely arrived, professionally, thanks to her hussy stuff, using that word advisedly considering her former reserve.

But in real life she's still very much the nice young lady, in spite of the fact that she went and bought herself a stunning red wrap to wear in night clubs . . . We hardly read anything about her in the gossip columns. Perhaps she should wear orchids on her eyebrows to attract the attention of reporters and photographers when they cover those nocturnal salons on Sunset Strip. Or tear somebody's hair. We don't know. At any rate, she has confined her exhibitionism to the screen and doesn't at all live and behave like an actress and glamor-vendor off screen.

Ruth was born in Providence, R. I., where her father, who died when she was seven, was president of the jewelry firm of Baird, North & Co. Her mother later married his close friend and business partner. She has a younger sister, who last summer was graduated from Pembroke College. In college Ruth shone in dramatics, and studied painting, interior decoration and architecture. After getting her Ph. B. she went to a business college to learn shorthand and typing.

Ruth is one of those people who live in Hollywood but are not of Hollywood. God knows she tries hard enough to be, but her heart is in New England. Don't get the idea that she is a prim Puritan. She is a born funster, dialectician and mimic, and talks with her hands flying, but nevertheless she is habitually reserved with those whom she doesn't know very well. Hence, her reputation for being cold and aloof.

She has been busy for some time drawing

[*Continued on page* 77]

I Must Be Mad!

[*Continued from page* 21]

mad. And that look in her eyes every time her husband's back was turned in the picture—before she shut him in the garage with the car motor running! I haven't been able to put my car in the garage since."

Ida Lupino said, even more wryly, "You see what I'm up against. Everybody's convinced I'm nuts. Even my own husband."

She tried to look unhappy, but there was a glint—a mad glint—in her eyes.

She smiled a sickly smile.

"It's going to be interesting, watching the fan mail. It shot up after *The Light That Failed,* in which I played a girl who was a sniveling, treacherous, unlovely wretch. It shot up again after *They Drive by Night,* in which I played a girl who sinned against her husband, killed him, and tried to blame the man she wanted—until her conscience caught up with her. Some truck drivers even wrote me a group fan letter. They said, 'Maybe Raft didn't want you, but we do. If you're ever down our way, drop in and we'll prove it.'"

"That was nice of the boys," commented Louis.

"It *was* nice," defended Ida. "Only I don't know yet whether people have been going for my performances or for the vicious characters I have suddenly started playing. Remember that old theatrical adage that evil has a fascination for audiences?"

SHE smiled amiably and reached for a cigarette. She took a couple of nervous puffs, then said: "I wonder if it would possibly do any good to repeat there's a motive behind my madness?

"I came to Hollywood seven years ago. I was 16. Right away, I got leading roles. And I got the kind of salary that would go to anybody's head—particularly at the age of 16. I thought I was really something. I labored under that delusion for four years. Then one day I took a good look at myself. I saw a horrible, conceited brat who hadn't done anything yet that could really be called acting.

"It has been told so many times that it's probably sickening, but Lupinos have been acting continuously for more than four hundred years. There's a large accumulation of the urge-to-act in my blood. One run-of-the-mill role after another thinned it out. But, suddenly, it clotted. I had to find some remedy for that.

"I pleaded for chances to play something besides ingenues. Nobody would listen. So I gave up my contract and dropped out of films. I wanted people to forget Ida, the ingenue. I wanted to reorganize myself. I wanted to give myself a dose of mental sackcloth-and-ashes—and decide what I could do about that urge-to-act. Maybe it was too late to do anything. I wondered if maybe I shouldn't concentrate on my music and forget acting. I discovered that I couldn't.

"During that year that I was off the screen, I turned 21, and I married Louis. I didn't let anybody forget it when I started looking for work again. I said, emphatically, 'My ingenue days are over.'

"Opportunity didn't do any frenzied beckoning in my direction. The best role that turned up was a run-of-the-mill heroine in a run-of-the-mill thriller, Class B. I wasn't proud; I took it. At least, the girl wasn't an adolescent. She was an adult. I played two more roles out of the same mold before *The Light That Failed* came up. That part didn't pursue me. *I* pursued *it.* Desperately. I had to talk my head off, and work my head off, to get it. It was such a terrific contrast to anything and everything I had ever done.

"You can't get a reputation as an actress, waiting for people to discover what you can do. You have to show them what you can do. Before they'll stop thinking of you as one thing, you have to convince them that you can be something else. From innocent adolescent to sophisticated adult is one step. Then, after you've played just so many nice girls, it's a good idea to play some tough ones. Then some deeply emotional, sensitive ones. Then some passionate, romantic ones, reeking with sex appeal. It takes a long time, but finally people will expect you to be able to play anything. And you *will* be able to play anything.

"My next step is to prove I can play a lady.

"The other day I heard about a certain story that Warners are about to put into production. I went into the Front Office and asked for the role of the wife. 'Why, Ida,' they said, 'we've already cast the role. We never thought of you for it, playing a mousey little wife.' That's what I mean. People just don't think of you as something different from what you played last, unless you make them. I only hope the Front Office is scouting furiously now for something different for me. I'd love to play a sane, sensitive, mousey little wife next. The contrast might be startling. People might be shocked to discover I'm not really mad.

"A studio, of course, operates on the theory that the thing that draws people to theaters to see you is the thing you should do. I agree, up to a certain point. An adolescent can't switch overnight into a woman of passion and get away with it. Her fans will feel betrayed. But an actress can't do the same thing too long, either, and keep audiences interested. The trick is to keep changing—but subtly, gradually.

"That's complicated, in my case, by the fact that I'm not an easy type to cast. I'm not tall and stately, and yet I'm not short and cute. I haven't patrician dignity, and yet I'm not the energetic, happy-go-lucky sort. And I have absolutely no glamor. I can sympathize with the attitude: 'If the public likes her this way, why not stick to shooting her this way?' But every night I get down on my knees and pray that, somehow, I can keep changing. Subtly."

SHE had been giving the general impression that she was concentrating on trying to become a good actress—some day. Hadn't she read the notices to the effect that she's one of the best now?

Ida scoffed. "No woman can be a good actress until she's in her thirties," she said. "At least, I've never seen it happen. How could I possibly be good yet? I haven't lived long enough. How can anybody my age feel things in a hundred per cent mature way? Nobody my age is a hundred per cent mature. You can imagine emotions, yes. But your imagination doesn't always tell you the truth, as experience does.

"You can't say about any performance or anybody my age, 'That's it. That couldn't be improved upon.' A performance may strike you, because it's an odd part, or a great part. But experience would have made the performance more striking, more perfect. I've heard actors say, 'Don't try to feel your part. Don't be hammy.' They annoy me no end. So do the actors who say, 'Bernhardt winked to fellow players during a performance.' I don't believe it. Bernhardt didn't become a great actress by making fun of what she was doing. She became a great actress by knowing what she was doing. And she was greater at sixty than she was at twenty. She had lived more, had felt more.

"Why do you suppose actresses like Bette Davis and Irene Dunne and Elisabeth Bergner and Margaret Sullavan and Rosalind Russell are good in everything they do? They are polished people. They are mature women, with mature minds and mature emotions.

"You can't help but resort to tricks if you're not a great actress. You have to keep the audience looking at you, somehow. You develop little habits. You turn at unexpected moments. You talk softly when everybody else shouts. You do things with your hands when other people are keeping their hands still. All tricks to attract attention. All players, with the exception of one or two, think in terms of tricks. That's not acting. That's personality.

"I wish all the kids who want to act could have seen Edna Best in the Noel Coward playlet, *Still Life.* She sat at a table through the entire thing, absolutely still—yet you couldn't take your eyes off her, and you knew every emotion of the character she was playing."

She paused thoughtfully.

"You know, I think I'm just beginning to appreciate some of the things my father taught me when he was trying to make an actress of me.

"My father is Stanley Lupino, the British playwright and stage star—an amazing person, really. And only 45. The last time I was home and we went out together, people thought we were sweethearts. He often produces. One time I was in one of his productions and was sluffing through the dress-rehearsal when he stopped everything and turned to me. 'You think you're pretty good,' he said. 'You think you don't have to work like the others. Well, you're not only *not* good; you're just adequate. That's the harshest thing anyone can say about any actress. And as long as you think you're good, you'll be worse.'

"I broke down and cried and asked him if he was trying to give me an inferiority complex just before opening night. He said, 'Don't ever let anyone talk you out of having an inferiority complex. It will make you strive twice as hard.'

"I had a letter from him the other day, telling about the bombings and his duties as an air raid warden. He said at the very end, 'The critics like you very much. You can still do better.' That was all. But that was something—from him.

"I think my greatest fear in life is disappointing my father. And I've had it all my life. We used to have a miniature theater at home in our garden that seated 200 people, which was where all fifteen of the Lupino family learned how to act. We put on one show after another, all through my childhood. We were a stock company called the Tom Thumb Players. I learned ballet from my father's brother and acting from my father, and it was a hard, grueling little school, which kept, sometimes, from 9 a. m. to 3 a. m. We were never let out. And we had to call my father 'Mr. Lupino.' The discipline was absolute. There was no

[*Continued on page* 77]

Sanest Man in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 25]

with both hands, rising on tiptoe. "That's the part I want you to learn, Joel," said Wellman enthusiastically.

"You don't expect me to do it that well, do you?" asked Joel dubiously.

"No. I want you to look awkward and silly. But I want you to be able to do it well enough so that the audience will get the point that you're mimicking Sally Rand in your own clumsy way."

"There I go," said Joel aloud, to himself, "—getting insulted again. There's no respect for actors on this set."

"Did you say actors?" asked Wellman. "I don't see any around here."

"All right, all right," said Joel. "Before I go into my ballet, I want to ask just one question: Would this guy I'm playing ever have seen Sally Rand?"

"YES," bellowed Wellman. "He sat in the balcony one time when she made a personal appearance."

Reluctantly, Joel arched his arms to the right and started trying to follow through on what the dance director said. He got the idea of what he was supposed to do. But doing it was something else again. He concentrated so hard on his handwork that he forgot his footwork. Then vice-versa. His disposition bore up nobly under the strain. And he didn't seem to be hampered by self-consciousness. But he just couldn't co-ordinate completely. He practised and practised and practised—until Wellman was satisfied that he'd never come any closer to approximating the grace of Sally Rand. Then he practised timing the words 'great big colored balloons' to his movements.

They finally got it on film. And Joel, without trying to be comical, was—simply by being six-feet-two of he-man, imitating a dainty ballroom dancer. Wellman, okaying the take, heckled him in a falsetto voice, "Oh, that was lovely—you great big sissy!"

Joel said, "All I hope is that Sally Rand doesn't sue me."

He started to walk off the set. Wellman saw that an interviewer was waiting for him, and called after him, "You'd better give all the interviews you can now, because when I get through directing you, nobody will want to talk to you. I can't make you act the way Hitchcock did."

That got a laugh out of Joel. As he led the way to a spot behind the scenery where we could sit and talk, he said, "I'm working for a madman. But a great guy."

IT WAS precisely because Joel, himself, had just been unanimously voted a Great Guy—the star of one of the year's biggest hits, *Foreign Correspondent*—that I was there. I was supposed to get some up-to-date impressions of him.

I told him what I had overheard one prop man say to another during the late ballet lesson: "Did you ever work on a McCrea picture before? I can't get over the change in the guy. He never used to kid with the director like this. He was strait-laced." I asked Joel what he had to say about that.

He grinned that easy-going, friendly grin of his. "I guess he didn't work on the right picture," he said.

"I decided a long time ago that the movie business is a director's business. The director decides who will be in the picture, and he decides what they'll do in it and how they'll do it. So I make a point of getting along with the director. He's the boss. If he kids, I kid. If he's subdued, I'm subdued. The set of *Foreign Correspondent* was quiet, because Hitchcock was quiet, and I enjoyed working on it. Now I'm working on a set that's wild and bawdy, and I'm enjoying that. I don't think I've changed. Just my moods have changed—to keep up with directors."

I have seen actors alter after making big hits. I have seen them cultivate a success-story sleekness and become self-important, assertive, impatient with their time, condescending with anyone earning less than $1,000 a week. But Joel still gave the effect of being as normal as that typical American, Joseph P. Doakes. His hair was mussed and forgotten. His manner of talking wasn't crisp, but deliberate. His attitude was one of companionable relaxation.

"IT'S funny, the things you hear about yourself when you work in the movies," Joel was saying. "To show you what I mean; I was walking across the lot the other day when I bumped into a guy who said, 'Haven't you lost weight?' I didn't have to walk more than sixty feet farther to bump into another guy, who said, 'Say, aren't you gaining?' Actually, I haven't varied an ounce in a year.

"Somebody wrote that I was a spendthrift—and my wife is looking for the man. She'd like to shoot him."

The impression was gaining on me that he had a little-known-about sense of humor. So was the impression that he was letting me down. He was leading me to believe that there just wasn't a new Joel McCrea.

"No, there's just a new Joel McCrea contract," he said, "—which I'm pretty happy about. Right now, without any trouble at all, you could persuade me that Paramount is Heaven. I'm signed to do two pictures a year for four years, and I can pick the pictures. There's a clause in the contract that I can't be loaned—which is a protection I've never had before. I've been trapped in some awful palookas on loan-outs. . . . It takes about three months to make a picture like this one. Say it takes three more months to make the next one. I'll still have six months to do as I please. If I want to make an outside picture that looks good to me, I can. Or if I want to hibernate on my ranch for six months, I can.

"I don't know what more an actor could ask for, except more money. Which I don't want. Two other studios"—he named them—"offered me more money. But if I had signed with either of them, I wouldn't have been able to call my soul my own. Their stars have no choice of pictures, no exemption from loan-outs. I'd rather work for less and be happy."

There isn't a star in Hollywood who wouldn't part with an arm to have such a contract. How had he wangled it?

"It's the kind of contract I've always wanted, but never been able to get," Joel said. "And I probably wouldn't have been able to get it now, if Paramount had come after *me*. But *I* went to Paramount. I told them about the other offers. I said, 'I'd rather work for you, if you would give me this kind of contract.' They said, 'Would you work for us for less?' So we made a deal."

You are entitled to the impression that under that tangled mass of sandy McCrea hair, and behind those calm blue eyes, there is an unsuspected amount of shrewdness.

He went to Paramount, rather than any other studio, because: "When I was under contract to Goldwyn, the two best pictures I drew on loan-outs were *Wells Fargo* and *Union Pacific*, both at Paramount.

"I BROKE into the movie business, leading horses for Ruth Roland and William S. Hart," he continued. "I got the job because I was a big, rawboned kid who liked being around horses and cowboys. I thought if I hung around long enough, I'd get a chance some day to be a movie cowboy, myself. I wore a big Stetson hat to prove I was the outdoor type. So, what happened? I was 'discovered.' And, in my very first picture, they asked me to wear a dress suit. I didn't have one. I had to rent one. I didn't buy one because I figured I'd probably never need one again. As it turned out, I didn't wear anything else on the screen for seven years.

"I've never been self-conscious in my life—so I wasn't self-conscious in white tie and tails. I was just plain uncomfortable. Once in a while some critic would crack that, as an actor, I was a wooden Indian. But nobody guessed why. Namely, that I didn't feel like myself in my roles.

"It's only lately that anybody has talked about my 'effortless' performances. It's only lately that I've been getting roles that have let me feel like myself. And it's going to be that way from now on.

"I'm not what you call a technical actor. Lincoln was a tall man, and I'm tall, but I couldn't play Lincoln if my life depended on it. I've got to feel natural in a part before I can feel I'm believable in it."

Just as a matter of curiosity, did he feel natural in *Reaching for the Sun?*

"Yes—except when I'm doing balloon dances," he said, smiling. "This guy is a logger in the woods of Northern Michigan, whose big ambition is to own an outboard motor. So he goes to Detroit to work in an automobile factory to get enough money to buy an outboard motor, and life and love and a lot of other things catch up with him.

"He and I are a lot alike. I used to think I could be happy if I just owned a ranch. I've found out, too, that life isn't that simple."

NOT that Joel isn't happy. He is. And one of the reasons is the honest-to-God's-country ranch that he has had for the past nine years. It's forty miles from Hollywood in the hills of Ventura county, 18 miles in from the ocean. It spreads over fifteen hundred acres. ("You'd better spell that out. The last fellow used numerals and it came out 15,000 acres, and my neighbors thought I was trying to make them look like pikers. And I've got some swell neighbors.") It's stocked with cattle—like two other ranches he owns, both in northern California, one near San Jose and one near Paso Robles.

"I invested in cattle," Joel explained, "because that was something I knew and understood. I don't make the money out of it that I might make out of something else, but I have more fun. It's the only investment I get any satisfaction out of. I spend all my spare time ranching—branding calves, roping cattle, plowing (I've got two hundred acres in farming land). That gives me more relaxation than going to some resort and lying down and resting. I like to be doing something—something completely away from acting. That's my idea of relaxation.

At the ranch, I'm completely away, with my wife and two swell kids. We don't even have a telephone. If people want to get in touch with me, they have to send telegrams—and if I don't want to be disturbed, why, I just never got the telegrams."

'Way back in his bachelor days, Joel gave an interview in which he said, "I don't want a Hollywood marriage." That statement has been resurrected countless times to explain why he and Frances Dee live on a ranch forty miles away. "The only thing wrong with the explanation," Joel told me, "is that, when I'm working, we live in town—except on week-ends. Also, I bought the ranch a year before I married. . . . What I meant when I made that statement was that I didn't want the kind of marriage that mattered less than a career."

He and Frances Dee celebrated their seventh anniversary in October. Their "two swell kids" are Joel, 6, and David, 4½. Pictures of the whole family enjoying life on the ranch clutter Joel Sr.'s dressing-room wall.

"Something I've heard about myself," Joel said, "is that I do pictures only to get money for ranching. That's not true. In the first place, the ranches are self-supporting. And in the second place, I'm in the picture business because I like it. To me, it's the most fascinating business on earth.

"I DON'T have any great urge to act, because I'm not sure I can. I certainly don't have any urge to go on the stage. Doing the same thing at the same time, in the same place, night after night, holds no appeal for me. But I love pictures—the variety of experiences they offer. Every day's work is different from the previous day's work. One time you may be a logger, the next time a cowboy. And when you do a good 'take,' there it is—for keeps. Some night when you're lying in bed, audiences in China can be watching you playing a logger or a cowboy. There's a certain fascination in that thought.

"There's a fascination, too, in 'seeing' far-off places and 'doing' dangerous things. You learn the hazards of flying, and salmon-fishing, and reporting, and other professions. You come as near to having adventure as anybody can today without being a Martin Johnson. . . . My forefathers were frontiersmen. Pioneers who kept going farther West, exploring new territory, daring the unknown. I can't go any farther West without swimming. But I can still get a taste of adventure, working in the movies. And I can't foresee the day when I'll want to quit."

That sounds as if he is a romanticist about his work. But don't make the mistake of thinking he isn't a realist about it, too. Because he told me:

"Before I do a picture, I want to know first who the director is, then what the story is, then what the part is. If the director is great, and the story is great, then it's time to look at the part. The saddest mistake an actor can make is to look at his part first—and forget that directors and stories can make him or break him. I hope I never forget it."

That's Joel McCrea, the most normal man in Hollywood, who has never let success go to his head and never will. I accused him of being smarter than some of the stars who *haven't* kept their feet on the ground—and have vanished. He said, "I'm not smarter than anybody else. I just had the advantage of being raised in Hollywood. When I got in the movies, the environment wasn't new and overwhelming. I never fail to have sympathy for the people it does overwhelm—because there, but for the grace of God, go I."

1.

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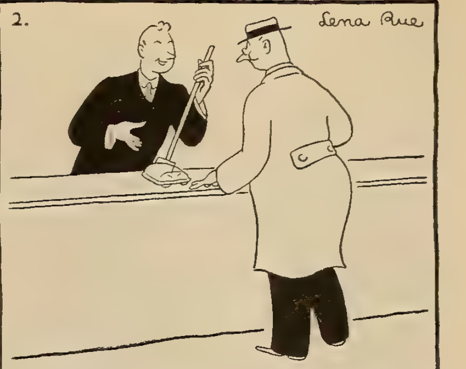
2.



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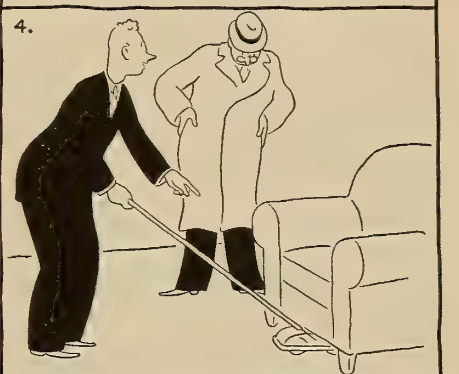

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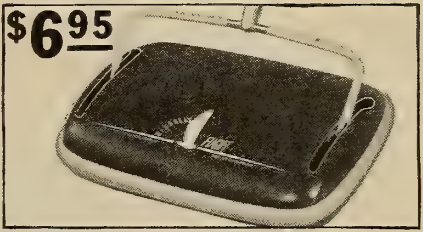

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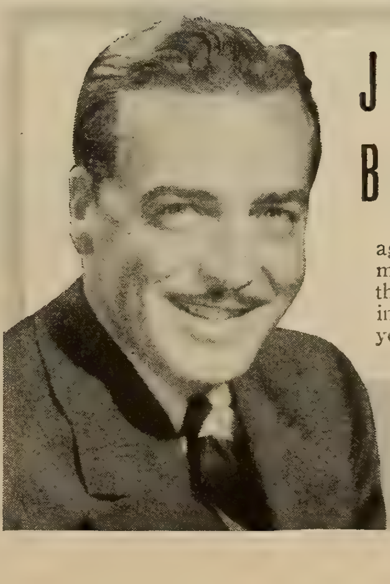

JOHN HOWARD BETS AGAINST LOVE!

For four years, John Howard has bet $1,000 against $10 that he will not marry for twelve months. Each year he has collected his $10, but this year—will he have to pay out $1,000? Amusing are the reasons for the bet; interesting the young star's reasons for making it. In January

Screen Life

10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

The Girl With Bounce

[*Continued from page* 26]

enough to be decoration. You see, I like to *do*, not just *be*."

James Francis Crow, Hollywood's best and fairest critic, will tell you that the impulsive Miss Ball DID in that picture—and plenty. He spent a handful of sentences on Lucille's personal charms—and those big eloquent eyes.

The eyes have it—no doubt about that! They're as blue as Naples' sky and how much more expressive! Lucille often claims her face is too small for the mannequin body that comes with it. But don't you believe it. For argument's sake, if it does lack quantity, it certainly is balanced by quality.

SINCE then she has reached the heights in achieving the body beautiful. It has been said that the Los Angeles Police Department still has an ordinance on the books to the effect that Lucille Ball must keep those lovely limbs off Hollywood Boulevard during heavy traffic time.

All in all *Too Many Girls* is the high point in the outline of history of Lucille Ball, because she scored a hit, got her first star billing in an "A" picture, earned another starrer in *Three Gobs and a Girl,* the Harold Lloyd film now being made, and boosted her stock still higher.

She recently graduated from Cinema City's "B" college. And so a star is born—born the hard way in five Hollywood years of everything from the tiniest bits and featured roles in biggies to starrers in "B's." A swelled head may be a common thing in these parts, but rest assured you won't find one on Lucille Ball.

She hasn't discovered temperament and begun to kick furniture around, snarl at her hairdressers and maids, and teach her directors the elements of directing. No, the Lucille Ball, who, chucklingly, refers to herself as "the ex-Queen of the 'B's,'" is much the same today as she was yesterday and will probably remain that way tomorrow.

A grain of salt is not enough. She takes herself with a barrel. Those who know her best will tell you she's still wrestling with an inferiority complex that's haunted her ever since she can remember and wins every fall.

The first day of any picture is one of quaking for her. But few people make the mistake of trying to soothe or coddle her during this jittery period. If you even look as though you're going to say you feel sorry for her, she gives you the full blue-blast of those eyes, and a wise-crack that makes you understand it's an old habit she has of fighting her own battles—and winning.

And battles they were—Lucille Ball versus Lady Luck, producers, and experience, with Lucille winning because she could take a bouncing around and come back for more bouncing.

For instance, when she was 17 and modeling and posing for commercial photographers on the side, she had a car accident in New York City's Central Park. The road was icy, the car skidded, and smash—

"I was taped from head to foot—like an Egyptian mummy," she laughs, "but a little more alive. My legs were in splints. The only things I could move were my eyelashes." She reflected a moment. The smile became a straight face. "It was so painful I couldn't think about anything but the pain. They finally got me home to my mother in Jamestown, New York, and one day the doctor told me I wouldn't be able to walk for six years because of my paralyzed legs and injured spine.

"Six years?" I shouted. "How can you say that? How can you say it will be six years, nine years, or twelve years? No, Doctor, you're wrong," I said. "You've just got to be wrong!"

For months Lucille lay with her back against the bed. In the still of the night when the family were asleep, Lucille, determined, tried to walk.

"It was worse than being a baby and starting from scratch. I collapsed with pain and weakness and fell down with such thuds that I shook the house and awakened my mother. Finally the doctor came around to thinking it would be all right if I tried a few steps. I had them take all the mirrors out of the room. That wasn't to pamper myself. I just couldn't stand seeing myself moving like the Frankenstein monster." Her face brightened. "The doctor *was* wrong. It wasn't six years in bed. In less than three I was walking normally again.

"I still have photographs of myself in those braces that went up to my knees," she reminisced. "I wouldn't want my best friend to see them. Those shoes were awful things about as wide as a cop's. I hadn't worn my dresses for a couple years, and they were a yard too long—a foot anyway. I had lost weight and looked like a female scarecrow."

SOON Lucille bucked Broadway head-on. She hadn't a friend, a letter of introduction, or any real show experience to recommend her, but Ziegfeld was casting a new road unit of *Rio Rita* and picked her, among others, from the long line of lovelies.

"In the row next to me was Caya Eric, a tall Nordic blonde who had poise—something I wish I had had," explained Lucille. "I was green and unsophisticated and just went overboard with heroine-worship for her. She knew show business besides. So—

"I looked at her with wide eyes, let out admiring ooohs and ahhhs, followed her around like a puppy dog down aisles, around scenery, even out the fire-escape exit until she shook me. She must have wondered 'what is that dame? Can I get rid of *it* with Flit?'

"Sounds silly, but I had to make friends with someone. So I picked on Caya. Only a girl can understand how hard it is for a newcomer to break into the cliques of experienced showgirls.

"Of course I wrote home that I had been chosen. Mother was delighted, and the Jamestown *Morning Post* ran the yokel-girl-makes-good story.

"One day the chorus of us was around the piano rehearsing songs from *Rio Rita*—that is, I was supposed to be singing, but I was so scared with all those strange faces that I just opened my mouth like Charlie McCarthy, but there was no Bergen to make sounds. Henry Sharp, casting director and a fellow with shoulders from here to Times Square, singled me out of the bunch and said, 'Say, why don't you try singing? And when you're up on the stage unbend a little—give a little. You can't walk around like a stick.'

"That made me more self-conscious. Sharp and the others sat in the front rows and seemed to be watching me, pointing, and making comments to one another. I went from extremely bad to extremely worse. Next day I got a notice that said I could go home and that they would call me when they needed me.

"Does that mean anything, Caya?" I asked.

"'You probably won't work for a while,' she said."

Caya was right!

"I couldn't go back to Jamestown after all that publicity in the papers. I was miserable, lost control of myself, and burst into tears right on the street. Imagine? That was one of the few times I ever felt sorry for myself. I was just about ready to choose a nice big limousine to fall in front of—might as well go out in class—when a fellow in a car pulled up along the curb and shouted to me. I thought he wanted to pick me up so I growled out of the side of my mouth—'Getaway. I do-wanna-ride!'

"'This is no pick-up,' he answered, got out, handed me a card, and drove away. It was his father's. His father turned out to be a dress manufacturer who needed models. I applied and got a job."

SINCE then Lucille has never wept to the tune and tempo of *Hearts and Flowers*. It was a step in the right direction—and she kept on taking them.

Later, as a Hattie Carnegie model, she learned to wear clothes. As a Ziegfeld showgirl she learned the gentle art of walking, singing, and dancing. As a photographer's model she acquired poise and an ability to change her personality, mood, and entire appearance. And she hoarded this knowledge.

While mannequining at Hattie Carnegie's, she mastered all sorts of walks—the B-12 for formals, otherwise known as the Hepburn-going-down-stairs-on-wheels walk; the B-19, a languorous long-limbed number, also for formals; the B-21, the jaunty first-day-of-spring number for suits, and many others.

She learned walks for all walks of life, and it all came in handy when Samuel Goldwyn heard about her and brought her to Hollywood for a chorus part in *Roman Scandals*. So it came to pass that in the year 1935 Lucille did her first screen assignment in a wisp of chiffon which was the G-string of that season.

Then another assignment. She stepped out of line once—to take a crack at a sentence of dialogue for RKO's *Roberta*, and that led to a long-term contract. In *Stage Door*, you'll remember Lucille as one of the girls with a vulture-appetite who entertained the visiting lumbermen from Washington. A wedge into comedy roles. And bit by bit small parts in *Moulin Rouge, Nana, Roberta, Top Hat, Follow the Fleet* and a half-dozen others.

Came second-class pictures with first-class Lucille as star. Today the buzz of the "B's" has almost died in her ears. She's glad she doesn't have to hang from railroad trestles by her long red nails, pant across deserts with the wind and the sand in her hair—and teeth—or serve as a meat course for voracious police dogs.

With the rapid release of the "B's," she and her hair went through some amazing changes of color. Lucille outdid the spectrum in this matter of variety. A paint catalogue listing everything from ghost-white through golden oak and midnight black would be the only thing she could use to identify changes her hair has seen. Now she is a reddish blonde, but who knows what tomorrow may bring?

She's happy she's not living in ancient Egypt with her tresses the hue they are.

[*Continued on page* 78]

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 14]

GLITTERBUGS: All the old night-spots reopened their doors to welcome a gala season . . . All dressed up in new garb . . . Many faces seldom seen East of Ciro's, are gracing local dance floors . . . And such jewels . . . and gowns . . . You'd expect Hollywood's two best-dressed gals, Joan Crawford and Loretta Young, to top everyone . . . Joan took a final fling, making good use of her elaborate Fall wardrobe . . . It turns out that Joan and M-G-M have been having story trouble and one of the reasons she has lingered and lingered is to prove to Louis B. that she's a stubborn lass . . . Joan won out, of course, and returns to do the picture scheduled for her as she wishes it done . . . Loretta escaped from her Troy visit where she met husband Tom Lewis' family, a little the worse for fan worship . . . After being just a home-town girl in Hollywood, Loretta couldn't get used to a parade of autograph hounds following her everywhere, including church . . . Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger . . . Charles Boyer . . . Bette Davis with Bob Taplinger . . . Eleanor Powell with her publicity man . . . Admitting her marriage is a long way off . . . if ever . . . He wants her to give up her career . . . Eleanor feels she has a lot of taps to give out before trying matrimony . . . But she wired him every day . . . The Eighteen Club: Garson Kanin, Sam Levene, and John Garfield stagging it . . . Gar is mum on the subject of Hepburn . . . Instead he'll tell you that when he was directing Carole Lombard in *They Knew What They Wanted,* he'd say when he wanted her in a sad mood . . . "Just imagine you had married me instead of Gable" . . . Gar says it always worked! Which gives you an idea of what he thinks of himself as a glamor boy . . . Gar gifted his brother, Mike, with a ten-thousand dollar check as wedding present . . . Which gives you another idea of what he thinks of his family . . . The Coq Rouge: This intimate little spot is a favorite with romancers . . . But Bette Davis chose it to entertain Jane Bryan . . . Jane flew in from Chicago to visit Bette . . . She doesn't miss Hollywood one bit . . . Jane made Hollywood history by deserting the screen at the very threshold of stardom . . . Jane and Eleanor Powell should have a little heart to heart talk . . .

George Raft, who's baseball mad, attended every game of World Series. He hasn't missed one in 12 years. Jimmy Ritz was his pal at the fourth game in Detroit

COMING AND GOING: Georgie Raft and Jimmy Ritz flew to Cincinnati for the World Series . . . Raft hasn't missed one in twelve years . . . The Doug Fairbanks are motoring to the Coast after a stay on their Virginia farm . . . Doug has been visiting in New York and Washington, making arrangements for receiving British children in the homes of the stars . . . He made an address for British Relief at the Fair, the week before it closed . . . Jack Oakie is a happy lad again, what with his wife, Venita, being well on the way to recovery from a serious illness . . . and half-a-dozen studios bidding for his services since his hit in *The Great Dictator.*

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CHERAMY PERFUMER April Showers

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 50]

Grable's Gams

■ About the legs, then—

You recall, it wasn't so very long ago that Marlene Dietrich held the title of "Legs" Dietrich, with the neatest pair of gams in all Hollywood. But those days have gone. Today, in fact, Marlene is skinnier than a couple of second-hand soda straws, and that's how her legs look. They used to thrill even second assistant-directors, and it takes more than just an ordinary pair of legs to thrill those boys. Today, Marlene is thin enough to worry all her friends, and too thin to have legs that are anything besides something to walk about on.

And so the title falls, most properly, to Betty Grable, who has such a magnificent pair of underpinnings that a lot of fellows have forgotten what her face looks like. And it's not only the boys that think so—for just the other day, 350 members of the Screen Dancers Guild (which includes more gals than men) held a vote to decide who should hold the title of "Glamor Legs No. 1"—and Betty won with 112 votes, with the rest scattered among such as Alice Faye, Zorina, Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr and even Sonja Henie. . . . Dietrich didn't even get a vote.

Suds Goings-On!

■ Nat Pendleton, who has been devoting himself to figgerin' out things to make living more happy, has come up with a new invention. . . .

It's a hollow bar of soap. When you've used it up, there's none of those little pieces left over.

Bing's Boy

■ Now, just as though the movies weren't well enough off with ONE Gary and ONE Crosby in the films—why, there's another of each about to make a film debut . . . and this time, it's NOT two persons who'll carry on the names of Gary Cooper and Bing Crosby, cinematically speaking, but ONE.

His name is Gary Crosby—and he's the seven-year-old son of Bing, and Papa Bing has just revealed that he's given his consent for the youngster to break into the acting world.

Present plan is for young Gary to act in an independent producer's screen version of that child book, *Miss Minerva and William Green-Hill.*

And nobody'd be at all surprised to find, standing on the sidelines to give the youngster a first-day send-off, both Papa Bing and God-Papa Gary.

How's the Goin', Wayne?

■ MARQUEE-SIGN of the Month—was the one on the Hollywood Boulevard movie theater which read, for all the world to behold:

LADIES MUST LIVE
with
WAYNE MORRIS

Garbo Very Much Alive

■ Most exciting item in last month's Talk of Hollywood was the rumor that spread like wildfire over the town, one sunny morning, that Greta Garbo had committed suicide . . .!

Nobody has yet found out where the tale came from, but it was all over Hollywood within an hour—with variations. Everybody had a different version of how—and why—Garbo had done it. It had the newspapers and radio broadcasters in a state of furious excitement, checking the rumor down, and finding it utterly false.

Hollywood's funny, that way. Ever so often, one of those rumors hits the town—invariably asserting that some really big star has taken his or her own life.

Cook in a Stew

■ Most troubled person in Movieland is the cook at the Andy Devine home.

Mrs. Devine is on a diet to add weight. And Andy's reducing!

Rebellion

■ These De Havilland sisters—Olivia and sister Joan (who prefers the stage name of Fontaine to the family handle), are stubborn wenches. Right now, as this is written, they're both in open revolt because they won't be that kind of gal. . . .

"That kind" of gal, in case you don't know, is the kind who'd wear tights!—or live on a Back Street. And the De Havilland sisters have refused to play such roles, and for that reason, both of them are at war with their bosses right now.

Olivia's beef is against wearing tights. She was cast in *Polly of the Circus* and it was all quite all right, until Olivia suddenly learned that *Polly* wore circus performer's tights. Down went Olivia's foot. Olivia goes for serious and great things like Shakespeare, and she'll leave the leg-show end of the acting profession to Betty Grable, thank you! And if her bosses want her to play *Polly of the Circus,* they'll put hoopskirts or petticoats on *Polly,* or else.

Meanwhile, Sister Joan was doing a rebellion of her own. Joan decided she didn't want to play the type of woman who is heroine of the famous Fannie Hurst tale named *Back Street.* Even though Irene Dunne played it and scored the greatest hit of her career, Joan said she wouldn't be that kind of woman, even in make-believe!

So the De Havilland girls, as this is written, are both on their studio frown-list—but they're staying pure, goddelpem!

Glamorous Passports

■ Probably the oddest military passports now in existence anywhere in this war-torn world are the pair of officially-stamped identification photographs which David Niven carries about Britain with him. To a friend, back in Hollywood, Davie has just written a letter telling about it—

It seems he was required to produce two pictures of himself, to be stamped and signed by the colonel, identifying Niven. With the same clownish spirit that distinguished him in his movie days, Niven produced two pictures of himself—one showing him kissing Loretta Young, the other showing him hugging Ginger Rogers!

Gravely, the colonel looked at them. Gravely, and without cracking a smile, the colonel stuck his official stamp and signature across the photos. And now, every time he has to identify himself, Davie yanks out a picture showing what a hot shot he was in Hollywood—with the colonel's endorsement!

Terse Verse

■ Gals who dream about Cary Grant
Sometimes pant and pant and pant!

Beef on the Brain

■ Marlene Dietrich's diet is beginning to worry all her friends—even though Marlene herself is NOT worrying over how thin she's getting. She's sticking to raw vegetables, juices, and things like that—but although she sticks to her diet in fact very closely, she does allow herself a little "mental leeway"—

Like the time she was having lunch with a friend in the studio commissary. They were looking over the menu, trying to decide what to have. Suddenly, to the vast astonishment of her partner, Dietrich observed:

"Oh, I think I'll have ANOTHER STEAK!"

"Another steak?" gasped the friend. "I thought you were on a diet—and besides, how can you have ANOTHER steak when you haven't had the first one yet?"

Replied Marlene:

"Oh, that's simple. Before we came in here, I THOUGHT how I'd like to have a steak. This is ANOTHER steak I'm thinking of, now."

Terse Verse

■ Any gal with a yen for Preston Foster
Would probably swoon if he'd REALLY accost'er!

How to Keep Hubby Home

■ Studio make-up departments have been inundated with requests from beauty parlor operators, for "imprints" of the lips of their glamorous stars—Hedy Lamarr and Joan Crawford and Lana Turner and Ann Sheridan.

Reason?—because the latest fad, it seems, is for a gal to have her lips made up in exact replica of her favorite film star's. In Hollywood, the beauty parlors are doing a land-office business in applying 24-hour-indelible Crawford lips, or Lamarr lips, or even Shirley Temple lips, believe it or not—to the faces of their patrons.

And the oddest part of it is (according to one big Hollywood beauty-shop owner) that "the older and more wrinkled they are, the more likely they are to ask for a pair of Hedy Lamarr lips!"

Well, maybe they think that's ONE way to keep hubby home nights . . .!

Terse Verse

■ Gals who pine for Gary Cooper
Usually live in a constant stupor!

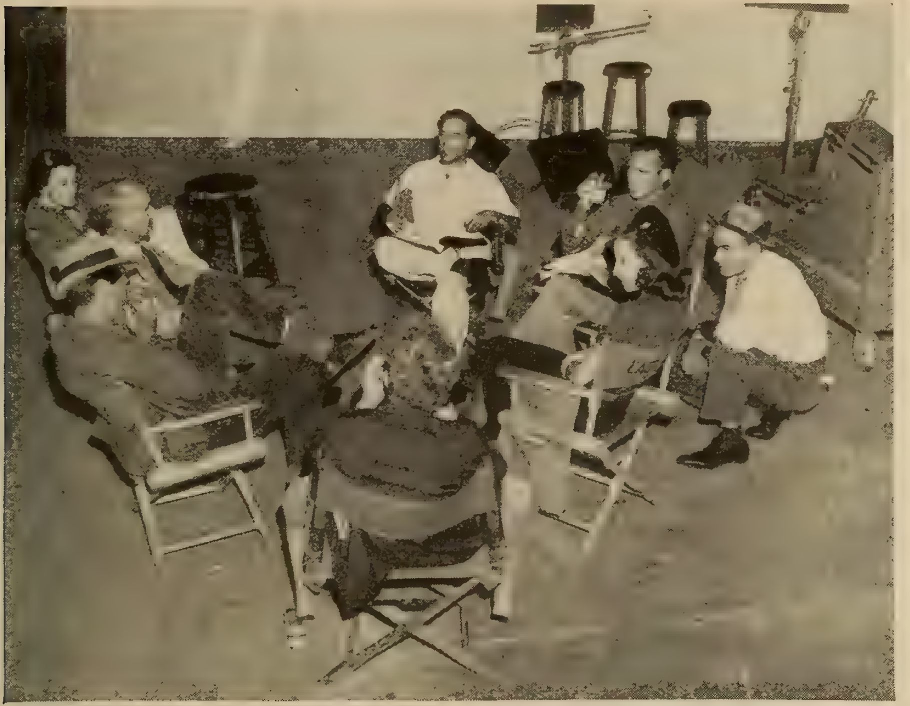
He Had to Leave the Flowers

■ There's an electrician at M-G-M who's quite convinced that his wife is a little bit "tetched in the haid." Said wife was in a Los Angeles hospital recently for a minor ailment—and one night, when hubby visited her, she was all in a dither.

"Imagine," she cried, "who visited me today—it was Clark Gable, and he came right in here with a great, big bouquet of red, red roses!"

[*Continued on page* 79]

ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS

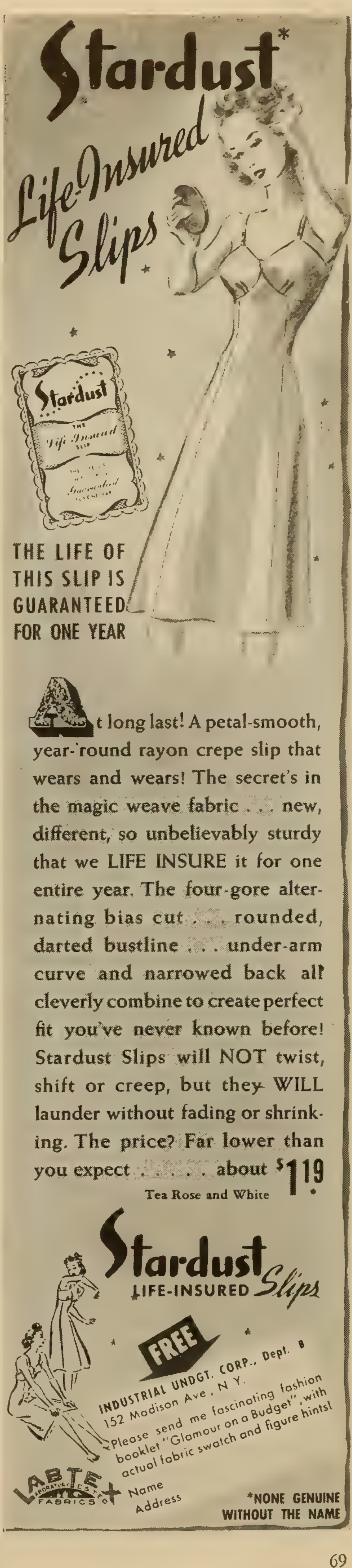


On the set and reading clockwise are Gary Cooper (with harmonica), James Gleason, Director Frank Capra, Barbara Stanwyck and staff who are relaxing between scenes of *Meet John Doe* (Capra's first Warner picture) . . . It co-stars Cooper and Stanwyck

PRODUCTION news of-the-month is the fact that a blush in Hollywood costs about $500 . . . 20th-Fox actually adds that much per kiss to the budget of any picture Linda Darnell is working in . . . When Linda was making *The Mark of Zorro* with Tyrone Power, every time the Power lad got romantic, the color spread over Linda's face like a California sunset . . . The picture was being filmed in Technicolor, so every time Linda blushed, Director Rouben Mamoulian called "Cut" and gave her time to get over the blush at 'steen dollars per minute for delaying the filming . . . Imagine taking time out to cool off when Ty's making love to you! . . . Silliest on-the-set occurrence of the month happened during the filming of *Flotsam* which Fredric March is making with Margaret Sullavan . . . Fredric, always the perfect gentleman, manages to say nothing stronger than "Oh, piffle," whenever anything goes wrong during a scene . . . The other day, after Freddy had missed a cue, he walked off the set with his usual "Oh, piffle." As he said it, a little bald-headed man, standing with a group of extras, walked up to March, bowed and said "Yes?" Fred was a little bewildered, but bowed back . . . Several times this happened, but finally the little man got tired of it all and said, "Mr. March, did you want something?" . . . "Why, no," Fred replied, "why?" . . . "Well, you kept calling me . . . *I'm John Piffl.*"

TECHNICAL-advisor-job-of-the-month went to one Lou Payne, who had the task of teaching Richard Ainley just how the second husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter would act for his role in *The Lady With Red Hair* . . . Lou Payne, in case you've forgotten, *was* the second husband of Mrs. Leslie Carter! . . . Screwiest set restriction of the month was the "No Perfume" order that went out to Ida Lupino and other members of the cast of *High Sierra* . . . And all because "Pard," the little what-is-it pooch that plays a featured role, is allergic to perfume . . . Set gag of the month was pulled on Bob Montgomery during the filming of *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* . . . For three days Bob had to wear pocketless pajamas on the set, with no place to keep his cigarettes . . . So he borrowed them, all day long, day after day . . . Finally, Carole Lombard —the *Mrs.* in the film—got tired of the mooching and arranged with the electricians, cameramen, grips and directors to cure Bob of his habit . . . The very next time Montgomery asked for a cigarette, he was literally showered with them . . . Everyone on the set—from the electrician high on the catwalk, to the script gal by the camera—threw him a cigarette . . . Like a scene from the Sunday comics was the one which took place on the *Seven Sinners* set . . . The script called for Broderick Crawford to be hit on the head with a flower pot, and he was . . . The pot was made of special lightweight material so the blow wouldn't hurt Brod. But they had figured without the dirt in the pot—with the result that the Crawford lad was knocked cold . . . It took a couple of jugs of water and spirits of ammonia to put Brod into shape to go on with the scene . . . A one-man rebellion was staged by Chief Thundercloud during the filming of *Hudson's Bay* . . . The Chief—whom you've seen in practically every Indian picture Hollywood has made—is particularly valuable because he can give a war cry that makes the bombing of London sound like a game of nine pins . . . But the other day, Chief Thundercloud went prima donna and decided he would give only four such yells per day . . . The strain was too much on his vocal cords, he said . . . He finally consented to add a couple more of his special brand of yells—if he was paid for each additional whoop.

QUITE the nicest gesture of any month was made by Carole Lombard during the location shooting of *They Knew What They Wanted* . . . After a particularly heavy day of shooting, Carole swished into the hotel dining room fairly reeking satin and glamor . . . With a special little nod to a family group at a corner table, she joined the rest of the company who proceeded to give her a razzing for her movie queen act . . . So Carole explained . . . "Last night I came into the dining room feeling very comfortable in slacks and no make-up . . . But after dinner the mother of those kids over in the corner came to me and told me that her children were disappointed because I didn't look like a movie actress . . . You just take a look at those kids now if you want to know why I went to all the work to get glammed up" . . . Those two little girls at the family table were beaming in proof that they had just had the biggest thrill of their life . . . And Lombard—who'd rather crawl in a hole than dress up—had renewed their faith in the glamor of moompicher actresses . . . Biggest production disillusionment of the month came to me on the set of *High Sierra* . . . I always thought a gangster's moll was a tough gal who did everything her man did—even to carrying two guns on her hips . . . But not so Ida Lupino, who plays a gangster's moll in this picture . . . Director Raoul Walsh explained that Ida only weighs 101 pounds and even gangster gals have to have eye appeal . . . And if you put a gun on either side of Ida's slim hips she'd have a couple of ugly bulges on her—ah-h—glamor!



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Is He the Great Donlevy?

[*Continued from page* 57]

barrel-like design of his chest to bugle-blowing) and when a Wisconsin national guard unit lost its bugler, he was permitted to substitute. When the company joined General Pershing on his Mexican punitive expedition, young Donlevy, aged about thirteen, talked himself into the trip, as a member. His height and weight made it possible for him to lie about his age. And he ran away from home . . .

When the boys came home, nine months later, Brian's parents responded to their son's martial fervor by sending him to a military school. He was fourteen when he came home and announced he had joined the Lafayette Escadrille.

In France, he learned to fly and became a sergeant-pilot. He spent three years doing patrol duty and pursuit work. He was twice wounded. Once in the leg, once in the head. The head wound made the world go black around him. When he regained consciousness, blood was streaming down his face, blinding him. He landed his ship and discovered he had set it down in front of a hospital! Just in time.

Well, that's the kind of thing he doesn't talk about, the kind of thing he throws away. But it's the kind of thing that helps you, when you're making a graph of a man, the kind of thing that enables you to put the right label on him. No Dick Fancy-Pants playing Bad Mans on the screen, that's a lead-pipe cinch.

The thing he's always admired most in life, he told me, is a professional soldier. Because a professional soldier can't be a politician, confusing issues for his own ends; a professional soldier can't work for gain, can dispense with comforts and thoughts of his bloody, little self, can't get away with anything . . .

Well, that's the kind of thing that helps, too, when you're making up your mind how to label a man . . . the kind of thing a man admires is awfully important in giving you the clue to what the man himself *is* . . .

It was somewhere in here, when we were talking about soldiers, that he said a man can't get away with anything much in the movies these days, either. He said, "The camera gets so close to you now, you show up yellow if you are . . . and the public's not so dumb, they catch on to you . . ."

After the War he came home, still a beardless youth, remember, finished four years school work in two and received an appointment to Annapolis. After a year there, he was told that four years of sea duty would have to precede his transfer to the flying branch of the service and he resigned. But it was at Annapolis, in Academy theatricals, that he first thought of the stage as a place where a man might find adventure and change of scene and mood . . .

He had to sacrifice his plans for flying; he went to New York to try for the stage. He throws those first months, or maybe they were years, away, too . . . "It was the usual," he said, "doors shut in face, leave-your-name-and-address, *et cetera*."

It was during this time that he posed for the artist Leyendecker who recommended that he join the Green Room Club where he might meet some theatrical people. And it was at the Green Room that young Donlevy met the late Louis Wolheim, who took a liking to him because, no doubt, he was even then a man's man . . . and put him in the cast of *What Price Glory* as a corporal.

That was the beginning . . . after that came comedies, farces, dramas, musicals, *Up Pops the Devil, Hit the Deck, Three-Cornered Moon, The Milky Way,* never out of work, a hard-working hombre, then and now . . .

What he really wants to do is make people laugh. He'd like to do comedy. That's the only reason *The Great McGinty* wasn't 100 per cent satisfying to him. There were a few laughs in *McGinty* but, on the whole, the picture and the man tugged at the heart-strings more than they tickled the funny-bone . . .

"I hope I can bring mental relaxation to people," Donlevy said. "God knows they need it now. So I won't feel I've made a big step forward until I do the type of thing I want to do. The only real step forward, in any line of work, is when a person does something he wants to do. I want to make people laugh. So *McGinty* wasn't a step forward for me, not in the way I want to go."

HE DOESN'T have any theories about How To Become A Successful Actor. Except something John Barrymore once said in his presence . . . a youngster asked The Great Profile How To Become, etc, and the G. P. said, *"Listen—and think!"* And Donlevy said, "You can't top that. So few of us really listen, still fewer of us really think . . . but maybe there'll be more listening and thinking done among actors from now on, now that looks don't matter anymore. Not even in the movies. You not only don't have to be handsome but it's a handicap . . ."

He doesn't think his job as a movie actor is a very tough one, either. Like Gable he's inclined to pooh-pooh the poor-hard-working-movie-star palaver. But he does think living up to the job is longshoreman stuff.

"Standing on your toes," he growled, "measuring up the Great Expectations you build up by your built-up characters on the screen. Just being pleasant all the time, getting out of spots, that's the part of it that's tough . . ."

He told me that the only time he was ever genuinely pleased with himself was when he was stabbed by Ray Milland! It was while they were making *Beau Geste*. Donlevy in the *Sergeant Markoff* role that rated him the raves, was wearing a wooden chest protector but it wasn't sufficient coverage to protect him from the accidental slice of Milland's blade. . . .

"It was no publicity stunt," said Donlevy, "I was in the hospital for about a week, bleeding like a pig. But while I was waiting for the ambulance, the only thing I was afraid of was that my insurance policies were not paid up! That's the only time I ever felt self-satisfied. Because I was thinking of those I might be leaving, not about *me* . . ."

He usually answers his own fan mail. The burden of the letters, he says, is, "Are you as mean as you are on the screen?" He feels like getting up on a roof-top and yelling, "Damn it, NO!" He can't do that. And it's to be modestly hoped that, after publication of this article, those questions will show a decrease. Since, we hope, Donlevy will be a little better understood . . .

I don't know what answers he makes to the question . . . but it seems to me that the reason he's able to seem so hard, ruthless, a killer, a sadist, is because of his fearlessness. And he's not afraid of anything, this man who landed his ship at the door of a hospital with his face raining blood.

Another reason he's able to play the gents with the gats and guts is, I think, that the hardest-boiled individual is not usually so very tough, has grown a crust to protect something soft and vulnerable . . . I told Donlevy what I was thinking, and he said, "That's right . . . besides, the circumstances of their lives, poor devils, has given them their crust . . ."

There's a good deal of that "little boy in every man" you read about, in Donlevy . . . like pretending he doesn't like clothes and then being dressed up to kill . . . like when he first came to Hollywood, he rented an enormous house, thirteen rooms, kept two Filipino housemen, had two cars and bought three more, spent all his evenings at the Troc, even though he spent them alone, talking only to the head-waiter, ducking like a high school freshman if he saw a glamorous girl bearing down upon him . . .

He did all this swanking because he thought he would only be in Hollywood a year and "I wanted to know how it feels to live like a movie star." . . . I'm not trying to influence your judgment, but to me there's something endearing in naivete like this, especially in such a man . . . Now, the Donlevys are rebuilding an old house out Brentwood way and a great part of the work Brian is doing himself.

So, one night he was talking to the head-waiter, telling him about his thirteen rooms, peopled mostly with echoes and shadows and he said to the H. W.—"Why don't you move in with me?" And he did.

It was the same head-waiter who introduced him to the girl he married three years ago. Young Marjorie Lane, who was singing at the Troc. Right off, Donlevy liked the Lane girl. The first night he met her, New Year's Eve, he thought to himself, Guess I'll go home, get into my Tux, come back and ask her to have supper with me. He went all the way home, struggled into his Tux, returned to the Troc and—Marjorie had gone out with Robert Taylor!

One year from that night, Brian married Marjorie. Of his courtship, of the methods he used when wooing and winning, he will say nothing, not a syllable. (Except that he "has ten thumbs when it comes to women.") He looks actually shy and, out of the kindness of your heart, you change the subject to—well, you talk some more about the head-waiter, for instance.

We spoke again of *McGinty*, of how he's been the making of Donlevy, after five years of progress, true, but slow progress . . . Donlevy said, *"You can usually trace your best break in any business to one person.* In my case, it was Preston Sturges. I'd known him slightly some years ago. I tried out in a play he wrote. The producer didn't like me for the part and fired me. I just happened to run into Sturges on the Paramount lot, said 'Hi ya' and went on. He told me later that he'd gone upstairs to his office, suddenly thought, 'My God, *there's my man! There's The Great McGinty!*'

"He had a hell of a time trying to convince others I was, or could be, as sympathetic a character as *McGinty* was. But he got me in. It is always A PERSON who gives you an opportunity. Sturges gave me mine. Now it's up to me."

So there it is. And all I've done is put down some of the things he told me. And now you can cast your own vote for or against Donlevy; can sit in judgment yourselves, bring in your own verdict: *Is he, or isn't he, The Great Donlevy?*

Cold, Cold Ground for Massey?

[*Continued from page* 56]

for impresarios, they told her to stick to dancing. She took a church choir job, soloed for a year, and went to the Volkes Opera in Vienna. Officials let her sing *La Tosca,* and she seemed to have arrived.

But critics who had peppered the foyer with praise between acts, wrote the next day: "She is too young. What right has inexperience to such a role?"

Inexperience decided to become experienced.

Ilona applied to the Staatsoper, Vienna's greatest opera, for minor singing roles. In a short time she had leads and received offers from film companies in England and Germany. She said no.

One night she saw *Maytime,* with the box-office winners, Eddy and MacDonald, and allowed herself to wish without attaching strings to her wishes. Oh, to be singing with Nelson Eddy! To be in America! To be in Hollywood! Just to stare at those footprints in Grauman's Chinese Theater lobby she had read about in fan magazines!

M-G-M scouts came to Vienna to sign Rose Stradner. Things happened fast at the Stradner reception. Ilona saw to it she was there. In a short time she was here, compliments of Metro.

"Even when I arrived for *Rosalie* I was frightened," she admits. "I may have acted poised, but, oh, my! What could they see in me to send all the way to Europe when there were such young and beautiful girls in Hollywood and in the chorus? They are crazy, but I must not let them know. I could not help but think: here are long-legged girls, slender girls who are graceful. They are like wolfhounds, and I am awkward as a big St. Bernard."

One of Hollywood's few actresses who will admit her weight and height—she's 128 pounds without, and five-feet-six, also without—Ilona has found it hard to omit Hungarian rich foods, meats, and heavy pastries from her diet. When *Rosalie* was about to be made, she weighed close to 140 pounds. What with the ten pounds the merciless camera adds—those ten pounds that have nothing to do with calories—Ilona was worried.

She lost sleep but not an ounce of weight until M-G-M found she was back at her Hungarian eating habit and put a stop to it. Since then Ilona has become dictator over her stomach and keeps her poundage fairly stable.

Another of Ilona's weightiest worries was her grammar. Three hours a day with an English tutor and "see, saw, have seen," "drink, drank, have drunk," and Ilona was language-logy. Naturally when she got home, she lapsed into Hungarian to Aunt Terese, who speaks broken English.

A few years ago Ilona could split infinitives, dangle participles, and use prepositions to end a sentence *with* just as well as a freckle-faced grammar-school kid. Her statements were chockful of perverted word order, but that was when she had only a nodding acquaintance with English. Today it is a speaking acquaintance.

She knows her "P's" and "Q's" but has trouble with her "th's," "W's" and "R's." She rosebuds her lips and cocks her head to one side when she tries to say "William," as Bill should be said. The intention is there, but the sound comes out "Villyum." And if she says "theater," it ends up "teater." "Something" slips through as "somesing." And "Darling," the endearment term for Alan Curtis, who dropped in as we chatted, comes out, "Dah-ling," but not in that affected Shakespeare Dramatic School manner. Or Newport society, either.

Curtis parked himself across the room just as the talk shifted from pronunciation to renunciation—renunciation of living alone and not liking it.

"It's true," he admitted. "Ilona and I are going to be married as soon as I get my final divorce papers. California laws demand that a year pass between the granting of the divorce and its taking."

Ilona smiles that "well, now it's out" smile and curled up more cozily in the corner of the sofa, stroking Junior's shiny ears.

Money won't mean much once Alan fits the gold band on Ilona's third finger, left hand. It won't be a yardstick with which to measure their mutual happiness. Ilona wants a small farm stocked with half-a-dozen lazy, fat Guernseys, built along the lines of Elsie, the Oomph Cow, plus chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys. And, of course, a couple of trim riding horses.

Alan's going to go rural and become, at least slightly, Farmer Curtis. He wants to for Ilona. Ilona's going to go salt-water and, at least slightly, Fisherwoman Massey—Curtis, to be exact—even if she has to eat a "peck of lemons to keep from being seasick." She wants to for Alan.

And meanwhile their movie careers go ahead as usual. They claim that career and marriage do mix and have enough evidence: Gable-Lombard; Taylor-Stanwyck; Hayward-Lupino; Aherne-Fontaine, and Powell-Blondell, to list a small group.

Suddenly Ilona grinned impishly.

"Do you know 'somesing'?"

We didn't, but wanted to.

"Do you know who I would want to be if I were not myself?"

Alan raised a questioning brow.

"My grandmother." The Massey smile flashed. Suspense. "My grandmother. She had 16 children."

A brief pause for station identification. (All this, and a career too!)

That is a problem that will rest with the future Alan Curtises.

And of course the cooking will be handled by both Ilona and Alan unless they decide to hire a cook. Ilona's oven specialty is thick apple pie that's juicy and brown with cinnamon. This agrees with Alan's palate, but some of those Hungarian hot dishes—phew! "Spices, peppers, and whatnots burn out the lining of your stomach and have you blowing steam," said Alan. "Maybe I'd better handle the cooking."

There's an old Tasmanian proverb about too many cooks, which we won't mention.

It would be interesting to watch the two at home on the range, but it will be even more interesting to watch their careers.

It's a cinch those Hollywood and Vine Street boys who were talking about the "cold, cold ground for Massey" are off their course a few degrees.

What with a contract for *New Wine,* the pen poised for signing for *The Royal Box,* radio offers, and an invitation from the awesome Metropolitan Opera Company to sing *La Tosca,* it looks like a beautiful beginning for a more beautiful future.

There's nothing cold, cold about this Hollywood ground. It's very warm and fertile, in fact. Ilona Massey is taking a firm root in it at last, and she's thriving!

JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS ED SULLIVAN'S INSULTS

Extra! Movie Star Strikes Back!

Joan Crawford can take it—but she can also dish it out when she gets mad.

And when Ed Sullivan wrote a full column denouncing Joan in no uncertain terms, Miss Crawford decided she'd have her say, too.

So HOLLYWOOD Magazine offers you a ring-side seat at this blistering feud between one of the screen's most popular actresses and a widely syndicated columnist.

In the January issue of HOLLYWOOD Joan strikes back vigorously at Sullivan's insults. You'll want to read her retort to such accusations as:

"Joan Crawford is utterly discourteous and exasperating."

And:

"I don't know, really, anyone who has gone so far in the movies with so little talent as Crawford."

Don't fail to read Joan's devastating reply. You'll find it in the current issue of HOLLYWOOD, under the title: "JOAN CRAWFORD ANSWERS ED SULLIVAN'S INSULTS."

The same issue of this bright and lively movie magazine contains intimate stories and exclusive pictures of Gary Cooper, Deanna Durbin, Paulette Goddard, Ginger Rogers, Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, and many others.

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Hollywood

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 13]

—*Chas. Rhodes*

Mike Frankovitch, former footballer at UCLA, and adopted son of Joe E. Brown, weds fiancee Binnie Barnes at Joe's home. Joe waits for extra big piece of wedding cake

HOLLYWOOD TWOSOMES— Hedy Lamarr and John Howard acting like spring—Franchot Tone and Bonnie Kildare, dancer at the Florentine Gardens, whooping it up—John Shelton, fresh from divorce court, about to try again with Dorothy Heinz, of the pickle Heinzes—Eddie Norris is teaching Simone Simon how to fly—Stan Laurel and Alice Ardell yet and yet and yet—Orson Welles and Dolores Del Rio ditto—Margaret Roach and Garwood Van—Lew Ayres and Tina Thayer and/or Helen Vinson—Bill Orr and Virginia O'Brien, whew!—Mary Beth Hughes and Robert Stack and who's gonna be the parson?—Ann Miller and George Montgomery and isn't he lucky?—Olympe Bradna who's barely five feet tall, and Andrew McLaglen, who's six feet plus are proving the old adage about extremes attracting—cute Ann Gillis and Jackie Moran—Nancy Kelly and Anatole Litvak a newsome twosome.

■

SO THEY did it. They went to Las Vegas, and now Elsie Anderson is Mrs. Huntz Hall. Dead End.

■

AND THAT is the surprise-of-the-month, in Hollywood's romantic jungles. Up to the very moment that Kay and Brod dropped the news of their betrothal on an innocent cinemaland, everybody took it for granted that Kay was all but married to Johnny Howard. But it seems now that Johnny was nothing but sheer camouflage—a sort of cupidean smoke-screen for Kay's real heart-life. Anyway, while Kay was outstepping at the niteries with Howard, and getting themselves twosomed up in everybody's mind, all the time she was wearing Brod Crawford's diamond-and-aquamarine engagement ring.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Broderick Crawford and pretty Kay Griffith—

Pretty soon, they'll be Mifter an' Miffith!

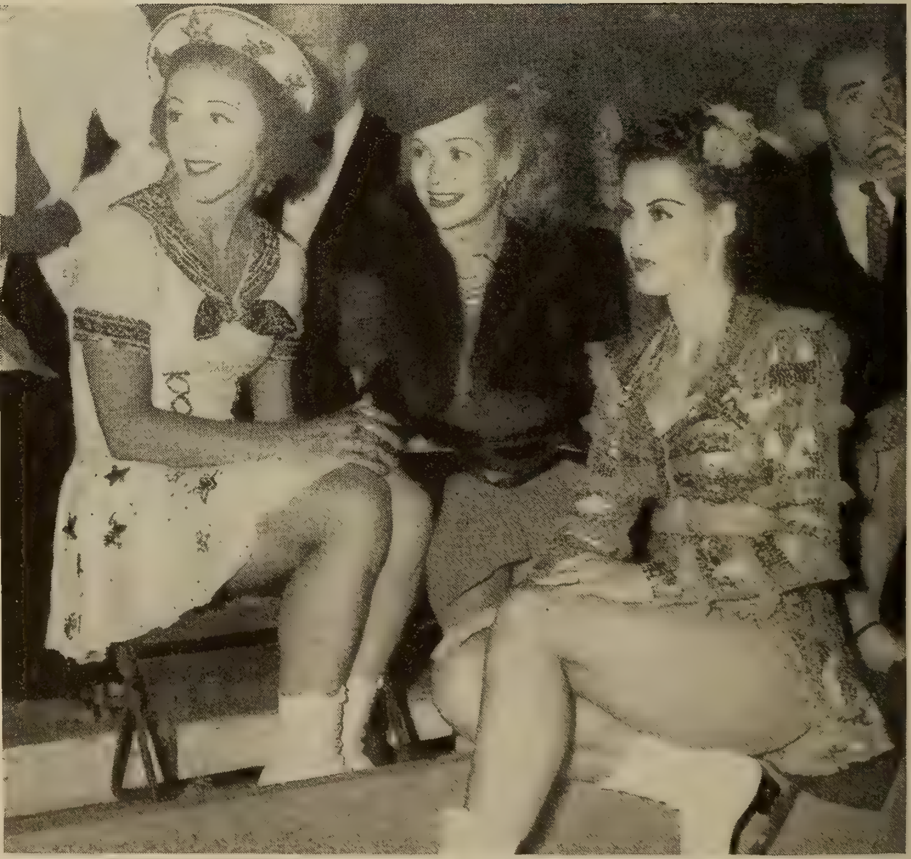
■

JUST as a sidelight on this Ann Sheridan-George Brent business, it seems that they actually went as far as definitely plotting a Mexican elopement recently, aboard George's boat, the *South Wind*. But the elopement plan was never carried off. Instead, we hear they'll be married this December.

■

ANYTHING can, and does happen in Hollywood, but the most surprising feminine twosome lunching at the Brown Derby were Mrs. Ruth Foran, recently divorced from Dick Foran, and Jayne Larkin, who will probably be the next Mrs. Foran. Very chummy, too.

[*Continued on page* 81]



—*Chas. Rhodes*

The Ice Follies, featuring Helen Chandler and Bess Ehrhardt, opened in L.A. other night before touring. The skaters pause between numbers to chat with Jane Wyman

Young Man on His Way

[*Continued from page* 61]

Everything Will Work Out All Right In The End was justifying itself.

If it hadn't been for a tuneful piece called *Naughty Marietta* and a tune dispenser named Nelson Eddy, Dennis Morgan might be Metro's leading male songbird, and still going about under his right name. 1935 brought Eddy success. It didn't do as much for young Morgan.

With the exception of a song in a short feature, lip-movement of the tune *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody* (he was photographed while Allan Jones sang the number for *The Great Ziegfeld*), and other trifling stuff, Morgan was nothing more than a "threat star" to keep Eddy (not that the baritone thought about it) from becoming "uppity" in his success.

This role began to pall on Morgan, who is nothing if not a man of action. After two and a half years of a contract which paid him more than he has ever earned since ("I used to beg for a chance to work," he confesses), he declared he wanted to appear in a Los Angeles presentation of *The Student Prince*. He wanted to prove to himself that his vocal cords hadn't atrophied.

When the studio nixed his suggestion, Dennis tossed up his contract and made the appearance. Immediately there was a buzzing in cinema salons about the new tenor, and Paramount bobbed up with a contract and a name change. Morner-Morgan became, of all things, Richard Stanley. "I thought then that I was set to be a singer," he says.

It wasn't to be. A seasonal shake-up tossed the studio's personnel around like a Central American earthquake and Morgan's patron went down like a ten-pin. Morgan had two lovely parts after that: one a gangster, the other a ship's purser who is shot before he utters a sound. At option time Morgan and Paramount parted company.

But not before Bill Pierce, assistant to Producer Charles Rogers, came upon Morgan practicing his "do-re-mis" in a studio rehearsal room. Morgan had been studying voice, patiently, persistently, during the dark years. For two of those years his teacher was Andres de Segurola. There was genuine pleasure in Pierce's voice: "Why, Stanley, I didn't know you sang. Let me get you a Warner test."

By this time the young fellow was ready to give Hollywood back to the Bronx Indians. He was headed for home—Prentice, Wisconsin. "More out of friendship for Bill, I made the test, and it looked terrible to me, so I left with my family for the East before any decision was made," Morgan tells. Of course they wired for him to return, immediately, to a term contract, which he did.

THIS sudden upswing of his professional fortunes, this chance to do *Kitty Foyle*, has had no effect on Morgan. He still belongs to the new school of on-coming male stars who see life in realistic, down-to-earth terms. He doesn't take public adulation too seriously. What he wants most is to give his singing talent fullest expression, and to live like a normal human being.

A surprising number of the newcomers feel that a wife, children, a good home, a comfortable income, are more important than a penthouse on Hollywood's Parnassus. It's a variation on the old theme.

Dennis has a wife, Lillian Vedder, a high-school sweetheart, and he has been married to her, solely, for seven years. He has two children, Stanley, Jr., almost six, and Kirsten, going on three. He believes in owning his own home, and is looking for one in Beverly Hills to exchange for his San Fernando Valley property.

No social aspirations are behind this plan. He merely wants to be within easier reach of places (the Valley means a longer drive to reach home), and one of the places is the California Country Club where he plays golf. Like *Wyn, Kitty's* foil, "in anything outdoors, or engines, or animals, or getting along with people" he's "perfectly swell." Morgan hunts, fishes, plays tennis.

Thwarted in his artistic hopes (temporarily, at least) Morgan has had plenty of time to form his own conclusions about Hollywood. He likes it physically. Mentally and morally he can take it or leave it. The best thing about it is that he can rush the kids and his wife into the car, stick some skis into it, too, and "in three hours' time I can be up in the mountain snows . . . in the right season, of course."

This reminds him of his sometime-snowy home in Prentice, Wisconsin, where thirty years ago, December 20th, he was born to Grace and Frank E. Morner. Morgan's maternal grandfather, the Dutch Van Dusen, helped found the lumber town of Prentice, with a gentleman of the same name, which puts him in the First Family classification of *Wynewood Strafford VI*. Dennis' father, now retired, and his wife, live in Westwood, a Los Angeles suburb. Once a lumberman-banker, today he manages Morgan's financial affairs.

WHAT Dennis dislikes about Hollywood is its eternal preoccupation with itself. "There's no town in the country where so much emphasis is put on its own work," he says. "The first thing that you hear when people get together at a Hollywood party is whether he or she is 'photogenic,' has sex appeal, can act. . . . At any other party, any place in the country, the talk drifts into other channels, and is about hunting or fishing or politics. In other words, Hollywood never relaxes."

Morgan would be the first one to introduce politics to the talk, for he has a lively interest in the doings of the two parties, and is a rabid button-wearer for the wrong party, as far as his studio is concerned. This bothers him not at all. Neither does Hollywood's sex phobia bother him. "It'll work out all right," he says, philosophically. "And I'm not going to try and change it. I should be caught out on a limb!"

He admits he has a practically perfect wife, and that the recent rumors of their separation were so much tosh. "She went to Wisconsin on a vacation," he explains. "She's the kind of girl who is willing to go hunting and fishing and skating with a man, but if he decided to go with the boys, she doesn't pout because she is left at home."

Morgan's friends include Edward Norris ("How are ya, Eddie? How's everything at Craven's Roost?") and Owen Crump.

If he clicks in *Kitty Foyle* (and there seems to be little doubt but what he will), Morgan will begin to feel that his career is really jelling. After that, perhaps some kind producer will cast him in a musical—Warners' own *The Desert Song*. Once established as a singing favorite, Morgan sees his very special dream taking form. He'd like to concertize . . . make a few films a year and then go out on tour and sing for the folks. And maybe he will.

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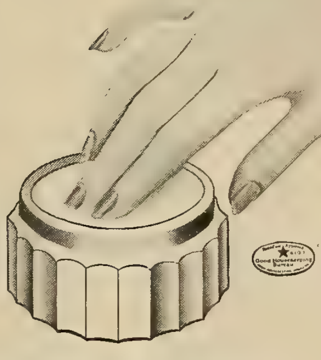

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Make Your Christmas Gifts Tasty

[*Continued from page* 54]

to taste. For example, there are no *grounds for complaint* about Christmas candies when the flavor comes straight from the coffee pot. Strongly brewed coffee adds a delightfully refreshing flavor to a variety of sweets.

Tastiness and a smooth, fine grained *texture* in candies are easily achieved through the use of many other food products. One of them is corn syrup. It has a way all its own of smoothing out the kinks such as sugar crystals, and at the same time adds the wholesome qualities of nutritious dextrose. Dextrose, you know, is a pure white, delicious, mildly-sweet sugar, which provides our bodies with "fuel" (or body energy) for work and play.

A good chocolate is important, too; a sweetened condensed milk often adds much to the tastiness and texture of candies; and *walnuts* can be used generously for they add that crisp crunchiness that makes Christmas candies *extraordinary treats.* That crispness which walnuts add is also *good for us,* for it promotes sound teeth and gives food values that everyone needs. Prunes, dates, or figs stuffed with whole walnut kernels provide healthful and delicious confections and add greatly to the colorful array of any gift box of mixed sweets. Candied cherries add a *Christmassy* touch and candied orange and grapefruit peel, which are far simpler than pie to make, help to complete a beauteous holiday picture that says, "Here's wishing you a Merry Christmas in the sweetest way of all."

THERE really isn't a candy recipe in existence that need stump you, and the assortment I've collected here are "foolproof." They've been tried and tested and labeled "sure-fire recipes," and I know you'll enjoy preparing them and later filling attractive five and ten cent store boxes and tins.

There are, however, a few *general* rules you should follow if you're looking for the best results in cooked candies. Here are some of them:

Use *real* butter in all candies.

Have everything measured accurately before starting to work.

Bring candy to the boiling point slowly. Never allow it to boil until all the sugar is dissolved.

When stirring, stir backward and forward —not around. And always use a wooden spoon.

If possible, during cooking process, wash down the sides of the saucepan with a brush which has been dipped in cold water. This will make certain that all the sugar crystals are dissolved.

After the sugar is dissolved let the candy cook more rapidly.

Always remove the saucepan from the fire when testing for hard or soft ball stage.

Of course, using a candy thermometer for testing is the scientific method of candy making today. But, if you haven't one, below are the explanations for the testing terms used in the recipes I've included in this article. Once you've identified the various stages you'll have no difficulty in recognizing them a second time. Testing, you know, is done by pouring about ½ teaspoon of the boiling candy mixture into a cup of very cold water. By shaping the mass between the fingers you determine the stage.

Soft Ball—Ball flattens when picked up from cold water.

Firm Ball—Ball will hold shape when picked up, but flattens when pressed.

Hard Ball—Ball holds shape when picked up, but still can be molded.

Soft Crack—Syrup separates into threads when dropped into cold water. Threads are firm, but not brittle.

Hard Crack—Syrup separates into threads in cold water, but threads are hard and brittle.

Whatever you do, start your candy-making with determination, for it's lots of fun and can't possibly throw you. The very most it can do is produce loud ohs, ahs, and yums from your friends who receive your Christmas candies, and if you're like the rest of us, you haven't yet reached the "hard crack stage" where you don't like occasional compliments on the things you cook.

SPEAKING of candies, to get into the Christmas spirit not long ago we made up a holiday centerpiece in which you may be interested and which the children will adore fixing. If you'll look at the center picture on page 54, you'll see exactly how it's done. It's a small table-size evergreen tree trimmed with strings of popcorn, brightly colored gumdrops, red and green jelly beans, and many other inexpensive candies, then topped with the Star of Bethlehem—a sugar cookie in the form of a star.

To string the candies, we found a large darning needle and dental floss most satisfactory. The finishing touch was adding the snow (optional), which turned out to be the suds from soap flakes and a small quantity of warm water, beaten to a thick froth. Surprisingly enough, when it dries, it looks exactly as if a real New England blizzard had graced an honest-to-goodness Christmas tree. If you'd like to keep the children occupied (for that matter, it's grown-up's fun too) and want an interesting Yuletide table centerpiece, then why not try it?

Now, here are the "sure-fire" candy recipes I mentioned, and if you'd like others for your candy file and Christmas gift assortment just fill in the coupon below for "Christmas Candy Treats," a *free* leaflet which I shall be happy to send you.

DIVINITY FUDGE

1 cup light corn syrup
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
3 cups granulated sugar
2 egg whites
¾ cup chopped mixed nuts
1 teaspoon vanilla

Combine corn syrup, water, salt and sugar. Boil to 265° F. (hard ball stage). Beat egg whites stiff, and gradually beat in the boiling syrup. Whip until it begins to stiffen, add vanilla and nuts. Beat again and pour into a pan slightly buttered.

This fudge may also be colored faint pink and chopped candied cherries added. Another suggestion is to sprinkle two tablespoons grated orange rind on bottom of pan. Then sprinkle ½ cup grated coconut over that and pour on the fudge. When removed from pan, the orange gives a very attractive top.

COFFEE CREAM CARAMELS

¼ cup ground coffee
¼ cup boiling water
1 cup irradiated evaporated milk
1 cup sugar
1 cup white corn syrup
Pinch of salt
¼ cup butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Pour boiling water over coffee. Add milk and scald for 5 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. (There should be ¾ cup.) Boil sugar, corn syrup and salt to make a very thick syrup (245° F.). Add coffee mixture and butter slowly so that boiling does not stop. Cook quickly to firm ball stage (242° F.), stirring constantly. Add vanilla, and pour into buttered pans to ¾-inch thickness. Cool. Before candy sets, mark into squares. Chill until very firm. Remove to cutting board and cut into cubes. Wrap in waxed paper. Yield: 1¼ lbs.

NUT BRITTLE

⅓ cup strong freshly-made coffee (brew)
½ cup white corn syrup
½ cup brown sugar
½ cup butter
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups finely chopped nuts

Mix together all ingredients except nuts. Cook without stirring to hard crack stage (280° F.). Pour onto greased slab or bottom of a very large pan turned upside down. Sprinkle nuts on top and press in with rolling pin. Take hold of edges of the candy, lift it slightly from the slab and pull the sheet of candy out until very thin (about 1/16-inch thick). Let cool and break into pieces. Yield: ¾ lb.

SHORT-CUT FUDGE

3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups sweetened condensed milk
1½ tablespoons butter
1 tablespoon vanilla
2 cups sifted confectioners' (XXXX) sugar
½ cup chopped peanuts
½ cup (¼ lb.) chopped pitted dates

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add sweetened condensed milk and stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes until thick. Remove from heat. Add butter and vanilla. Add confectioners' sugar gradually, blending well. Add peanuts and dates. Scrape mixture into buttered pan, smoothing out. Chill thoroughly. Cut into squares. Yield: 1¾ lbs.

FREE

Pauline Rawley
MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Please send me the free leaflet, "CHRISTMAS CANDY TREATS," which contains many recipes for holiday and year-'round delicious candies.

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(This offer expires February 15, 1941)

WHO ARE THEY?

By JACK HOLLAND

EVERYONE who attends the flickers each week is pretty sure he knows all about the stars who flash across the scene, yet some of their best known characteristics are mysteries to many. Hence, the game of—Who Are They?

The idea is simply to put a well-known star in a short scene, describing something relating to him as a person or as an actor. Then it's your job to guess who the character is.

All right—let's go. Let's see how well you know your movies!

1. A suave gentleman sits flippantly drinking cocktails and playing the detective in the game of "Murder." Who is he?..........
2. A young chap sits at his drums and gives out with a snappy swing solo while his mother accompanies him on the piano. Who is he?..........
3. A sophisticated lady turns to a gentleman beside her and says, "Why shouldn't I play this part? I don't care if it's a mother role. Why, I'd play Wally Beery's grandmother if it were a good part!" Who is she?..........
4. A young man with traces of a once adorning beard is haunting a Hollywood night club with a dark, exotic beauty on his arm. He turns to her and says, "Really, I'm too busy to be a husband." Who is he?..........
5. A charming lady who's not as old as people think she is waits patiently at home while her husband of a few years slaves for hours as an assistant cutter at M-G-M. Who is she?..........
6. A former great tragedienne of the screen laughs heartily as she imbibes glasses of champagne in a comedy. In private life she takes carrot juice on the advice of her escort. Who is she?..........
7. An intense actress does not deny that she is still unhappy because of her recent divorce from her former orchestra leader and agent husband. Who is she?..........
8. A prominent blond singer-actress returns home from work one day only to see her new house burned to the ground. Later she sees her marriage go up in smoke. Who is she?..........
9. A comely brunette looks at herself in the mirror and says, "I do look like Hedy Lamarr at that!" Who is she?..........
10. A rather thin but romantic looking man went on a ski trip, jumped the wrong way, and came back with a cut knee and a loss of athletic ambition. Who is he?..........
11. A former blonde who is now "natural" puts away a pair of dancing shoes and sits down to read "How To Be a Dramatic Actress." Who is she?..........
12. A plump individual writes out a nice sized check addressed to the Income Tax Department. In his budget he puts down the size of the check and adds a note, "Price of return to the United States." Who is he?..........
13. A short man who chews cigars and leers like gangsters and who recently discovered a scientific cure for a social disease in a recent picture, tries to find a vacant space on his walls at home for a newly purchased painting. Who is he?..........
14. A brash young man sits writing a book, the title being "The 1940 Version of Casanova." Who is he?..........
15. A stalwart man passes a theater where a picture of his is showing and says to himself, "I wish I'd never taken that woman." Who is he?..........
16. A portly man sits in a barber shop reading a book called "Lorenzo Goes to Hollywood." Who is he?..........
17. A pert little blonde throws a picture script aside but doesn't listen any more to the swing recordings of her ex-husband. Who is she?..........
18. A sultry brunette puts a pin in a flowery and sketchy garment and says, "I wish this thing would wear out." Who is she?..........
19. A handsome man sits reading a travel book while his dog, Arno, gazes suspiciously at him on the floor. Who is he?..........
20. A singer spends his evenings teaching his twins to vocalize while they, intermittently, ask him if his nag has come in yet. Who is he?..........
21. A beautiful brunette sends a wedding present to her newly married young sister and then wonders why *she* hasn't married yet. Who is she?..........
22. A petite girl divorces her husband to marry the man whose wife divorced him so he could marry the petite girl. Who is she?..........
23. A long, lanky gentleman says, "At last I know who John Doe is." Who is he?..........
24. A red-headed girl pens a letter to the collegiates at Harvard and says, "You're not so hot either!" Who is she?..........
25. An exotic blonde motions to a friend, then exclaims, "My legs are tired. Will you please see what the boys in the back room will have?" Who is she?..........
26. A wavy-haired and handsome young man looks at himself in the mirror and says, "These dimples burn me up!" Who is he?..........
27. A tall, dark, and handsome man sits looking at the ocean and wonders why *brooks* used to intrigue him so much more than the sea. Who is he?..........
28. A fellow pulls out a saxophone from his trunk, blows a few dulcet tones, reminisces a bit, and then decides he'd still prefer eating pop corn with Claudette Colbert on a bench. Who is he?..........
29. A pert little woman says to a reporter, "My husband does all the talking for me, thank you!" Who is she?..........
30. A personable and fleet-footed gentleman sits surrounded by music manuscripts, tears his hair, and says, "If I could only write just *one* hit tune I'd be so happy!" Who is he?..........
31. A handsome man buys a ticket on a liner and asks, "Do all state-rooms come equipped with girls under the bed?" Who is he?..........
32. A reddish-haired and rather quiet gentleman putters in his garden at home and wonders if Martha still has her vineyard. Who is he?..........
33. A cultured and refined gentleman looks at the charming lady beside him and says to her, "There's nothing like *hume*." Who is he?..........
34. A husky man guides his tractor over his ranch and gazes admiringly at his blonde wife who has learned that *nothing* is *sacred*. Who is he?..........
35. A delightful and intriguing lady falls in a mud puddle and says, "Oh well, let the chips fall where they may." Who is she?..........

Now turn to page 83 and check your "I. Q."

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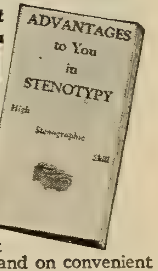
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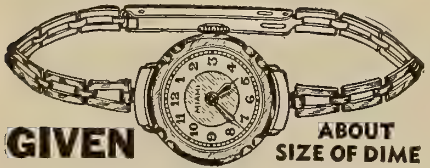

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Hedy's Private Opinion of Men

[*Continued from page* 59]

Well, of course, a speed officer had to stop me. At first he was quite belligerent, as most speed officers are, are they not? But when I explained to him why I was going so fast, he changed his attitude and told me all sorts of things to do to prevent holdups, such as keeping the right car door always locked and avoiding dark streets—things like that.

"We talked for a long time. He told me about experiences he had had with reckless drivers, described how awful motor accidents are. He was quite fatherly. And he let me go, finally, without giving me a ticket. I really liked him, not just because he didn't give me a ticket, but because of his obviously sincere effort to teach me to avoid such situations in the future. I all but asked him home for a visit," she finished, smiling.

"That is what I mean when I refer to the innate kindness of American men," she repeated. "I mean the little things. Like the time I was being surrounded by autograph seekers and one boy called me 'Hedy.' 'Hey, Hedy,' he yelled 'gimme your autograph!' And then another boy in the crowd poked him smartly in the ribs with his elbow. '*Miss Lamarr* to you!' he reminded him. And all the youngsters were calling me 'Miss Lamarr' after that.

"And the time I got my car jammed in between two others and couldn't back it out, and a young truck driver stopped his truck and got it out for me. I don't mean that a European wouldn't have done it. It was this young man's manner after he had helped me. He didn't expect anything. He was embarrassed by thanks and blushed and muttered something about 'Aw, that's all right.' He didn't even recognize me, I am sure, so it wasn't that he was doing me a favor because I was a screen actress. He just saw that I was in trouble and helped me out of it.

"Those are things a woman likes," she said, "and they speak well for the manhood of a nation. We women can feel safe with menfolks like that and certain they will take care of us. True, they may be less sophisticated. They may be less subtle. But they are he-men, and that is still better!"

SUPERFICIALLY, too, American men are nice, Hedy pointed out. "I mean that, man to man, they are handsomer than Europeans," she explained, "as well as bigger and stronger. They have a sort of scrubbed, clear-eyed look. Perhaps this is because you seem to have more fresh air and better food throughout your great country," she said, thoughtfully. "They're better dancers, too," she added, "and they possess a greater sense of humor. Nor are they as affected as many Continentals. They are what they are and you can take them or leave them. They are unimpressed by glamor and position.

"That is," she amended, "most of them are. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule. I ran into one once upon a time. It was just after *Algiers* was released. A certain man took me out one night and if an escort was ever complimentary and ardent, it was he. He seemed charmed with me, to care for me so much, to be so gallant and sincere, that he almost fooled me . . . But not quite. Because, as he was saying goodnight and begging for an engagement the next day, he put a hand on each of my shoulders and looked down at me.

"'*Hedy Lamarr!*' he breathed. And his voice was weighted with emotion.

"But, to me, those *two* words were the—as you called it—pay-off. You see, if he had said just, '*Hedy*' I might have believed he was enamoured of me. But he said, '*Hedy Lamarr.*' And a man truly in love with a girl, *for herself alone*, does not speak her full name in lovemaking. It is too stilted.

"So," she finished, shrugging, "I knew then and there that it wasn't Hedy, the individual, he cared for, but Hedy Lamarr, the screen actress."

ALL in all, though, Hedy believes American men are—"Well," she insisted, "they are *sweet!* Yes, I know," she added, hastily, "they wouldn't like to hear me say that. They'd blush like the truck driver did, and mutter. But they *are!* They're sweet in all kinds of ways—funnily, sometimes; sometimes naively; often when we women don't deserve it. A certain friend of mine was sweet to me just the other day when I did not deserve it. Something had happened that I didn't like very much and I took him to task for it over the telephone. I admit that it wasn't his fault—that I was quite unreasonable. But that didn't make any difference to him. Shortly, a fine box of flowers arrived accompanied by his card. On it, he had written, 'I'm sorry!'

"Of course I felt much better, and if you must analyze the situation closely, forgave him for my own transgression. But I appreciated what he did, just the same, and I'll be a better girl next time, too.

"And then," Hedy concluded, "there was that boy at Metro, bless his heart! It is a little thing I have to tell about him, but to me it is typical of the fine protective instinct toward women that most American men feel. I had seen him around often but I didn't know who he was or what he did. I don't yet. He's an errand boy, I fancy. But we got to talking one day on the *Boom Town* set. I was feeling kind of depressed and he was sensitive enough to realize it.

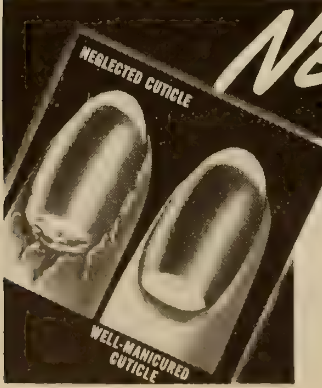
"'Aren't things working out for you all right, Miss Lamarr?' he asked, sympathetically.

"'They are looking up now,' I told him, 'but I do think I have had a lot of bad luck, in one way or another.'

"Well, he drew himself up and if I ever saw kindness and generosity and sincerity written on a human face, it was on his. And if I ever saw the confidence that is the blessed birthright of every American, it was there.

"'Miss Lamarr,' he said, 'if I ever get anywhere in this picture business—and, believe me, I will someday—*you will never have to worry* about a thing!'

"Do you see what I mean?"



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I Must Be Mad!

[*Continued from page* 63]

folde rol. We were there to learn and work.

"People wonder how I grew up to be self-conscious, with training like that. It was training like that that did it. My father endlessly demanded perfection, which I never seemed to attain. One time I felt my nerves would give out and I fainted just before the curtain went up on one of my father's productions. The first thing my father said, when I revived, was: 'If you *ever* faint again before a performance, or dry up during a scene, I'll disown you on the spot.' If I ever have a heart attack, I'll never be able to have it during a performance. It's against the Lupino law.

"I suffer tortures, every time I start a picture. I *must* be mad to keep on acting, to be such a masochist. Louis is the same way. We're both living for the day when we can buy a farm and just stay there the rest of our lives. The thought of ever doing another picture gives me a horrible sinking feeling."

WHY hadn't she and Louis ever kept each other company, working together?

"The right thing hasn't come along," Ida said. "I was offered the role that Laraine Day played in *My Son, My Son,* and we talked it over at great length, and decided I shouldn't play it. We weren't thinking of each other, but of the picture. The seduction scene would have lost its dramatic impact with the audience comfortably aware that, actually, the boy and girl were married. . . . We want to play together, if we can find something that won't give us a love interest. We're trying to get the screen rights to a certain story."

She went on to tell the story in great detail and with great animation—which belied her claim that she dreaded ever doing another picture. Particularly when she went on to tell the plot of a second story that she was "dying to do." And especially when she added that her Great Suppressed Ambition was to play the title role of Barrie's *Mary Rose.* She would make a test free for any studio in Hollywood that would consider buying that for her—after she made the test.

Pending the day when they'll have a farm far from all this, Ida and Louis are living in a California-farmhouse-type house on a hillside in Beverly Hills. Where Ida, between pictures, puts music on paper. She has just composed a suite of sweetheart waltzes. Which would indicate that her marriage is doing all right, like her career.

What do they mean—"Mad Idesy?"

Gorgeous Hussey

[*Continued from page* 62]

the plans of a Cape Cod dream house she intends to build in Hollywood. She pores over thick volumes of art, old furniture, history of architecture. She has worked out in her mind every detail of her dream house, in which every piece of furniture has its permanent, right place. She raids antique shops to pick up old things for her future home, is thrifty, and a born saver. She will save paper bags, string, old tacks, always with that Cape Cod house in mind . . .

She has a passion for fine old silverware. Recently she spotted some exquisite silver spoons at a shop in Laguna Beach. Her secretary, the youthful, fun-loving Mrs. Madelon Haigh, was with her. They are close friends. Ruth had her heart set on those spoons, but characteristically enough, she didn't buy them right away. She had to think it over. She decided to buy them the following day, if she still wanted them badly enough.

She and Mrs. Haigh talked about those spoons for hours. Finally, the next day, Ruth said, "Madelon, I've got to have those spoons, I've simply got to have them." They hurried back to the shop, walked up and down the street, still wondering, speculating, arguing, and at last went in and bought the darn things. She keeps them in a drawer, and every now and then she will go take a lingering look at them. She is looking for some blue enamel cups to go with them, and whenever she has a few hours off will run to an antique shop, with Madelon carrying her checkbook.

At present she lives in a small rented house in Westwood, and has a housekeeper to take care of it and do the cooking, for which Ruth has no special talent. This unpretentious house reflects Ruth's personality in every detail—is ultra-feminine and dainty. Luscious pink walls with small blue flowers, rose-colored draperies, pink chenille bed spread, blue rugs, pink lamps. She sleeps in a gorgeous twin bed, and (Sid Skolsky please notice) wears night gowns, pink, white, or blue. She collects perfume bottles. She sings and whistles while taking a bath, and likes to lie in a foamy tub luxuriously.

As for boy friends, she is very particular, her favorite escort being a French-educated young producer. Those producers get around all right. She loves Oriental foods, and goes into ecstasies in describing such exotic delicacies as ground-meat wrapped in vine leaves, eggplants cooked with olive oil and a profusion of aromatic herbs, pastries with a lot of honey and chopped up nuts in them.

IT'S our impression that Miss Hussey is still dreaming of a prince charming to come and carry her off on his white horse. Some women, as you know, always remain romantic children at heart. When she wasn't getting the right parts, she turned on her sex appeal, became a fighter and a hustler, did un-ladylike things in her estimation, stopped being a shrinking violet and hoping that they would come after her when they needed her.

But we're afraid that in matters of off-screen love she'll always be a shrinking violet, which makes it rather tough in a woman's town like Hollywood even for such a girl as Ruth Hussey. She loves old things, and the old ways, which combined with her beauty, makes her a unique type of screen heroine, beloved by those who know her, but an enigma to others. At this writing very few know her in Hollywood, for she is a girl Hollywood can't understand.

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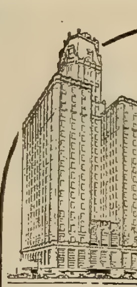

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The Master's Voice

[*Continued from page* 58]

of stage training. But I also got a good break, being chosen to represent the type of gangster-overlord that was then so conspicuous in our civilization. I was a sort of composite of all the gang leaders. I tried to be as convincing as possible. It looked for a while as if I had been too earnest, for I was in danger of being permanently typed."

It was the role of "Silver Dollar" Tabor that saved him, that took him upon the high road of biographical glorification. He has had a notable array of figures to glorify ever since, though occasionally he has taken a whirl at the melodramatic, as well as seriocomic sneering and menacing of his early days.

It was his remarkable gift for sneering more menacingly than anyone else in Hollywood that put far behind him the vivid but insecure pastures of Broadway. He and his wife were Theater Guild stars, Arthur Hopkins' stars, but there were no Rembrandts and Corots and Renoirs at the end of a day to solace one, to satisfy one's hunger for beauty.

It remained for *Little Caesar* and his sneer to make that beauty possible, to bring a fullness to life that was otherwise incomplete. Today, Edward G. Robinson has one of the finest collections of paintings on the West Coast or, for that matter, in the East. If he is able to transmute himself so easily on the screen from gunman to world-famous scientist, it is likely that his art collection provides the answer. It stimulates him. It broadens his imagination. It extends his sense of philosophy.

When he is studying a new role, particularly a great biographical role, he goes to his paintings for inspiration, drinks in their realness, their vivid colorings and shadows. He finds the experience exhilarating. Between films he attends auctions, art exhibits—ever on the search for additions to his gallery. He does not have as much time for such activity as before his radio days. They consume most of his spare time now.

Edward G. Robinson is determined to make *Big Town* the top-ranking program of its kind. He doesn't play down to radio, pass it off as the softest means to easy money that the world has yet devised. He regards it and its opportunities for self-expression as seriously as if he were ordered to report tomorrow morning to Alfred Hitchcock or William Wyler to begin work on the screen portrayal of Daniel Webster. He has long sessions with his staff of writers, longer ones with his chief penman, none other than Crane Wilbur, veteran of the early films and a dramatist with some Broadway presentations to his credit.

A pretty busy man, Robinson! A pretty voluble one, too. You couldn't expect him to be anything else with *that* voice. There's something about that voice that gets you—and holds you—whether it's shooting out at you from a screen or from a wooden box.

It's not a voice with a smile, but it's a voice that makes more vivid the personality back of it. The films and the radio find steady use for both. You'd recognize both even though you came across them in the dark on the Burma Road. You'd recognize them even though they were disguised as Beethoven or Grant, Ehrlich or Reuter. Recognizing them, you'd feel a bit stimulated. It's the romantic appeal he puts across.

I rather think he could give romantic appeal to a tax collector. The old boy wouldn't have a spark of oomph, but you'd fall for his suggestion that he spend a weekend with you. The voice would bowl you over—the voice and the suave authority with which he would back it up.

The Girl With Bounce

[*Continued from page* 66]

"They used to burn one redhead at stake each year," she says.

In addition to possessing that necessary quality, Bounce, she has many abilities. She swings an accurate polo mallet, rides a bike "no hands sometimes," swims like Eleanor Holm, and flys like Howard Hughes. (Only Mr. RKO says Lucille will pilot her private life only on the ground while she is working.)

She could teach Madame La Zonga, and the aforementioned Madame's talented daughters, a few things about the new La Conga, if she were so inclined.

She reads biographies avidly and claims that one of the historical characters she would like to play in pictures is *Du Barry*, who, incidentally, was a lady.

"Most people in novels or biographies are not exactly my type for characterization, but if I ever have to play such a person, I want her to have one grand sense of humor. That's important."

The prober into the Ball background wanted to know some of Lucille's secret ambitions, which, as she remarked, "would not be very secret if she told them."

First she'd like to appear on the Broadway stage in a Kaufman-Hart play or a Behrman play—something packed with laugh lines and humorous situations. And then, Hollywoodly speaking, she'd like to do a picture with Bob Hope.

"I'd be strictly straight! I'd love to stooge for him. He's really marvelous," she says and looks way off into space wishfully.

Then, of course, she wants to get married in a few years. So that should erase plentiful items you may have read about her and Desi Arnaz, her own intoxicating Cuba Libra, looking for a ring and the house that follows it.

Sure, she sees Desi regularly, and he's crowded out Director Al Hall, who has had the inside track for three years. Still marriage is out for the time being. (Lucille has a blooming career to attend to.) But someday she's going in for it, and then she'll have a not too elaborate house with a low white fence around it—not to keep neighbors out but to keep a couple of kids and a puppy inside.

Oh, there are lots of other things to tell about la belle Ball, but we can't tell 'em here. Don't get us wrong. Neither the Hays office nor Lucille would mind. But, after all, this is just a short, streamlined treatise on Hollywood's girl with Bounce!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 68]

Hubby will believe to his dying day that wifie was suffering from hallucinations, and that she must have really been sicker than he knew. But the fact is, that the woman was right. You see, Carole Lombard was in the very same hospital—and Clark, coming to visit her, got into the wrong room by mistake.

Gag

■ Silly crack of the month was Peter Lorre's, in the RKO barber-shop. Peter sat in his usual chair, and the barber said: "Your hair needs cutting badly, sir."

"No, it doesn't," snapped Lorre, quick as a flash; "it needs to be cut nicely! You cut it BADLY last time!"

Aren't they the cards, these movie stars?

Terse Verse

■ Clever guys, these Brothers Marx—
All the gags from Noah's Arx!

Wampas Revival?

■ Most interesting development of years, in Hollywood, is the move to revive the old "Wampas Baby Star" selection.

In the olden days, it was Hollywood's great annual event—just as important, at that time, as the current yearly award of Academy "Oscars" to the industry's top actors, producers, and so on.

Among the Baby Stars of bygone years, who climbed from that start to the top ranks of movies, were Janet Gaynor, Joan Blondell, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, Lupe Velez and many others.

In the old days, the selection used to be made by the studio press-agents. The new plan calls for a board of judges to be selected from the major lots—a top director from each studio. Each studio will then be allowed to submit the names of one or two of their young hopes—gals under 21, who have played not more than two speaking parts. From these candidates, the board of judges would pick 13 stars who have the most promise of eventual success.

Terse Verse

■ Go ahead and choose your "Baby Stars"—
But we bet you'll find no Hedy Lamarrs!!

"Who Was That Lady, etc.?"

■ If you want to try the latest Hollywood zany pastime, here it is—as invented and practiced, ad nauseam, by the Marx Brothers. They call their new game "Who Was That Lady?" and it goes like this: One person asks, "Who was that lady?" and the other person must come back with a quickie like:

"She was a masseuse, but she rubbed me the wrong way!"

And when you get over rolling on the floor over that one, here are a few other nifty comebacks, as practiced by the Marxes—

"She was a housemaid, and she swept me off my feet."

"She was a tattooer, and she had designs on me."

"She was a dressmaker, and kept me in stitches."

Well, there you are, friends. Don't say your Li'l Old Hollywood Correspondent doesn't keep you in touch with the latest developments in this glamorous, clever movie capital!

Gable-Lombard Zoo

■ Latest freak at the Gable-Lombard zoo (which is what Hollywood is calling that amazing San Fernando valley ranch of the stars) is a cat with one hind leg in splints!

Seems that Clark and Carole have no less than twenty cats about the place—and the population is going up steadily. But even so, the famous couple can't find the heart to dispose of any of them, no matter how steady the rate of production. And when one of them meets disaster—well, the other day one of the cats got in a trap, and came out with a broken leg. Instead of having her killed, Carole and Clark sent her to the veterinarian's, and had the broken leg set and put in splints—and now the puss hops around on three legs until the fourth one is healed again.

Male Fashion Notes From Hollywood

■ Quite neat was Wayne Morris at Ciro's the other night, in white dinner jacket with black tie, and black kerchief in his breast pocket. And nobody noticed that the black hankie was NOT a black hankie, but a black silk sock, which Wayne substituted at the last moment when he found he didn't have any black kerchief!

And Harpo Marx tried to get into a swank dining-room in open-necked sports shirt the other night. Was turned away because of house rule that no open-necked shirts were admissable. So Harpo taxied to his home, came back a few minutes later with a red scarf wrapped around his throat. The head waiter passed him in—but almost collapsed when, once at his table, Harpo yanked the red scarf away—and brazenly displayed it as the lower half of a pair of pajamas!

Terse Verse

■ Guys to whom Ann Sheridan is merely "neat"
Even in Hades wouldn't notice the heat!

Toupee Or Not Toupee

■ Most amazing fan-experience of the month was the one suffered by Eddie Albert. He was having lunch at the Brown Derby, when a cute girl dashed up to his table, all but breathless.

"Oh," she gasped, "you're Eddie Albert, aren't you?"

Gallantly he stood up and admitted he was.

"Can I run my fingers through your hair," she asked; "my friend back home says it's false!"

Before Eddie could recover from the surprise, the gal had her hands on his head—and not only running her fingers through his locks, but giving them a series of good, violent yanks as well!

Then, satisfied that his hair was real, and not a wig, the stranger tripped triumphantly back to her own table. One other Hollywood luminary had a similar experience—Gene Raymond, whose bright golden hair many people still think is either false or bleached.

Terse Verse

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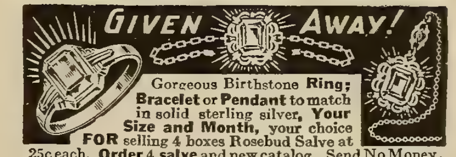
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Your fashion editor gives you, below, a partial list of department stores where you can buy the clothes and accessories shown on pages 48 and 49. If a store in your city is not listed, drop Candida a line on a post card telling her which merchandise you are interested in, and she will send you the name of a store near you. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

I. J. Fox jacket, page 48:

Cleveland	I. J. Fox Inc.
New York	I. J. Fox Inc.-Fifth Avenue

Zero King ski suit, page 49:

Boston	Wm. Filene's Sons Co.
Chicago	The Hub
Denver	Denver Dry Goods Co.
New York	A. De Pinna's
San Francisco	Hale Bros.

Helen Harper evening sweater, page 49:

Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Denver	Denver Dry Goods Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	James McCreery & Co.

Botany ties, page 48:

Chicago	Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Los Angeles	Bullock's
New York	Wallach's

Swank jewelry, page 48:

New York	Wallach's
San Francisco	Bullock's
St. Louis	Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

Yolande nightgown, page 48:

Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Los Angeles	I. Magnin
Philadelphia	Bonwit Teller & Co.

Babs slipper, by Daniel Green, page 48:

At all leading shoe departments and stores

Joyce of Hollywood scuffs, page 48:

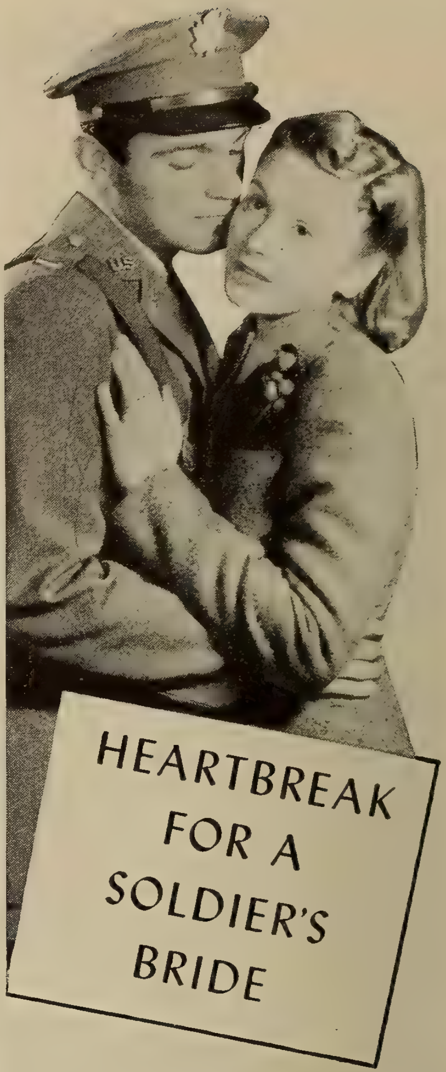
Atlanta	Rich's, Inc.
Cleveland	Halle Bros.
New York	Lord & Taylor

Smart Set gloves, page 49:

Atlanta	Rich's, Inc.
Chicago	Mandel Bros.
New York	David's-Fifth Avenue
San Francisco	The Emporium

Fri-Lo handbags, page 49:

Chicago	Marshall Field & Co.
Los Angeles	Broadway Department Store
New York	Saks-Fifth Avenue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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[Continued from page 72]

Elsie, New York World's Fair glamor cow from Borden Exhibit, showed Hollywood she can combine career with motherhood. She's back with her calf after making *Little Men* with Kay Francis and Chas. Esmond (in photo), Jack Oakie, Jimmy Lydon

With Capt. David Niven wed to Primula Rollo, member of Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Hollywood glamor girls are pouting, mean nothing in Davie's life now

THERE is a motion picture fan roaming about Hollywood who is still shuddering from the ghastly souvenir he obtained from Ann Rutherford.

After moving into her new home, Ann found that she had broken a half-dozen fingernails. In order to be presentable for her date that night, she had her beauty operator furnish her with some false nails. When she left Ciro's that night, a group of autograph-seekers dogged her. Smiling her sweetest, Ann signed all the books. As she entered her car, one persistent boy grabbed her by the hand and wouldn't let go. Ann finally wriggled free, but the boy clutched her hand so tenaciously that off came two of her fingernails. From last reports, he is still wandering around in a daze clutching the fingernails, and Ann is still giggling about the whole thing.

■

LAIRD CREGAR is just about the most amazing young newcomer to startle Hollywood. He is a husky, six-threer, 250-pound young dramatic actor and you'll be seeing him first in *Hudson's Bay*. Laird delights in shocking the folks out here, and when an interviewer asked him what sort of women he liked, he answered, "All kinds—but they must have vicious tempers." But to get to the point of our little story: In *Hudson's Bay,* Laird had to do a scene in which he was supposed to escape from prison by bending the bars. A close-up was to show him in the process of bending the

[Continued on page 82]

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Candy Christmas Gifts You Can Make Easily

Turn to page 54 in this magazine for new and novel ideas about making your own candy Christmas gifts, explained by Pauline Rawley, MOTION PICTURE's Household Editor. Each month she tells you how to solve your cooking and household problems. Look for her articles in each issue of

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 81]

bars, and for this the property department had a special set of hard rubber bars made up. But Laird surprised them all. He wound his fingers around the real iron bars, grunted, and with one impatient heave, he bent them in two! "Child's play," he said, walking nonchalantly off the set. Now they call him "Man Mountain" Cregar.

■

CESAR ROMERO built his new home in Brentwood next door to Patricia Morison, but he never knew it—and neither did she—until they met for the first time in *Rogue of the Rio Grande*. Soon Cesar got into the habit of taking his neighbor to the studio. Then they began having dinner dates and dancing and so on. Now they're inseparable, and, as an indication of something-or-other, Cesar has a picture of Pat decorating his bachelor den. It replaces one of the two pictures of Ann Sheridan which graced the Romero den for a long time. "When Cesar replaces the other picture with Pat," said a friend, "then you'll know it's the real thing."

■

FRANCHOT TONE has rented the fabulous $90,000 honeymoon home of the Wayne Morrises. Franchot never blinked an eyelash when he inspected the super-lavish estate and was shown its five-foot wide beds and the other Babylonian points of interest. But he did get the shock of his life when he used the telephone for the first time. "Great Scott," he yelled, "it's perfumed!" That final touch of grandeur was just too much for Franchot. He put through a hurry call to the Telephone Company, and now a simple black phone—unscented!—rests in the exotic domain.

■

THE romance of Katharine Hepburn and Garson Kanin, which came out in the open when they accompanied Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier on their elopement, has now advanced past the rumor stage. As is the case with most well-known Hollywood romances, both principals are trying their best to keep it a secret. At a recent premiere, for instance, they pulled a surprise end-run on photographers, and romped across the goal line without a single flash bulb exploding near them. The only fly in the ointment is Katie's social family. But Kanin is planning to meet the formidable Hepburns and break down their objections in person.

■

EDDIE ALBERT has been looking for a new house and he thought he found one. But while he was inspecting it, he noticed several buses drive up outside. Slightly bewildered, Eddie called the agent and demanded an explanation. The agent told him the house had once belonged to Garbo and was still a landmark for tourists.

Eddie made a quick dash back to his car. "Not for me, then. It might have been quiet enough for Garbo, but I *really* want to be alone."

■

THERE were many tongues wagging when Albert Basserman, the German refugee actor, left Warner Brothers after that studio had been the

On hobby horses built for two, ride Patsy Kelly-Adolphe Menjou, Carole Landis-John Hubbard, Margaret Roach-Chas. Butterworth. In Hal Roach comedy *Road Show*

—Chas. Rhodes

Warren William, native of Aiken, Minnesota, greets Joyce Moen, Minnesota's Queen of the Lakes, as she parks on wing of plane that took her to Coast

In leaving Coast for Reno to establish residence for divorce action against Marquis de la Falaise, Connie Bennett chats with son Peter Bennett Plant II, who is now a big boy in military school

first in America to give him an important film break. Around the Brown Derby and Ciro tables, the know-it-alls were discussing it and calling it a plain case of ingratitude. "Warners gave him his first chance—even worked to keep him in the United States when it appeared for a while that he would be deported. And now he repays them by leaving. He'll probably join another studio at a larger salary."

It isn't ingratitude at all, but a human interest situation which Hollywood, with its free-and-easy marriages and divorces, can't quite understand.

Basserman is still in love with the wife he has had for over 35 years. She was a famous actress in Europe before they were forced to flee Nazi terror, and he is still so proud of her, so in love with her, he wants her to get a break.

Answers to—Who Are They?

1. William Powell
2. Jackie Cooper
3. Joan Crawford
4. Orson Welles
5. Mary Astor
6. Greta Garbo
7. Bette Davis
8. Alice Faye
9. Joan Bennett
10. Tyrone Power
11. Ginger Rogers
12. Charles Laughton
13. Edward G. Robinson
14. Mickey Rooney
15. Spencer Tracy
16. Edward Arnold
17. Lana Turner
18. Dorothy Lamour
19. Errol Flynn
20. Bing Crosby
21. Margaret Lindsay
22. Vivien Leigh
23. Gary Cooper
24. Ann Sheridan
25. Marlene Dietrich
26. Richard Greene
27. Cary Grant
28. Fred MacMurray
29. Jean Arthur
30. Fred Astaire
31. Robert Taylor
32. James Cagney
33. Ronald Colman
34. Clark Gable
35. Greer Garson

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

DID you know that the Axis boys would give their trigger-fingers to have American films again to show to their entertainment-starved subjects? Fed as these people are with incessant propaganda, deprived as they are of a chance to read or hear what the "decrepit democracies" are doing because of the controlled press and radio, their Big Shots are now discovering a distinct letdown in morale.

And so they miss the Hollywood posturings and posings of our lovers, the strumming of "geetahs" of our singing cowboys, the comedies—and especially Dr. Disney and the songsters like Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy and the Bing. They miss the nimble toes of Astaire and Ginger and La Powell and yes, La Henie, too. And how they miss Garbo whether she talks or holds her tongue. They miss that strong, silent man, Gary Cooper—and the loquacious giver-outer, Mickey Rooney. They miss Shirley Temple. So do we. They miss Chaplin, but he'll keep on missing if Adolf, Benito and the Son of Heaven have anything to say about it.

Well, it just goes to show that you can't keep feeding any people the same old pap—not even the disciplined disciples of Der Fuehrer and Il Duce. They boycotted us. Instead of giving their peoples a taste of American romance, adventure, comedy—they gagged them with war and racial propaganda. There are no belly laughs over there. Take a belly laugh away and put them on rations and even Goebbels can smell revolution in the offing. The Big Shots know that their subjects know that American movies are superior.

On the other hand, Britain is seeing American movies—and they have done wonders in keeping up morale. British chins and thumbs are up—and despite the bursting bombs, Britishers are risking their lives to see our releases—knowing that Hollywood is taking their minds off the constant sights and thoughts of death and destruction. It's odd, too, how Britain went for *The Grapes of Wrath.* You'd think that they wouldn't care to see such a serious film, one playing on the theme of the downtrodden. One must conjecture that they wanted to share their own suffering with the *Joads,* who were fighting a battle, too—with thumbs up—and a "you can't lick us" glint in their eyes.

Britishers can hardly wait to see their own Chaplin in his tragic-comic take-off of Hitler. Yes, indeed, *The Great Dictator* will provide them with a triple-dose of morale medicine. If the British are showing movies at all to German war prisoners, you can bet they won't miss the chance to show them Chaplin.

Enter—Chaplin

YES, the British will eat it up—even though it has caused some disappointment with Americans who expected the comedy masterpiece of all time. New York film critics didn't go overboard, because they anticipated he would burlesque Hitler to the extremes of ridiculousness. They forget that Chaplin always dovetails comedy with pathos—that one follows the other as night follows day. They thought he over-emphasized the tragic plight of the Jews. They probably thought they were in for a constant play of belly laughs.

Chaplin has his answers for these critics. For those who say Hitler is no laughing matter any longer, he replies that people can smile, will laugh even though death and misery and suffering stalk in every conquered land. Disliking Hitler and all he stands for, Chaplin pours on the irony and bitter burlesque. He shows up the dictator's vanities, emphasizes his ridiculous moods, his pseudo pomp, his vain-glorious struttings. And nowhere is the master of ridicule so effective as when he takes off Hitler making speeches.

To me the highlight of showing Hitler drunk with his own importance is when Chaplin has him playing with a gas balloon made up like a globe of the world. Here is Hitler manipulating it, tossing it, catching it, balancing it—with all the grace of an adagio dancer—and then of a sudden it breaks. Here is symbolism at its highest. The globe that Hitler would conquer—would use to suit his whims, is punctured and along with it his dream of world conquest. He holds the torn pieces in his hand and goes into a paroxysm of sobs.

Chaplin has said that he wouldn't change the ending if everybody disagreed with him. He practically steps out of character of the Jewish barber who has taken over *Hynkel's* power—the inarticulate little barber—and becomes a propagandist for peace, justice and tolerance. It is then that he is Charlie Chaplin, the man—not Charlie Chaplin, the comedian. He must have spent considerable time and worry over how to conclude his picture—and realizing that Hitler, at present, is sitting well in the saddle, he couldn't very well dispose of him without spoiling the truthful burlesque he created. Chaplin talks for the first time—in clipped British voice that records well—not too high, not too low. And his faithful props of decrepit derby, spindly cane, baggy trousers and big "trampy" shoes—these establish the Chaplin genius for carrying out the frustrations of the little man of all nations in his battle against society.

The Great Dictator will be remembered for Chaplin's accurate take-off of Hitler when he is orating, for his marvelous pantomime with the gas balloon—and for sheer Chaplinesque comedy when, as the barber, he shaves a customer to the rhythmic music of a Brahms Hungarian Dance, perfectly timed to the last note.

Joan Bennett's Noble Deed

THOSE who've held the belief that the glamorous femme stars do nothing but pose and strut in the latest styles and hair-do's—who never do anything to upset their poise—who never step out of character as pampered ladies of premieres and night clubs and social swings, must give Joan Bennett a great big hand. With no publicity fanfare—because the sacrifice was done modestly and sincerely—Joan Bennett has given up a half-pint of her blood as plasma for wounded Britishers.

This act might have been expected from some rabid publicist determined to make headlines with his client. But the modest, self-effacing Joan was not guided by any such motive. She went through with it because she was determined to do her bit for anguished Britons who really need help. She didn't take her knitting-needles and make a sweater (which is admirable too). But instead was hospitalized for a few hours to suffer the shock of donating good Bennett blood.

It may be she becomes the first movie star to perform such a sacrifice. And Britain's hats, Hollywood's hats, your hats and ours, are off to Joan Bennett. By her thoughtful self-sacrifice she proves that the people of the make-believe world can step into the realm of reality and do good deeds—without recourse to the loud-pedaling of publicity. Some time when you see a picture and the heroine is doing some noble deed of sacrifice—don't say, "It's only make believe." Actresses, and actors, too, can be real life heroines and heroes.

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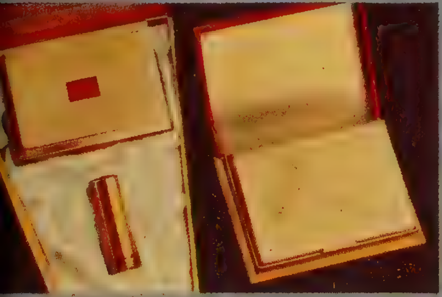
The popular *Max Factor Hollywood "Trocadero"* and *"Cocoanut Grove."* $2.00

Also Parfum Cologne, individually boxed...$1.00



VANITY LIPSTICK SET

Max Factor Hollywood double vanity and Tru-Color Lipstick—a smart gift. $3.00

Double Vanity, individually boxed...$2.00

SPECIAL MAKE-UP SET

Secrets of loveliness in a gay holiday box... Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, Cleansing Cream and Brillox. $3.55

PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP SET

A gift for girls in search of glamour—Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, Cleansing Cream and Pan-Cake Make-Up. $4.55

Gifts

..for blondes, brunettes, brownettes, redheads

What could be more thrilling than "A *Gift from Hollywood!*" It's easy to select the correct gift, too...each box contains the color harmony make-up for blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead.

Max Factor
HOLLYWOOD

Max Factor Hollywood
TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
$1.00

Max Factor Hollywood
FACE POWDER
$1.00

AUTOGRAPHED MAKE-UP SET

Max Factor Hollywood Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick in correct color harmony. Autographed by famous screen stars. $2.50

COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP SET

Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick and 5 other requisites in color harmony for "her" type. $6.55

DELUXE MAKE-UP ENSEMBLE

A luxurious gift that will thrill any woman. Ten *Max Factor Hollywood* "Cosmetics of the Stars" beautifully boxed. $8.55

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine!

DEC -0 1941

FORREST LEWIS (above) is an independent tobacco expert. Like most other independent auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, he smokes Luckies.

These men see with their own eyes that Luckies buy the finer tobaccos.

That's important—for Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine. Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.★

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick out leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1

★NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS

From January 1938 through June 1940
Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
15.55% less nicotine than Brand C
4.74% less nicotine than Brand D

For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

Luckies – the smoke tobacco experts smoke

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